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"AND I WILL TELL HIM OF OUR OTHMAN BOLD."



# HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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## THE WOOING OF MALKATOON.

BY LEW WALLACE.

### PROLOGUE.

CHILD MÁHOMMED.<sup>1</sup>

THE dance and song, the tales and jugglingeries,  
With which the wise Sultana mother used  
To speed the laggard hours of hareem life,  
Were good for folk with souls of every day;  
But Máhommed would nothing have that did  
Not stir his warrior sense. The cymbal's  
crash,  
And trumpet's strident notes, unmixed of  
plaint  
Or melody, could always bid him near,  
And hold him fast, a wild-eyed listener;  
And with his urchin's fist he beat the drum,  
And trembled with delight to hear its roll  
Invade the silent places of the house,  
And die in distant halls. And all day long,  
With a heap of stippled ivory cubes,  
The gift antique of a forgotten prince  
Who erstwhile ruled a land of elephants  
Off in the sunrise somewhere, he would build  
Tall castle piles, and wall and moat them  
round,  
And when he thought them perfect for defense,  
Retire a little space, and with his bow

<sup>1</sup> Máhommed, the son of Sultan Murad II., frequently called Amurath. Upon the death of his father, Máhommed succeeded to the Sultanate as Máhommed II., and after the fall of Constantinople surnominally he added *The Conqueror* to the title.

And arrows shoot them into formless wrecks.  
But best of all he loved of afternoons,  
When in the musky-shaded central court  
The ladies of the household met to feast  
On spiced meats, and nuts, and snow-cooled  
draughts,  
And exchange trinketries, and quips as rich,  
And chorus loud, the while the slaves before  
Them spread what all the merchants from  
the gates  
Without had dared to send them—such the  
time  
The doughty Child best loved to dight himself  
As Eastern knights for battle bound were  
wont,  
And on the Kiskar-Aga's sword for steed,  
And yelling shrill, with undissembled rage  
And fury burst upon the startled groups,  
And send them screaming thence, and doing  
so,  
Imagine that he did but re-enact  
The rôle of black Antar, who used alone  
To shear ten thousand horsemen of their  
heads.  
Nor were there any of the luresome wiles  
With children potent since the world began,  
Enough to lay the martial jealousy  
With which he held the court. Nor cared he  
more  
For truce proposed in form by heralds trained,  
And leading troops of buglers clad in gold,  
And blowing flourishes until the sky  
Were like to crack and fall. At length would  
come



The high Sultana. In her deep reserve  
Of mother-love she held the only charm  
To calm his mood and raise the well-kept  
siege.

"The battle's done. My lord must now dis-  
mount ;  
And I will tell him of our Othman bold,  
And how he wooed and won his Malkatoon."

And with the saying she would gravely hold  
Her hands to him, and he would run to her,  
And at her feet throw down his lance and  
shield ;  
And haply seated then, his ruddy cheek  
Soft pillowed on her twin-orbed, ample breast,  
The tale she would unfold.

## I.

## EDEBALI THE DERVISH.

"My lord must know  
That in the ancient time, near Eskischeer,  
A many-gated town, there dwelt a Sheik,  
Edebali by name. A chambered cave  
He had for house, and wild vines made his  
door,

Which was a nesting-place for singing-birds.  
Two paths, divided by an olive-tree,  
Led from the door: one to a spring of cool,  
Sweet water bubbling out from moss-grown  
rocks,

And it was narrow; while the other, broad  
And beaten, told of travel to and fro,  
And of the world a suitor to the man,  
For it is never proud when it has need.  
He had been Sheik in fact, but now was  
more—

A Dervish old and saintly, and so close  
To Allah that the Golden Gate of Gifts  
Up Heaven's steep did open when he prayed.  
Wherefore the sick were brought him for a  
touch ;

And in their crowns his amulets were worn  
By kings and queens; and scarce a morning  
came

Without a message, 'In my tent last night  
A foal was born to me, and that in truth  
It grace its blood, I pray thee send a name  
To know it by'; or from a knight whose  
brand

Had failed him, 'Hearken, O Edebali!  
Thou knowest by chosen texts to temper  
swords.

The craftsman hath a new one now in hand,  
And in the rough it waits.' And men of  
high

Degree came often asking this and that  
Of Heaven, and the Prophet, and the laws  
Of holy life; nor was there ever one  
To go away unanswered, for he knew  
The Kur-án, verse and chapter, and to speak  
With finger on the line."

## II.

## OTHMAN AND MALKATOON.

"And to the cave  
Our Othman often went, because he knew  
The good man loved him. Once he thither  
turned

While hawking and athirst, and at the door  
Bethought him of the spring. So down the  
path,

The narrow path, he went, but sudden stopt—  
Stopt with the babble of the brook in ear,  
And straight forgot his thirst in what he saw.  
Below the fountain's lip there was a pool,  
O'er which a mottled rock of gray and green  
Rose high enough to cast the whole in shade;  
And in the shade unconscious sat a fair  
And slender girl. A yellow earthen jar,  
Which she had come to fill for household use,  
Stood upright by her, and he saw her face  
Above a fallen veil, a gleam of white  
Made whiter by the blackness of the hair  
Through which it shone. And she, all child-  
like, hummed

A wordless tune of sweet monotony,  
As in the hushed dower at dead of night  
The Arab women, low-voiced, sing to dull  
The grinding of their mills. And to her  
knees

Her limbs were bare, and as the eddies  
brought

The bubbles round she beat them with her  
foot,

Which glistened 'mid the splashes like the  
pink

And snow enamel of a sea-washed shell;  
And by the throbbing of his heart he knew  
Her beautiful, and turned and walked away,  
Himself unseen. And up the path he went,  
A stately youth, and tall, and self-contained  
As any proven man."

## III.

## OTHMAN AND EDEBALI.

"A quest I bring,  
O saintly Dervish! Thus, when in the cave,  
Our Othman spake.

"The elder to him turned  
His face benignant.

"Is there in the Book<sup>1</sup>  
A saying that would make it sin for me  
To marry?"

"Nay, son, speak thou whole of heart.'  
"Then be it whole of heart,' young Othman  
said,

'And to thy saintliness.' And stooping low,  
He raised the other's hand, and kissed it once,  
And then again, and humbly. 'At the brook  
But now I saw thy daughter Malkatoon—  
Nay, be thou restful!— Drink for sooth of  
thirst

<sup>1</sup> The Kur-án.





MALKATOON.



Was what I sought. Her presence made the  
place  
In holiness a Mosque, and bade me off,  
And I ran trembling here. And that which  
was

Not more than thirst is now a fever grown,  
A fever of the soul. And if I may  
Not wed her, then it were not well to let  
My morning run to dismal noon of life,  
Nor shall it. See, now, O Edebali!  
Here at thy feet my soul. Save Malkatoon's,  
Thou canst not find one whiter.'

"And he knelt,  
And laid his forehead lowly in the dust;  
And at the sight, Edebali made haste,  
And both hands helpful raised the suppliant,  
Saying, 'O gentle son of Ertoghrul!  
What Allah of His love and bounty gives,  
That we shall keep, and in the keeping make  
Our care of it becoming thanks and praise.  
Thou knowest I love thee—'

"His farther speech  
Was tearful.

"I remember well the day  
A woman beautiful, and mine in love  
And wifely bonds, and dying of the birth,  
Gave me her baby, saying, 'I have named  
It Malkatoon,<sup>1</sup> and as thou dost by it,  
So Allah will by thee.' Ah, verily!  
The Prophet measureth the very show  
Of evil 'gainst the good; and dost thou think  
It full enough with Him that I have kept  
The child in bread, and happy, singing all  
The morning through, if now, her noon at  
hand,

I give her up to certain misery?  
A prince art thou, and she but dervish born;  
And men will laugh, and with their laughter kill.'  
"And to and fro he walked, and wrung his  
hands,

While all the lineless wrinkling on his face,  
From thought, and fast, and vigils long en-  
dured,

The deeper pursed itself; and when he stopt,  
It was to say, 'To Allah let us leave  
The judgment, prince. Who dares in Him  
to trust

May always hope. So canst thou hither bring  
A pigeon from an eagle's nest escaped  
Unruffled, or a lamb that overnight  
Hath harmless lain with lions, it will be  
As speech to me, and I will do His will.  
Knowest thou the Legend on the seal of  
God?

Our lives are but the wax on which 'tis  
stamped.

They call it Kismet.'

"And with that he drew  
His robe, long, loose, and trimmed with yel-  
low fur,

About him close, and left the youth alone,  
And wonderstruck, but none the less in love.

<sup>1</sup> Treasure of a woman.

Then down the broad and travel-beaten road  
Our Othman, pensive, went to where his train  
Of tribesmen waited."

#### IV.

##### OTHMAN AND HIS TRIBESMEN.

"Ho, now! Hood the hawks,  
And leash the whimpering hounds. The day  
is done.'

Thus he to them.

"They stared, and in his palm  
One whispered, 'Oh! It is the evil eye.'  
A bolder spake, 'My lord, it is but noon.'  
And yet a third addressed his hunter's love  
In strain more cunning: 'Has my lord forgot  
The heron in the marsh?'

"But he, low-voiced  
And patient, answered them: 'Nor hawk, nor  
hound,

Nor heron, more for me, for I have seen  
A lily with a star's light in its cup.  
'Tis something by the breath of Allah blown  
This way from Paradise, I swiftly thought,  
And all impulsive would have made it mine  
But that a voice forbade; and now I go  
To find what never mortal eyes have seen—  
A pigeon from an eagle's nest escaped,  
Or in a lion's den a lamb alive,  
So on my breast the lily I may wear,  
And in my heart the star's light.'

"Then their eyes  
Were hot with dew of tears repressed by awe;  
For, strangers to the sweet delirium  
Which only lovers know, and know to make  
The gentle-hearted gentler, and the brave  
More covetous as errants in the Land  
Of the Impossible, they thought him mad;  
And at his feet one wistful flung himself,  
With outcry, 'I was born to serve my lord,  
And go with him.'

"Whereat the others drowned  
His voice with theirs united, 'And so were we.'  
But Othman waved them off. 'Bring me my  
horse.

But yesterday from noon to set of sun  
He kept the shadow of the flying hawk  
A plaything 'neath his music-making feet.  
I will not comrade else.'

"Tent born and bred,  
The steed was brought, its hoofs like agate  
bowls,

Its breast a vast and rounded hemisphere,  
With lungs to gulf a north wind at a draught.  
Under its forelock, copious and soft  
As tresses of a woman loosely combed,  
He set a kiss, and in its nostrils breathed  
An exhalation, saying, to be heard  
By all around, 'Antar, now art thou brute  
No longer. I have given thee a soul,  
Even my own.'

"And as he said, it was,  
And not miraculously, as the fool





"I REMEMBER WELL THE DAY."

Declares; for midst the other harmonies  
By Allah wrought, the hero and his horse  
Have always been as one.

"And when they saw  
Him in the saddle, face and eyes aglow  
With the low-burning, splendor-chastened  
flame

That serves the Angel of the pallid wing  
In lighting martyrs on their rueful way,  
They closed around him, and of their charms  
And priceless amulets despoiled themselves,  
And tied them on Antar until his mane  
And forelock jangled as with little bells,  
And glistened merrily, though all the time  
The true men moaned, 'Oh! oh! what shall  
we tell

The good Sheik Ertoghrul?'

"And in reply,  
He bade them, 'Say that I to-day have  
learned

The Legend graven on the seal of God,  
And that it is a holy law in need  
Of holy lives to prove it.'"

<sup>1</sup> Othman's father.

## V.

### OTHTMAN IN NO MAN'S LAND.

"Thereupon  
He rode away, clad all in hunter's garb,  
And all unarmed, save at his belt a sword,  
And at his back a shield—into the East  
He rode bareheaded, and beneath a sky  
Thrice plated with molten brass of noon;  
Nor once looked back. Into the Wilderness,  
The far and purple-curtained distances,  
Where Nature holds her everlasting courts,  
With beasts of prey and hordes of savage men  
To keep their portals, questionless he passed  
In leading of his faith.

"And to a land  
Of lions come at last, of all he met,  
Even the women at the black-tent doors,  
He asked if lately they had lost a lamb?  
And where the tawny thunder-makers kept  
Their dread abodes? Or if they knew the  
cliffs

Whence through the many-folded turbaning





Of sun-touched clouds the nesting eagles  
launched  
Themselves upon their prey? For he had  
heard

From Allah that 'twas beautiful to love  
All helpless things, and shield them from their  
foes,

And therefore was he come.

“And all the men  
Who heard him laughed; the women, pitying,  
Were moved to tears, and gave him of their  
stores,

And at his going blessed him. And in time  
He came to know the trails the manèd brutes  
Affected most, and lay in wait to see  
With what of trophies of their craft they took  
Their homeward ways. Or on some barefaced  
rock,

The sky above him like a stainless blue  
Pavilion, prone and patient he would watch  
The winged Sultans of the aerial world  
As forth they issued screaming to the sun,  
Which at the call seemed, comradelike, to  
stand

And wait for them. And well he came to know  
When from their forays provident they flew.  
The victim in their talons? If a bird,  
He whistled to his horse, and followed them  
With loosened rein. And where they thought  
their nests

Securest in their envelopes of cloud  
And dizzy height, he thither boldly climbed  
And gave them battle.

“Thus into a year  
The months slow-melting fell, and he became  
A hero; so that went he here or there  
All living things remarked him. Did men see  
A troop of eagles circling in the sky,  
They smiled, and said, ‘Our Othman this way  
comes.’

And mothers from their midnight slumbers  
roused

By lions, closer clasped their little ones,  
And calmed them, whispering, ‘Hush, and  
sleep again!

For gallop, gallop goes the gray-black steed,  
While Allah swings His moon-lamp overhead,  
And Othman strong-armed rides, and riding  
cries,

“Be still, O baby-hearts, be still, and sleep,  
For I am here.”

“And 'gainst the friendly folk  
Who loved him so, there one day chanced to  
come

A horde of camel-drivers, skurrying  
From parched Oasian orchards in the South.  
To them sweet water was of more account  
Than blood of women. Then from far and  
wide

The harried residents to Othman drew  
For guidance, and he led them, never knight



More truly. And the battle done and won,  
In league and gratefully, as warriors should,  
They flung the clashing of their steel-bossed  
shields

Into the upper deeps, with rhythmic stops  
For outcry. 'Hear, O Allah!'—thus they said—  
'The Wilderness hath travailed, and to-day  
A Tribe is born to Thee. Thy palm is large,  
And hollowed roomfully, and lined with gifts  
For all who couch their asking in the form  
Of humble prayer.' Thus Kara<sup>1</sup> Othman saith;  
And as there is no fervid friend like him,  
Of helpless things, who—who shall better  
speak

To us of Thee, or better serve the Tribe,  
So in its new birth blind? Then live the  
Sheik—

Sheik Othman! Live the Tribe!"

## VI.

OTHMAN RENEWS HIS PRAYER FOR  
MALKATOON.

"And when the spring,  
The second of his love-lorn wandering,  
Was pluming all the land, our Othman rose,  
And with the chosen of his just-fledged Tribe,  
A motley train of wild men, homeward rode,  
And coming to the cave where yet the sage  
And saintly Dervish dwelt, 'Is it not time,'  
He said, full risen from his low salaam,  
'That love like mine should have surcease of  
test?

Behold what it has done!"

"And from his breast  
He drew a double string of eagle beaks,  
Each amber-hued, and set with polished gold,  
And clear as honey from the comb thrice  
pressed  
Into a crystal cup.

"Thou didst require  
Of me a bird—dost thou remember it,  
Edebali? It was to be a sign  
From Allah, so thou saidst. Nor that alone—  
Right well I knew thy purpose by the task  
To try my faith, and find if well or ill  
The Prophet held me. Wherefore be thou  
judge.

These were the blades with which the Kings  
of Air

Were wont to rend the hapless feathered  
tribes,

And keep their blue domain. Upon their  
thrones

I slew the monsters. Count them, if thou  
wilt,

And take the trophies, trinkets now to please  
A maiden fair. Perhaps young Malkatoon

Will wear them; only when thou comest to  
put

Them in her hand—which in my dreams I kiss,

<sup>1</sup> Kara means black. Othman was so called  
from his raven beard and hair.

The many thousand times I dare not say—  
I pray thee tell her how the gift was won,  
And fairly speak my name; then if she smile,  
And ask of me, and why I dared such deeds,  
And what love is—ah, more than well enough!  
As singing-birds in hush of summer nights,  
Calling their mates through green acacia  
groves,

Have answer in the selfsame melody  
Of speech, so she will love me for my love.

"The Dervish stayed his hand. 'It was a bird  
I asked of thee, my son—a living bird—  
A pigeon—'

"Nay," said Othman, patiently,  
'I have no bird.'

"Oh, then thou hast the lamb?"  
"Nor lamb have I. Yet, saintly though thou  
art,

Be not in haste, as saying, "All the ways  
Are Allah's, and I know them.""

"Answering  
The sign he made, a servant brought a bale  
Of lion-skins, and cast it on the floor,  
And spread the pelts to view; and they were  
soft

To eye and touch as rugs of Indian silk,  
Yet terrible withal, for each retained  
The head with all its armature of teeth  
And bulk of yellow mane, the jaws agape  
And snarling.

"These were royal draperies,  
Good Dervish, yielded to me but with life.  
And when I took them, it was with the  
thought

That thou, for whom all things, the quick  
and still

Alike, have tongues, would kindly hear them  
tell

Of Allah's love for me, and ask not more  
Of sign from Him. And scarce less sweet it  
was

To think that when their tale was haply told,  
They might find favor with young Malka-  
toon;

And should she hear it said the hand that  
won

The necklace from the eagles was the hand  
That spoiled the lions thus, and all for love,  
As carpets on her stony chamber floor,  
Or dressing for her couch such days and  
nights

As chilly blow the mountain winds, they might  
Well keep me in her mind, and even nurse

A wish to learn yet more of that which drove  
Me to the errantry. And now thy hand?—

And graciously, I pray. A crown were reft  
Of half its honor did the giver give

It grudgingly—No? Oh, I see! It is  
Because these witnesses are in their speech

Uncertain. I have better. Wilt thou go  
And hear them? Only to the door—they wait  
Us there.'



"And to the vine-clad door they went,  
The old man in the leading of the young;  
And looking out, lo! cumbering the road,  
In the white noon, and plainly not yet used  
To bonds of lawfulness, a medley blent  
Of lowing cows, and camels malcontent  
And overladen, hungry, wolflike dogs,  
And travel-stained sheep, else spotless black,  
And horses beautiful enough for kings,  
And by their owners far more loved than  
were  
Their youthless wives, mere handmaids of the  
brutes—  
In the noon, lo! the Tribe.

"'Came these with thee?'  
The Dervish asked.

"And Othman, pleased to mark  
His wonder, smiled, and said, 'I am their  
Sheik.

The Wilderness hath rendered them to me,  
And they are Prophets now.'

"Then half in quest,  
And half in scorn, the elder's brow and hand  
Impulsive rose. But Othman meekly bowed,  
And answered, patient still, 'Ah me! They  
were

So true, thy words the day I boldly asked  
The band of Malkatoon. "For men will laugh,  
And with their laughter kill." In other phrase,  
The jesting critics in my father's halls  
Would make a plaything of her simple soul,  
And drive it weeping back to Paradise,  
With none to know how lavishly of charms  
And all perfections it was clothed on,  
Save thou, and I, and Allah. And the thought  
Went with me down into the No Man's Land,  
Whither I betook myself companionless,  
A question ever present, "How to keep  
My love the child she is, and harmless save  
Her from the courtly brood?" At last I had  
An answer. You must know the land was  
wild,

Uncastled, townless, and the people dwelt  
Apart as enemies, and ruthless preyed  
Upon each other, making mock of love  
And Allah; and when I showed them trust,  
They laughed at me, and let me go in peace,  
A dreaming madman. But in time there  
came

A hopeful change. By what 'twas wrought I  
leave

The necklace and yon bale of robes to tell.  
Out of the farther South there one day rose  
A cloud of war with grim necessities  
They knew not of before; and it blew fire  
Upon them, and calamities so fierce  
They came to me, and in large charity  
I yielded to their prayer, and ordered them,  
And with them took the field. And as we  
charged

I shouted "*Allah! Allah!*" And they caught  
The holy name, and with it swung their  
swords

And aimed their lances, all so joyously  
It seemed the blood they shed had turned to  
wine,

And made them sudden drunk. We won the  
fight,

And they are Moslem now. Then as I sat  
My horse the children and the women came  
And kissed his bloody front, and caught my  
hand

And stirrups, painted with the same red drip,  
Proclaiming, "Live Sheik Othman!" And the  
men

Made answer, "Live Sheik Othman!" Then  
a new,

Exquisite pleasure wrapt me in a glow  
Of strange delight, and looking up, I saw  
The moon, a crescent in the day-sky's depth,  
And by it, lustrous clear, the star assigned  
To wait on it as page upon a queen.

Some childish thought—a wonder if the sun  
Were not enough to show the havoc strewn  
Along the field—was passing through my  
mind,

When suddenly the face of Malkatoon  
Appeared to me, a fleck of brighter light  
Resilvering the silver of the moon.

I raised my hands as worshippers are wont.  
I could not speak, for all my senses swam  
In dim confusion; and before I woke,  
The apparition drew the coarser rays  
Of star and planet round it, and was veiled  
From sight. And when 'twas gone, I knew  
myself,

By certain intuition of the soul,

In Allah's care. I knew that Malkatoon  
Would be my wife. I knew the warrior-  
cries

For me as Sheik was Allah making known  
What He would have. Wherefore, behold  
my Tribe—

The Tribe of Othman! Prophets of the State  
Which I will build with them!—And as thou  
lovest

His officers, the little and the great,  
Look kindly on them, father, for they know  
Right well to follow where I dare to lead.  
And think'st thou they will laugh at Malka-  
toon?

Or wound her gentle soul with glance or  
speech

Unseemly?—Nay, good Dervish, say the word,  
And here before thy door the Tribe shall  
pitch

My great black tent, and set the wedding-  
feast,

And hold it on with story, meat, and drink,  
And merry joust, until the new year come,  
Unless thou sooner say that never bride  
Had truer welcome to a truer home.

I ask it—I, Othman—who never prayed  
To other man.'

"And then the listener said,  
Slow speaking, 'To my cave there often come



Ambassadors of kings, and yesterday  
The high Sultan of ancient Samarkand  
Saluted me in person royally,  
And in his shower of gifts my feet were hid,  
Or had I stept, it would have been on pearls  
And precious stones; and yet more welcome  
thou,

O son of Ertoghrul, than all of them—  
A messenger from Allah with the key  
He keeps upon the door above the vault  
Where things to come lie hidden 'gainst their  
day.

Take thou salute, and hear, then go thy way.  
The wise man reads the name of Allah writ  
On everything in Nature—on the stone,  
The wasting leaf, the glittering water drop—  
And comes at last to look for prophecy  
In all the unaccounted trifles strewn  
By chance along the blind-worn paths of life.  
These trophies are not voiceless as they seem.  
I listen, and they tell me of the East  
By thee again restored and masterful;  
I listen, and they tell how turbaned hosts  
Devout shall come from every land to light  
The ready torches of their faith at thine;  
I listen, and from out the upper depths  
I hear a voice declare thy name shall be  
Forever on the lips of fighting-men  
A battle-cry, and that in times of peace  
Even the winds, unsteady passengers,  
And lawless though they are, shall take and  
blow

It up and down the world a melody  
Of bugles. Up—up to the storied plains  
Of glory thine forewritten 'tis to climb;  
And bending ear, and listening wistfully,  
I hear the music thence of horns and drums,  
And cymbals ringing, and the high acclaims  
Of countless men in arms; and if I look,  
It is at thee enthroned on battle-fields,  
And conquered cities crowding with their  
keys

On golden plates, and clamorous to buy  
Thy better will. And yet, alas! I dare  
Not speak the word besought. In truth,  
it is

Thy destiny I fear. When greatness cloaks  
Thee like a tabard more than courtly dight,  
What then of Malkatoon? Mayhap 'twill be  
For me, O son of Ertoghrul, to seek  
A lion's den or eagle's nest for lamb  
Alive or dove unharmed, and fail as thou  
Hast failed. A question—one; then peace to  
thee,

And all of thine. Where doth that holy thing,  
A trusting woman's simple love, fare worst?  
And I will tell— 'Tis in the heart by years  
Of kingly usage into marble turned.  
Thou hast my answer.'

"And with that he took  
The young man's hand in both of his, and  
held

It tenderly, as loath to let him go

So sadly burdened; then, when he had back  
His voice, he said, 'The Wilderness hath kept  
Itself unlocked, and rendered thee the Tribe  
In sacred trust for Allah; whence 'tis thine  
To wait on it, and bend its stubborn will  
To honor Him. The truest blades are those  
Most frequent in the fire, and thus may He  
Be chastening thee. Thy faith to this hath  
been

In purity like pearls in Heaven's gate;  
Forget not now that all the times are His,  
The morrows and the years, in which to send  
The sign I ask.'

"He turned, but at the door,  
The inner door of heavy camel's-hair,  
He left the parting speech. 'A woman dead,  
And in her grave, but with a promise had,  
May hold a man when even Allah's word  
Hath spent its force with him. Now, good  
my lord,

In going ponder this: The world is old,  
And there were loves and lovers ere thou  
camest.'

"The daylight, gray along the cavern floor,  
Went out on Othman, yet, with upraised face,  
He prayed: 'O Allah! To a moon's scant  
breadth

The sky is shrunk; for I am in a well,  
And darkness, cold as water, covers me,  
Still sinking. *Amin!* Thou didst dig the  
deeps,

Or else there were no heights; and I will  
find

Thee at the bottom.'

"Then a lightning flashed  
Within his mind, that he alone might see  
The answer Allah made: A woman dead,  
And in her grave, but oh! so beautiful,  
And so like Malkatoon! Her hair as dark,  
Her face as oval, with a brow as white,  
And, even in its childishness, her form  
The very same! And he began to shake  
With mighty madnesses of word and act,  
Thinking it was indeed his love he saw  
There lying lost to him; but he was saved  
From them; for it is as the saintly say,  
They to whom Heaven kindly sends a light  
Not only see but understand as well.  
And he was glad, and shouted so the birds  
Nest-keeping in the leafage of the door  
Affrighted sprang to wing, and Darkness  
leaped

Into the grave, and bore away the ghost—  
So loud he cried, 'O Dervish, peace to thee!  
And all the charmed sweetnesss of peace  
To thine! Be Allah praised, for He but now  
Laid bare the narrow room where, as in life,  
And wanting only breath to be alive,  
The woman sleeps who holds thee promise-  
bound;

And while I looked at her, I heard thee say  
Again, The world is old, and there were loves



And lovers ere I came. And then I knew  
Thy meaning. (Ah, never was selfish youth  
So gently chidden!) And now, clothèd all  
In patience, and with my hand in the hand  
Of Faith, I go.'"

## VII.

## OTHTMAN AND HIS TRIBE.

"And home again, from good  
Sheik Ertoghrul our Othman had a gift  
Of hill lands rich with groves of terebinth,  
And brooks which, flitting down by tangled  
glades,

And babbling over beds of marble float,  
Did often pause in open pools to mock  
The skies above with bluer skies below.  
And there in one dowar, most like a town  
Of many brown-black tents, he drew his Tribe,  
That they might learn how pleasant are the  
ways

Of peace, and that a hundred spears may gain  
And safely keep what ten were sure to lose.  
And next he built a Mosque of unhewn  
stone,

But with a tall and stately minaret;  
Then with the help of holy men he taught  
His children of the Wilderness the creed—  
*Allah-il-Allah*—simple to the ear,  
Yet deep in meaning—deeper than the earth  
Hangs swinging 'neath the amethystine floor  
Of Paradise. And shortly they could give  
The *Fah-hat*, word and *rik-rath*, and salute  
With hand on brow and breast; then in their  
midst

He pitched two greater tents.

"For whom are these?"

The tribesmen asked.

"This one is for the poor;

And comes a stranger hungry, or pursued  
By night or enemies, it is for him.  
This other'—and his voice sank low and  
shook

With sudden eagerness—'is Malkatoon's.'

"And who is Malkatoon?"

"A benison

Withheld by Allah until my trial day  
Is done—a Spirit out of Paradise;  
And this way comes an Angel leading her,  
For in the distance I have heard him cry,  
Be ready!"

Here the high Sultana paused  
To closer clasp and kiss the little lord  
Upon her breast for pride, and then again  
For love o'erbrimming. "Oh, my Máhom-  
med!

'Tis love that makes the bread and pours the  
wine,

And is in turn the bread and wine of love."

The words were dark, and yet, as morning falls  
On struggling mist, the look she gave him  
saved

The meaning of the thought. Then, to the  
tale

Returning, she: "And so the Tribe was cared  
For by the Sheik, with everything of theirs,  
The winged and hoofed, the speaking and  
the dumb;

The dogs had meat, the cattle pasturage;  
Even the camels shed their foxen shag,  
And erelong rounded into comeliness  
Of health and strength. And when at last  
There was no charity or duty more  
To others owing, he arose, and up  
To Allah's gate despatched his patient soul  
In *ihram* white and seamless, there to sit,  
And watch and pray the breaking of the sign  
The Dervish asked of him."

## VIII.

## OTHTMAN AND THE LORD OF ESKISCHEER.

"And Othman had

A bosom friend, the Lord of Eskischeer,  
Youthful and warm of fancy, like himself;  
And him he one day told of Malkatoon,  
And of her sire ascetic in the cave  
Above the spring; and of the spring he  
spake,

A wayside comforter of suffering men,  
With endless cheer of draught and song and  
dance,

Lest that way they should pass and scoffing  
say,

It is not true that God is everywhere.

And then he told of how he came to see  
The wondrous child, and paused to bless the  
chance—

A favor shaken from the Prophet's sleeve!  
And since that hour, he said, the beautiful  
Apparent in the other fairest things  
Was not for him. Nay, looked he in the sky  
At night, the utmost splendor of the stars  
Was all arust.

"And is she then so fair?"

The listener asked.

"I know not in the world,

Our Othman said, 'by which to make thee  
know

How fair she is, surpassing all her kind—  
Nothing of perfume to the nostrils sweet,  
Nothing lovely to the eye, or to ear,  
Nothing of music.'

"Thereupon they gave  
Each other hand, and went their several  
ways:

Othman a lover with his love in love,  
And doing childish things, as if the air  
Were not alive with elves to laugh at him;  
Now grumbling to his horse of Malkatoon;  
Now whipping quatrains rude and cradleish  
Until they sung of her as heroine;  
Or when a breeze came stepping o'er the  
grass,  
Lusty with life, and promising to go



A distance, with finger or his sword  
Upon the sluggish air he wrote her name,  
And bade the breeze, 'Ho! slave of Solomon!

Take thou this writing to my Malkatoon,  
Nor say thou canst not find her. In a cave  
Scarce two hours hence by measure of my  
steed

In easy gait, a daughter's part she doth  
By old Edebali, the Dervish saint,  
Well known alike to kings and common men.  
Below the cave, and in its shade at noon,  
There is a spring, the mother of a pool  
Of lucent water. There I saw her first,  
And there with equal fortune it may be  
That hasting thou shalt find her; and if so—  
O happy breeze!—be careful not to give  
Her fright by any rudeness, but approach  
Her gently—gently—would 'twere mine to  
teach

Thee by example!—Fingers of the air  
Should have a tender touch; therefore I  
yield

Thee leave to lift her hair—'tis black as  
night—

And bare her brow, and blow upon her eyes  
A breath not strong enough to more than cool  
The dewy lids; or thou mayst fluff her hair,  
And with it whip the whiteness of her neck,  
So thou disturb her not; for it may be  
She dreams of me— Begone!

“Thus Othman went,  
Never a man so with his love in love.  
Far otherwise the Lord of Eskischeer!  
The reins hung low upon his courser's neck,  
And nigh asleep, it drowsed and drowsed  
along,  
While he, forgetful of his armèd heels,  
And of his journey, and the mine of things  
About him and above, in grim debate,  
But silent rode, his mien that of one  
Just stumbled upon a wonder of the world  
Within him, half a feeling, half a thought,  
A fancy formless, faint, a vague desire  
At first without an object, and so strange  
He could but question it. So on a waste  
Of waters from the bursting of a wave  
There springs a spray so pale and thin it  
seems

To mock the searching eye; and so as clouds  
That erelong mantle Heaven, and possess  
It utterly, are first but pallid mist  
Of breaking waves, the small desire became  
A passion with the Lord of Eskischeer.  
And on a hill-top, looking back, he stopt  
At sight of Othman in the vale below,  
And shook his hand at him, and said aloud,  
'Thou black-browed son of Islam, go thy  
way,

For 'tis the fool's, and thou becomest it,  
A torch not more the night. Thou not to  
know

That every sense we have is but a gate,  
An airy gate on downy hinges hung,  
For Love to come and go! And saying Love  
Became thy master whilst above the pool  
Thou staring stood to watch the innocent  
At play, and mine the space but now I gave  
To hear thee tell the tale, what special grace  
Or unctuous privilege hast thou to air  
Thy passion in? Aye, go the way, and pave  
It end to end with fantasies in rhyme,  
And dreams of Allah, and Edebali,  
And Malkatoon, and, with thy comrade fools,  
Chatter and sing, and plague the fainting sky  
With beat of drums and flaunt of flags; nor  
leave

Behind the combings of the Wilderness  
Thou callest thy Tribe. And I will to the  
cave;

And should the Dervish give the girl to me,  
Vex not the sun or moon or tender stars  
With antics of a child—I had not loved  
Her but for thee.'

“Then to the cave he sped  
With might of galloping.

“A thousand knights  
In gold-gilt steel, and girt with belts of gold,  
And trebly proud of azure blades, new moons  
In curvature, and casting brightness far  
As stars ablaze in cold Caucasian skies,  
Held all the space about the beaten road  
Uptrending to the leafy door; their tents  
Enwhitened linen circling one of silk  
Capacious as a field, and dyed in green  
And purple, graceful as a peacock's neck,  
And full as iridescent; and the air  
Above the camp was glorified with flags  
And bannerets, one richer than the rest,  
And heavy with symbolic broidery,  
Bespeaking old Iran. Yet, passion-mad,  
The Lord of Eskischeer thrust through the  
maze  
Of martial splendor.”

## X.

## EDEBALI AND THE LORD OF ESKISCHEER.

“Art thou he men call  
Edebali the Dervish?”

“I am he,  
The sage replied.

“Thou hast a maid of age  
To marry, and indeed they call her good  
And beautiful.’

“The Dervish knit his brows  
Till in the sudden gloom his eyes became  
Like blossom coals of fire.

“Now who art thou?  
He asked.

“I am thy neighbor Eskischeer;  
My castle, turreting upon a hill  
Of wide espial, and a town with gates  
Many as thou hast fingers on thy hands.



My hall hath space to dine five hundred  
 guests,  
 And bring they horses, each may have a  
 stall.

And for this cave I offer her a roof,  
 And safety well assured by mangonels,  
 And arbalists, and cranes, and bows of steel,  
 And trained men breastplated, and myself,  
 By no means least of them.'

"The Dervish put  
 A bit upon his soul.

"'But thou art Greek,  
 While she was born the daughter of a  
 Tribe.'

"'She shall forget the Tribe.'

"'Can we forget  
 So easily, my lord?'

"'A woman can.'  
 "'Then what of holy Faith? Thou holdest  
 Christ,  
 While she—'

"'Nay, Dervish, jesters I have known,  
 But never one with face so gray as thine.  
 Or if thou must amuse thyself with me,  
 Be it, I pray, with something serious—  
 A ribbon, bright or dull, which I can skein  
 About my finger, or a flower of spring,  
 Which stales at noon of plucking in the  
 morn—

For they are solid things compared with faith  
 In women.'

"Then the Dervish meekly said,  
 His soul in curbing yet, 'In Paradise,  
 O good my lord, when all was dewy-fresh  
 And gardenlike, the Maker—be His name  
 A prayer forever!—with the first man walked  
 Familiarly, and from a mountain bade  
 Him view the world, and asked, "How seem-  
 eth it?'

And the man, then of nature firmly fixed,  
 Took time to answer. "Lord," at length he  
 said,

"I see a wondrous glistening below  
 The daisies and the grass." The Maker's brow  
 Lost half its halo, and in the falling robbed  
 The widespread scene of more than half its  
 light;

But with His awful glance askant, He said,  
 "The first is gold; the next thou seest is  
 white,

And it is silver." And the man's eyes flashed  
 With covetous delight. "And are they mine?"  
 He asked, in heedlessness of selfish greed.  
 And slowly he had answer: "They are  
 thine—

I made them, and the world, and everything  
 In sight beneath the welkin's bending arch  
 For thee and thine." And still the creature  
 stood

Fast-holden by the glisters visible  
 Below the daisies. Then the Lord was stirred  
 With jealousy. "Thou fool!" and down the  
 height

The deep voice rolled, and smote the smiling  
 vales,  
 And shook them as with earthquake. "Turnest  
 thou

From me to them so soon?" And then the  
 man,

Remorseful, washed his face in dust, and  
 cried,

"I will not other God than thee—I swear!"  
 "I thought to win thy faith"—thus spake the  
 Lord—

"Thou hast not other pledge to give for love  
 And worship." But the wretch's grovelling,  
 And tears, and prayers, and promises pre-  
 vailed

Upon the Maker. "Ask me not to trust  
 Thee ever. Yet"—and in the pause His voice  
 From fiercest chiding passed to tenderness—

"The earth shall praise me for its loveliness,  
 And that it have a tongue in lieu of thine,  
 O ingrate, I upon thy throne will seat  
 A woman to divide the power with thee,  
 And in her being, in the galleries  
 Of her heart, I will hang my lamps of faith,  
 And keep them burning. Or should Dark-  
 ness blow

Them out, all this so passing fair to sight,  
 The beauty and perfections, and the gold  
 And silver thou hast taken for thy gods,  
 Shall crumble, and to nothingness return.  
*Amin!"* With that the Dervish, all uprist,  
 And towering, in the instant flung his mask  
 Of meekness off. 'Reviler thou of God  
 And woman! Get thee hence,' he said, 'and try  
 Repentance. Though in riches thou surpass  
 Kàroon,<sup>1</sup> my Malkatoon 'gainst thee shall bide  
 In sweet reserve, a pledge of love and peace  
 From Allah.' And he gave the Greek his back,  
 And left him dumb-struck."

## XI.

### THE LORD OF ESKISCHEER IN QUEST OF OTHMAN.

"Then when brooding night  
 Was fallen, and the air so drenched with rain  
 Of darkness that a mousing fox had lost  
 His homeward way, Edebalı forsook  
 The friendly cavern, and with Malkatoon,  
 And all his houseling, and priceless store  
 Of gifts and honors, fled to Ertoghırlı;  
 The thousand Persian knights in snowy tents  
 Encamped before his door at set of sun  
 Escorting him. The famous Sheik received  
 The saintly guest with rites by custom long  
 Prescribed; and in an ample plane-tree grove  
 He pitched for him a tent but lately loomed  
 Of clippings from his brown-black flock, more  
 worth,

<sup>1</sup> The story of Kàroon is given in the Kur-ân. He is represented as the most beautiful of the Israelites who went out with Moses, and "Rich as Kàroon" became a proverb.





“WHEN BROODING NIGHT WAS FALLEN.”

Indeed, than royal robes. ‘Dervish’—thus  
the Sheik,  
While making offer of the leben-draught  
In shadow of the woven door—‘a cup  
Of welcome! Drink, and dread naught.’

“Homeward rode  
The Lord of Eskischeer to nurse his hate  
Of Othman. Fifty lances, with their steeds  
Accoutred, kept he bedded in the stalls  
Beneath his banquet-hall; while through the  
nights  
The iron baskets of the linkmen flamed,  
And filled the portal’s hollow arch with light;  
So if now or then a courier came  
Fast riding, and with news, ‘To saddle all!  
Sheik Othman is abroad,’ one bugle note  
Would mount the troop, and down the bridge  
would go,  
And flying hoofs in tumult pass the moat,  
Rolling and rumbling drumlike, but with  
thrice  
The thunder.

“Chance as often favors wrong  
As right. Another dweller in a house  
Well castellated—Inæne by name—  
To Othman sent a message: ‘Come, I pray,  
And be my guest!’ And so it came to pass  
That Othman and his brother, Goundonloup,  
Were two of many friends from near and far  
Assembled by the Lord of Inæne  
To test his cheer and hospitality.  
And wine and meat within the walls were  
free  
As sun and air without, and every mood  
And habit had its pastime day and night—  
Chess for the old, and for the robust, games  
With coloring of royal war.

“One day  
The sport swelled loud at table—loud the jest,  
And louder yet the laugh—when from the  
gate

A guard appeared. ‘My lord, a company  
Of strangers stand before the barbican.  
The chief invites the Lord of Inæne  
To parley there.’ ‘The chief? Gave he his  
name?’

‘He called himself a friend, and gave his  
name,  
The Lord of Eskischeer. And with him ride  
A soldier, Michael of the Peakèd Beard,  
And fifty pennoned lances.’ The host arose.  
‘I know this errant lord a man of note  
And courtesy. Come, let us to the gate.’  
And they arose, Othman and Goundonloup,  
And all the noble guests in festal garbs,  
And went with him, and on the battlement  
Above the barbican, secure behind  
The massive merlons, they stood and heard  
The parley. And the Lord of Inæne  
Was first to speak. ‘Lo, here am I,’ he said.  
Then he of Eskischeer, ‘Take thou salute,  
And since in blood and faith thou art a  
Greek,

I bring thee chance to prove how much thou  
lov’st  
The Virgin Mother, and her Sinless Son,  
The Only Resurrected. Unaware  
Thou dost high Christian honors render one  
Whom Pagan prophets proudly say was born  
To undo Christ and Holy Church, and give  
The East, and all of us, and all we have  
To Islam.’

“Then the Lord of Inæne,  
In wrath and ‘mazement, ‘Take thee hence,  
or name  
The monster.’ And the guests, their voices  
shrill  
With passion, ‘Name him! Name him!’ And  
the Lord  
Of Eskischeer, ‘There!—see him at thy side—  
Sheik Othman!—if a Sheik can be whose  
Tribe  
Hath life from camel-eaters, altar-thieves,  
And overflow of spawn from hatcheries  
Afester in the desert. I demand



Him of thee, and to scruple now were sin.  
God-service his who cuts him off betimes.  
Make haste, my lord.'

"Then every eye was turned  
To Othman, and he asked, 'My fellow-guests,  
What faith have ye in trials by the sword?'  
And they returned, 'The faith we have in  
God.'

To which he, smiling as if more than pleased,  
'So think I.' Then with changèd voice and  
brow,  
And sternly, to the host, 'Six tribesmen  
brought

I hither, newly mailed and horsed, and they,  
And I, and this my brother—eight in all—  
Will ride against the Lord of Eskischeer,  
And caitiff Michael of the Peakèd Beard.'

"The noble company, though belted knights,  
And often battle-tried, recast their looks,  
Each mutely measuring the deed proposed  
By other deeds in song and story long  
Adjudged heroic; and in the while, a breath's  
Brief space, from out a sea within their breasts  
Unknown to them, a wave of tenderness  
Arose and thrilled them all—so young he  
seemed,

And in his high resolve so beautiful!  
And into words they ran: 'It shall not be.  
If thou art lost, then is my honor lost.'  
Thus the host. And another, 'Stay, and count  
Their lances—fifty trained and merciless!'  
But Othman answered, 'What have we to  
fear

Who ride with Truth and Right?' And to  
his host

Again, and cheerily, 'The parley keep  
While we to horse, and when below thou seest  
Me signal with my hand, then let there be  
No toying at the gate, but fling it wide—  
Both valves at once—and leave us to our  
swords  
And Allah.'"

## XII.

### THE COMBAT.

"Variant and loud and hot  
The wordy strife the Lord of Inæne  
Provoked and waged with him of Eskischeer;  
As when two winds in mimicry of war  
Counter each other swirling round a house  
Of many angles. Then, all eagerly,  
That they might hear, the hirelings in the  
road

To shoulder swung their shields, and careless  
brake

Their fine array. And presently the gate  
Opening moved—slowly first—noiselessly—  
And then the hinges shrieked as if a ghost  
In pain were giving up, and on the right  
And left clang—clang—the sturdy steel-bossed  
valves

Rolled swiftly back, uncurtaining an arch,  
Shallow and tunnel-like, through which a  
glare

Of daylight from the thither side, snow-white  
And blinding, smote the startled leaguerers.  
Then ere a man of them could frame a  
thought,

Or whisper of the treachery he feared,  
They heard a cry—"Take all the stirrup now,  
And follow me!" And in the voice there was  
The ring and searching quality of calls  
By trumpet wildly blown, which, when they  
find

A spirit, seem to say, 'Oh, ho! Awake!  
For here is bloom of glory, roseate,  
And thine the gathering!'

"And wider grew  
The stare of those in hire beneath the wall,  
When through the gateway burst the beat of  
hoofs,

Rumbling the earth as 'twere a slackened  
drum

By drunken drummers beaten. Motionless,  
Their senses in a listless pause, they stared,  
And waited what might come. So, when a  
cloud

Low overhead has clapped its mighty hands,  
And bidden halt, the startled traveller stands,  
And bates his heart and breath, unknowing  
where,

If deadly bolt there be, the bolt may strike.  
And then the meaning brake!

"Into a court,  
House-bound and narrow, but aglow with  
light,

A horse appeared outstretched, and leaping  
long,

Its head low borne, its nostrils dashing red,  
And straight upon the riven air back streamed  
Its forelock, black, and plentiful and long.  
In freedom flying with the flying mane;  
And on toward the open gate it ran,  
Ringing the rough-hewn flagging underfoot,  
As with their hammers anxious swordsmiths  
ring

The bladed steel fast chilling in the tongs.

And when the rider, all in linkèd mail,  
And of the steed a part—so easily  
He kept his seat—beheld the enemy,  
He dropt the bridle-rein, and raised his shield  
And scimitar full arm's-length up, and prayed,  
'Shadow me now, O Allah!' Then to those  
Behind him following close—Goundonloup  
And the six tribesmen—half he turned his  
face,

And shouted, 'On, O brethren! This the way  
To Paradise! Forward, and strike, and cry,  
"Allah, O Allah!"' Then frontward he set  
His face, all radiant with-battle light,  
And shouting 'Allah! Allah!' as he bade  
His men, into the vaulted gate he plunged,  
And the great stones above him and below  
Shook as he passed.



“And then a terror struck  
The leaguerers, and every bridle-hand  
'Gan tugging at the reins in selfish haste  
To get away; whereat the guests, in perch  
Between the merlons, looking down at them,  
Brake into gibes and laughter, and the host  
Cried out, ‘Oh-ho, my Lord of Eskischeer!  
That infidel and traitor to the Truth  
Ye asked of me—the Sheik without a Tribe—  
Is coming—nay, is here!’

“And at the word,  
As if it were some cabalistic sign,  
Out of the hollow arch, then darkening  
With turbaned friends fast trooping at his  
heels,

Blatant and eager—out into the hard  
And trodden space before the portal front,  
Our Othman rode. One buffet with his  
shield,  
And Michael of the Peakèd Beard went down,  
Not slain, but sorely hurt, and tasting dust  
In bloody mouthfuls, and all his wits awing,  
As in some placid evening sky at play  
With swallows.

“Then the end rushed in apace.  
From Michael to the Lord of Eskischeer  
Sheik Othman wheeled Antar, and in the  
two,

The horse and man, there was so much of  
force,

So much of all a victim sees and hears  
To stop the beating of his baser heart  
What time the lion makes his flying leap,  
The Greek turned sick with fear, and bor-  
rowing

From panic, flung about, and fled amain.  
And on his back unwrit, yet plain as moon  
In freshness burst above a scumbled hill,  
The word that sent his hirelings down the  
road

They came, a scuffling, dizzened mass in blind  
And headlong flight for life. Wherewith it  
seemed

The guests went mad with very ecstasy,  
And merrymaking set the stones they stood  
Upon astir with laughter. But the voice  
Of Othman through the din shore sharp and  
high:

‘The *rakhem*<sup>1</sup> ruffling yonder—take thou  
these,

The sword-hands of my choice, and follow  
them;

The craven lord, their master, leave to me’—  
Thus he to Goundonloup.

“There was a path  
By usage long and wearing won from sward  
And broken place, and, like a rusted belt  
Around a woman’s waist, it girt the wall,  
The blackened gate in lieu of silvern clasp—  
A narrow way, and sinuous, and sown  
With flinty fragments sharp and dangerous,  
And never traversed save by sandalled men,

<sup>1</sup> Vultures.

And kine slow-footed, watchful—such the  
road

The Lord of Eskischeer in panic took,  
And now was spurring down. And seeing  
him,

Again Sheik Othman in his stirrups rose,  
And lifting sword and shield and shining  
face,

‘Shadow me now, O Allah!’—thus he prayed.  
And bending low along his courser’s neck,  
As spirit unto spirit speaking, said,  
‘Antar! Antar! O king of running kings!  
Forget not now the soul thou hadst from me  
The day we journeyed down to No Man’s  
Land.

Forget not now the many other days  
We gave to hunting lions, and in chase  
Of eagles. Here, ignobler work—a wolf,  
Only a wolf—but ours no less to give  
The world a long sweet rest by making end  
Of him. So now, take thou the reins, and go  
In freedom. Only bring me to his side,  
And hold me there a time to strike a blow  
For Malkatoon and holy love, and she  
Shall feed thee from the palm-cup of her  
hands,

And comb thy mane, and braid thy forelock  
ply,

And ply with night-black tresses of her own.  
To thy wings, O Antar!’

“The reins dropt loose;  
Then as a hound unleashed and bidden go  
Leaps whimpering up with eyes afire to see  
The game, and take direction from its flight,  
So from a gallop, kept that it might hear  
The master’s promises—or so it seemed—  
The willing courser tossed its shapely head  
On high—a moment thus—then off it sped  
In quickening leaps, of lions, none so strong,  
Of eagles, none more swift. Yet scarce less  
strong,

And swift, and sure of foot the steed that  
bore

The craven Greek. Two boles of furbished  
steel,

In passage trailing light, like moving flames—  
Such the men. Ledge-rocks wrenched from  
cloudy height,

And plunging down a graded mountain-side  
In rivalry of ruin—such the steeds;

One bearing Love and all its urgencies,  
The other scourged by Fear gray-faced and  
blind.

And answering the calls by Rumor passed  
From court to hall and kitchen, noisily  
And fast the castle poured its tenantry  
Upon the wall, and from the vantage-points—  
Embrasure, mullioned port, and hanging tow-  
er—

They viewed the race, in silent wonder first,  
And then with gusts of clamor.

“And thus once  
Around and to the gate again! And scant



The time allowed the guests still waiting  
there  
To speed their friend ; for past the yawning  
arch,

And over Michael, writhing where he fell,  
His senses yet abroad—on unseeing,  
And hearing nothing save the steady roll  
Of hoofs behind him—on into the path  
The very same but then so hotly come,  
The Lord of Eskischeer went thundering,  
His shield-arm nerveless as an empty sleeve,  
His sword forgotten. Like a flash he passed;  
And then another flash, and Othman passed,  
And still the reins hung loose, and still he  
talked

As to a boon companion. 'Not so fast,  
O brave Antar!—I see his rowels drip—  
And as our enemies the eagles used  
When they would see if Jinn of Solomon's  
It was pursuing them, a little stay  
Thy wings, and hover—hover! There—now  
hold

The flight at that until I bid thee swoop ;  
And doubt her not—doubt not that she will  
feed

Thee with her dainty hands, and comb thy  
mane,

And braid thy forelock. Never amulet  
Of pearl in lucent bar from Persian sea  
Thrice laid upon the Kaabah's sacred stone  
So blessed and blessing as a tress of hers !'  
And then there was a yellow cloud of dust,  
And withered grass, and leaves, and blasted  
shreds

Of rue from out the wrinkles of the wall,  
Awhirl and breaking into lesser clouds,  
And thence a muffled pounding of the earth  
In rapid strokes, as if a hundred hands  
Were breaking sheaves of corn with iron  
flails ;

And so from view of those above the gate  
The racers vanished.

"On, nathless, they went—

On over levels meagre, green, and scant—  
On into shallow brookways then but beds  
Of rattling shingle—on—and as they went,  
The air they tore through sounded in their  
ears

Like wanton winds in revelry with waves ;  
And all the shouts dropt ringing from the wall,  
The taunting and the laughter, mixed with  
cheers,

Passed them unheard. But coming presently  
To a long upward slant of hardened road,  
Bent sharply round an angle turreted  
And next the gate, our Othman woke to life.  
'I saw the quarry stagger—there!—again!  
The time is come ! Drink now thy fill of air,  
Antar, and, by thy Nejdee blood, set on,  
And prove thyself !' And crying thus, he  
snatched

And shook the reins, and as a swimmer  
breasts

A foaming current, leant against the breeze.  
No more of waiting ! Forward—forward  
sprang

The gray-black king of coursers, free and  
fresh,

The morning's vigor in his lissome limbs,  
And in his spacious breast a hero's heart ;  
And this the prayer he heard at every leap:  
'Speed, speed, O gallant friend ! For Proph-  
et's grace,

And holy love, and honor, and the Tribe,  
Stumble not now, nor tire.'

"Nor vain the prayer !

There where the road, its gentle rise com-  
plete,

Around the castle's corner wound itself  
In broadened loop, returning to the gate,  
Sheik Othman had his wish, and by a thrust  
Half given he could have reached his foe-  
man's back,

And that way set his swooning spirit free.  
But all his scorn of doubtful ruse and mean  
Advantage rose betime. 'Show me thy front,  
And up with shield !' So bugle-clear his  
voice,

And loud, they heard it on the turret's top ;  
Yet save to deeper stab his failing barb,  
And closer cringe, the Lord of Eskischeer  
Rode signless on. Then once and silently  
Above the Nejdee's neck our Othman shook  
The flying reins. A leap, and flank and flank,  
Stirrup 'gainst stirrup, on the straining steeds,  
Like shallows lashed in waters rough and  
swift,

Together drove. 'That thou, O craven Greek!  
So much the lower of thy high degree,  
Didst dream or think of loving Malkatoon,  
Or fancy Heaven had bred such rose to waste  
Its perfume on thy breast, were scarlet shame  
To innocence.' Thus Othman, speaking low ;  
And then aloud, and near the gate : 'Awake !  
It is for life, if not for love. Thy sword  
Is there, and here thy shield, and under eyes  
We come.' Moved then the wretch's blood-  
less lips,

'For the dear Christ—' He stopt. And in  
upon

The naked space before the gate they burst  
With beat and gride, and on the battlement  
There was nor laugh nor cheer ; for over-  
head

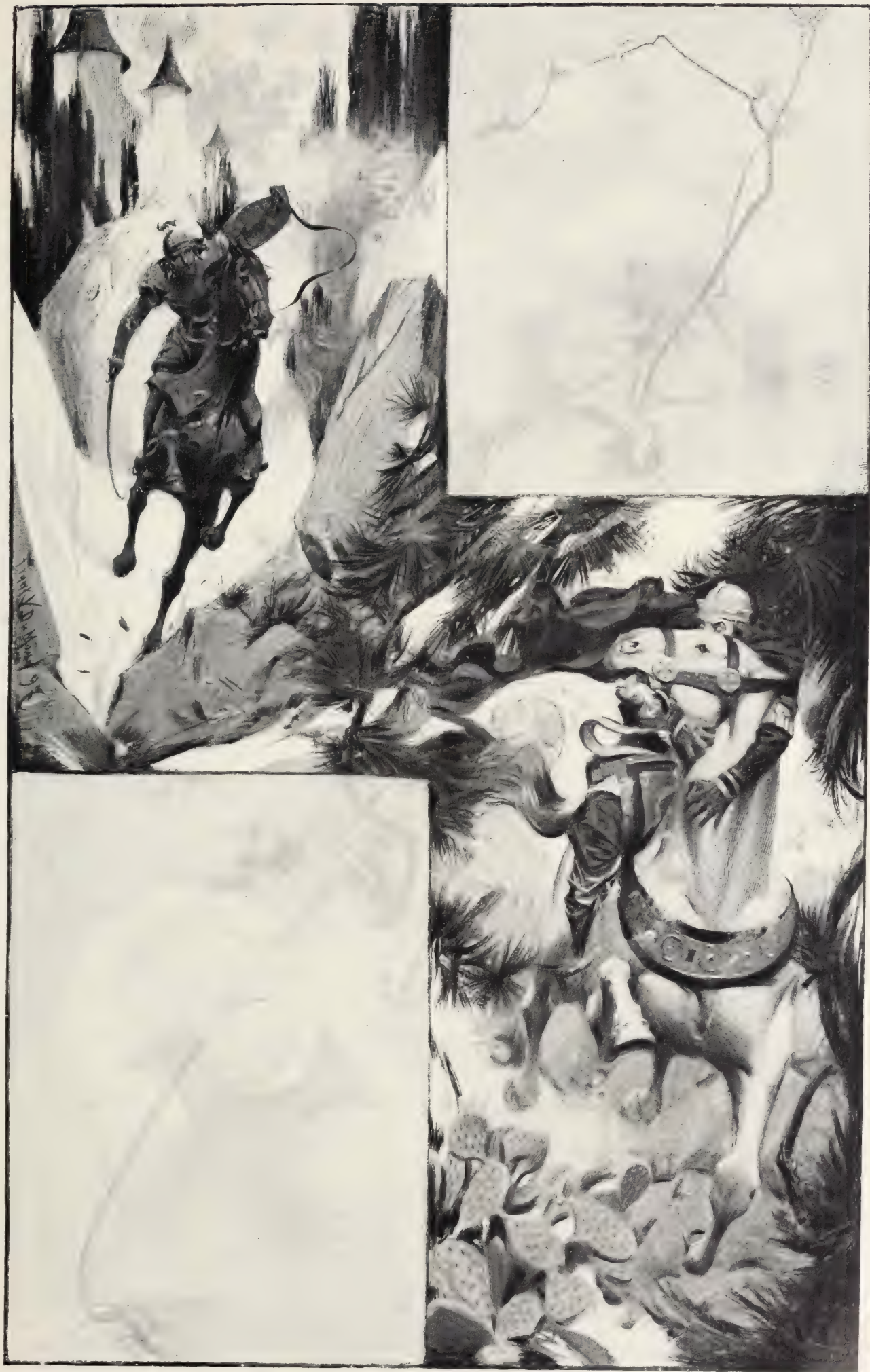
The sword of Othman fashioned coils of  
flame,

And hissed like angry serpents. And he  
said,

'False friend and coward—liar—this the fate  
The sinless Christ reserves for all thy kind !  
*Amin !*' A shriek responsive to the blade  
In practised stroke—a clang of shield and  
sword,

And steel in loosened links—a lifeless bulk  
Full length in dust—these held the guests in  
awe





"OTHMAN IN HIS STIRRUPS ROSE."



And speechless, while the courser of the  
Greek  
Ran on alone.

"Then Othman staid to say,  
'My Lord of Inæne, I pray thou have  
A care of this one, Michael; he is hurt,  
Not dead. I will return.' With that he  
rode

Off after Goundonloup; and together,  
As tireless huntsmen follow skulking wolves,  
Up to the very bridge of Eskischeer  
The eight their harry of the hirelings kept.  
And loud the greeting when to Inæne  
The victors drave the harvest of the fray—  
Well-harnessed horses, lances, swords, and  
shields

Enriched with many strange devices done  
In gold and staring pigment, spurs of gold,  
And armor silver-gilt. And of it all  
The host with deftest art made pyramids,  
And sheaves, and radiates, and glorified  
The banquet-hall."

And here, as was her wont,  
The fair Sultana mother, wise and good  
As she was fair, allowed herself to rest  
The brave recital and observe the child,  
And wonder at his wonder; then, her arms  
About him, and with kiss, she pledged the  
world

Another Othman, and in softer tone  
Renewed the tale.

### XIII.

#### OTHTMAN AND ISLAM.

"It seemèd then that all  
The things of farthest flight, the birds and  
winds,

The mornings, and the weird Invisibles  
Of Night which, as Voices, direct the winds  
In ministry to men by Allah loved,  
Made minstrels of themselves, and went  
about

Through Islam, even to its border-lands,  
Singing of Othman and his victory;  
And there was never fame so sudden won,  
Or name so easy on the trumpet's lip.  
And he was great, and—to the common heart  
No sweet its like in life—his greatness came  
To him in youth, when fronds of green en-  
wreathed

Become a brow as light becomes a star.  
It is the homage of his fellow-men  
And not the crown that makes a real king.  
And such was Othman; yet a lover more  
Than king was he.

"Then in the prime of spring,  
The third since Othman saw his Malkatoon,  
A gentle child with fluffy night-black hair,  
And brow and breast of sun-illumined snow,  
And seeming of the bubbling runlet born,  
Back to the cave the saintly Dervish went,

Without an enemy to give him fear,  
Or break his thought on holy things intent.  
And thither Othman often followed him;  
At times sky-blind from overwatch of hawk  
And heron heavenward in the blue blaze  
Of hottest noon; at other times to pace  
The cavern floor, and bear the elder's hand  
Upon his shoulder, listening while he talked  
Familiarly of Allah, and His laws,  
And what might be if men but heeded them;  
And always, sooth to say, it was a hope,  
Or flutter of a wish almost a hope,  
Which lured him to the good man's vine-clad  
door,

That something haply come, though but a  
dream,  
Or nightly incident of fateful stars,  
Would erewhile close the dreary trial term  
Imposed on him. And many times there  
were

In which he overstaid the shortening day;  
And then the sage and reverend host would  
roll

A bale of lion-skins upon the floor  
For couch, and smile, and say good-night, and  
leave

Him pillowed in the Prophet's nursing hands.

"One summer night—'twas in the red-moon  
month

Of nightingales, and sweetest rivalry  
Of rose and jasmine—Othman, all belate,  
Upon the couch of trophies stretched his  
limbs;

And over him Edebali had said  
The parting speech wherewith the day is  
done,

And sleep invited in, when Othman caught  
The sage's robe, and held it by the hem,  
And in the tone a weary santan begs  
The rich for dole to help him on his way,  
Besought him, 'Stay, and tell me—thou who  
hast

The recollections of its joys to soothe  
The pangs of love in loss—thou who canst  
tell—

No other can—ah, when—when is this dure  
Of winter on my love to pass?"

"The look  
The Dervish gave the eager supplicant  
Was wavering and cloudy; yet he could  
But stay and hear.

"Here, father, are thy beads"—  
Thus Othman further. 'See how dull and  
blurred

The ambers are from counting! And the cord  
Of sacred green which holds them to thy  
belt—

The gray Scherif of Mecca blessed it thrice,  
Then sent it thee from holy Ararat—  
How worn and thin it is, and like to break!  
O Dervish, pity me! As is the cord,  
My hope is wearing out; and like the beads,



My days and hours. Ah, when shall I have  
done  
With counting them ?

“And lower, lower drooped  
The listener’s cowlèd head, and not from age  
Or wing of spirit noiseless in the air  
The tremor of the taper in his hand.  
And Othman hurried.

“‘It was in the spring  
I asked for Malkatoon. Before your door  
The birds were making nests, and easing toil  
With blithesome songs ; yet thrice since then  
the world  
Has summered—thrice, and never word or sign  
From her to me. Was ever honest love  
So starved as mine has been ? A little speech—  
“Good-morning,” or, “May Allah comfort  
thee”—

Enough to tell me I was known to her  
As friend to friend, and that she wished me  
well,

My soul had magnified into a song  
As soaring and divine as Genii sing  
To Israfil across the bridgeless voids—  
Stoop lower, Dervish—stoop, and take my  
hand,

And tell me—thou whose wisdom is a gift  
By gracious Heaven—tell me how my love  
Has lived through all the going of the years  
Without caressment, smile, or glance of eyes  
Awake and shooting flatteries as stars  
Shoot radiance—without the pleasant sting  
Of rosy fingers softly laid in palm  
Outstretched—without the music of a voice  
In promises of deeper sooth than sleep  
Or any drug—O Dervish, wanting these,  
The daily bread and spiced luxuries  
Of common passion, why should not my love  
Have died of cold neglect, and been erased  
From memory, if not itself the sign  
Of Allah’s favor you so long have asked  
Of me ? Yet here it is—at thy feet laid  
Low again.’

“Still the Dervish held his peace.  
“‘Art thou afraid ? Or’—Othman’s voice  
sank down

And trembled plaintively—‘Or didst thou  
think

My love a childish whim to change or go  
With cunning play of truce ? There have  
been times

I stopt the vagrant winds that seemed in  
flight

To where she lay, and charged them, “Take  
her this

Or that”—some airy frill of loving thought  
Uprisen from the moment’s wish like spume  
From gushing wine ; and still, so weak the  
years

To reave the passion of its early pulse,  
To-day while coming here I heard the hist  
And whisper of a breeze which might have  
been

From her to me, and straight, as king to slave,  
I bade it, “Stay, and give me that she sent  
By thee,” and as ’twas rudely malcontent,  
I slavelike prayed it, “Be thou merciful,  
And tell me if ye heard her speak my name,  
And sigh when speaking it, as if she longed  
To have me near her.”’

“Then Othman closer drew  
The good man’s hand, and said, with urgent  
look

And voice impatient, ‘There was one who  
spake

Of mighty deeds reserved for me to do,  
And long and far his walk had been in  
thought

Of life and death, and what must come to  
pass

For sake of peace ’mongst men, and I be-  
lieved

In him, and did the things he bade me do,  
Nor gave a care to what was said of me ;  
And of my faith in him there grew a hope  
Which should have been my steadfast law of  
life.

And of that hope—how often I have laid  
My sword across my knees, and in its depth  
Of blue reflection, limpid as the sky  
Above me, seen the glory of the East  
From out its wane emerge, and heard my  
name

Go down the winds a lasting melody  
Of bugles ! Prophet—say, dost thou recall  
The lordly words ? Yet marvellous and  
true!—

That hope is not at all, or if it lives  
’Tis as an echo, lifeless of itself.  
A dream arose, and blew its splendors out,  
And left it hiding placeless in the dark,  
A servant bounden to the dream.’

“Thereat  
The taper waved, and out brake all the face  
Of him who held it, reddening in the light.  
‘What is the dream ?’ he asked.

“Then Othman’s face  
To scarlet turned, and, ’neath the searching  
eye,

Flamed like a poppy blooming in a field  
Of yellow corn. ‘I pray thee, turn thy gaze,  
And waste its burning in the darkness there ;  
For that thou seekest I am moved to give’—  
Thus he with purest modesty. ‘For grace  
I called it dream ; yet asks it naught from  
night,

Or sleep, or waking reverie of day ;  
And if it goes, it comes again the same  
In kind and radiance. ’Tis not a dream,  
But living thought by sweetest fancies fired,  
And always forward-flying to the hour,  
The happy hour, when I can go alone  
To Malkatoon, and raise her bridal veil,  
And kiss the maiden blushes from her brow  
And childish cheeks. O Dervish—by thy  
beard,



And Allah lending ear!—that joyous time  
Were more to me than any fame of sword  
Or deftest rhyme.'

"In lowlands after rain  
Has washed the copse, and of the earth made  
reek,  
And mists of fleecy whiteness rise in clouds,  
And through the tangle slowly drive like  
sheep  
Unshorn and browsing, one looks up and sees  
The stars in dewy faintness shimmering,  
As if they were aswim in ruffled light;  
So to the young man shone the elder's eyes,  
Tremulous in their fixedness, and dim  
With tears half-risen. Then the elder knelt  
Upon the shaggy couch, and put an arm  
About the younger's neck, and in the dale  
Between the brows he kissed him twice, and  
said,  
With struggling voice, 'Commend thyself to  
Him,  
The Merciful and most Compassionate,  
And sleep forgetful of the world and life;  
And if thou hast a dream, on waking call  
Me, mindless of the hour, and I will come  
To thee.' Therewith he left another kiss,  
And rising, round him drew his robe of fur,  
And disappeared.

"And later, when the clock  
Of planets in the spacious heavens marked  
A moment early in the afternoon  
Of night, the chambers of the cavern rang  
With loud alarms. 'Awake—Edebali—  
Awake, and come to me!' And presently,  
With taper lit, and robed, his face aglow  
With sharp expectancy, the holy man  
Upon the pallet sat himself in front  
Of Othman. 'Thou hast dreamed a dream'—  
So simply he invited confidence.  
And Othman, 'Nay, a Vision came to me—  
It was a Vision, Dervish.' 'Be thy care  
Never so awful!' Thus, with caution large,  
The elder spake. 'And know, my son, how  
broad  
And grave the difference. Our dreams we  
have  
From Angels, seven good, and seven bad;  
And as the Angels, so the dreams they bring.  
But Visions are from Allah, and He keeps  
Them for His prophets, and for other men  
A little lower, and already passed  
Within the saving circle of His love  
And mercy— Now I will not break thy  
thread  
Of speech again.'"

## XIV.

## OTHMAN HAS A VISION.

"And Othman took the sign,  
And slowly said, 'Upon this rugged couch,

O Dervish, I was lying by thy side,  
And sleep was on us both. And in the  
drown

Of senses, dim and purple-sweet, there came  
A sexless Genius, winged, and all unclad,  
Except with starlight streaming from its  
brow.

And standing by me tall as any palm,  
And whiter than a marble minaret,  
It shot delicious waking from its touch.  
"Soul of this man," it said, "attend." And  
straight  
My soul had eyes and ears beyond the  
strength  
Of mortals.'

"Look now!" and I could but look.  
And the gray vestments on thy breast began  
To stir and break, and forth appeared a moon  
Full-orbed, and with a rich enamelling  
That made its light a lustrous pleasantry.  
And over us it hung in far suspense;  
Then like a feathered atom in a lake  
Of crystal air, so lightly down it sunk,  
And in my bosom vanished. Then in sway  
Of mute perplexity my spirit stood,  
And to the Genius turned; whereat it smiled,  
And said, "The moon is fairer than a star,  
And so is Malkatoon— But look again!"  
And fain I looked, and saw a seminal  
Of brightest velvet green begin to rise,  
There where the moon went down. And  
kneeling low,

The Genius breathed upon the tender spray,  
And joined its palms above it, and arose,  
And the plant, still in hover of the palms,  
And rising with them, grew to be a shrub,  
And then a tree; wherewith the Genius left  
It to itself. But staying not, it reached  
Its branches out, and covered us with shade;  
And still outspreading, soon, in need of rest,  
It leaned its mighty arms on Caucasus,  
And Hæmus, Atlas, Taurus, brethren all  
From eld unspeakable. Nor did it stop  
When hoarsely bidden by the restless seas,  
Or spare the upper cloudways of the sky;  
And everywhere that horizons had been,  
And raised their baseless walls, and overhung  
Them with deceptive veils of frailest blue  
And purple, there was naught but foliage  
And oaken glory. And then miracle  
On miracle! The Genius did but lift  
Its open hand, and speak some simple word,  
Lo this or that! and fast the marvels came,  
As they were hawks, and it their falconer—  
Scarce faster break the ocean's turquoise  
waves

At beckon of the wind upon the beach.  
In air I heard a whirl of beating wings,  
And looking, lo! the tree was filled with  
birds,  
And butterflies besprent the living sod.  
I heard a thunder of the quaking earth,  
As if the sea had found its hollow heart,





OTHMAN'S VISION.



And looking, lo! the granite rocks beneath  
The sacred tree were rent, and forth the  
Nile

Urburst, and after it the Euphrates,  
The Tigris, and the Danube, and when each  
Of them had won its way apart and down  
The wrinkled world, a holy calm befell.

And while I wondering looked, the Genius  
spake.

"This is the hour by men to Allah given.  
Why stand'st thou there?" And to my knees  
I sank,

Thence on my face, and from the dust my  
lips

Sang worshipfully, "God alone is great—  
There is no God but God!" And with the  
last

Refrain the Genius smiled, and waved its  
hand;

Thereat the realms in umbrage of the tree,  
Now more a gilding splendor than a shade,  
Unrolled before me to the farthest marge.

And on the mountain-sides I saw the flocks  
To fatness feeding; on the seas I saw

The galleys ride the jealous dolphins down,  
And flash their dripping oars in merriment.

I saw the hills put on their castle-crowns,  
And in the plains, and by the littorals,

The crowded cities hold their courtly fairs,  
And royal-wise, like queens in vanity

Of state, make high display of obelisk  
And pyramid, and humbler towers and  
mosques

In princely fusion blent. And on my knees,  
And near afaint, I heard the Genius say,

"Lo! this last— Look up!" And I could  
but look.

And all the singing-birds grew still as death,  
Then took to wing; and hardly were they  
gone

When every leaf alive upon the tree  
Became a curved and flashing scimitar;

And swinging pendulous and free, each rang  
The other, so it seemed to me the whole

Vast overarch of air and sky became  
A golden bell confused by silver tongues

Innumerable. And while thus the land  
Was music-swept as by a throbbing tide,

An angry wind from out the Orient  
Rushed at the sounding cone of flaming

blades,  
And in a twinkling every point was turned

In one direction. Whither? And to what?  
I could but look. And on the farther shore,

Beyond a summer sea, I saw a town  
Of palaces, and in its midst a hill,

And on the hill a church, and on the church  
A dome whose lines seemed all to parallel

The smiling sky, and on the dome, itself  
Of gold, a cross with arms and tree of gold,

So tall and beautiful it blazed afar  
In fervid opposition to the sun.

O Dervish, thine it is to marvel now!

I could but gaze, and covet what I saw,  
And in a trice the cross upon the dome—  
No hand appearing—vanished with a crash,  
And in its place I saw a crescent stoop,  
And plant itself in moonlike loveliness—  
Whereat I woke.'

"Thus Othman closed the tale,  
And then, like doomèd men who calmly wait  
The ruthless bowman's string, with folded  
hands,

And breathless, bowed his head. And pres-  
ently

The Dervish, risen, touched the jetty curls  
With trembling fingers, saying, 'Thou hast  
had

A wondrous Vision, Son of Ertoghrul—  
A Vision, not a dream. A sentinel,

The whitest-winged of all the white-winged  
host

That keeps the azure arch of Paradise,  
Beheld thy spirit in the sapphire waves

Of deepest sleep submerged, yet making  
moan,

And struggling, so their ever-silent flow  
Was broken; and he took it in his arms,

And mounted to the pitch above the sky  
Whence it might see the World of Things to

Come,  
Apart from Heaven. Wherefore all that

passed  
Before thee in the Vision shall come to pass

In very order as 'twas given thee  
To see them. That thou leav'st undone

And wanting shall remain a heritage  
Of labor for thy sons, and sons of theirs,

Till all is done— Look, Son of Ertoghrul!  
Lift up thine eyes, and with me see the

Sign  
So long in prayer at last by Allah sent

To make us glad! And, lo! His Will in love,  
And the one Right Way by the Prophet

stretched  
Before me, like a path of gold aglow;

And she, the mother of thy Malkatoon,  
So young, so fair, so pure, the very grave

Did borrow beauty from her life that was,  
Must now release me of the promise made

To her that awful hour when Death was  
come

And pouring darkness in her wistful eyes,  
Which yet he could not all put out or reave

Of loving light; and if the Way should dim,  
Or lose itself, or any need of help

O'er take me, she, sweet soul, will hear my  
call,

And even guide me with her cheery voice  
In lieu of helping hand.'

"And then again  
The Dervish kissed his guest, with joy amazed  
And stupefied; but in his open palm  
He kissed him, saying, so the gray-faced walls



Brake into loud alarms of ecstasy,  
 'Young father of my Tribe! Lord, Lord,  
     my Lord!'
 And so the old man sware himself thence-  
     forth  
 A tribesman of the Tribe. Then he arose,

And going, turned to say, full pleasantly,  
 'When hence thou goest, be it to appoint  
 The wedding-day, and with the feast concern  
 Thyself, remembering to make it large  
 And kindly. Every destiny must have  
 Its morning, noon, and night.' "

## THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE.

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.

AS the day for celebrating the Diamond Jubilee drew nearer, the interest in it increased in proportion, and fed on itself, spreading and growing until it overwhelmed every other interest of the British Empire. To the people of London the signs of its approach were only too obvious, but long before it had given any outward warning of its coming in that city, men were already working to make it a success, not in the Lord Chamberlain's office alone, but in barracks and workshops, in fields and in ship-yards, and it had upset values and demoralized trade in certain avenues all over the wide world. So far in advance did the people prepare for its coming that managers of hotels in London bought up whole fields before the green stuffs they would produce later had been planted and while the ground was covered with snow. An invitation to dine on a certain night in June was sent to the colonial premiers in January, six months before the dinner was cooked; and on account of the expected presence in London of an additional million and a half of people, food stuffs to feed them were imported months before, and freight rates from the river Plate and New Zealand rose thirty per cent. in consequence. This fact alone, which comes from the underwriters, suggests how far-reaching were the effects of the Jubilee, and also how tightly the world is now knit together, since a street parade in London disturbs traffic in Auckland and on the Bay of Plenty. The people in London regarded the celebration itself from two widely different points of view—some were for putting themselves as far away from it as possible, while the one idea of the others was to use their influence and money to see it all, and to the best advantage. So earnest were the former in their efforts to escape that all of the steam-launches on the Thames were hired

for Jubilee day many weeks in advance; while for the use of the others every window facing the route of the procession was put at their disposal, either by invitation or at prices ranging from five dollars to five hundred. One house in Piccadilly was rented for the week to an American at ten thousand dollars. A room facing St. Paul's Cathedral, in front of which the chief ceremony of the day occurred, was advertised at twenty-five hundred dollars; seats on a roof at the same place were sold for fifty dollars each; and, in order to obtain room for a stand near by, an entire building was torn down, the lessees contracting to replace it after the Jubilee with another.

For a month previous to the Jubilee this speculation in windows and stands seemed to be the chief means in London of making money. It was like a miniature South Sea bubble, or the late gamble in Kaffirs; syndicate after syndicate bought up the building-lots and half-finished houses bordering on the route of the procession, and came into the market offering seats at the best place from which to see it, which seemed to be at every possible point along the entire route. The prices asked by these gentlemen had their effect, and soon there was hardly a building of any sort that faced or was even near the route that was not converted into a stand for spectators. Churches built huge structures over their graveyards that towered almost to the steeples, and theatres, hotels, restaurants, and shops of every description were so covered with scaffoldings that it was impossible to distinguish a bookstore from a public-house, so enveloped were they by planks and price-lists of seats. Some of the shopkeepers advertised "free" seats to the most generous purchasers of their wares, and others offered luncheon and dinner, with the choice of "champagne or



tea," to possible patrons. Landlords and householders along the route gave notice to tenants of months' occupation whose windows faced the streets to move out at once, and as the tenants naturally objected, a series of forcible evictions took place, and in many cases the neighbors sided with the tenants, and there were fighting and rioting in consequence. Paragraphs like the following appeared in the papers daily:

"Another Jubilee eviction took place last evening amid great excitement in the Borough Road. The doors of the house were barricaded, and had to be battered in before admission could be obtained. A large force of police were present."

The demand for windows and seats gave a rare chance to the unscrupulous, and the same seats were sold several times to different people by men who had no right to sell them at all. These gentlemen even went so far afield as Port Said, where they met passengers from Australia and India and showed them plans of seats, and sold them, in exchange for many guineas, beautifully colored tickets that called for places which only existed on paper; and even the astute "Yankees," to the delight of the English newspapers, when they arrived at Liverpool, were cajoled into buying from these ingenious gentlemen, one man paying two hundred and fifty dollars for two seats for which he may be still looking.

This gamble for seats was perhaps unfortunate in giving the impression that the Jubilee, instead of being an expression of devotion and loyalty, had been turned into a chance for money-making, and that the nation of shopkeepers was living up to its name. As a matter of fact, this was not the case, and more money was spent by the shopkeepers in decorating and illuminating than they received from their windows; and the syndicates, as it turned out eventually, lost heavily, and many of the speculators were left absolutely bankrupt; as the contractors who supplied them with lumber raised the prices to four and five times the regular figures, and the carpenters and joiners went on strike daily for higher and higher wages, until it was estimated that the average cost of building a stand rose from twelve shillings a seat to nineteen shillings, so that if the speculators had asked a guinea for eighteen inches of pine board they would only

have made fifty cents profit. Even had the prices originally demanded by the speculators and syndicates been paid by the public, they would not have recovered what they had spent in labor and material. As it was, when the day arrived, seats advertised at fifteen dollars sold for two dollars and a half, and those facing St. Paul's Cathedral, which were advertised at one hundred and twenty-five dollars, were sold for twenty-five dollars. That was the average drop in prices all along the line of procession.

While this speculation was raging, and contractors and syndicates and labor unions and landlords were showing a sordid desire for the mighty dollar, the remainder of the people were going quite mad in their loyalty and enthusiasm over the Queen and the greatest birthday of her reign. Ambitious and intricate illuminations composed of colored glass and gas-jets began to spread over the entire city. There was not a street, hardly a house, that did not show the letters V. R. Sometimes they were cut out of colored paper with a pair of scissors and stuck behind a dirty window-pane, and sometimes they were of cut glass and weighed many pounds, and hid the entire story of a house, and they became as familiar on the front of every Englishman's castle as they are on the round red letter-boxes. Gilded lions and unicorns, imperial crowns of colored glass, and the numerals 37-97 formed with rows of tiny fairy-lamps, and the flags of England reproduced in silk or in printed muslin, testified to the loyalty of shopkeepers, householders, clubs, banks, and hotels. Members of the royal family, whenever they appeared in public, were received more royally than they had ever been before; and at the military tournament, at the theatres, and at all the music-halls songs, scenes, and ballets illustrating the growth and power of the empire were the chief features of each performance, and were received nightly with shouts and cheers. At one music-hall the national anthem was sung three times in one evening, the audience rising each time and singing the words as fervently as though they were in church. One of the most curious illustrations of the feeling of the English people at the time of the Jubilee occurred one night in the Savoy restaurant—perhaps the last place one would look for the higher emotions—when the Hungarian band suddenly struck into





THE STAFF-OFFICERS OF THE INDIAN ARMY.



the national anthem, and the entire room, filled with strangers, of men from all over the world and of women from both worlds, rose from their chairs and cheered and waved napkins, and remained standing until the music ended and while their dinners grew cold.

It is difficult to believe that any event could ever disturb the settled majesty of London, or that any power would dare to intrude upon her inexorable laws of the road, upon her early closing hours, her sombre sooty countenance, and the interminable caravans in her streets. Even an earthquake would hesitate at the impertinence of jarring London. But the Jubilee upset that city as it is to be hoped nothing ever will do again, and for three weeks the capital of the world did not know herself. She was like the old lady who had her skirts cut off and at whom even her own dog barked. For her great grim house-fronts, which the soft soot had turned into sweet and venerable castles, were painted a glaring yellow; her public statues were scrubbed until they were positively indecent; her islands of safety at the crossways were uprooted and the street lamps carried away; her sky-line was broken by tiers of yellow-pine seats; her great thoroughfares, the highways of the world, were lined with giant packing-cases instead of houses; and her deep murmur which rumbles and rises and falls like the "roaring loom of Time," was broken by the ceaseless banging of hammers and the scraping of saws. The smell of soft coal, which is perhaps the first and most distinctive feature of London to greet the arriving American, was changed to that of green pine, so that the town smelt like a Western mining-camp. All the old landmarks disappeared, the National Gallery was disguised by a grand stand as large as that at the Polo Grounds, the statues in Trafalgar Square peeped over high wooden fences, and looked as though they had been boxed up for shipment; in some places trees were cut down, and in others stands were built high in the air above them, so that where there had been open places with green turf and waving branches, there were fixed interminable walls of yellow boards. Between the rising skeletons of rafters and scaffolding there came what was at first a hardly perceptible increase in the great tidal waves of traffic; but this swelled

and grew until at certain points all movements in the streets were stopped for half-hours at a time, and carriages went where the current took them and not where they wished to go. At Hamilton Place and where Berkeley Street breaks into Piccadilly it would have been possible at many hours of the day to walk for a hundred yards on the tops of hansoms and 'buses and vans, locked together as tightly as logs in a jam of lumber. One man who was driving his own dog-cart to a luncheon was caught in the crush at Hamilton Place, and sent his groom into the Bachelors' Club to forward a telegram to his hostess, saying he would probably be late, and he arrived eventually twenty minutes after the telegram had been received. On account of these dams in the current, cabmen discovered new streets in unknown territories, or refused point-blank to venture into certain thoroughfares unless they were taken by the hour. Others did not attempt to take out a cab at all, for a shilling fare often kept them buried for an hour and a half in some great barricade that moved only when the sweating policemen had broken another barricade as great, and one of the two lurched forward, with brakes snapping as they were unlocked, and whips cracking, and hundreds of hoofs slipping and pounding on the asphalt.

But it was on the sidewalks that the coming event cast its most picturesque shadows, and showed the most effective signs of the times. These shadows were substantial enough, and wore kharki tunics, and broad sombreros, and bandoleers heavy with cartridges swinging from the left shoulder, or they were in brilliant turbans of India silk, or red fezes; they were black of face, or brown, or yellow, and up to that time they had been familiar to the cockneys of London only through the illustrated papers and the ballads of Mr. Rudyard Kipling. But now they met them face to face, wearing their odd uniforms, speaking their impossible tongues, and worshipping strange gods, but each of them showing in every movement that it was a British drill-sergeant who had pulled his shoulders back and chucked his chin in the air, and taught him to swagger and cut his leg with his whip when he walked, and to stick it in his boot when he stood at ease, with his gauntlets under his shoulder-strap. There





LORD ROBERTS OF KABUL AND KANDAHAR ON HIS CELEBRATED CHARGER.

were so many things to look at in those Jubilee days that perhaps no one appreciated them fully until they were gone, and Tommy in his red jacket and pill-box cap began once more to take his original value in the life of the streets. But while they continued, not even a house-maid looked at him. Even the red and gold liveries of the royal coachmen,

who were as plentiful as hansom-cab drivers, were no more regarded in comparison than the red coats of the crossing-sweepers. It was the Colonials that people turned to look after; and the Chinese police from the British treaty-port at Hong-kong, with flat enamelled soup-plates on their heads; and the broad-lipped negroes from the Gold Coast of Africa, and Jamaica



and Trinidad; the reformed head-hunters from Borneo, now clothed in brown kharki and in their right minds; and the Mohammedans from Cyprus, at whom the costers in the East End hooted at first, mistaking them for the unspeakable Turk. But before all the others the Rhodesian Horse, because they were associated in the mind of the "man on the omnibus" with Cecil Rhodes and the Matabele wars and the Jameson raid. There was much reason to envy these happy few who were chosen to represent the different British colonies and possessions at the Jubilee, for London does not hold out her hand to most strangers. Some, when they go there, are thankful enough to have their existence recognized by a hansom-cab driver raising his whip, and the translation of these men must have been startling. They were probably worthy young men, but at home they were part of a whole regiment, and of no more honor in their own country than so many policemen, while in their eyes London was the capital of the world, and a place where good colonists go to spend money, and where they are content if they can look on as humble spectators. But these men found, when they reached the great capital, that they were as gods and heroes, and their strange uniforms passed them freely into theatres and music-halls and public-houses, and women smiled on them, and men quarrelled to have the privilege of standing them a drink. Banquets and special performances, medals and titles, were showered upon them according to their rank and degree, and they in their turn furnished the most picturesque feature of the spectacle when it came.

Within a week of the great day the stands began to clothe themselves decently in red cloth, and those decorations that had been held back until the last, from fear of the rain, were hung on the outer walls, and mottoes and insignia and plants and flowers, which made the shops look like house-boats at Henley, were spread along every foot of the six miles. To see these, a procession of wagons, drags, and 'buses travelled over the route carrying people from the suburbs and from all over London, and the already swollen avenues of traffic became impassable, and it was only possible to move about by going on foot. When a stranger asked how long it would take to reach a certain point, he was told, ten minutes if he

walked, or forty minutes if he took a cab. The decorations were not beautiful, and with the exception of those in St. James's Street there was no harmony of design nor scheme of color, and a great opportunity was lost. There was probably no other time when so much money was spent in display with results so inadequate. Had the government put the matter in the hands of a committee of artists, much might have been done that would teach a lesson for the future, and have made the route of the procession a valley full of beauty and significance; but, as it was, every householder followed his own ideas, and so, while the loyalty displayed was quite evident, the taste was most primitive. It was the same sort of decoration that one sees on a Christmas tree.

The prophets of disaster and the sensation-mongers were not idle in those days, and looking back now to the event, it is hardly possible to believe the celebration held such terrors at the time, for nearly every one thought it could not come off without such another sacrifice as that at Moscow during the Coronation, or the panic at the Charity Bazar in Paris. One prediction was that the Embankment would not be able to support the crowd, and that it would cave in on the tracks of the underground railroad. Another was that the East End would rise in its might and take possession of the stands, and would keep the seats for which the West End had paid so many guineas; and it was said that eight thousand coffins had been ordered in Paris, and had been sent over in readiness for the loss of life that was expected to follow when the masses gathered in such a multitude. And forebodings of falling stands and sudden panics, and of fires, and of mobs of people crushing each other to death, were in the minds of every one. That none of these things happened was perhaps the most remarkable and interesting fact of the whole Jubilee. In any other city one or all of these things might have occurred, but the English conservatism, and the English regard for the law, and the wonderful management and executive ability shown in organizing the procession and in disciplining the spectators, prevented it. The chief credit is undoubtedly due to the head of the police, and to the fact that when he had decided which was the best way to regulate the movements of





MAHARAJAH SIR PETRAP SINGH.

the people, the people were willing to abide by his decision. For many months before the procession the police studied the map of London with the line of the parade marked out on it, and considered every possible accident that might occur, and every act that might lead up to such an accident. They rehearsed what the populace would do at every hour of the day; from which points people would come on foot, and from which points they would come in carriages; where they would collect in the greatest numbers; and when the procession had passed one point, in what direction they would rush in order to view it from another.

The problem was such a one as would present itself to the police of New York were it necessary to protect a route six miles in length which would cross from New York to Brooklyn over one bridge and return by another, were there such a bridge. It was expected that three millions of people would view the procession, and that it would be necessary to bring fifty thousand soldiers into London in order to line the route properly—that is, with as many soldiers as, had they been placed shoulder to shoulder, would have stretched in a straight line for thirty-two miles. The chief danger that presented itself was that the crowd, having



seen the procession in London, would rush across to the Surrey side to see it again, and that the people on the Surrey side would cross over to London. The police cut this Gordian knot by treating the two banks of the river separately, and by closing London Bridge at midnight on the day before the Jubilee, and the four bridges nearest to the route of the procession on the day of the Jubilee from eight in the morning until three in the afternoon. In other parts of London all vehicular traffic was stopped at different points from seven o'clock up to ten, and only certain streets crossing the line of the procession were open. No carts or wagons or even people on horseback were allowed to take up a place in the cross streets within a hundred feet of the procession, and no boxes nor ladders nor camp-stools were allowed within the same limited boundaries. The greatest danger to the public safety during the great parades in New York city is the criminal practice of allowing trucks and drays, which are used as temporary stands, to take up places on the cross streets. In case of a stampede they would completely cut off every outlet from the main thoroughfare, and impede the passage of fire engines and ambulances. It is a mistaken kindness on the part of the authorities, for while the owners of the trucks and drays may make a few dollars by renting seats, their barricades may cost many hundreds of lives.

This route over which the Queen was to drive, and which was guarded so admirably, and made beautiful by the display of such loyal good feeling, held in its six miles of extent more places of historical value to the English-speaking race than perhaps any other six miles that could be picked off on a map of the world.

One of the English papers said that each step of the route was a lesson in English history, and pointed out some of the many features that made it historical; and it was these points of interest that gave the route and the procession its great dignity and its magnificent significance. It was not the troops that guarded it, nor the decorations of an hour that hung on its two sides, nor the flying banners that hid it from the sun. Queen Victoria was the first English sovereign to use Buckingham Palace as a royal residence, and according to the route laid down for her to follow on the 22d of

June, it was from this palace, which she had first entered a month after her accession, sixty years before, that she was to set forth on the greatest triumphal procession of her reign. Three millions of loyal subjects and crown-princes of foreign and barbarous courts, ambassadors and Christian archbishops, field-m Marshals and colonial premiers, red-coated Tommys, costers, and publicans, would line this route to greet her on her way; but greater than any of these were the dumb statues and silent signs of those who had gone before, who had made that triumphal procession possible, who had created her empire, and who had spread and upheld her dominion on the land and on the sea.

At the top of Constitution Hill she would find the Iron Duke waiting for her on his bronze charger, and he might ask, "What is my part in this triumph?" and he could answer, "I held back Napoleon." At this corner where to-day there is the greatest crash of traffic and the most lavish display of wealth and fashion in the world, the toll-gates which separated the open country from London once stood, and not so long ago but that the Queen can remember it. From Hyde Park Corner her route lay through Piccadilly, the street that took its name from a French ruff and gave it to a collar, and then down St. James's Street past the windows of White's and Boodle's, where Fox, Pitt, Sheridan, and Brummel once looked out of these same windows. And so on to St. James's Palace, the hospital for lepers which Henry VIII. changed into a royal residence, and where to-day the Prince of Wales holds levees for statesmen and diplomats on the spot that once echoed to the cry of "Unclean! unclean!" Then past Marlborough House, that took its name from the soldier Duke who built it, between the "sweet shady" sides of Pall Mall, where Nell Gwynne leaned over her garden wall and held her celebrated conversation with the King which so shocked Mr. Pepys. And then, waiting for the Queen at the foot of Regent Street, the bronze soldiers who commemorate the death of thousands of others who died for her in the ice and snows of the Crimea; and a few rods beyond, Trafalgar Square, with Landseer's crouching lions watching the four corners of the earth, and above them Nelson, the one-armed sailor who died for the empire





LT.-COL. THE HON. MAURICE GIFFORD, COMMANDING THE RHODESIAN HORSE.

in the cockpit of the *Victory*, and who is now reared high above the beating heart of London on the cannon he wrested from the French war-ships in the Nile; and below him the statue to Gordon, who in his turn gave up his life for the Queen, and who stands now as immovable in bronze as he stood for so many months in life, when he looked out with weary eyes across the glaring desert, watching for the white helmets that came too late. From Trafalgar Square, where the blood of the regicides is marked by the statue of the monarch they murdered, the procession was directed into the Strand, past the

church where Falstaff heard the bells ring at midnight, and so on to Temple Bar, where the Virgin Queen many years before was met by the Lord Mayor of that day when she rode into the city to celebrate the destruction of the Armada; and then past the Temple and the Law Courts, the home of the Crusaders, and later of Johnson, Goldsmith, and Charles Lamb; past Fetter Lane and Fleet Street, where Pope and Addison and Steele walked and talked, and wrote lampoons on each other in the neighboring coffee-shops.

And then, after the solemn halt at St.



Paul's Cathedral, on into Cheapside, where the knights once rode to the tournaments, and where Whittington heard the bells calling him back to London; and across London Bridge, that used to hold the heads of the traitors; and so to the Surrey side, past the Church of St. Saviour, the resting-place of Fletcher and Massinger; and into the High Street, where stood the Tabard Inn of Chaucer; and then past the Houses of Parliament; past the statue of Disraeli, who first taught her Majesty to spell the word Empire; and the Abbey, the graveyard of England's greatest dead; into Whitehall, where Charles was executed, where the horseguards sit in their saddles in the narrow doorways; and so back again to the palace. In those six miles the Queen would have passed over earth hallowed by memories of men so great that queens will be remembered because they reigned while these men lived—men whose memories will endure for so many years that a monarch's "longest reign" will seem but an hour in the vast extent of their immortality.

When the sun pushed aside the mists, at ten o'clock on the morning of the 22d of June, it saw the route of the procession like a double nought or a crooked eight, carved on the sooty surface of London. The rest of the city was busy with hurrying people, and soldiers marching at a quickstep, and galloping figures on horseback, but this cleared space was swept and garnished and empty. Looking from above it was as though the people living on the streets that formed these loops had overslept themselves and did not know that the world was astir. Looking from the street, you saw that every house that faced this empty highway was decorated like a box in a theatre when royalty is expected to be present. It was like two continuous walls of boxes and grand stands facing each other for six miles; and every seat was taken, and there were people in the windows peering from far back over each other's shoulders, and people hanging to the roofs, and people packed on the sidewalks. These people cheered the sun when it appeared, and cheered belated cabs when the police turned them back, and Sarah Bernhardt when they allowed her to pass on. They were in a humor to cheer anything; they even cheered the police. And when at eleven o'clock the cannon in Hyde Park

boomed out the fact that the Queen had started towards them, they cheered the cannon, just as boys in the gallery applaud the orchestra when they appear—not because they are lovers of music, but because the event of the night is at hand.

As the Queen was leaving Buckingham Palace she stopped and pressed an electric button, and a little black dot appeared on a piece of paper at the telegraph-office at St. Martin's-le-Grand. This was the signal that the message for which the cable people had been keeping the wires clear was to be sent on its way, and a sealed envelope that had been awaiting the signal was torn open, and they read these lines: "From my heart I thank my beloved people. May God bless them!"—VICTORIA, R. I.

And in a few seconds five different cable companies were transmitting her Majesty's message to forty different points in her empire; in a few minutes it had passed Suez and Aden on its way to Simla, Singapore, and Hong-kong, and in Central Africa a native runner set forth with it to Uganda; while for those places which the cable does not reach, letters carried it to the islands of the world. The first answer was received from Ottawa. It arrived in sixteen minutes, and before the Queen had reached London Bridge other replies had come to her from the Cape, from the Gold Coast, and from Australia.

The procession halted in three places—at the entrance to the City in the Strand, where Temple Bar once stood; at St. Paul's Cathedral, where the religious ceremony took place; and at the Mansion House.

At the entrance to the City the Lord Mayor, in a long velvet cloak, presented her Majesty with the freedom of the City, and tendered her the great two-handed sword as a symbol of allegiance. The Queen returned it by touching it with her hand, and the Lord Mayor mounted a black horse, and managing the great sword and the great cloak with much delight to himself and to the populace, galloped away. Lord Roberts, of Kabul and Kandahar, was the only other official who recognized the existence of the invisible barrier that guards the entrance to the City. As he reached it he drew up and saluted, and then rode on; but all of the others, with the exception of the men of one company, rode or marched into the City without making any sign. The circum-





THE QUEEN PASSING THE DEVONSHIRE CLUB IN ST JAMES'S STREET



stance was only of interest because on ordinary occasions soldiers under arms may not march through the City without reversing their guns, and every night one can see the Household troops detailed for guard duty at the Bank of England tuck their guns under their arms when they pass the line of Temple Bar. The one exception on the day of the Jubilee was the men of the Royal Marine Artillery, who came to a halt and fixed bayonets, and then marched on again. This they did because their organization is a relic of the old train-bands of the City, and so for many years has enjoyed the privilege of marching through it with fixed bayonets. It was essentially English and characteristic for one company to halt in a Jubilee procession in which was the Queen, with many of the most important people in Europe, simply that they might assert their ancient rights and privileges, even, as it were, at the point of the bayonet.

The procession, when it came, was distinctly a military spectacle, and as English people, especially the inhabitants of London, are used to soldiers, the presence of the Queen and the part played in it by the colonials was for them its chief interest. But without the Queen and the colonials, who were by far the most picturesque feature of the procession, there was enough to repay the visiting stranger for his journey, no matter from what distance he came. The procession was three-quarters of an hour in passing, and the test of its interest was that it seemed to have appeared and disappeared in ten minutes. There was a blurred vision of close ranks of great horses with silken sides, and above them rows of mirrorlike breastplates and helmets, and quivering pennants, and bands of music with a drummer in advance of each throwing himself recklessly about in his saddle, and pounding alternately on two silver kettle-drums hung with gold-embroidered cloths as rich as an archbishop's robe. There was artillery with harness of russet leather that shone like glass, and bluejackets spread out like a fan and dragging brass guns behind them, and sheriffs in cloaks of fur with gold collars and chains, and Indian princes as straight and fine as an unsheathed sword, in colored silk turbans of the East, and gilded chariots filled with poor relations from Germany, and three little princesses in

white, who bowed so energetically that one of them fell in between the seats and had to be fished out again; there were foreign princes from almost every country except Greece, and military attachés in as varied uniforms as there are costumes at a fancy ball; and there was the commander-in-chief of the United States army riding with the representative of the French army, and Lieutenant Caldwell of our navy sitting a horse as calmly as though he had been educated at West Point, and the Hon. Whitelaw Reid in evening dress riding in the same carriage with the Spanish ambassador, and the papal nuncio in the same carriage with the ambassador from China.

And there were the colonials. The colonial premiers wore gold lace and white silk stockings, but their faces showed they were men who had fought their way to the top in new unsettled countries, and who had had to deal with problems greater than the precedence of a court. And surrounding each of them were the picked men of his country who had helped in their humbler way to solve these problems—big, sunburned, broad-shouldered men in wide slouch hats, and with an alert, vigilant swagger that suggested long lonely rides in the bush of Australia and across the veldt of South Africa and through the snows of Canada. There were also Dyaks from Borneo, with the scalps of their former enemies neatly sewn to their scabbards, even though they did follow in the wake of a Christian Queen; and black negroes in zouave uniforms from Jamaica; and Hausas from the Gold Coast who had never marched on asphalt before, and who would have been much more at home slipping over fallen tree trunks and stealing through a swampy jungle. There were police from British Guiana, and Indians, and even Chinamen. Central America was the only one of the great divisions of the world that was not represented, and had there been a detachment from British Honduras, there would have been marching in that parade British subjects from North, Central, and South America, Europe, Asia, Africa, and Australia, and from the islands that, starting at Trinidad, circle the globe from the South Atlantic and Caribbean Sea, through the Mediterranean to the Indian Ocean, and down through the South Pacific, and back again past the Falkland Islands to Jamaica and Trinidad.



The three millions of people who watched the procession cheered every one in it, from Captain "Ossie" Ames, the tallest officer in the British army, who was not only born great, but who, much to his distress, had greatness thrust upon him, and who rode in front, to the police who brought up the rear.

But there were four persons in the procession for whom the cheering was so much more enthusiastic than for any of the others that they rode apart by themselves. These were the Queen, Lord Roberts, Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. Maurice Gifford, and Sir Wilfrid Laurier.

Lord Wolseley, the commander-in-chief, was not so well received as Lord Roberts, and suffered on account of his position, which was immediately in front of the Queen; so no one had time to look at him nor to cheer him. The Prince of Wales was also too near the throne to receive his accustomed share of attention, and some of the other favorites passed so quickly that the crowd failed to recognize them. But everybody seemed to know Lord Roberts and his white Arab pony that carried him during his ride of nineteen days from Kabul to Kandahar, and no one in that procession knew better than that pony, with his six war medals hanging from his breast-band or strap, what a great day it was. The crowd saluted the hero of Kandahar as "Bobs," and cried "God bless you, Bobs!" and every now and then during a halt the general would ride up and speak to some soldier in the line who had served with him in India, and so make him happy.

Lieutenant-Colonel Gifford was popular for two reasons—in the first place, he commanded the Rhodesian Horse, and that body, as has been previously suggested, was the one associated in the minds of the English with the Chartered Company and the Matabele war and Dr. Jameson's raid, and the next raid which it seems now must inevitably follow. And besides the fact that he led this body of rough riders, he had lost an arm in the last Matabele war, and his sleeve was pinned across his chest, and he received his reward that day for losing it. His reception seemed to show what sympathy the man in the street had with the Parliamentary investigation of the Chartered Company's actions in South Africa.

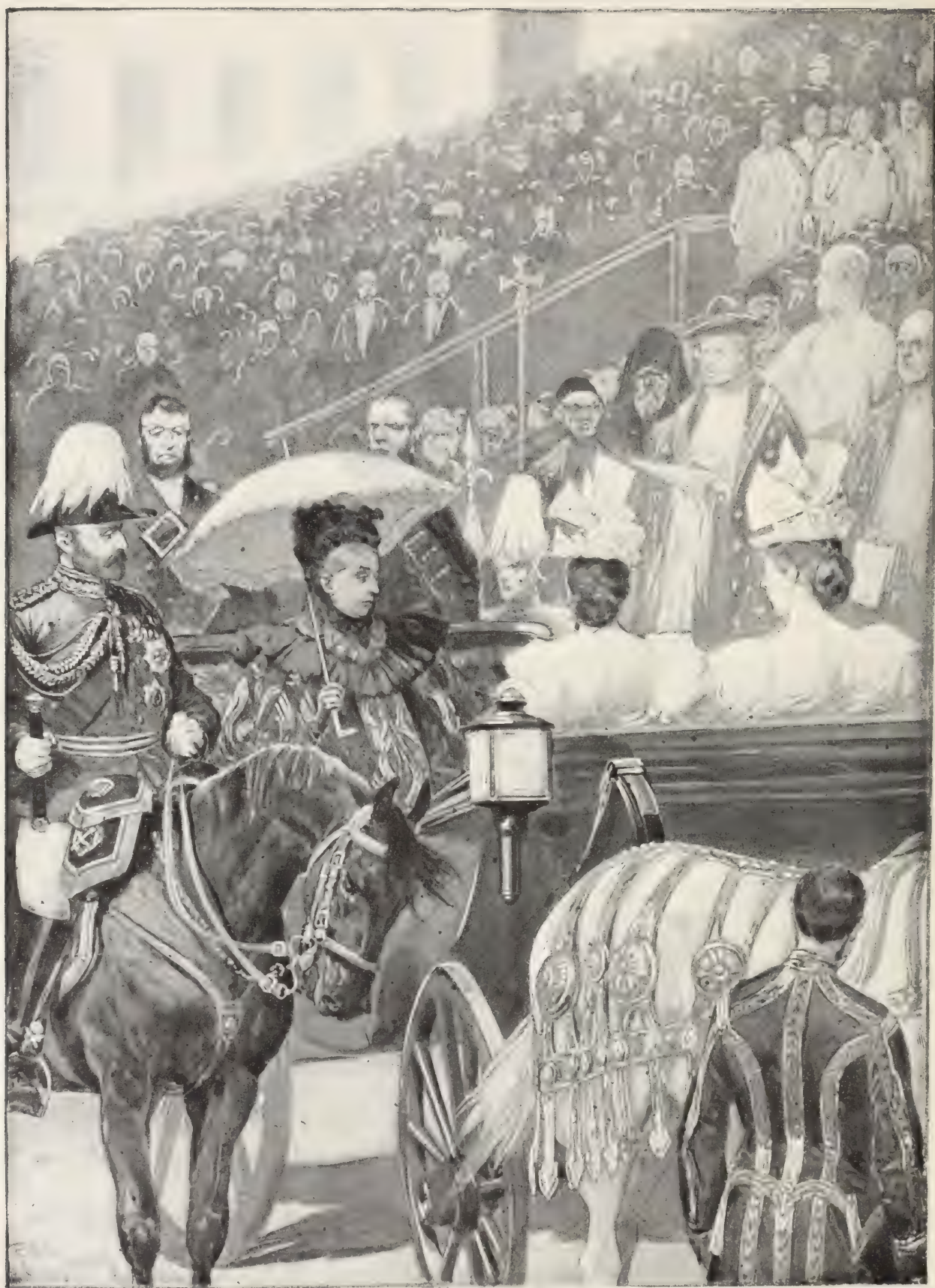
The enthusiasm over Sir Wilfrid Laurier was probably due to his position as

premier of Canada, and to the picturesque fact that he is a Frenchman by descent, and that his face is so strong and fine that he was easily recognized by his portraits. Next to these four in the hearts of the crowd, on that day at least, were the Indian princes, the Lord Mayor, Lord Charles Beresford, and all the colonial troops.

The street that opens into the oval of St. Paul's Cathedral breaks in two just in front of the cathedral, and passes by on either side. In the open space that is formed by this parting of the highways is a statue of Queen Anne, which is shut off from the street by an iron railing. The Queen's carriage, with the eight cream-colored ponies, came up Ludgate Hill and turned to the left and then to the right, and stopped in front of the steps to the cathedral; the foreign princes, on horseback, grouped themselves in front of the statue, and the enamelled and gilded landaus of the special ambassadors and of the princesses formed *en échelon* along the roadway to the right. Beyond these were circles of the Household troops in red coats and bear-skins, and contingents of soldiers from the far East, from India, Africa, and China.

Rising from the lowest step of the cathedral was a great tribune separated into three parts, and back of this, red-covered balconies hung between the great black pillars like birds' nests in the branches of a tree. Below them the vast tribune shone with colored silk and gold cloth, and radiated with jewels like a vast bank of beautiful flowers. Among these flowers were Indian princes in coats sewn with diamonds that hid them in flashes of light, archbishops and bishops in robes of gold that suggested those of the Church of Rome, ambassadors in stars and sashes, with their official families in gold braid and decorations. In the centre was a great mass of smiling-faced choir-boys, like cherubs in night-gowns, and two hundred musicians picked from bands of many regiments and wearing many uniforms. On the lowest steps were dignitaries of the Church in the pink and crimson capes the different universities had bestowed upon them, and the Bishop of Finland, the representative of Russia, and the Bishop of New York, and what was perhaps the most striking example of the all-embracing nature of the celebration, a captain from the Salvation Army with his red ribbon around his





THE QUEEN DURING THE THANKSGIVING SERVICE AT ST. PAUL'S.



cap. There were judges in wigs and black silk gowns, and Chinamen in robes of colored silk, and Turkish envoys in fezes, and Persian envoys in Astrakhan caps. There were individuals in this group who on most occasions take the centre of the stage at any gathering and hold it for hours, but on this great day they were only spectators, and had not as much to do in the celebration as had one of the soldiers that lined the street.

Lord Salisbury, Mr. Balfour, Joseph Chamberlain, and Sir William Harcourt were among these, and there was also our ambassador, the Hon. John Hay, and the secretaries of his embassy, which, as a whole, is perhaps the best embassy our country or any other country has sent to the Court of St. James. And there were rows of Beef-eaters in the costume of the Tudors, and Bluecoat Boys in the costume of Edward VI.

The ceremony that followed upon the arrival of the Queen was a very simple one, but it was the most impressive one that could have been selected for that moment in the history of the empire. It consisted of the Te Deum, the National Anthem, and the Doxology. That is a difficult selection to surpass at any time, and especially when the three are sung from the hearts of ten thousand people.

The Te Deum was given to music written for the occasion, and the National Anthem, had it not been already written, would have been inspired by that occasion, and the Doxology was probably sung as it was never sung before. When the Jaenesville miners were rescued alive from the pit after they had been entombed there and given up for dead for eighteen days, their rescuers and all the

mining population of Jaenesville marched to the house of the owner of the mines at two o'clock in the morning, and standing in the snow, sung the Doxology, and a man who was there told me he hid himself in the house and cried. If he had been at St. Paul's Cathedral he would have had to hide himself again, for there were ten thousand people singing "Praise God from whom all blessings flow" as loudly as they could, and with tears running down their faces. There were princesses standing up in their carriages, and black men from the Gold Coast, Maharajahs from India, and red-coated Tommies, and young men who will inherit kingdoms and empires, and archbishops, and cynical old diplomats, and soldiers and sailors from the "land of the palm and the pine" and from the seven seas, and women and men who were just subjects of the Queen and who were content with that. There was probably never before such a moment in which so many races of people, of so many castes, and of such different values to this world sang praises to God at one time and in one place and with one heart. And when it was all over, and the cannon at the Tower were booming across the water-front, the Archbishop of Canterbury, of all the people in the world, waved his arm, and shouted "Three cheers for the Queen!" and the soldiers stuck their bear-skins on their bayonets and swung them above their heads and cheered, and the women on the house-tops and balconies waved their handkerchiefs and cheered, and the men beat the air with their hats and cheered, and the Lady in the Black Dress nodded and bowed her head at them, and winked away the tears in her eyes.

## HAPPINESS.

(A BUTTERFLY.)

BY SARAH PIATT.

FULL many a maiden, in a mist of white,  
With hand that trembled toward the wedding-ring,  
Thought on her threshold-rose to see you light,  
Forever-flying thing!

Full many a youth, with passionate heart astir,  
Dreaming the old divine sad dream once more  
His father dreamed, joins the bright chase with her,  
And sees you flash before.



On, on forever, over bloom and dew,  
 With hands thorn-torn, reached toward the eye's desire,  
 Their children's children's children follow you,  
 Still nigh and never nigher....

Yet, on some lily in God's Garden lit,  
 You rest, perhaps. And shall we touch you there?  
 Not so. From height to higher height you flit,  
 Still, still the soul's despair!

## A BIRD'S EGG.

BY ERNEST INGERSOLL.

A BIRD'S egg may seem to the casual reader a very trivial subject for a magazine essay; yet no less a man of letters than Thomas Wentworth Higginson declared it the most perfect thing in existence. Poulton, an Oxford savant, tells us that "the most superficial glance over a collection of birds' eggs reveals hosts of interesting problems"; to which Alfred Newton, of the British Museum, adds that "hardly any branch of the practical study of natural history brings the inquirer so closely in contact with many of its secrets." There seems then to be reasonable support for one who should attempt to write something readable under this head-line.

Why not? Observe the variety in size and shape and texture, note the elegance, diversity, and beauty of the markings.

Surely this diversity and beauty mean something, and are suggestive of entertaining facts and correlations.

Consider the shape, for instance—the contour. Some eggs are spheres, others ellipses, ovals, or ovoids, many are cones with a rounded base, and a few are almost double cones, but none is quite symmetrical. In their essential part—the yolk—all eggs alike are globular; for the yolk is only a single cell, enormously enlarged in the case of birds by the accretion within it, in the ovary, of a great quantity of food-material for the sustenance of the future embryo. Having been fertilized, it is drawn down into the oviduct, and there the yolk is covered with successive layers of "white," outside of which are formed the shell and its ornamentation.\*

\* This process is fully as follows: The yellow ball or yolk familiar to us consists of granular protoplasmic matter, built up in concentric layers, and all of it is intended to serve as nutriment for the prospective embryo, except the germinal vesicle—cicatrice or "tread," the nucleus of the original cell—which appears as a clearer particle, floating on the surface, and having a cordlike attachment to a similar mass in the centre of the yolk. This vesicle contains the formative part of the yolk, and is the point where fertilization takes effect and embryonic growth proceeds. The yolk is completed in the ovary and ovisac, after which it descends into the oviduct, where it is fertilized, unless this has already occurred, and receives its outer coverings. The first deposit upon the yolk-ball is of the albumen or "white," the innermost layer of which is drawn out, by the spiral rotation of the egg in its progress, into threads at its opposite poles. "These threads, which become twisted in opposite directions . . . are called 'chalazæ'; they are the 'strings' rather unpleasantly evident in a soft-boiled egg, but serve the important office of mooring and steadying the yolk in the sea of white by adhesions eventually connected with the membrane

which immediately lines the shell. They are also intrusted with the duty of ballasting, or keeping the yolk right side up. For there is a 'right side' to the yolk-ball, being that on which floats the cicatrice or 'tread.' This side is also the lighter, the germinal yolk being less dense than the yellow; and the chalazæ are attached a little below the central axis. The result is that if a fresh egg be slowly rotated on its central axis the tread will rise by turning of the yolk-ball in the opposite direction, till, held by the twisting of the chalazæ, it can go no farther; when, the rotation being continued, the tread is carried under and up again on the other side, resuming its superior position as before." (Coues.)

After all the layers of white have been formed comes the deposition of a tough outer membrane, the egg-pod; and invested with this the egg passes on into a dilatation of the oviduct, where a thick white fluid, charged with lime, is poured over it from numerous villi, and crystals of chalk are deposited in and upon the texture of the "pod," forming the shell, which varies in structure, as revealed by the microscope, in the different groups of ornithology.



Now why do not these envelopes follow the form of the yolk, and a purely spherical egg result? or, at any rate, why is there not a fixed form for all eggs? We can see no reason in the anatomy of the bird, but we may often find reasons for the shape of any particular egg in its later history.

It is noticeable, for instance, that the more spherical eggs, as those of owls, trogons, and the like, are usually laid in holes in the earth, rocks, or trees, where they cannot fall out of the nest, and that the eggs of the ordinary song-bird, which makes a well-constructed nest, are oval, while the slim, straight-sided, conoidal eggs, tapering sharply to a point, belong to birds that construct little or no nest—to the shore-birds, terns, guillemots, and the like. Why? Because these last drop them in small clutches, and with little or no preparation, upon sand or rock, where, were they spherical, they could only with difficulty be kept close beneath the sitting bird; but conical objects will tend always to roll toward a centre. An additional advantage is that eggs of the latter shape will take up less space—form a snugger package to be warmed. In the case of guillemots the single egg laid is especially flat-sided and tapering, and the species owes its perpetuation largely to this circumstance; since, were it not for the egg's toplike tendency to revolve about its own apex, the chances are that it would be pushed off the ledge of naked sea-cliff where the careless or stupid bird leaves it.

This suggests a word in reference to the popular fable that sitting birds carefully turn their eggs every day, or oftener, in order to warm them equally. No such thing is done, because unnecessary, since, as we have seen, the germinal part always rises to the top, and places itself nearest the influential warmth of the mother's body.

The texture of egg-shells varies greatly from the ordinary waxy appearance, and apart from the color—a most interesting matter, to be considered a few moments hence. Those laid in snug nests of warm materials have thinner shells than those laid upon the ground or in contact with substances that conduct away their heat rapidly. Many eggs exhibit a highly polished surface, a striking example being those of our common cat-bird; and many pure white eggs are porcelaneous in

texture, and, if they were not so fragile, would be prized as jewels, outshining pearls; but every one of this nature is laid in the darkness of a tree hole or earthen tunnel. The woodpeckers, kingfishers, and parrots furnish admirable examples, many of which are translucent, so that the contents shine through the shell and impart to it an opalescent beauty. That no such shining porcelaneous egg is ever exposed in an open nest may be because its glistening surface would attract eyes more greedy than æsthetic, but the true explanation is probably more prosaic. Tinamous lay opaque colored ones, resembling "more or less globular balls of highly burnished metal." Many water-fowl, particularly ducks, hatch eggs having an exterior so oily that it is difficult to write the cabinet number on them, and this may prevent the penetration of the dampness to which they are constantly exposed. In contrast to this is the chalky layer that half covers the true coat in certain sea-birds, the ani, and others. The pitting seen in those of the South African ostrich, the tubercles curiously covering the dark green eggs of the cassowary, and other peculiarities of grain, are due to varying structure.

An egg-shell consists of concretions of carbonate of lime (chalk), deposited in and upon the fibrous surface of the egg-pod, and smoothed and soldered together into polygonal plates of greater or less thickness, so that under the microscope the surface looks like a tessellated pavement. The microscope further discloses the interesting information that eggs of the different group of birds possess recognizable characteristics, so that a trained eye can tell, by examining a fragment of shell, the general character of the bird that laid it, if not its specific identity; and this ability has done service in enlarging our knowledge of fossil birds, some of whose eggs have been recovered unbroken. The shell is always permeated by minute canals that admit air to the growing embryo, for without the presence and aid of oxygen the processes of organic development could not go on. Close these pores by varnishing, and the embryo would quickly die; on the other hand, such an exclusion of the air is one of the methods in use for prolonging the edibility of fresh eggs by excluding air and microbes. As the embryo grows, the



air-pores enlarge, the shell becomes brittle, and its lining membrane splits at the large end, forming there a considerable cavity filled with air. When the chick has approached nearly to the time of bursting the shell, it ruptures the membrane—perhaps accidentally—and begins to breathe this air, and thus to get its lungs into working order. The beauty of this arrangement is that the tender youngling is thus provided with air warmed to the temperature of its blood, avoiding the chill of the outside atmosphere before its respiratory organs have grown strong enough to bear the shock. In order to enable it to break its way out of the shell, when its time comes, the tip of its soft little beak is armed with a temporary hard knob or excrescence, called an “egg-tooth,” which falls off soon after the chick’s emergence.

The thickest, strongest eggs are those of struthious birds, such as the cassowary, rhea, and ostrich, which make serviceable bottles and utensils for the natives of the countries they inhabit. In the case of the ostrich this extraordinary thickness of shell may perhaps have been acquired as a shield for the chick, not only from occasional exposure to the terrible heat of mid-day—for the nest is a mere hollow on the open plain—but to prevent undue radiation during the extreme cold of night on the African karroo or the Patagonian pampas. Nature sometimes overdoes the matter, however, since ostrich-breeders must frequently assist a young bird to escape from the egg it is too weak to break. It is stated that the cock-bird does substantially the same thing, leaning upon and breaking eggs that seem to him overdue, and then “shaking out” the youngster by lifting and tearing the tough enveloping membrane. This looks like a highly purposeful instinct or great intelligence, but more likely it is due to a fit of that impatience and ferocity to which the male ostrich is extremely liable, so that the resulting advantage is quite unintentional.

The maintenance of an equable temperature at about 100° Fahr. is supposed to be necessary for successful incubation; but eggs must have a wide limit of endurance below this figure in some species, if not in all, as some birds breed not only near the poles, but positively in winter weather. This is true of ravens, several owls, and a few other boreal residents,

which habitually nestle before the snow has left the woods or ceased to fall. It must be supposed that the eggs of such species have a greater resistance to cold than those of birds accustomed to warm latitudes. Brehm states that it requires one and three-quarter hours to freeze a living egg at a temperature of 15° Fahr. above zero. Many of the water-birds and game-birds nesting on the ground, even in tropical regions, are careful to cover up their eggs, when they leave them, with grass, leaves, or, in the case of ducks, with the breast feathers that constitute the lining of the nest—a custom to which we owe the larger part of our supplies of eider-down. This serves the added purpose, of course, of concealment, but its primary service no doubt is that of blanketing the eggs. It is quite likely that out of this custom, carried to excess, grew the mound-building of the megapodes.

Another noteworthy fact in oölogy is the diverse number of eggs in a “clutch” (*i. e.*, the complement for a single normal brooding), laid by birds even of the same group; also at different times by the same species or individual. The ordinary number among the great majority of small woodland and field birds ranges from four to six. This drops to two in some families among the smaller birds, and rises to ten or twelve among the tit-mouses; most of the game-birds try to rear as many as a dozen young annually, while the pelagic wanderers restrict themselves to only one or two.

It will be interesting to glance through a classified list with an eye to this matter, and examine what can be learned as to reasons for this diversity. Taking five as the average clutch among the small singing-birds, we may regard that as the normal number—the expression of the resultant of counteracting vicissitudes in the struggle for existence—needful to the perpetuation of small birds under ordinary circumstances in their interproportionate plenty. Any considerable departure from this normal number in a species or family must then be accounted for by some specific or tribal peculiarity in circumstances.

Beginning with the ostrichlike group at the bottom of the list, we find ourselves face to face with an interesting state of things, to which the number of eggs is an index. Ostriches, rheas, and cassowaries incubate large clutches—a dozen or more



—those inhabiting the continents of Africa and South America, however, producing twice as many eggs annually as their relatives of Australia and the neighboring smaller islands.

Immediately following and contrasting with them are the three groups characterized by the curious elephant-footed, often gigantic moas, and similar birds of Madagascar, Mauritius, New Zealand, and the Papuan region, which have become extinct within the historic period, except the kiwis, to be spoken of later. All of these, so far as we know, laid only one egg at a time, which, plainly enough, was sufficient to keep the race going in the limited space afforded to each species by its island, but which did not suffice to prevent an almost immediate extinction of these species as soon as mankind discovered that the birds and their eggs were serviceable. But providence, or nature, or natural selection, or whatever has been the ruling influence in determining means and limits for animal life, seems never to have taken man into account.

Turning now to the sea-birds—penguins, grebes, auks, petrels, guillemots, tropic birds, pelicans, and the like—we find that none of them is in the habit of laying more than one egg, as all breed on such remote and inaccessible rocks, often in holes, that harm can rarely happen to their young, and therefore a very high percentage comes to maturity. Many of these breed in companies, and are so unacquainted with danger that they make no attempt to hide their eggs or to leave the nest when the place is visited by some wandering naturalist or eggging party.

The habit of the king penguin deserves a note for itself. This big antarctic bird guards its one white egg from harm by carrying it, somewhat as a marsupial does its young, in a pouch formed by a fold of the skin of the belly between the thighs. Both sexes are provided with this contrivance during the breeding season, and relieve each other of the burden at intervals.

The gull tribe, however, are far more exposed to accident and enemies, both in adult life and as to their eggs and young, than are the penguins, petrels, etc., mentioned above; and here the rule is from two (skuas) to four (gulls and terns) eggs in a nest. When we come to the shore and marsh birds—the plovers, snipes, sandpipers, jacanas, all of which nestle on the

ground, usually near the shore of the sea or lakes—we judge them to be exposed to about the average of dangers, since their nest complement is from four to six; but their large tropical relatives, the sand-bitterns, seriemas, and trumpeter-birds, which reside in trees or bushes, and can well defend themselves, need lay only one or at most two eggs a season to maintain their full census. Similarly the Northern, tundra-loving cranes need raise few young, and hatch only two eggs; but when we come to the water-birds—the rails, gallinules, ducks, and geese—we find an extensive group whose nests average a dozen eggs in each set. Explanations are ready for this: the birds themselves are exposed to unusual peril, from weather as well as active enemies, since they mostly emigrate to the extreme North and nestle in the edges of marshes, where the sitting birds, eggs, and young are all subject to freezings, floods, and countless marauders, that depend largely upon them during the arctic summer, so that a heavy annual recruiting must be made to repair losses. Few birds are liable to so many misfortunes and mishaps and are so defenceless as the water-fowl, except perhaps the big and pugnacious swans, who can take good care of themselves, and lay only two eggs. The long-legged wading-birds also, such as the storks, ibises, herons, and the like, are fairly safe in the breeding season, because they nest on trees, as a rule, and consequently we here find only three or four young in the annual brood; so with the gannets, cormorants, and darters.

This brings us to the game-birds—the world-wide tribes of partridges, pheasants, grouse, turkeys, jungle-fowls, peacocks, and the like—which are of large size, run about on the ground, and are of interest to sportsmen and epicures. With few exceptions, these must put forth a large complement of eggs (eight to twenty) in order to bring to maturity enough young to replace the yearly mortality, for the ground-built homes and huddling chicks encounter a multitude of dangers to which birds in trees, or even the small-sized ground-nesters, are not exposed. The exception here singularly favors the rule, for the only member of this group that I know of laying less than six or eight eggs is the Thibetan pheasant *Plectrophenax*, which inhabits the heights of the Himalayas, where it has to contend with



only three or four nest-robbers, instead of the countless foes that infest the lower jungles; hence its ample breast warms but two eggs.

All the doves and pigeons lay only two eggs; but this seems to be due to the fact that their extraordinary powers of flight give them, as adults, unusual immunity from capture and famine, rather than to any special safety pertaining to their method of nidification.

As for birds of prey, the vultures and sea eagles lay, some one, others two eggs at a time, except the common "Egyptian" vulture of the Mediterranean countries, which often nourishes four fledglings; and this exception may possibly be a comparatively recent acquirement to meet the persecution which this species has undergone at the hands of man during the past four or five thousand years. Hawks and owls in general have four or five eggs, and as this is about the average number of the small birds on which they largely prey, it seems evident that their chances of life and the difficulty of sustaining it are, on the whole, no less than are met with by their victims. The owls, however, vary much among themselves in this respect, the snowy and hawk owls, whose breeding-home is in the snowy North, where a nest in the tundra moss is accessible to every marauder, and the burrowing owls, whose underground homes are constantly robbed, being obliged to lay twice as many eggs as the remainder of the family in order to overcome the high percentage of casualties due to these unfortunate situations.

An odd feature in the nidification of some of the arctic-breeding owls, where the nesting must take place at an unseasonably early and cold date in order to give the fledglings time to reach mature strength before the succeeding winter assails them, is that these birds deposit their eggs at intervals of a week or ten days. In this way the mother can envelop in her plumage and keep thoroughly warm one egg and a callow fledgling at a time, and is assisted, in respect to the later eggs and fledglings, by the warmth of the older young in the nest.

The parrots are a widespread and numerous tribe, and none need lay more than two eggs, for they protect them in deep holes in the earth or in trees, and are able to defend them. The same is true of the toucans; while the hornbill,

by sealing itself (the female) up in its little cavern during nidification, is so adequately protected that a single egg in each family suffices to keep the race going, since practically every one is brought to maturity. Of the host of smaller and weaker birds nestling in cavities, two, three, or four eggs are the usual quota. This brings us up to the tribes of little singing-birds with which we started, whose average is about five; but a few interesting exceptions may be noted. Our whippoorwills and night hawks, for instance, lay only two eggs. These are placed on the ground in the woods, surrounded by no nest, and are so precisely the color of the dead leaves that nothing but the merest accident would lead to their discovery by the eye alone. \* The same is eminently true of the bird itself. Here we have one of the cases—more rare than has been supposed—where there seems to be tangible evidence of protective resemblance being of actual service to its possessor. A similar economy in racial loss has been reached by the extensive tribe of South American ant thrushes through forming their nests into impregnable castles of thorn; while none of the almost uncatchable humming-birds needs to lay more than two eggs in order to recruit the ranks of its species to the full quota permitted it in the numerical adjustment of local bird life.

I have gone into this matter somewhat at length, though by no means exhaustively, because I am not aware that the matter has ever been exploited, and because it embodies a general law or principle that *the nest complement of eggs of any bird is in exact proportion to the average danger to which that species is exposed*. I believe that this factor is fairly constant for species or tribes of similar habits, and that exceptions indicate peculiarities of circumstances, which in many cases we can easily perceive, because I believe that nature is strictly economical of energy, allowing no more eggs to be laid, and consequently young to be produced, than the conditions justify in each case. Thus the uniformity of avine population—the balance of bird life—is maintained.

Another derivative generalization is, that although by ingenuity in nest-building or other acquirement an individual or species may seem to benefit itself, this benefit does not accrue to the total en-



hancement of that species or race (in respect to numbers, at least), because nature counteracts the effort towards numerical improvement by reducing proportionately the fecundity or reproductive ability in that group.

Two broods are regularly hatched during the summer by many of the smaller birds, and all will try to bring out a later brood if they lose the first one. No migratory bird breeds in its winter home, nor any bird out of its proper season except when changed by domestication. Some wild birds, however, will continue to produce many eggs when all but one have been removed, in an effort to complete a nest complement, and these later eggs are likely to be deficient in size and color. This pathetic constancy is taken advantage of in Jutland by the islanders, who day after day gather the eggs of the sheldrake, which resorts to their coasts to breed in artificial burrows; and it is the basis of profit in rearing domestic poultry. It seems to show that birds are able to count up to the proper limit of their nest complement, or, at any rate, to know when that number has been reached, and cease oviposition accordingly. Most wild birds, however, will not make the continued effort to escape disappointment, and will abandon a despoiled nest, or content themselves with rearing the one egg left to them.

Let us turn next for a few moments to the matter of the size of eggs, which vary in capacity from the tiny humming-bird's translucent pearl, filled by a rain-drop, to the two-gallon measure that would not overflow an egg-shell of the gigantic æpiornis, equal to a gross of ordinary hen's eggs. A curious and suggestive fact, however, is that were you to spread out a collection of eggs according to size, grading them carefully from the least to the greatest, you would find that this gradation did not at all correspond with a similar arrangement of the bodies of the mother-birds; in other words, birds of like size do not always lay eggs of equal bigness. I am speaking now, of course, of *races*. Hewitson's standard work on British birds' eggs tells us, for instance, that the raven and guillemot are of about equal bulk, but that their eggs vary as ten to one, the latter's being as big as those of an eagle. The English snipe and blackbird differ little in weight, but the former's eggs are as large as those of a partridge.

Still more remarkable for disproportionate bigness are the eggs of the Australian megapodes, especially *Megapodius tumulis*, which measure  $3\frac{1}{4}$  by  $2\frac{1}{2}$  inches, although the hen is only about the size of a common fowl; and the eggs of the extinct moas, æpiornids, and queer-looking existing kiwis (*Apteryx*), are yet more disproportionate in magnitude. The smallest egg, relatively, of all birds, is that of the parasitic European cuckoo, a fact explained by the necessity she is under of carrying it in her bill to the nest of its future foster-parents.

My friend Mr. George Iles, of New York, first called my attention to the significance of these facts, which he regarded as of high philosophical import, in view of the coincidence that the chicks that came out of relatively large eggs are highly precocious, being able to run about at once and care for themselves, while those hatched from eggs small as compared with the mother's size require much parental care and training in order to survive. But I am inclined to think my friend has made too much of this.

It is true that the young of those birds laying proportionately large eggs are precocious, but it is also true that there are many birds—a majority, indeed—whose young are equally precocious yet whose eggs are of normal relative bulk; for that matter, wide variation in dimensions may be observed between good eggs of the same species or individual. This is, in fact, a matter of organization far wider than any account of the egg alone could complete. All the small land-birds and birds of prey (*Gymnopedes*) are hatched quite naked, but soon assume a downy covering, replaced by feathers before they are ready to leave the nest. In another class, perhaps numerically smaller, the young one is not hatched until the second stage has been reached, so that the downy covering is obtained before leaving the shell; such are the domestic fowls, runners, sea-birds, etc. (*Dasypedes*). There remain a very few (the mound turkeys, *Tallegallus*) where the young are born in the third stage, that is, fully fledged and able to fly; and it is well they should be, for in some of the species, at least, no old ones are at hand to help them, parental duty ending as soon as the pair have made a mound of rotting vegetation and left the eggs buried therein, to be hatched by chem-



ical heat in this most primitive of artificial incubators or hot-beds.

It is evident that when a young bird is required to remain inside an egg until it has reached an advanced degree of growth it must be provided not only with a larger chamber, but with a greater supply of nourishment (food-yolk) for its prolonged embryonic sustenance; and this implies just so much more drain upon the physical resources of the mother, amounting in the case of the kiwi to the production of an egg equal to nearly a quarter of her total weight. It is plain that few such eggs can be produced by a single mother. Hence we find that in every case where eggs of excessively disproportionate bulk are laid only a single egg is deposited at one breeding, and that, as a rule, few eggs in a brood mean relatively large ones—even down to humming-birds.

A coincidence between this relative bigness of egg and a low degree of mental endowment also certainly exists, but if there be any genetic relation between the two facts it must be widely indirect.

Now let us take up the more pleasing study of ornamentation—what it is, and what is its purpose, if it has any.

“The first thing which strikes the eye of one who beholds a large collection of egg-shells is the varied hues of the specimens. Hardly a shade known to the colorist is not exhibited by one or more, and some of these tints have their beauty enhanced by the glossy surface on which they are displayed, by their harmonious blending, or by the pleasing contrast of pigments which form markings as often of the most irregular shape.”

That is a flower from the desert of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*!

There is no need to go into a description of these markings here, since the accompanying illustrations show them in the fullest variety that pictures can, and I may hasten on to broader considerations. The colors flow from pigment-pores in the uterine dilatation of the oviduct where the shell is formed, and partially accompany that process, all eggs showing submerged stains; but they are for the most part laid on after the shell has been finished, and the streaking and marbling distinguishing many are due to the slow progress and rotation of these kinds while the color is still exuding upon them. Newly laid eggs will some-

times smear, or the color may be washed off. Mr. Hewitson, the pioneer of British authorities on oölogy, ascertained long ago that “fear, or anything which may affect the animal functions, influences the color” of a bird’s egg, and says that the eggs of birds he has captured on their nests during the time that they were laying, and has kept in close confinement, have thus been deprived of much of their color. Age showed itself in a similar way, size and color increasing from youth to maturity, and declining beyond that.

Spectrum analysis shows that all the many tints of birds’ eggs, multiplied and varied by blending, immersion in the shell, etc., are due to seven pigments, each so singular as to merit a name. Their chemical properties closely connect them with hemaglobin, the coloring matter of the red corpuscles of the blood, and with the bile pigments, the latter lot furnishing blues and yellows, which in mixtures form various clear greens. The ordinary color of such eggs as are not white is some tint of blue or green, varying in one direction towards olive, and in the other to “robin’s-egg” blue; and the commonest pigment in markings is reddish-brown, rarely absent in some tint. Where an egg is self-colored, the substance of the shell appears to be dyed, and any spots are applied later, as upon white eggs. Many have an incomplete top-coat of chalky material, but I believe that in every such one the ground tint is blue or green.

Some eggs are speckled or blotched all over nearly uniformly, but in most the markings are densest around the larger end, where they form a pretty wreath—the record apparently of a period of rest and pressure against a zone of pigment-pores. The egg passes down the oviduct large end first (although the opposite progress, like a round wedge, would seem at first glance more natural), because that is head-foremost for the embryo, following the rule of animal births.

While the eggs of some birds are remarkably constant in color and markings, most of them exhibit considerable variety and inconstancy, amounting to diversity of ground tint as well as of ornamentation. Spotted examples of normally plain eggs, and the opposite, are frequent occurrences.

These particulars have been given not



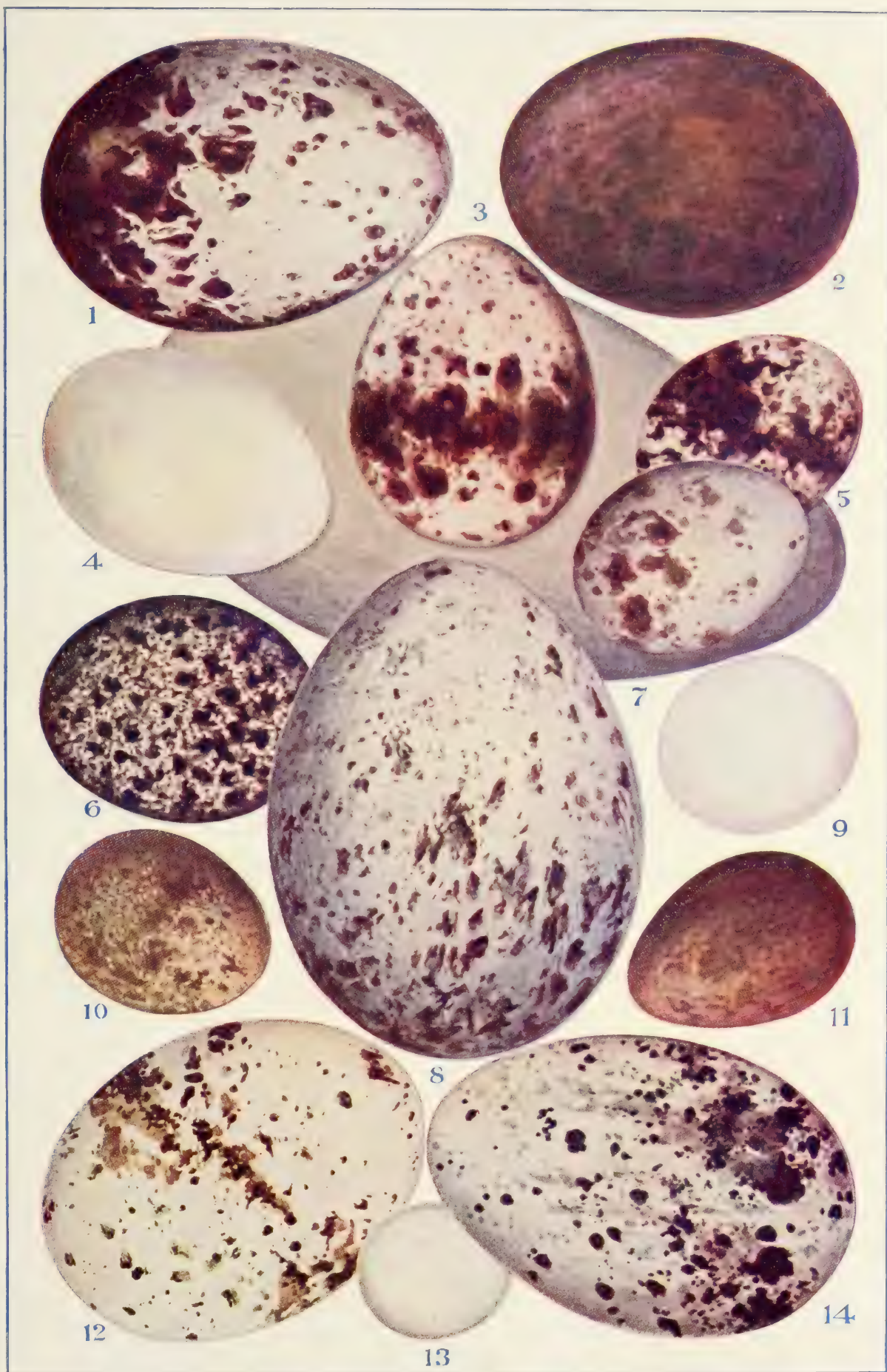


PLATE I.—EGGS OF AMERICAN BIRDS OF PREY.

For the extended titles see the back of this page.



PLATE I.—EGGS OF AMERICAN BIRDS OF PREY.

1.—Osprey or Fish Hawk (*Pandion haliaëtus*, var. *carolinensis*). 2.—Peregrine Falcon or Duck Hawk (*Falco peregrinus*, var. *anatum*). 3.—Swallow-tailed Kite (*Elanoides forficatus*). 4.—Marsh Hawk or Harrier (*Circus hudsonius*). 5.—Sharp-shinned Hawk (*Accipiter velox*); two patterns. 6.—Aplomado (*Falco fusco-cærulescens*). 7.—California Condor (*Pseudogryphus californianus*). 8.—Golden Eagle (*Aquila chrysaëtus*). 9.—Little Screech Owl (*Megascops asio*). 10.—Sparrow Hawk (*Falco sparverius*). 11.—Pigeon Hawk (*Falco columbarius*). 12.—Hen Hawk or Red-tailed Buzzard (*Buteo borealis*). 13.—Saw-whet Owl (*Nyctala acadica*): orbicular and dead white, as is the case with nearly all owls' eggs. 14.—Turkey Buzzard (*Cathartes aura*). All are uniformly reduced by about one-seventh from natural size. Several of these species occur in the Old World as well as in America, or are represented by closely similar forms, whose eggs closely resemble those shown here. But there is a tendency toward considerable variation in the eggs of a single hen, even as to those laid in the same clutch, among the birds of prey,—more so than is observable in most other classes of birds. Such individual variations in pattern are especially characteristic, in the above-given list, of the eggs of the fish hawk (No. 1) and hen hawk (No. 12).





PLATE II.—EGGS OF AMERICAN SONG-BIRDS.

For the extended titles see the back of this page.



PLATE II.—EGGS OF AMERICAN SONG-BIRDS.

1.—Night Hawk (*Chordeiles virginianus*). 2.—Wood Pewee (*Contopus virens*). 3.—Chuck-will's-widow (*Antrostomus carolinensis*). 4.—Phœbe-bird or Bridge Pewee (*Sayornis fuscus*). 5.—Whippoorwill (*Antrostomus vociferus*). 6.—Yellow-billed Cuckoo (*Coccyzus americanus*). 7.—Black-billed Cuckoo (*Coccyzus erythrophthalmus*). Note similarity. 8.—Parauque Goatsucker (*Nyctidromus albi-collis*). Compare with Nos. 1, 3, and 5, related species; all excellent examples of adaptive coloration. 9.—Carolina Parrakeet (*Conurus carolinensis*): pure white and broadly oval—characteristic of all parrots' eggs. 10.—Meadow Lark (*Sturnella magna*). 11.—Rose-breasted Grosbeak (*Habia ludoviciana*). 12.—Cardinal Grosbeak or Virginia Redbird (*Cardinalis cardinalis*). 13.—Chewink or Towhee Finch (*Pipilo erythrophthalmus*). 14.—Kingbird or Bee Martin (*Tyrannus carolinensis*). 15.—Baltimore Oriole (*Icterus galbula*). 16.—Scarlet Tanager (*Piranga erythromelas*): brown pattern; usually the ground-color is a decided green. 17.—Great Crested Flycatcher (*Myiarchus crinitus*). 18.—Chickadee (*Parus atricapillus*). 19.—Nonpareil (*Passerina ciris*). 20.—Tree Sparrow (*Spizella monticola*). 21.—Chippy (*Spizella domestica*). 22.—Mourning Dove (*Zenaidura macroura*): pure white. 23.—Brewer's Blackbird (*Scolecophagus cyanocephalus*). 24.—Humming-bird: characteristic in its elongated shape and pure white color of all humming-birds' eggs. 25.—Gray Kingbird (*Tyrannus dominicensis*). 26.—Golden-winged Woodpecker or Flicker (*Colaptes auratus*). 27.—Wood Thrush (*Turdus mustelinus*). 28.—Ivory-billed Woodpecker (*Campephilus principalis*): pearly white, as are all woodpeckers' eggs. Compare No. 26. 29.—Mocking-bird (*Mimus polyglottus*). 30.—Magpie (*Pica pica*, var. *hudsonica*). 31.—Bobolink (*Dolichonyx oryzivorus*). 32.—Cowbird (*Molothrus ater*). 33.—Steller's Jay (*Cyanocitta stelleri*). 34.—Swamp Sparrow (*Melospiza georgiana*): typical of most ground-building sparrows' eggs. 35.—Ani or Rain Crow (*Crotophaga ani*). The bluish streaks are the under or true shell, shown through scratches in the chalky outer covering. 36.—Lincoln's Finch (*Melospiza lincolni*). The eggs of the common song-sparrow are between this and No. 34 in appearance. 37.—Crow (*Corvus americanus*). 38.—Blue Jay (*Cyanocitta cristata*). 39.—Crow Blackbird (*Quiscalus quiscula*). The marbled pattern shown here (compare No. 15) is characteristic of the whole family Icteridæ. 40.—White-necked Raven or Nutcracker (*Corvus cryptoleucus*). All are uniformly reduced about one-seventh from natural size.



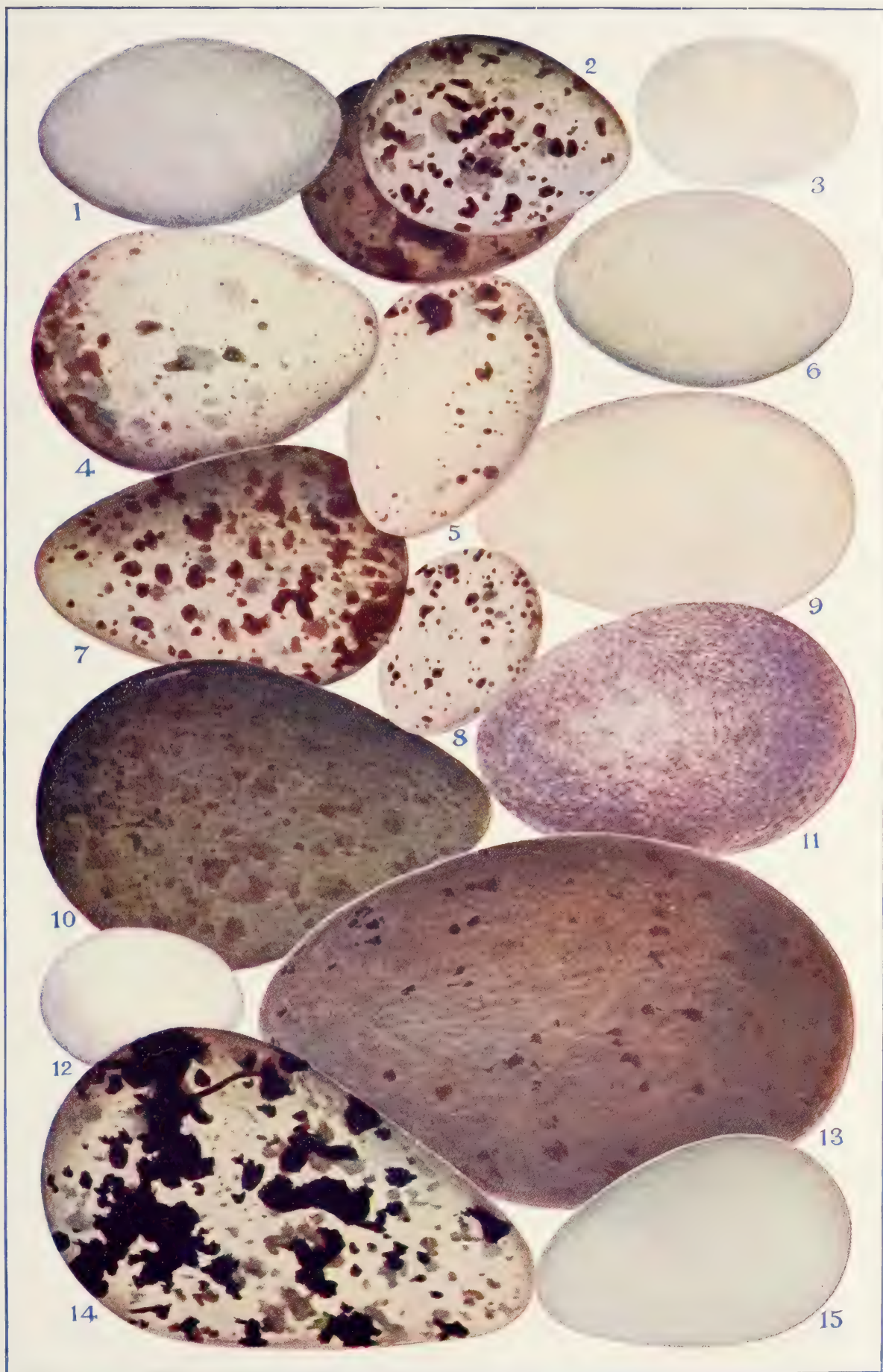


PLATE III.—EGGS OF AMERICAN WATER-BIRDS.

For the extended titles see the back of this page.



PLATE III.—EGGS OF AMERICAN WATER-BIRDS.

1.—Horned Grebe (*Colymbus auritus*). The drawing does not fully express the angular, almost double-cone outline which characterizes grebes' eggs and renders them singular in contour among all birds' eggs. 2.—Common Tern (*Sterna hirundo*): two patterns, illustrating range of constant variation. 3.—Ashy Petrel (*Oceanodroma homochroa*). All petrels' eggs are pure white except those of two or three species, which occasionally show a few specks of red. 4.—Kittiwake Gull (*Rissa tridactyla*). This and No. 2 are characteristic of the whole race of gulls and terns. 5.—California Clapper Rail (*Rallus obsoletus*). 6.—Louisiana Heron (*Ardea tricolor*, var. *ruficollis*): typical of herons' eggs generally. 7.—Willet (*Symphe-mia semipalmata*): a good type of the "shore-bird's" egg. 8.—Least Tern (*Sterna antillarum*). 9.—Cormorant (*Phalacrocorax carbo*). 10.—Long-billed Curlew (*Numenius longirostris*). 11.—Tropic-bird (*Phaëthon flavirostris*): singular in its "crushed-strawberry" color. 12.—Least Bittern (*Botaurus exilis*). 13.—Loon (*Urinator imber*). 14.—Guillemot or Murre (*Uria troile*). Another common style has the ground bright green, and between these extremes every variety of tint may be found, but the pattern of shape and markings is little varied. 15.—Sea Dove, Dovekie, or Rotche (*Alle alle*). All are uniformly reduced about one-seventh from natural size.



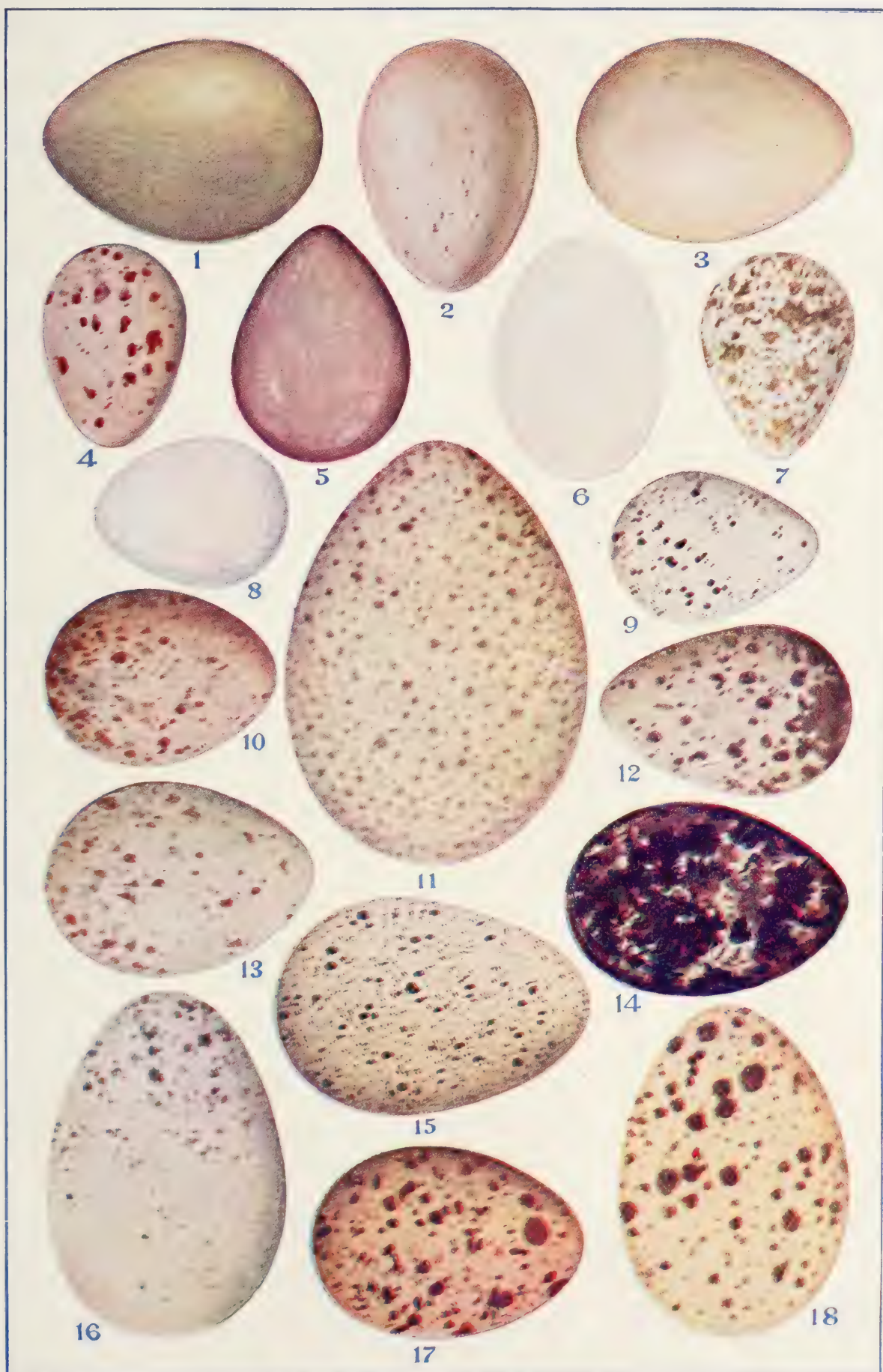


PLATE IV.—EGGS OF AMERICAN GAME-BIRDS.

For the extended titles see the back of this page.



PLATE IV.—EGGS OF AMERICAN GAME BIRDS.

1.—Prairie Hen (*Tympanuchus americanus*). 2.—Ruffed Grouse (*Bonasa umbellus*). 3.—Sharp-tailed Grouse (*Pediceetes phasianellus*). 4.—Sora Rail (*Porzana carolina*). 5.—Mountain Quail (*Oreortyx pictus*). 6.—Passenger Pigeon (*Ectopistes migratoria*): pure white, as are all pigeons' eggs. 7.—Valley Quail (*Callipepla californica*). 8.—Bob White (*Colinus virginianus*): dull white, unspotted. 9.—Piping Plover (*Ægialitis meloda*). 10.—Woodcock (*Philohela minor*). 11.—Turkey (*Meleagris gallopavo*). 12.—Wilson's, "English," or the Common Snipe (*Gallinago delicata*). 13.—Clapper Rail (*Rallus longirostris*, var. *crepitans*). 14.—Rock Ptarmigan (*Lagopus rupestris*): typical of all ptarmigans' eggs, but in nature no red marks underlie the brown-black blotches. 15.—Coot (*Fulica americana*). 16.—Sage Hen (*Centrocercus urophasianus*). 17.—Canada Grouse (*Dendragapus canadensis*). 18.—Dusky Grouse (*Dendragapus obscurus*). All are uniformly reduced about one-seventh from natural size. The great difficulty in mechanically reproducing these objects in color has involved this plate in a pink tone which is misleading: none of the eggs represented on this plate, or any others of the game-birds, carry any suggestion of red either in ground-color or in spottings.



only because they were thought to be interesting in themselves, but because they show how purely a matter of organic function is the painting of a bird's egg—something over which the hen has no voluntary control whatever.

The why and wherefore of the colors of birds' eggs has been a favorite theme for speculation, from the quaint surmises of Sir Thomas Browne to the solemn guess-work of Shufeldt, in his ten "biological laws explanatory of the variation in color of the shells of the eggs in class Aves."\* Hewitson piously concludes that the beauty of these elegant and often exquisitely attractive objects is intended for the delight of human eyes; hence, as he says, eggs simply white are put out of sight in holes! He also sees in the larger number of eggs laid by game-birds a provision by a benevolent Providence for the joy of the sportsman and the delectation of the epicure. Next comes a man who assures us that the colors of eggs are due to the influence of their respective surroundings on the imagination of the hen birds—the old story of Jacob's little trick on Laban in the matter of young cattle. This school instances as an example the red blotches prevalent on the eggs of falcons, regarded by it as a record of the bloody experiences of the parents; but it does not explain why the equally rapacious owls produce pure white eggs, or the bloodthirsty skuas and shrikes lay greenish ones. Other equally fallacious theorizings might be noted.

Mr. Darwin seems to have left the subject untouched, but Mr. Alfred Russell Wallace, who found in the matter of color in animal life a somewhat new field for the exploitation of his view of natural selection, has devoted much space, in his *Darwinism* and elsewhere, to an attempt to show that the eggs of birds are examples of protective mimicry in color, as a result of natural selection. More recently Poulton has indorsed, if not enlarged, this proposition; yet I believe its unsubstantiality can be made evident.

Mr. Wallace begins with the conspicuous fact that birds that breed in "concealed places" lay white or very pale eggs. "Such is the case with the kingfishers, bee-eaters, penguins, and puffins, which nest in holes in the ground; with

the great parrot family, the woodpeckers, the rollers, hoopoes, trogons, owls, and some others, which build in holes in trees or other concealed places; while martins, wrens, willow warblers, and Australian finches build domed or covered nests, and usually have white eggs." But to this there are many exceptions on both sides. The nuthatches, titmouses, eaves swallows, orioles and caciques, magpies, and many more, lay brightly colored eggs, equally well hidden from view, while a considerable number of birds place white or whitish eggs in nests near the ground, quite open to observation. Mr. Wallace argues in respect to these that the hens cover them when they leave them, and all sit very close; but of birds having the former habit, as many lay inconspicuous brown eggs (and cover them) as lay white ones, and experience disproves the latter statement. It is worth while to recall the fact in this connection, as tending to show lack of adequate fulfilment of the alleged purpose, that many members of this class (hole-nesters) must incubate more than the average number of eggs annually to keep their races going. In respect to the pigeons, most of which lay two white eggs on a loose platform, Mr. Wallace simply asserts that it is hard to see their eggs anyhow, because, in gazing upward, you look right through the nest, and can't distinguish them from patches of sky, while they are concealed from the sight of one looking downward by the foliage; but, if the latter is true, why do not the eggs appear plainly from below as white spots against that green shield of leaves?

Similarly he dismisses the diversity of brightly colored eggs laid by the woodland and field birds with the remark that "it is very doubtful whether they are really so conspicuous when seen at a little distance among their usual surroundings." The same argument is used in reference to the zebra, the tiger, brilliant insects, etc., which seem as far as possible from "adaptive" to anything short of an environment of circus posters; and really it is begging the question.

The theory of "adaptive coloration," then, as applied to birds' eggs, derives support only from a minority of circumstances—those instances, such as the shore-birds, many game-birds, the whip-poorwill and its kindred, the coots and some ground-breeders, that make no nest to speak of, and whose eggs certainly do

\* A pompous waste of valuable space in the annual report of the United States National Museum (Smithsonian Institution) for 1884.



resemble the beach or leaves or marsh upon which they lie, sometimes in a very striking degree, so that *human* collectors find it exceedingly difficult not to overlook them when in search of specimens.

Now right here seems to lie a cardinal weakness in the position taken by Wallace and his disciples. They seem to look at everything from the point of view of the human eye alone. This is only the long-despised teleology returning in a new guise. Wallace scouts the notion that the beauty of the eggs he admires is addressed to man's eye and æsthetic appreciation, yet implies that the browns and mottlings of a plover's egg have been perfected in order that one of his collectors may not easily see it!

We cannot properly include man in any supposed scheme of protective mimicry, or other phase or purpose of natural selection, or any other channel of animal evolution. He is probably too recent to have seriously influenced any organic changes adaptive toward him as either friend or enemy; and in civilized life, at least, he is too rapid for animal development to keep up with. As a matter of fact, such protection as is here being considered is totally unavailable against man. The savage new-comers to the islands inhabited by the dodo, moa, æpiornis, and their relatives quickly exterminated those birds, in spite of the fact that their eggs were hardly distinguishable from the dead grass upon which they rested. The fact that its eggs are sometimes almost invisible against the sky (*fide* Wallace) did not save our passenger pigeon from the next thing to extinction within a few years after the West began to be peopled. It is, indeed, against the *brute* robber—not against man—that birds must guard themselves and be guarded, and to few such is the color of the eggs likely to be of any consequence.

Who are these brute nest-robbers? First, perhaps, other birds, from the vulture that is reported to take a stone in its beak to enable it to smash the ostrich's egg, down to the swaggering blue-jay; but crows are the worst hereabouts. Do these depend on a glitter of color accidentally calling their attention to the tidbit? Not at all. You may see them diligently "prospecting" from tree to tree, searching every branch, and succeeding too well. Many mammals are despoilers of bird homes, none so ruthlessly as the cats. Mice eat eggs, and mice are

enormously numerous in the farming districts. Muskrats, otters, minks, etc., prowl around the marshes and raid the homes of water-birds; skunks, foxes, and weasels will take an occasional nest on the ground, but to think of one of them cocking his eye aloft and mistaking eggs for clouds is food for amusement. Barring house cats, almost the only quadrupeds the tree-nesting birds of the United States need fear are weasels and some squirrels; although the tropical list includes wild-cats, several rodents, bats, and, most of all, monkeys. All these animals make regular explorations for *nests*, chiefly hoping to find young birds; and we may be sure that many more "adaptively colored" eggs fall to their share than are overlooked.

Another dangerous marauder is the snake; it is the especial dread of the troglodytes—birds that live in holes impenetrable to larger thieves. With us the blacksnake does most damage; but egg-eating serpents are common the world over, and Africa has a species that subsists almost wholly on this food, and has special arrangements in its throat for breaking the shells. Now a snake cannot see well at all, and seems to have no perception of color whatever. In its search for eggs or young birds the creature depends altogether on the senses of touch and taste that are combined with superlative delicacy in its forked tongue. It ascends bush after bush, climbs rocks, stumps, and trees, crawls through the grass, exploring blindly, touching everything as it goes, until a prevalence of bird-traces warns it to examine carefully every spot within reach, and at last it hits upon a nest. Of course in all these forays the alarm and fury of the poor owners and their friends assist the marauder to discover the object of his search, although they are often able to prevent him from securing the prize.

Substantially the same thing is true of the four-footed nest-hunters—the weasel, squirrel, skunk, and so on. They trust to their noses far more than to their eyes to discover birds' nests, as well as other prey; furthermore, it must be remembered that nearly all the mammals and many of the serpents are nocturnal, hunting in the dark, when color disappears as a factor in the question of safety. Moreover, none of these animals are strangers in the limited district where they work.



They live there as steadily as do the birds themselves—more continuously, as a rule. Day and night they are prowling about, and keeping themselves well informed of what is going on in their little world. Few birds' nests can be built and occupied without their being aware of it; and that all are not robbed as fast as they are filled is due principally to the facts that "the game is not worth the candle," and that the birds make many a successful battle in defence of their treasures. A friend of mine recently hatched out a brood of ducks in a remote locality where no fowls had ever lived before, and lost them all in a few days from wild animals whose presence he had not suspected, but who had kept well posted as to his doings.

Now I do not mean to say that the dull, assimilative colors of certain classes of eggs do not sometimes lead to their escaping hostile notice, and by so much contribute to the survival of the family; nor do I mean to deny that such adaptive and useful resemblances may be due in some cases partly or wholly to natural selection, with which I have no quarrel whatever; but I do fail to see that this is either sufficiently universal or sufficiently effective to establish a firm basis for any such theory as has been reviewed.

I have often wondered why Mr. Wallace never adduced birds' eggs as examples of recognition colors, where, it seems to me, he might have made a better case. It is a well-known fact that birds occasionally lay in one another's nests, and from what I know I am inclined to think that this most often happens between birds whose eggs are plain or closely similar in markings, so that a mistake might be excusable "as between friends." The supposition that the varied colorings are serviceable in enabling the owners to recognize their property would account for the whiteness of eggs laid in dark holes, where no markings could easily be noticed, and would give a reasonable explanation of the individual variety, within specific or tribal likeness, which characterizes all eggs. However near alike they may seem to our eyes, doubtless a mother-bird would be capable of selecting her own out of a hundred jumbled together, so that, on the whole, this theory seems to me much more tenable than the other one.

I do not believe, however, that the coloration of the eggs of birds is truly

explained by either of these hypotheses, however much nature may utilize the existing facts in the apparent direction of either, and even though I am willing to admit freely that the influences of natural selection may have been, here and there, instrumental in bringing out this or that color or pattern. I believe, on the contrary, that these colors and patterns are a by result of peculiarities of organization as intimate as is the microscopic structure of the shell, and that if natural selection is to get credit for it at all, it is only so far as protective colors in eggs may sometimes have followed, as a secondary, or accidentally correlated, "by product," the tendency to produce protectively colored plumage. In other words, there is a constant relation between the pigments that paint the feathers and those that paint the egg; sometimes they are suppressed altogether (but white birds often lay highly colored eggs, *e. g.*, gulls); sometimes they produce a similar effect, giving the eggs the general tone of the *mother's* plumage, as in the whippoorwill, shore-birds, and others; and sometimes they produce upon eggs a color effect entirely different from that of the parent's plumage. It must not be forgotten that the tint of a pigment applied to an egg-shell might be widely removed from that of the same pigment dyeing a feather; and it is also necessary to remember that many plumage colors are not pigmentary at all, but purely optical effects of interference of the light reflected. Such is the case with the burnished back of the turkey, the jewel-like brilliance of the humming-bird's throat, the glittering green of trogons, and so on, and it is noteworthy that perhaps all the birds thus gorgeously apparelled lay white eggs!

It is justly believed, indeed, that in the beginning all birds produced white, unspotted, soft-shelled eggs, following the rule of the reptilian class, from which birds have no doubt arisen. How the change toward a hard and differently shaped shell and the addition of colors came about we may never know. It is the great obstacle to this line of investigation that almost no historical evidence is in existence, or is ever likely to be; and yet in the past is hidden, no doubt, the key to the problem oölogy now presents when approached by the evolutionist.



## TO A NEW-BORN BABY.

BY ALICE ARCHER SEWALL.

### I.

**R**ISE! Baby, rise!  
Life is incomplete.  
Heaven needs thine eyes,  
Earth thy dancing feet,  
Birds thy rapt attention,  
Moon thy mild dismay:  
All earth's sweet invention  
For thy use at play,  
Startling red the berries  
For thy wild delight,  
Flowers full of fairies  
To shut them up at night,  
And perfect every blade of grass  
Where heaven-accustomed feet shall pass.

### II.

Earth has run before thee,  
Honey-hedged her lanes,  
Sent up skylarks o'er thee,  
Feather-wet with rains:  
Hung with dew the shadows,  
Brodered all the rocks,  
Cowslipped all the meadows  
For thy nibbling flocks.  
Voiced her exultation  
In summer-throated birds,  
Smiled a salutation  
Far too sweet for words,  
And laid before thy homesick eyes  
Her memories of Paradise.

### III.

Come! Baby, come!  
Come to wrong and pain,  
With thy quick tears come  
And wash earth clean again.  
Come with sweet young fancies  
We have lost so soon—  
Midnight fairy dances  
Whirled against the moon,  
Madrigals unsung,  
All spirit-footed sighs  
The dreaming trees among,  
Before thy dreaming eyes;  
Strange presences along the green,  
And tinkling flutes of gods unseen.

### IV.

Strange, you do not know  
What we daily pass!  
Stars that come and go!  
Cobwebs in the grass!





Rosney Sunset Sherwood  
1877.



Strange, that you shall find  
 Dandelions new!  
 In all things a mind  
 But to play with you!  
 Strange, you recreate  
 Nature as you please!  
 God, unfeared playmate,  
 Souls in all the trees!  
 Strange, that Truth for us is hidden,  
 Yet daily walks with you unbidden!

## V.

Virtue's and valor's union  
 Cometh sure of these:  
 That first drunk communion  
 With the sinless trees.  
 Thoughts at morning, thought  
 'Mid the larks and dew,  
 Most divinely fraught  
 For thy uses true,  
 When thy youth's defiance  
 Calls thee far away  
 Into self-reliance  
 And the common day,  
 And hands unknown in service sweet  
 Tie wingèd sandals to thy feet.

## VI.

Hail! Baby, hail!  
 Life is worth the trying!  
 Worth it if we fail,  
 Worth it even dying!  
 I am here, I know  
 That no robin's song  
 But is worth the woe  
 Of a whole life long.  
 Love so over-plenty  
 For the famine stored,  
 Joy enough for twenty  
 Round each head is poured;  
 And long before they needs begin  
 Goodness and truth are garnered in!

## DESTINY AT DRYBONE.

BY OWEN WISTER.

## I.

CHILDREN have many special endowments, and of these the chiefest is to ask questions that their elders must skirmish to evade. Married people and aunts and uncles commonly discover this, but mere instinct does not guide one to it. A maiden of twenty-three will not necessarily divine it. Now except in one unhappy hour of stress and surprise, Miss Jessamine Buckner had been more than

equal to life thus far. But never yet had she been shut up a whole day in one room with a boy of nine. Had this experience been hers, perhaps she would not have written Mr. McLean the friendly and singular letter in which she hoped he was well, and said that she was very well, and how was dear little Billy? She was glad Mr. McLean had staid away. That was just like his honorable nature, and what she expected of him. And she

was perfectly happy at Separ, and "yours sincerely and always, 'Neighbor.'" Postscript. Talking of Billy Lusk—if Lin was busy with gathering the cattle, why not send Billy down to stop quietly with her? She would make him a bed in the ticket-office, and there she would be to see after him all the time. She knew Lin did not like his adopted child to be too much in cow-camp with the men. She would adopt him, too, for just as long as convenient to Lin—until the school opened on Bear Creek, if Lin so wished. Jessamine wrote a quantity concerning how much better care any woman can take of a boy of Billy's age than any man knows. The stage-coach brought the answer to this remarkably soon—young Billy with a trunk and a letter of twelve pages in pencil and ink—the only writing of this length ever done by Mr. McLean.

"I can write a lot quicker than Lin," said Billy upon arriving. "He was fussing at that away late by the fire in camp, an' waked me up crawling in our bed. An' then he had to finish it next night when we went over to the cabin for my clothes."

"You don't say!" said Jessamine. And Billy suffered her to kiss him again.

When not otherwise occupied, Jessamine took the letter out of its locked box, and read it, or looked at it. Thus the first days had gone finely at Separ, the weather being beautiful and Billy much out-of-doors. But sometimes the weather changes in Wyoming; and now it was that Miss Jessamine learned the talents of childhood.

Soon after breakfast this stormy morning Billy observed the twelve pages being taken out of their box, and spoke from his sudden brain. "Honey Wiggin says Lin's losing his grip about girls," he remarked. "He says you couldn't 'a' downed him onced. You'd 'a' had to marry him. Honey says Lin 'ain't worked it like he done in old times."

"Now I shouldn't wonder if he was right," said Jessamine, buoyantly. "And that being the case, I'm going to set to work at your things till it clears, and then we'll go for our ride."

"Yes," said Billy. "When does a man get too old to marry?"

"I'm only a girl, and I don't know."

"Yes. Honey said he wouldn't 'a' thought Lin was that old. But I guess he must be thirty."

"Old!" exclaimed Jessamine. And she looked at a photograph upon her table.

"But Lin 'ain't been married very much," pursued Billy. "Mother's the only one they speak of. You don't have to stay married always; do you?"

"It's better to," said Jessamine.

"Ah, I don't think so," said Billy, with disparagement. "You ought to see mother and father. I wish you would leave Lin marry you, though," said the boy, coming to her with an impulse of affection. "Why won't you if he don't mind?"

She continued to parry him; but this was not a very smooth start for eight in the morning. Moments of lull there were, when the telegraph called her to the front room, and Billy's young mind shifted to inquiries about the cipher alphabet. And she gained at least an hour teaching him to read various words by the sound. At dinner, too, he was refreshingly silent. But such silences are unsafe, and the weather was still bad. Four o'clock found them much where they had been at eight.

"Please tell me why you won't leave Lin marry you." He was at the window, kicking the wall.

"That's nine times since dinner," she replied, with tireless good-humor. "Now if you ask me twelve—"

"You'll tell?" said the boy, swiftly.

She broke into a laugh. "No. I'll go riding and you'll stay at home. When I was little and would ask things beyond me, they only gave me three times."

"I've got two more, anyway. Ha-ha!"

"Better save 'em up, though."

"What did they do to you? Ah, I don't want to go a-riding. It's nasty all over." He stared out at the day against which Separ's doors had been tight closed since morning. Eight hours of furious wind had raised the dust like a sea. "I wish the old train would come," observed Billy, continuing to kick the wall. "I wish I was going somewheres." Smoky, level, and hot, the south wind leapt into Separ across five hundred unbroken miles. The plain was blanketed in a tawny eclipse. Each minute the near buildings became invisible in a turbulent herd of clouds. Above this travelling blur of the soil the top of the water-tank alone rose bulging into the clear sun. The sand spirals would lick like flames along the bulk of the lofty tub, and soar skyward. It was not shipping season.





LIN MCLEAN.

The freight-cars stood idle in a long line. No cattle huddled in the corrals. No strangers moved in town. No cow-ponies dozed in front of the saloon. Their riders were distant in ranch and camp. Human noise was extinct in Separ. Beneath the thunder of the sultry blasts the place lay dead in its flapping shroud of dust. "Why won't you tell me?" droned Billy. For some time he had been returning, like a mosquito brushed away.

"That's ten times," said Jessamine, promptly.

"Oh, goodness! Pretty soon I'll not be glad I came. I'm about twiced as less glad now."

"Well," said Jessamine, "there's a man coming to-day to mend the government telegraph line between Drybone and McKinney. Maybe he would take you back as far as Box Elder, if you want to go very much. Shall I ask him?"

Billy was disappointed at this cordial seconding of his mood. He did not make a direct rejoinder. "I guess I'll go outside now," said he, with a threat in his tone.

She continued mending his stockings. Finished ones lay rolled at one side of her chair, and upon the other were more waiting her attention.

"And I'm going to turn back hand-springs on top of all the freight-cars," he stated, more loudly.

She indulged again in merriment, laughing sweetly at him, and without restraint.

"And I'm sick of what you all keep a-saying to me!" he shouted. "Just as if I was a baby."

"Why, Billy, who ever said you were a baby?"

"All of you do. Honey, and Lin, and you now, and everybody. What makes you say 'that's nine times, Billy, oh, Billy, that's ten times,' if you don't mean I'm a baby? And you laugh me off, just like they do, and just like I was a regular baby. You won't tell me—"

"Billy, listen. Did nobody ever ask you something you did not want to tell them?"

"That's not a bit the same, because—because—because I treat 'em square, and because it's not their business. But every time I ask anybody 'most anything, they say I'm not old enough to understand; and I'll be ten soon. And it is my business when it's about the kind of a mother

I'm a-going to have. Suppose I quit acting square, an' told 'em, when they bothered me, they weren't young enough to understand! Wish I had. Guess I will, too, and watch 'em step around." For a moment his mind dwelt upon this, and he whistled a revengeful strain.

"Goodness, Billy!" said Jessamine, at the sight of the next stocking. "The whole heel is scorched off."

He eyed the ruin with indifference. "Ah, that was last month, when I and Lin shot the bear in the swamp-willows. He made me dry off my legs. Chuck it away."

"And spoil the pair? No, indeed!"

"Mother always chucked 'em, an' father'd buy new ones, till I skipped from home. Lin kind o' mends 'em."

"Does he?" said Jessamine, softly. And she looked at the photograph.

"Yes. What made you write him for to let me come and bring my stockin's and things?"

"Don't you see, Billy, there is so little work at this station that I'd be looking out of the window all day just the pitiful way you do?"

"Oh!" Billy pondered. "And so I said to Lin," he continued, "why didn't he send down his own clothes, too, an' let you fix 'em all? And Honey Wiggin laughed right in his coffee-cup so it all splashed out. And the cook he asked me if mother used to mend Lin's clothes. But I guess she chucked 'em, like she always did father's and mine. I was with father, you know, when mother was married to Lin that time." He paused again, while his thoughts and fears struggled. "But Lin says I needn't ever go back," he went on, reasoning and confiding to her. "Lin don't like mother any more, I guess." His pondering grew still deeper, and he looked at Jessamine for some while. Then his face awakened with a new theory. "Don't Lin like you any more?" he inquired.

"Oh," cried Jessamine, crimsoning, "yes! Why, he sent you to me!"

"Well, he got hot in camp when I said that about sending his clothes to you. He quit supper pretty soon, and went away off a-walking. And that's another time they said I was too young. But Lin don't come to see you any more."

"Why, I hope he loves me," murmured Jessamine. "Always."

"Well, I hope so too," said Billy, ear-



nestly. "For I like you. When I seen him show you our cabin on Box Elder, and the room he had fixed for you, I was glad you were coming to be my mother. Mother used to be awful. I wouldn't 'a' minded her licking me if she'd done other things. Ah, pshaw! I wasn't going to stand that." Billy now came close to Jessamine. "I do wish you would come and live with me and Lin," said he. "Lin's awful nice."

"Don't I know it?" said Jessamine, tenderly.

"'Cause I heard you say you were going to marry him," went on Billy. "And I seen him kiss you and you let him that time we went away when you found out about mother. And you're not mad, and he's not, and nothing happens at all, all the same! Won't you tell me, please?"

Jessamine's eyes were glistening, and she took him in her lap. She was not going to tell him that he was too young this time. But whatever things she had shaped to say to the boy were never said.

Through the noise of the gale came the steadier sound of the train, and the girl rose quickly to preside over her ticket-office and duties behind the railing in the front room of the station. The boy ran to the window to watch the great event of Separ's day. The locomotive loomed out from the yellow clots of drift, paused at the water-tank, and then with steam and humming came slowly on by the platform. Slowly its long dust-choked train emerged trundling behind it, and ponderously halted. There was no one to go. No one came to buy a ticket of Jessamine. The conductor looked in on business, but she had no telegraphic orders for him. The express agent jumped off and looked in for pleasure. He received his daily smile and nod of friendly discouragement. Then the light bundle of mail was flung inside the door. Separ had no mail to go out. As she was picking up the letters, young Billy passed her like a shadow, and fled out. Two passengers had descended from the train, a man and a large woman. His clothes were loose and careless upon him. He held valises, and stood uncertainly looking about him in the storm. Her firm heavy body was closely dressed. In her hat was a large handsome feather. Along between the several cars brakemen leaned out, watched her, and grinned

to each other. But her big, hard-shining blue eyes were fixed curiously upon the station where Jessamine was.

"It's all night we may be here, is it?" she said to the man, harshly.

"How am I to help that?" he retorted.

"I'll help it. If this hotel's the sty it used to be, I'll walk to Tommy's. I've not saw him since I left Bear Creek."

She stalked into the hotel, while the man went slowly to the station. He entered, and found Jessamine behind her railing, sorting the slim mail.

"Good-evening," he said. "Excuse me. There was to be a wagon sent here."

"For the telegraph-mender? Yes, sir. It came Tuesday. You're to find the pole-wagon at Drybone."

This news was good, and all that he wished to know. He could drive out and escape a night at the Hotel Brunswick. But he lingered, because Jessamine spoke so pleasantly to him. He had heard of her also.

"Governor Barker has not been around here?" he said.

"Not yet, sir. We understand he is expected through on a hunting-trip."

"I suppose there is room for two and a trunk in that wagon?"

"I reckon so, sir." Jessamine glanced at the man, and he took himself out. Most men took themselves out if Jessamine so willed; and it was mostly achieved thus, in amity.

On the platform the man found his wife again.

"Then I needn't to walk to Tommy's," she said. "And we'll eat as we travel. But you'll wait till I'm through with her." She made a gesture toward the station.

"Why—why—what do you want with her? Don't you know who she is?"

"It was me told you who she was, James Lusk. You'll wait till I've been and asked her after Lin McLean's health, and till I've saw how the likes of her talks to the likes of me."

He made a feeble protest that this would do no one any good.

"Sew yourself up, James Lusk. If it has been your idea I come with yus clear from Laramie to watch yus plant telegraph poles in the sage-brush, why you're off. I 'ain't heard much o' Lin since the day he learned it was you and not him that was my husband. And I've come back in this country to have a look at



my old friends—and" (she laughed loudly and nodded at the station) "my old friends' new friends!"

Thus ordered, the husband wandered away to find his wagon and the horse.

Jessamine, in the office, had finished her station duties and returned to her needle. She sat contemplating the scorched sock of Billy's, and heard a heavy step at the threshold. She turned, and there was the large woman with the feather quietly surveying her. The words which the stranger spoke then were usual enough for a beginning. But there was something of threat in the strong animal countenance, something of laughter ready to break out. Much beauty of its kind had evidently been in the face, and now, as substitute for what was gone, was the brag look of assertion that it was still all there. Many stranded travellers knocked at Jessamine's door, and now, as always, she offered the hospitalities of her neat abode, the only room in Separ fit for a woman. As she spoke, and the guest surveyed and listened, the door blew shut with a crash.

Outside in a shed, Billy had placed the wagon between himself and his father.

"How you have grown!" the man was saying; and he smiled. "Come, shake hands. I did not think to see you here."

"Dare you to touch me!" Billy screamed. "No, I'll never come with you. Lin says I needn't to."

The man passed his hand across his forehead, and leaned against the wheel. "Lord! Lord!" he muttered.

His son warily slid out of the shed and left him leaning there.

## II.

Lin McLean, bachelor, sat out in front of his cabin, looking at a small bright pistol that lay in his hand. He held it tenderly, cherishing it, and did not cease slowly to polish it. Reverie filled his eyes, and in his whole face was sadness unmasked, because only the animals were there to perceive his true feelings. Sunlight and waving shadows moved together upon the green of his pasture, cattle and horses loitered in the opens by the stream. Down Box Elder's course, its valley and golden-chimneyed bluffs widened away into the level and the blue of the greater valley. Upstream, the branches and shining quiet leaves entered the

mountains where the rock chimneys narrowed to a gateway, a citadel of shafts and turrets, crimson and gold above the filmy emerald of the trees. Through there the road went up from the cottonwoods into the cool quaking-asps and pines, and so across the range and away to Separ. Along the ridge-pole of the new stable, two hundred yards downstream, sat McLean's turkeys, and cocks and hens walked in front of him here by his cabin and fenced garden. Slow smoke rose from the cabin's chimney into the air, in which were no sounds but the running water and the afternoon chirp of birds. Amid this framework of a home the cow-puncher sat, lonely, inattentive, polishing the treasured weapon as if it were not already long clean. His target stood some twenty steps in front of him—a small cottonwood-tree, its trunk chipped and honeycombed with bullets which he had fired into it each day for memory's sake. Presently he lifted the pistol and looked at its name—the word "Neighbor" engraved upon it.

"I wonder," said he aloud, "if she keeps the rust off mine?" Then he lifted it slowly to his lips and kissed the word "Neighbor."

The clank of wheels sounded on the road, and he put the pistol quickly down. Dreaminess vanished from his face. He looked around alertly, but no one had seen him. The clanking was still among the trees a little distance up Box Elder. It approached deliberately, while he watched for the vehicle to emerge upon the open where his cabin stood; and then they came, a man and a woman. At sight of her Mr. McLean half rose, but sat down again. Neither of them had noticed him, sitting as they were in silence and the drowsiness of a long drive. The man was weak-faced, with good looks sallowed by dissipation, and a vanquished glance of the eye. As the woman had stood on the platform at Separ, so she sat now, upright, bold, and massive. The brag of past beauty was a habit settled upon her stolid features. Both sat inattentive to each other and to everything around them. The wheels turned slowly and with a dry dead noise, the reins belied loosely to the shafts, the horse's head hung low. So they drew close. Then the man saw McLean, and color came into his face and went away.

"Good-evening," said he, clearing his



throat. "We heard you was in cow-camp."

The cow-puncher noted how he tried to smile, and a freakish change crossed his own countenance. He nodded slightly, and stretched his legs out as he sat.

"You look natural," said the woman, familiarly.

"Seem to be fixed nice here," continued the man. "Hadn't heard of it. Well, we'll be going along. Glad to have seen you."

"Your wheel wants greasing," said McLean, briefly, his eye upon the man.

"Can't stop. I expect she'll last to Drybone. Good-evening."

"Stay to supper," said McLean, always seated on his chair.

"Can't stop, thank you. I expect we can last to Drybone." He twitched the reins.

McLean levelled a pistol at a chicken, and knocked off its head. "Better stay to supper," he suggested, very distinctly.

"It's business, I tell you. I've got to catch Governor Barker before he—"

The pistol cracked and a second chicken shuffled in the dust. "Better stay to supper," drawled McLean.

The man looked up at his wife.

"So yus need me!" she broke out. "'Ain't got heart enough in yer played-out body to stand up to a man. We'll eat here. Get down."

The husband stepped to the ground. "I didn't suppose you'd want—"

"Ho! want? What's Lin, or you, or anything to me? Help me out."

Both men came forward. She descended, leaning heavily upon each, her blue staring eyes fixed upon the cow-puncher.

"No, yus ain't changed," she said. "Same in your looks and same in your actions. Was you expecting you could scare me, you Lin McLean?"

"I just wanted chickens for supper," said he.

Mrs. Lusk gave a hard high laugh. "I'll eat 'em. It's not I that cares. As for—" She stopped. Her eye had fallen upon the pistol and the name "Neighbor." "As for you," she continued to Mr. Lusk, "don't you be standing dumb same as the horse."

"Better take him to the stable, Lusk," said McLean.

He picked the chickens up, showed the woman to the best chair in his room, and

went into his kitchen to cook supper for three. He gave his guests no further attention, nor did either of them come in where he was, nor did the husband rejoin the wife. He walked slowly up and down in the air, and she sat by herself in the room. Lin's steps as he made ready round the stove and table, and Lusk's slow tread out in the setting sunlight, were the only sounds about the cabin. When the host looked into the door of the next room to announce that his meal was served, the woman sat in her chair no longer, but stood with her back to him by a shelf. She gave a slight start at his summons, and replaced something. He saw that she had been examining "Neighbor," and his face hardened suddenly to fierceness as he looked at her; but he repeated quietly that she had better come in. Thus did the three sit down to their meal. Occasionally a word about handing some dish fell from one or other of them, but nothing more, until Lusk took out his watch and mentioned the hour.

"Yu've not ate especially hearty," said Lin, resting his arms upon the table.

"I'm going," asserted Lusk. "Governor Barker may start out. I've got my interests to look after."

"Why, sure," said Lin. "I can't hope you'll waste all your time on just me."

Lusk rose and looked at his wife. "It'll be ten now before we get to Drybone," said he. And he went down to the stable.

The woman sat still, pressing the crumbs of her bread. "I know you seen me," she said, without looking at him.

"Saw you when?"

"I knowed it. And I seen how you looked at me." She sat twisting and pressing the crumb. Sometimes it was round, sometimes it was a cube, now and then she flattened it to a disc. Mr. McLean seemed to have nothing that he wished to reply.

"If you claim that pistol is yourn," she said next, "I'll tell you I know better. If you ask me whose should it be if not yourn, I would not have to guess the name. She has talked to me, and me to her."

She was still looking away from him at the bread-crumbs, or she could have seen that McLean's hand was trembling as he watched her, leaning on his arms.

"Oh yes, she was willing to talk to me!" The woman uttered another sudden laugh. "I knowed about her—all. Things get heard of in this world. Did not all about you and me come to her knowledge in its



own good time, and it done and gone how many years? My! my! my!" Her voice grew slow and absent. She stopped for a moment, and then more rapidly resumed: "It had travelled around about you and her like it always will travel. It was known how you had asked her, and how she had told you she would have you, and then told you she would not when she learned about you and me. Folks that knowed yus and folks that never seen yus in their lives had to have their word about her facing you down you had another wife, though she knowed the truth about me being married to Lusk and him livin' the day you married me, and ten and twenty marriages could not have tied you and me up, no matter how honest you swore to no hind'rance. Folks said it was plain she did not want yus. It give me a queer feelin' to see that girl. It give me a wish to tell her to her face that she did not love yus and did not know love. Wait, wait, Lin! Yu' never hit me yet."

"No," said the cow-puncher. "Nor now. I'm not Lusk."

"Yu' looked so—so bad, Lin. I never seen yu' look so bad in old days. Wait, now, and I must tell it. I wished to laugh in her face and say, 'What do you know about love?' So I walked in. Lin, she does love yus!"

"Yes," breathed McLean.

"She was sittin' back in her room at Separ. Not the ticket-office, but—"

"I know," the cow-puncher said. His eyes were burning.

"It's snug, the way she has it. 'Good-afternoon,' I says. 'Is this Miss Jessamine Buckner?'"

At his sweetheart's name the glow in Lin's eyes seemed to quiver to a flash.

"And she spoke pleasant to me—pleasant and gay like. But a woman can tell sorrow in a woman's eyes. And she asked me would I rest in her room there, and what was my name. 'They tell me you claim to know it better than I do,' I says. 'They tell me you say it is Mrs. McLean.' She put her hand on her breast, and she keeps lookin' at me without never speaking. 'Maybe I am not so welcome now,' I says. 'One minute,' says she. 'Let me get used to it.' And she sat down.

"Lin, she is a square-lookin' girl. I'll say that for her.

"I never thought to sit down onced myself; I don't know why, but I kep'

a-standing, and I took in that room of hers. She had flowers and things around there, and I seen your picture standing on the table, and I seen your six-shooter right by it—and, oh, Lin, hadn't I knowed your face before ever she did, and that gun you used to let me shoot on Bear Creek? It took me that sudden! Why, it rushed over me so I spoke right out different from what I'd meant and what I had ready fixed up to say.

" 'Why did you do it?' I says to her, while she was a-sitting. 'How could you act so, and you a woman?' She just sat, and her sad eyes made me madder at the idea of her. 'You have had real sorrow,' says I, 'if they report correct. You have knowed your share of death, and misery, and hard work, and all. Great God! ain't there things enough that come to yus uncalled-for and natural, but you must run around huntin' up more that was leavin' yus alone and givin' yus a chance? I knowed him onced. I knowed your Lin McLean. And when that was over, I knowed for the first time how men can be different.' I'm started, Lin, I'm started. Leave me go on, and when I'm through I'll quit. 'Some of 'em, anyway,' I says to her, 'has hearts and self-respect, and ain't hogs clean through.'

" 'I know,' she says, thoughtful like.

"And at her whispering that way I gets madder.

" 'You know!' I says then. 'What is it that you know? Do you know that you have hurt a good man's heart? For onced I hurt it myself, though different. And hurts in them kind of hearts stays. Some hearts is that luscious and pasty you can stab 'em and it closes up so yu'd never suspicion the place; but Lin McLean! Nor yet don't yus believe his is the kind that breaks—if any kind does that. You may sit till the gray hairs, and you may wall up your womanhood, but if a man has got manhood like him, he will never sit till the gray hairs. Grief over losin' the best will not stop him from searchin' for a second best after a while. He wants a home, and he has got a right to one,' says I to Miss Jessamine. 'You have not walled up Lin McLean,' I says to her. Wait, Lin; wait. Yus needn't to tell me that's a lie. I know a man thinks he's walled up for a while."

"She could have told you it was a lie," said the cow-puncher.

"She did not. 'Let him get a home,'



says she. 'I want him to be happy.' 'That flash in your eyes talks different,' says I. 'Sure enough yus wants him to be happy. Sure enough. But not happy along with Miss Second Best.'

"Lin, she looked at me that piercin'!

"And I goes on, for I was wound away up. 'And he will be happy, too,' I says. 'Miss Second Best will have a talk with him about your picture and little "Neighbor," which he'll not send back to yus, because the hurt in his heart is there. And he will keep 'em out of sight somewheres after his talk with Miss Second Best.' Lin, Lin, I laughed at them words of mine, but I was that wound up I was strange to myself. And she watchin' me that way! And I says to her: 'Miss Second Best will not be the crazy thing to think I am any wife of his standing in her way. He will tell her about me. He will tell how onced he thought he was solid married to me till Lusk came back; and she will drop me out of sight along with the rest that went nameless. They was not oncomprehensible to you, was they? You had learned something by livin', I guess! And Lin—your Lin, not mine, nor never mine in heart for a day so deep as he's yourn right now—he has been gay—gay as any I've knowed. Why, look at that face of his! Could a boy with a face like that help bein' gay? But that don't touch what's the true Lin deep down. Nor will his deep-down love for you hinder him like it will hinder you. Don't you know men and us is different when it comes to passion? We're all one thing then; but they ain't simple. They keep along with lots of other things. I can't make yus know, and I guess it takes a woman like I have been to learn their nature. But you did know he loved you, and you sent him away, and you'll be homeless in yer house when he has done the right thing by himself and found another girl.'

"Lin, all the while I was talkin' all I knowed to her without knowin' what I'd be sayin' next, for it come that unexpected, she was lookin' at me with them steady eyes. And all she says when I quit was, 'If I saw him I would tell him to find a home.'

"Didn't she tell yu' she'd made me promise to keep away from seeing her?" asked the cow-puncher.

Mrs. Lusk laughed. "Oh, you innocent!" said she.

"She said if I came she would leave Separ," muttered McLean, brooding.

Again the large woman laughed out, but more harshly.

"I have kept my promise," Lin continued.

"Keep it some more. Sit here rotting in your chair till she goes away. Maybe she's gone."

"What's that?" said Lin. But still she only laughed harshly. "I could be there by to-morrow night," he murmured. Then his face softened. "She would never do such a thing!" he said to himself.

He had forgotten the woman at the table. While she had told him matters that concerned him he had listened eagerly. Now she was of no more interest than she had been before her story was begun. She looked at his eyes as he sat thinking and dwelling upon his sweetheart. She looked at him, and a longing welled up into her face. A certain youth and heavy beauty relighted the features.

"You are the same, same Lin every-ways," she said. "A woman is too many for you still, Lin!" she whispered.

At her summons he looked up from his revery.

"Lin, I would not have treated you so."

The caress that filled her voice was plain. His look met hers as he sat quite still, his arms on the table. Then he took his turn at laughing.

"You!" he said. "At least I've had plenty of education in you."

"Lin, Lin, don't talk that brutal to me to-day. If yus knowed how near I come shooting myself with 'Neighbor.' That would have been funny! I knowed yus wanted to tear that pistol out of my hand because it was hern. But yus never did such things to me, fer there's a gentleman in you somewheres, Lin. And yus didn't never hit me, not even when you come to know me well. And when I seen you so unexpected again to-night, and you just the same old Lin, scaring Lusk with shooting them chickens, so comic and splendid, I could 'a' just killed Lusk sittin' in the wagon. Say, Lin, what made yus do that, anyway?"

"I can't hardly say," said the cow-puncher. "Only noticing him so turruble anxious not to stop—well, a man acts without thinking."

"You always did, Lin. You was al-

ways a comical genius. Lin, them were good times."

"Which times?"

"You know. You can't tell me you have forgot."

"I have not forgot much. What's the sense in this?"

"Yus never loved me!" she exclaimed.

"Shucks!"

"Lin, Lin, is it all over? You know yus loved me on Bear Creek. Say you did. Only say it was once that way." And as he sat, she came and put her arms round his neck. For a moment he did not move, letting himself be held; and then she kissed him. The plates crashed as he beat and struck her down upon the table. He was on his feet, cursing himself. As he went out of the door, she lay where she had fallen beneath his fist, looking after him and smiling.

McLean walked down Box Elder Creek through the trees towards the stable, where Lusk had gone to put the horse in the wagon. Once he leaned his hand against a big cottonwood, and stood still with half-closed eyes. Then he continued on his way. "Lusk!" he called presently, and in a few steps more, "Lusk!" Then, as he came slowly out of the trees to meet the husband, he began, with quiet evenness, "Your wife wants to know—" But he stopped. No husband was there. Wagon and horse were not there. The door was shut. The bewildered cow-puncher looked up the stream where the road went, and he looked down. Out of the sky where daylight and stars were faintly shining together sounded the long cries of the night-hawks as they sped and swooped to their hunting in the dusk. From among the trees by the stream floated a cooler air, and distant and close by sounded the plashing water. About the meadow where Lin stood, his horses fed, quietly crunching. He went to the door, looked in, and shut it again. He walked to his shed and stood contemplating his own wagon alone there. Then he lifted away a piece of trailing vine from the gate of the corral, while the turkeys moved their heads and watched him from the roof. A rope was hanging from the corral, and seeing it, he dropped the vine. He opened the corral gate, and walked quickly back into the middle of the field, where the horses saw him and his rope, and scattered. But he ran and herded them, whirling the rope, and so

drove them into the corral, and flung his noose over two. He dragged two saddles—men's saddles—from the stable, and next he was again at his cabin door with the horses saddled. She was sitting quite still by the table where she had sat during the meal, nor did she speak or move when she saw him look in at the door.

"Lusk has gone," said he. "I don't know what he expected you would do. Or I would do. But we will catch him before he gets to Drybone."

She looked at him with her dumb stare. "Gone?" she said.

"Get up and ride," said McLean. "You are going to Drybone."

"Drybone," she echoed. Her voice was toneless and dull.

He made no more explanations to her, but went quickly about the cabin. Soon he had set it in order, the dishes on their shelves, the table clean, the fire in the stove arranged; and all these movements she followed with a sort of blank mechanical patience. He made a small bundle for his own journey, tied it behind his saddle, brought her horse beside a stump. When at his sharp order she came out, he locked his cabin and hung the key by a window, where travellers could find it and be at home.

She stood looking where her husband had slunk off. Then she laughed. "It's about his size," she murmured.

Her old lover helped her in silence to mount into the man's saddle—this they had often done together in former years—and so they took their way down the silent road. They had not many miles to go, and after the first two lay behind them, when the horses were limbered and had been put to a canter, they made time quickly. They had soon passed out of the trees and pastures of Box Elder and among the vast low stretches of the greater valley. Not even by day was the river's course often discernible through the ridges and cheating sameness of this wilderness; and beneath this half-darkness of stars and a quarter-moon the sage spread shapeless to the looming mountains, or to nothing.

"I will ask you one thing," said Lin, after ten miles.

The woman made no sign of attention as she rode beside him.

"Did I understand that she—Miss Buckner, I mean—mentioned she might be going away from Separ?"



"How do I know what you understood?"

"I thought you said—"

"Don't you bother me, Lin McLean." Her laugh rang out, loud and forlorn—one brief burst that startled the horses and that must have sounded far across the sage-brush. "You men are rich," she said.

They rode on, side by side, and saying nothing after that. The Drybone road was a broad trail, a worn strip of bareness going onward over the endless shelvings of the plain, visible even in this light; and presently, moving upon its grayness on a hill in front of them, they made out the wagon. They hastened and overtook it.

"Put your carbine down," said McLean to Lusk. "It's not robbers. It's your wife I'm bringing you." He spoke very quietly.

The husband addressed no word to the cow-puncher. "Get in, then," he said to his wife.

"Town's not far now," said Lin. "Maybe you would prefer riding the balance of the way?"

"I'd—" But the note of pity that she felt in McLean's question overcame her, and her utterance choked. She nodded her head, and the three continued slowly climbing the hill together.

From the narrows of the steep, sandy, weather-beaten banks that the road slanted upward through for a while, they came out again upon the immensity of the table-land. Here, abruptly, like an ambush, was the whole unsuspected river close below to their right, as if it had emerged from the earth. With a circling sweep from somewhere out in the gloom it cut in close to the lofty mesa beneath tall clean-graded descents of sand, smooth as a railroad embankment. As they paused on the level to breathe their horses, the wet gulp of its eddies rose to them through the stillness. Upstream they could make out the light of the Drybone bridge, but not the bridge itself; and two lights on the further bank showed where stood the hog-ranch opposite Drybone. They went on over the table-land, and reached the next herald of the town, Drybone's chief historian, the graveyard. Beneath its slanting head-boards and wind-shifted sand lay many more people than lived in Drybone. They passed by the fence of this shelterless acre on the hill and shoutings and high music began to reach them.

At the foot of the hill they saw the sparse lights and shapes of the town where ended the gray stripe of road. The many sounds, feet, voices, and music, grew clearer, unravelling from their muffled confusion, and the fiddling became a tune that could be known.

"There's a dance to-night," said the wife to the husband. "Hurry."

He drove as he had been driving. Perhaps he had not heard her.

"I'm telling you to hurry," she repeated. "My new dress is in that wagon. There'll be folks to welcome me here that's older friends than you."

She put her horse to a gallop down the broad road toward the music and the older friends. The husband spoke to his horse, cleared his throat and spoke louder, cleared his throat again, and this time his sullen voice carried, and the animal started. So Lusk went ahead of Lin McLean, following his wife with the new dress at as good a pace as he might. If he did not want her company, perhaps to be alone with the cow-puncher was still less to his mind.

"It ain't only her he's stopped caring for," mused Lin, as he rode slowly along. "He don't care for himself any more."

### III.

To-day, Drybone has altogether returned to the dust. Even in that day its hour could have been heard beginning to sound, but its inhabitants were rather deaf. Gamblers, saloon-keepers, murderers, outlaws, male and female, all were so busy with their cards, their lovers, and their bottles as to make the place seem young and vigorous; but it was second childhood which had set in.

Drybone had known a wholesome adventurous youth, where manly lives and deaths were plenty. It had been an army post. It had seen horse and foot, and heard the trumpet. Brave wives had kept house for their captains upon its bluffs. Winter and summer they had made the best of it. When the War Department ordered the captains to catch Indians, the wives bade them God-speed. When the Interior Department ordered the captains to let the Indians go again, still they made the best of it. You must not waste Indians. Indians were a source of revenue to so many people in Washington and elsewhere. But the process of catching Indians armed with wea-

pons sold them by friends of the Interior Department, was not entirely harmless. Therefore there came to be graves in the Drybone graveyard. The pale weather-washed head-boards told all about it: "Sacred to the memory of Private So-and-So, killed on the Dry Cheyenne, May 6, 1875." Or it would be, "Mrs. So-and-So, found scalped on Sage Creek." But even the financiers at Washington could not wholly preserve the Indian in Drybone's neighborhood. As the cattle by ten thousands came treading with the next step of civilization into this huge domain, the soldiers were taken away. Some of them went west to fight more Indians in Idaho, Oregon, or Arizona. The battles of the others being done, they went east in better coffins to sleep where their mothers or their comrades wanted them. Though wind and rain wrought changes upon the hill, the ready-made graves and boxes which these soldiers left behind proved heirlooms as serviceable in their way as were the tenements that the living had bequeathed to Drybone. Into these empty barracks came to dwell and to do business every joy that made the cow-puncher's holiday, and every hunted person who was baffling the sheriff. For the sheriff must stop outside the line of Drybone, as shall presently be made clear. The captain's quarters were a saloon now; professional cards were going in the adjutant's office night and day; and the commissary building made a good dance-hall and hotel. Instead of guard-mounting, you would see a horse-race on the parade-ground, and there was no provost-sergeant to gather up the broken bottles and old boots. Heaps of these choked the rusty fountain. In the tufts of yellow ragged grass that dotted the place plentifully were lodged many aces and queens and ten-spots, which the Drybone wind had blown wide from the doors out of which they had been thrown when a new pack was called for inside. Among the grass tufts would lie visitors who had applied for beds too late at the dance-hall, frankly sleeping their whiskey off in the morning air.

Above on the hill, the graveyard quietly chronicled this new epoch of Drybone. So-and-So was seldom killed very far out of town, and of course scalping had disappeared. "Sacred to the memory of Four-Ace Johnston, accidentally shot, Sep. 4, 1885." Perhaps one is still there unal-

tered: "Sacred to the memory of Mrs. Ryan's babe. Aged two months." This unique corpse had succeeded in dying with its boots off.

But a succession of graves was not always needed to read the changing tale of the place, and how people died there; one grave would often be enough. The soldiers, of course, had kept treeless Drybone supplied with wood. But in these latter days wood was very scarce. None grew nearer than twenty or thirty miles—none, that is, to make boards of a sufficient width for epitaphs. And twenty miles was naturally far to go to hew a board for a man of whom you knew perhaps nothing but what he said his name was, and to whom you owed nothing, perhaps, but a trifling poker debt. Hence it came to pass that head-boards grew into a sort of directory. They were light to lift from one place to another. A single coat of white paint would wipe out the first tenant's name sufficiently to paint over it the next comer's. By this thrifty habit the original boards belonging to the soldiers could go round, keeping pace with the new civilian population; and though at first sight you might be puzzled by the layers of names still visible beneath the white paint, you could be sure that the clearest and blackest was the one to which the present tenant had answered.

So there on the hill lay the graveyard, steadily writing Drybone's history; and making that history lay the town at the bottom—one thin line of houses framing three sides of the old parade-ground. In these slowly rotting shells people rioted, believing the golden age was here, the age when everybody should have money and nobody should be arrested. For Drybone soil, you see, was still government soil, not yet handed over to Wyoming; and only government could arrest there, and only for government crimes. But government had gone, and seldom worried Drybone. The spot was a postage-stamp of sanctuary pasted in the middle of Wyoming's big map, a paradise for the Four-Ace Johnstons. Only, you must not steal a horse. That was really wicked, and brought you instantly to the notice of Drybone's one official—the coroner. For they did keep a coroner—Judge Slaghammer. He was perfectly illegal, and lived next door in Albany County. But that county paid him fees and mileage to keep tally of



Drybone's casualties. His wife owned the dance-hall, and between their industries they made out a living. And all the citizens made out a living. The happy cow-punchers on ranches far and near still earned and instantly spent the high wages still paid them. With their bodies full of youth and their pockets full of gold, they rode into town by twenties, by fifties, and out again next morning, penniless always and happy. And then the Four-Ace Johnstons would sit card-playing with each other till the innocents should come to town again.

To-night the innocents had certainly come to town, and Drybone was furnishing to them all its joys. Their many horses stood tied at every post and corner—patient, experienced cow-ponies, well knowing it was an all-night affair. The talk and laughter of the riders was in the saloons; they leaned joking over the bars, they sat behind their cards at the tables, they strolled to the post-trader's to buy presents for their easy sweethearts, their boots were keeping audible time with the fiddle at Mrs. Slaghammer's. From the multitude and vigor of the sounds there, the dance was being done regularly. "Regularly" meant that upon the conclusion of each set the gentleman led his lady to the bar and invited her to choose; and it was also regular that the lady should choose. Beer and whiskey were the alternatives.

Lin McLean's horse took him across the square without guiding from the cow-puncher, who sat absently with his hands folded upon the horn of his saddle. This horse, too, was patient and experienced, and could not know what remote thoughts filled his master's mind. He looked around to see why his master did not get off lightly, as he had done during so many gallant years, and hasten in to the conviviality. But the lonely cow-puncher sat mechanically identifying the horses of acquaintances.

"Toothpick Kid is here," said he, "and Limber Jim, and the Doughie. You'd think he'd stay away after the trouble he—I expect that pinto is Jerky Bill's."

"Go home!" said a hearty voice.

McLean eagerly turned. For the moment his face lighted from its sombreness. "I'd forgot you'd be here," said he. And he sprang to the ground. "It's fine to see you."

"Go home!" repeated the Governor of Wyoming, shaking his ancient friend's hand. "You in Drybone to-night, and claim you're reformed? Fie!"

"Yu' seem to be on hand yourself," said the cow-puncher, bracing to be jocular, if he could.

"Me! I've gone fishing. Don't you read the papers? If we poor Governors can't lock up the State House and take a whirl now and then—"

"Doc," interrupted Lin, "it's plumb fine to see yu'!" Again he shook hands.

"Why, yes! we've met here before, you and I." His Excellency the Hon. Amory W. Barker, M. D., stood laughing, familiar and genial, his sound white teeth shining. But behind his round spectacles he scrutinized McLean. For in this second hand-shaking was a fervor that seemed a grasp, a reaching out, for comfort. Barker had passed through Separ. Though an older acquaintance than Billy, he had asked Jessamine fewer and different questions. But he knew what he knew. "Well, Drybone's the same old Drybone," said he. "Sweet-scented hole of iniquity! Let's see how you walk nowadays."

Lin took a few steps.

"Pooh! I said you'd never get over it." And his Excellency beamed with professional pride. In his doctor days Barker had set the boy McLean's leg; and before it was properly knit the boy had escaped from the hospital to revel loose in Drybone on such another night as this. Soon he had been carried back, with the fracture split open again.

"It shows, does it?" said Lin. "Well, it don't usually. Not except when I'm—when I'm—"

"Down?" suggested his Excellency.

"Yes, Doc. Down," the cow-puncher confessed.

Barker looked into his friend's clear hazel eyes. Beneath their dauntless sparkle was something that touched the Governor's good heart. "I've got some whiskey along on the trip—Eastern whiskey," said he. "Come over to my room awhile."

"I used to sleep all night onced," said McLean, as they went. "Then I come to know different. But I'd never have believed just mere thoughts could make yu'—make yu' feel like the steam was only half on.—I eat, yu' know!" he stated suddenly. "And I expect one or two in

camp lately have not found my muscle lacking. Feel me, Doc."

Barker dutifully obeyed, and praised the excellent sinews.

Across from the dance-hall the whining of the fiddle came, high and gay; feet blurred the talk of voices, and voices rose above the trampling of feet. Here and there some lurking form stumbled through the dark among the rubbish; and, clearest sound of all, the light crack of billiard-balls reached dry and far into the night. Barker contemplated the stars and calm splendid dimness of the plain.

"'Though every prospect pleases, and only man is vile,'" he quoted. "But don't tell the Republican party I said so."

"It's awful true, though, Doc. I'm vile myself. Yu' don't know. Why, I didn't know!"

And then they sat down to confidences and whiskey; for so long as the world goes round a man must talk to a man sometimes, and both must drink over it. The cow-puncher unburdened himself to the Governor; and the Governor filled up his friend's glass with the Eastern whiskey, and nodded his spectacles, and listened, and advised, and said he should have done the same, and like the good Governor that he was, never remembered he was Governor at all with political friends here who had begged a word or two. He became just Dr. Barker again, the young hospital surgeon (the hospital that now stood a ruin), and Lin was again his patient—Lin, the sunburnt free lance of nineteen, reckless, engaging, disobedient, his leg broken and his heart light, with no Jessamine or conscience to rob his salt of its savor. While he now told his troubles, the quadrilles fiddled away careless as ever, and the crack of the billiard-balls sounded as of old.

"Nobody has told you about this, I expect," said the lover. He brought forth the little pistol, "Neighbor." He did not hand it across to Barker, but walked over to Barker's chair, and stood holding it for the doctor to see. When Barker reached for it to see better, since it was half hidden in the cow-puncher's big hand, Lin yielded it to him, but still stood and soon drew it back. "I take it around," he said, "and when one of those stories comes along, like there's plenty of, that she wants to get rid of me, I just kind o' take a look at 'Neighbor' when I'm off where it's handy, and it

busts the story right out of my mind. I have to tell you what a fool I am."

"The whiskey's your side," said Barker. "Go on."

"But, Doc, my courage has quit me. They see what I'm thinking about just like I was a tenderfoot trying his first bluff. I can't stick it out no more, and I'm going to see her, come what will. I've got to. I'm going to ride right up to her window and shoot off 'Neighbor,' and if she don't come out I'll know—"

A knocking came at the Governor's room, and Judge Slaghammer entered. "Not been to our dance, Governor?" said he.

The Governor thought that perhaps he was tired, that perhaps this evening he must forego the pleasure.

"It may be wiser. In your position it may be advisable," said the coroner. "They're getting on rollers over there. We do not like trouble in Drybone, but trouble comes to us—as everywhere."

"Shooting," suggested his Excellency, recalling his hospital practice.

"Well, Governor, you know how it is. Our boys are as big-hearted as any in this big-hearted Western country. You know, Governor. Those generous, warm-blooded spirits are ever ready for anything."

"Especially after Mrs. Slaghammer's whiskey," remarked the Governor.

The coroner shot a shrewd eye at Wyoming's chief executive. It was not politically harmonious to be reminded that but for his wife's liquor a number of fine young men, with nothing save youth untrained and health the matter with them, would to-day be riding their horses instead of sleeping on the hill. But the coroner wanted support in the next campaign. "Boys will be boys," said he. "They 'ain't pulled any guns to-night. But I come away, though. Some of 'em's making up pretty free to Mrs. Lusk. It ain't suitable for me to see too much. Lusk says he's after you," he mentioned incidentally to Lin. "He's fillin' up, and says he's after you." McLean nodded placidly, and with scant politeness. He wished this visitor would go. But Judge Slaghammer had noticed the whiskey. He filled himself a glass. "Governor, it has my compliments," said he. "Ambrosier. Honey-doo."

"Mrs. Slaghammer seems to have a large gathering," said Barker.

"Good boys, good boys!" The judge



blew importantly, and waved his arm. "Bull-whackers, cow-punchers, mule-skinners, tin horns. All spending generous. Governor, once more! Ambrosier. Honey-doo." He settled himself deep in a chair, and closed his eyes.

McLean rose abruptly. "Good-night," said he. "I'm going to Separ."

"Separ!" exclaimed Slaghammer, rousing slightly. "Oh, stay with us, stay with us." He closed his eyes again, but sustained his smile of office.

"You know how well I wish you," said Barker to Lin. "I'll just see you start."

Forthwith the friends left the coroner quiet beside his glass, and walked toward the horses through Drybone's gaping quadrangle. The dead ruins loomed among the lights of the card-halls, and always the keen jockey cadences of the fiddle sang across the night. But a calling and confusion were set up, and the tune broke off.

"Just like old times!" said his Excellency. "Where's the dump pile?" It was where it should be, close by, and the two stepped behind it to be screened from wandering bullets. "A man don't forget his habits," declared the Governor. "Makes me feel young again."

"Makes me feel old," said McLean. "Hark!"

"Sounds like my name," said Barker. They listened. "Oh yes. Of course. That's it. They're shouting for the doctor. But we'll just spare them a minute or so to finish their excitement."

"I didn't hear any shooting," said McLean. "It's something, though."

As they waited, no shots came; but still the fiddle was silent, and the murmur of many voices grew in the dance-hall, while single voices wandered outside, calling the doctor's name.

"I'm the Governor on a fishing-trip," said he. "But it's to be done, I suppose."

They left their dump hill and proceeded over to the dance. The musician sat high and solitary upon two starch-boxes, fiddle on knee, staring and waiting. Half the floor was bare; on the other half the revellers were densely clotted. At the crowd's outer rim the young horsemen, flushed and swaying, retained their gaudy dance partners strongly by the waist, to be ready when the music should resume. "What is it?" they asked. "Who is it?"

And they looked in across heads and shoulders, inattentive to the caresses which the partners gave them.

Mrs. Lusk was who it was, and she had taken poison here in their midst, after many dances and drinks.

"Here's Doc!" cried an older one.

"Here's Doc!" chorussed the young blood that had come into this country since his day. And the throng caught up the words. "Here's Doc! here's Doc!"

In a moment McLean and Barker were sundered from each other in this flood. Barker, sucked in toward the centre, but often eddied back by those who meant to help him, heard the mixed explanations pass his ear unfinished—versions, contradictions, a score of facts. It had been wolf-poison. It had been rat-poison. It had been something in a bottle. There was little steering in this clamorous sea; but Barker reached his patient, where she sat in her new dress, hailing him with wild inebriate gayety.

"I must get her to her room, friends," said he.

"He must get her to her room," went the word. "Leave Doc get her to her room." And they tangled in their eagerness around him and his patient.

"Give us 'Buffalo Girls!'" shouted Mrs. Lusk. "'Buffalo Girls,' you fiddler!"

"We'll come back," said Barker to her.

"'Buffalo Girls,' I tell yus. Ho! there's no sense in looking at that bottle, Doc. Take yer dance while there's time!" She was holding the chair.

"Help him!" said the crowd. "Help Doc."

They took her from her chair, and she fought, a big pink mass of ribbons, fluttering and wrenching itself among them.

"She has six ounces of laudanum in her," Barker told them, at the top of his voice. "It won't wait all night."

"I'm a whirlwind!" said Mrs. Lusk. "That's my game! And you done your share," she cried to the fiddler. "Here's my regards, old man! 'Buffalo Girls' once more!"

She flung out her hand, and from it fell notes and coins, rolling and ringing around the starch-boxes. Some dragged her on, while some fiercely forbade the musician to touch the money, because it was hers, and she would want it when she came to. Thus they gathered it up for her. But now she had sunk down,

asking in a new voice where was Lin McLean. And when one grinning intimate reminded her that Lusk had gone to shoot him, she laughed out richly, and the crowd joined in her mirth. But even in the midst of the joke she asked again in the same voice where was Lin McLean. He came beside her among more jokes. He had kept himself near, and now at sight of him she reached out and held him. "Tell them to leave me go to sleep, Lin," said she.

Barker saw a chance. "Persuade her to come along," said he to McLean. "Minutes are counting now."

"Oh, I'll come," she said, with a laugh, overhearing him, and holding still to Lin.

The rest of the old friends nudged each other. "Back seats for us," they said. "But we've had our turn in front ones." Then, thinking they would be useful in encouraging her to walk, they clustered again, rendering Barker and McLean once more wellnigh helpless. Clumsily the escort made its slow way across the quadrangle, cautioning itself about stones and holes. Thus, presently, she was brought into the room. The escort set her down, crowding the little place as thick as it would hold; the rest gathered thick at the door, and all of them had no thought of departing. The notion to stay was plain on their faces.

Barker surveyed them. "Give the doctor a show now, boys," said he. "You've done it all so far. Don't crowd my elbows. I'll want you," he whispered to McLean.

At the argument of fair play, obedience swept over them like a veering of wind. "Don't crowd his elbows," they began to say at once, and told each other to come away. "We'll sure give the Doc room. You don't want to be shovin' your auger in, Chalkeye. You want to get yourself pretty near absent." The room thinned of them forthwith. "Fix her up good, Doc," they said, over their shoulders. They shuffled across the threshold and porch with roundabout schemes to tread quietly. When one or other stumbled on the steps and fell, he was jerked to his feet. "You want to tame yourself," was the word. Then suddenly Chalkeye and Toothpick Kid came precipitately back. "Her cash," they said. And leaving the notes and coins, they hastened to catch their comrades on the way back to the dance.

"I want you," repeated Barker to McLean.

"Him!" cried Mrs. Lusk, flashing alert again. "Jessamine wants him about now, I guess. Don't keep him from his girl!" And she laughed her hard, rich laugh, looking from one to the other. "Not the two of yus can't save me," she stated, defiantly. But even in these last words a sort of thickness sounded.

"Walk her up and down," said Barker. "Keep her moving. I'll look what I can find. Keep her moving brisk." At once he was out of the door; and before his running steps had died away, the fiddle had taken up its tune across the quadrangle.

"'Buffalo Girls!'" exclaimed the woman. "Old times! Old times!"

"Come," said McLean. "Walk." And he took her.

Her head was full of the music. Forgetting all but that, she went with him easily, and the two made their first turns around the room. Whenever he brought her near the entrance, she leaned away from him toward the open door, where the old fiddle tune was coming in from the dark. But presently she noticed that she was being led, and her face turned sullen.

"Walk," said McLean.

"Do you think so?" said she, laughing. But she found that she must go with him. Thus they took a few more turns.

"You're hurting me," she said next. Then a look of drowsy cunning filled her eyes, and she fixed them upon McLean's dogged face. "He's gone, Lin," she murmured, raising her hand where Barker had disappeared.

She knew McLean had heard her, and she held back on the quickened pace that he had set.

"Leave me down. You hurt," she pleaded, hanging on him.

The cow-puncher put forth more strength.

"Just the floor," she pleaded again. "Just one minute on the floor. He'll think you could not keep me lifted."

Still McLean made no answer, but steadily led her round and round, as he had undertaken.

"He's playing out!" she exclaimed. "You'll be played out soon!" She laughed herself half awake. The man drew a breath, and she laughed more to feel his



hand and arm strain to surmount her increasing resistance. "Jessamine!" she whispered to him. "Jessamine! Doc'll never suspicion you, Lin."

"Talk sense," said he.

"It's sense I'm talking. Leave me go to sleep. Ah, ah, I'm going! I'll go; you can't—"

"Walk! walk!" he repeated. He looked at the door. An ache was numbing his arms.

"Oh, yes, walk! What can you and all your muscle— Ah, walk me to glory then, craziness! I'm going; I'll go. I'm quitting this outfit for keeps. Lin, you're awful handsome to-night! I'll bet—I'll bet she has never seen you look so. Let me—let me watch yus. Anyway, she knows I came first!"

He grasped her savagely. "First! You and twenty of yu' don't— God! what do I talk to her for?"

"Because—because—I'm going; I'll go. He slung me off—but he had to sling— You can't—stop—"

Her head was rolling, while the lips smiled. Her words came through deeper and deeper veils, fearless, defiant, a challenge inarticulate, a continuous mutter. Again he looked at the door as he struggled to move with her dragging weight. The drops rolled on his forehead and neck, his shirt was wet, his hands slipped upon her ribbons. Suddenly the drugged body folded and sank with him, pulling him to his knees. While he took breath so, the mutter went on, and through the door came the jiggling fiddle. A fire of desperation lighted in his eyes. "'Buffalo Girls!'" he shouted hoarsely in her ear, and got once more on his feet with her. Still shouting at her to wake, he struck a tottering sort of step, and so, with the bending load in his grip, strove feebly to dance the laudanum away.

Feet stumbled across the porch, and Lusk was in the room. "So I've got you!" he said. He had no weapon, but made a dive under the bed and came up with a carbine. The two men locked, wrenching impotently, and fell together. The carbine's loud shot rang in the room, but did no harm; and McLean lay sick and panting upon Lusk as Barker rushed in.

"Thank God!" said he, and flung Lusk's pistol down. The man, deranged and encouraged by drink, had come across the doctor, delayed him, threatened him with

his pistol, and when he had torn it away, had left him suddenly and vanished. But Barker had feared, and come after him here. He glanced at the woman slumbering motionless beside the two men. The husband's brief courage had gone, and he lay beneath McLean, who himself could not rise. Barker pulled them apart.

"Lin, boy, you're not hurt?" he asked, affectionately, and lifted the cow-puncher.

McLean sat passive, with dazed eyes, letting himself be supported.

"You're not hurt?" repeated Barker.

"No," answered the cow-puncher, slowly. "I guess not." He looked about the room and at the door. "I got interrupted," he said.

"You'll be all right soon," said Barker.

"Nobody cares for me!" cried Lusk, suddenly, and took to querulous weeping.

"Get up," ordered Barker, sternly.

"Don't accuse me, Governor," screamed Lusk. "I'm innocent." And he rose.

Barker looked at the woman and then at the husband. "I'll not say there was much chance for her," he said. "But any she had is gone through you. She'll die."

"Nobody cares for me!" repeated the man. "He has learned my boy to scorn me." He ran out aimlessly, and away into the night, leaving peace in the room.

"Stay sitting," said Barker to McLean, and went to Mrs. Lusk.

But the cow-puncher, seeing him begin to lift her toward the bed without help, tried to rise. His strength was not sufficiently come back, and he sank as he had been. "I guess I don't amount to much," said he. "I feel like I was nothing."

"Well, I'm something," said Barker, coming back to his friend, out of breath. "And I know what she weighs." He stared admiringly through his spectacles at the seated man.

The cow-puncher's eyes slowly travelled over his body, and then sought Barker's face. "Doc," said he, "ain't I young to have my nerve quit me this way?"

His Excellency broke into his broad smile.

"I know I've racketed some, but ain't it rather early?" pursued McLean, wistfully.

"You six-foot infant!" said Barker. "Look at your hand."

Lin stared at it—the fingers quivering and bloody, and the skin grooved raw between them. That was the buckle of her belt, which in the struggle had worked round and been held by him unknowingly. Both his wrists and his shirt were ribbed with the pink of her sashes. He looked over at the bed where lay the woman heavily breathing. It was a something, a sound, not like the breath of life; and Barker saw the cow-puncher shudder.

"She is strong," he said. "Her system will fight to the end. Two hours yet, maybe. Queer world!" he moralized. "People half killing themselves to keep one in it who wanted to go—and one that nobody wanted to stay!"

McLean did not hear. He was musing, his eyes fixed absently in front of him. "I would not want," he said, "I'd not wish for even my enemy to have a thing like what I've had to do to-night."

Barker touched him on the arm. "If there had been another man I could trust—"

"Trust!" broke in the cow-puncher. "Why, Doc, it is the best turn yu' ever done me. I know I am a man now—if my nerve ain't gone."

"I've known you were a man since I knew you!" said the hearty Governor. And he helped the still unsteady six-foot to a chair. "As for your nerve, I'll bring you some whiskey now. And after"—he glanced at the bed—"and to-morrow you'll go try if Miss Jessamine won't put the nerve—"

"Yes, Doc, I'll go there, I know. But don't yu'—don't let's while she's— I'm goin' to be glad about this, Doc, after a while, but—"

At the sight of a new-comer in the door he stopped in what his soul was stammering to say. "What do you want, Judge?" he inquired, coldly.

"I understand," began Slaghammer to Barker—"I am informed—"

"Speak quieter, Judge," said the cow-puncher.

"I understand," repeated Slaghammer, more official than ever, "that there was a case for the coroner."

"You'll be notified," put in McLean again. "Meanwhile you'll talk quiet in this room."

Slaghammer turned, and saw the breathing mass on the bed.

"You are a little early, Judge," said Barker, "but—"

"But your ten dollars are safe," said McLean.

The coroner shot one of his shrewd glances at the cow-puncher, and sat down with an amiable countenance. His fee was, indeed, ten dollars; and he was desirous of a second term.

"Under the apprehension that it had already occurred—the misapprehension—I took steps to impanel a jury," said he, addressing both Barker and McLean. "They are—ah—waiting outside. Responsible men, Governor, and have sat before. Drybone has few responsible men to-night, but I procured these at a little game where they were—ah—losing. You may go back, gentlemen," said he, going to the door. "I will summon you in proper time." He looked in the room again. "Is the husband not intending—"

"That's enough, Judge," said McLean. "There's too many here without adding him."

"Judge," spoke a voice at the door, "ain't she ready yet?"

"She is still passing away," observed Slaghammer, piously.

"Because I was thinking," said the man—"I was just— You see us jury is dry and dead broke. Doggonedest cards I've held this year, and—Judge, would there be anything out of the way in me touching my fee in advance, if it's a sure thing?"

"I see none, my friend," said Slaghammer, benevolently, "since it must be." He shook his head and nodded it by turns. Then, with full-blown importance, he sat again, and wrote a paper, his coroner's certificate. Next door in Albany County these vouchers brought their face value of five dollars to the holder; but on Drybone's neutral soil the saloons would always pay four for them, and it was rare that any juryman could withstand the temptation of four immediate dollars. This one gratefully received his paper, and, cherishing it like a bird in the hand, he with his colleagues bore it where they might wait for duty and slake their thirst.

In the silent room sat Lin McLean, his body coming to life more readily than his shaken spirit. Barker, seeing that the cow-puncher meant to watch until the end, brought the whiskey to him. Slaghammer drew documents from his pocket



to fill the time, but was soon in slumber over them. In all precincts of the quadrangle Drybone was keeping it up late. The fiddle, the occasional shouts, and the crack of the billiard-balls travelled clear and far through the vast darkness outside. Presently steps unsteadily drew near, and round the corner of the door a voice, plaintive and diffident, said, "Judge, ain't she 'most pretty near ready?"

"Wake up, Judge!" said Barker. "Your jury has gone dry again."

The man appeared round the door—a handsome, dishevelled fellow—with hat in hand, balancing himself with respectful anxiety. There was a second voucher made out, and the messenger strayed back happy to his friends. Barker and McLean sat wakeful, and Slaghammer fell at once to napping. From time to time he was roused by new messengers, each arriving more unsteady than the last, until every jurymen had got his fee and no more messengers came. The coroner slept undisturbed in his chair. McLean and Barker sat. On the bed the mass, with its pink ribbons, breathed and breathed, while moths flew round the lamp, tapping and falling with light sounds. So did the heart of the darkness wear itself away, and through the stone-cold air the dawn began to filter and expand.

Barker rose, bent over the bed, and then stood. Seeing him, McLean stood also.

"Judge," said Barker, quietly, "you may call them now." And with careful steps the Judge got himself out of the room to summon his jury.

For a short while the cow-puncher stood looking down upon the woman. She lay lumped in her gaudiness, the ribbons stained by the laudanum; but into the stolid, bold features death had called up the faint-colored ghost of youth, and McLean remembered all his Bear Creek days. "Hindsight is a turruble clear way o' seein' things," said he. "I think I'll take a walk."

"Go," said Barker. "The jury only need me, and I'll join you."

But the jury needed no witness. Their long waiting and the advance pay had been too much for these responsible men. Like brothers they had shared each others' vouchers until responsibility had melted from their brains and the whiskey was finished. Then, no longer entertained, and growing weary of Drybone, they had remembered nothing but their distant

beds. Each had mounted his pony, holding trustingly to the saddle, and thus, unguided, the experienced ponies had taken them right. Across the wide sage-brush and up and down the river they were now asleep or riding, dispersed irrevocably. But the coroner was here. He duly received Barker's testimony, brought his verdict in, and signed it, and even while he was issuing to himself his own proper voucher for ten dollars came Chalkeye and Toothpick Kid on their ponies, galloping, eager in their hopes and good wishes for Mrs. Lusk. Life ran strong in them both. The night had gone well with them. Here was the new day going to be fine. It must be well with everybody.

"You don't say!" they exclaimed, taken aback. "Too bad."

They sat still in their saddles, and upon their reckless, kindly faces thought paused for a moment. "Her gone!" they murmured. "Hard to get used to the idea. What's anybody doing about the coffin?"

"Mr. Lusk," answered Slaghammer, "doubtless—"

"Lusk! He'll not know anything this forenoon. He's out there in the grass. She didn't think nothing of him. Tell Bill—not Dollar Bill, Jerky Bill, yu' know; he's over the bridge—to fix up a hearse, and we'll be back." The two drove their spurs in with vigorous heels, and instantly were gone rushing up the road to the graveyard.

The fiddle had lately ceased, and no dancers staid any longer in the hall. Eastward the rose and gold began to flow down upon the plain over the tops of the distant hills. Of the revellers, many had never gone to bed, and many now were already risen from their excesses to revive in the cool glory of the morning. Some were drinking to stay their hunger until breakfast; some splashed and sported in the river, calling and joking; and across the river some were holding horse-races upon the level beyond the hog-ranch. Drybone air rang with them. Their lusty, wandering shouts broke out in gusts of hilarity. Their pistols, aimed at cans or prairie-dogs or anything, cracked as they galloped at large. Their speeding, clear-cut forms would shine upon the bluffs, and descending, merge in the dust their horses had raised. Yet all this was nothing in the vastness of the growing day. Beyond their voices the rim of the sun

moved above the violet hills, and Drybone, amid the quiet, long, new fields of radiance, stood august and strange.

Down along the tall, bare slant from the graveyard the two horsemen were riding back. They could be seen across the river, and the horse-racers grew curious. As more and more watched, the crowd began to speak. It was a calf the two were bringing. It was too small for a calf. It was dead. It was a coyote they had roped. See it swing! See it fall on the road!

"It's a coffin, boys!" said one, shrewd at guessing.

At that the event of last night drifted across their memories, and they wheeled and spurred their ponies. Their crowding hoofs on the bridge brought the swimmers from the water below, and dressing, they climbed quickly to the plain and followed the gathering. By the door already were Jerky Bill and Limber Jim and the Doughie, and always more dashing up with their ponies, halting with a sharp scatter of gravel to hear and comment. Barker was gone, but the important coroner told his news. And it amazed each comer, and set him speaking and remembering past things with the others.

"Dead!" each one began.

"Her, does he say?"

"Why, pshaw!"

"Why, Frenchy said Doc had her cured!"

"Jack Saunders claimed she had rode to Box Elder with Lin McLean."

"Dead? Why, pshaw!"

"Seems Doc couldn't swim her out."

"Couldn't swim her out?"

"That's it. Doc couldn't swim her out."

"Well—there's one less of us."

"Sure! She was one of the boys."

"She grub-staked me when I went broke in '84."

"She gave me fifty dollars onced at Lander, to buy a saddle."

"I run agin her when she was a biscuit-shooter."

"Sidney, Nebraska. I run agin her there, too."

"I knowed her at Laramie."

"Where's Lin? He knowed her all the way from Bear Creek to Cheyenne."

They laughed loudly at this.

"That's a lonesome coffin," said the Doughie. "That the best you could do?"

"You'd say so!" said Toothpick Kid.

"Choices are getting scarce up there," said Chalkeye. "We looked the lot over."

They were arriving from their search among the old dug-up graves on the hill. Now they descended from their ponies, with the box roped and rattling between them. "Where's your hearse, Jerky?" asked Chalkeye.

"Have her round in a minute," said the cowboy, and galloped away with three or four others to help.

"Turrable lonesome coffin, all the same," repeated the Doughie. And they surveyed the box that had once held some soldier.

"She did like fixin's," said Limber Jim.

"Fixin's!" said Toothpick Kid. "That's easy."

While some six of them with Chalkeye bore the light, half-rotted coffin into the room, many followed Toothpick Kid to the post-trader's store. Breaking in here, they found men sleeping on the counters. These had been able to find no other beds in Drybone, and lay as they had stretched themselves on entering. They sprawled in heavy slumber, some with not even their hats taken off, and some with their boots against the rough hair of the next one. They were quickly pushed together, few waking, and so there was space for spreading cloth and chintz. Stuffs were unrolled and flung aside, till many folds and colors draped the motionless sleepers, and at length a choice was made. Unmeasured yards of this drab chintz were ripped off, money treble its worth was thumped upon the counter, and they returned, bearing it like a streamer to the coffin. While the noise of their hammers filled the room, the hearse came tottering to the door, pulled and pushed by twenty men. It was an ambulance left behind by the soldiers, and of the old-fashioned shape, concave in body, its top blown away in winds of long ago; and as they revolved, its wheels dished in and out, like hoops about to fall. While some made a harness from ropes, and throwing the saddles off two ponies backed them to the vehicle, the body was put in the coffin, now covered by the chintz. But the laudanum upon the front of her dress revolted those who remembered their holidays with her, and turning the woman upon her face, they looked their



last upon her flashing colored ribbons, and nailed the lid down. So they carried her out, but the concave body of the hearse was too short for the coffin; the end reached out, and it might have fallen. But Limber Jim, taking the reins, sat upon the other end, waiting and smoking. For all Drybone was making ready to follow in some way. They had sought the husband, the chief mourner. He, however, still lay in the grass of the quadrangle, and despising him as she had done, they left him to wake when he should choose. Those men who could sit in their saddles rode escort, the old friends nearest, and four held the heads of the frightened cow-ponies who were to draw the hearse. They had never known harness before, and they plunged with the men who held them. Behind the hearse the women followed in a large ranch-wagon, this moment arrived in town. Two mares drew this, and their foals gambolled around them. The great flat-topped dray for hauling poles came last, with its four government mules. The cowboys had caught sight of it and captured it. Rushing to the post-trader's, they carried the sleeping men from the counter and laid them on the dray. Then, searching Drybone outside and in for any more incapable of following, they brought them, and the dray was piled.

Limber Jim called for another drink, and, with his cigar between his teeth, cracked his long bull-whacker whip. The ponies, terrified, sprang away, scattering the men that held them, and the swaying hearse leaped past the husband, over the stones and the many playing-cards in the grass. Masterfully steered, it came safe to an open level, while the throng cheered the unmoved driver on his coffin, his cigar between his teeth.

"Stay with it, Jim!" they shouted. "You're a king!"

A steep ditch lay across the flat where he was veering, abrupt and nearly hidden; but his eye caught the danger in time, and swinging from it leftward so that two wheels of the leaning coach were in the air, he faced the open again, safe, as the rescue swooped down upon him. The horsemen came at the ditch, a body of daring, a sultry blast of youth. Wheeling at the brink, they turned, whirling their long ropes. The skilful nooses flew, and the ponies, caught by the neck and foot, were dragged back to the quad-

rangle and held in line. So the pageant started; the wild ponies quivering but subdued by the tightened ropes, and the coffin steady in the ambulance beneath the driver. The escort, in their fringed leather and broad hats, moved slowly beside and behind it, many of them swaying, their faces full of health, and the sun, and the strong drink. The women followed, whispering a little; and behind them the slow dray jolted, with its heap of men waking from the depths of their whiskey, and asking what this was. So they went up the hill. When the riders reached the tilted gate of the graveyard, they sprang off and scattered among the hillocks, stumbling and eager. They nodded to Barker and McLean, quietly waiting there, and began choosing among the open, weather-drifted graves from which the soldiers had been taken. Their figures went up and down the uneven ridges, calling and comparing.

"Here," said the Doughie, "here's a good hole."

"Here's a deep one," said another.

"We've struck a well here," said some more. "Put her in here."

The sand hills became clamorous with voices until they arrived at a choice, when some one with a spade quickly squared the rain-washed opening. With lariats looping the coffin round they brought it, and were about to lower it, when Chalk-eye, too near the edge, fell in, and one end of the box rested upon him. He could not rise by himself, and they pulled the ropes helplessly above.

McLean spoke to Barker. "I'd like to stop this," said he, "but a man might as well—"

"Might as well stop a cloud-burst," said Barker.

"Yes, Doc. But it feels—it feels like I was looking at ten dozen Lin McLeans." And seeing them still helpless with Chalk-eye, he joined them and lifted the cowboy out.

"I think," said Slaghammer, stepping forward, "this should proceed no further without some— Perhaps some friend would recite 'Now I lay me'?"

"They don't use that on funerals," said the Doughie.

"Will some gentleman give the Lord's Prayer?" inquired the coroner.

Foreheads were knotted; trial mutterings ran among them; but some one remembered a prayer-book in one of the

rooms in Drybone, and the notion was hailed. Four mounted, and raced to bring it. They went down the hill in a flowing knot, shirts ballooning and elbows flapping, and so returned. But the book was beyond them. "Take it you; you take it," each one said. False beginnings were made, big thumbs pushed the leaves back and forth, until impatience conquered them. They left the book and lowered the coffin, helped again by McLean. The weight sank slowly, decently, steadily, down between the banks. The sound that it struck the bottom with was a slight sound, the grating of the load upon the solid sand; and a little sand strewed from the edge and fell on the box at the same moment. The rattle came up from below, compact and brief, a single jar, quietly smiting through the crowd, smiting it to silence. One removed his hat, and then another, and then all. They stood eying each his neighbor, and shifting their eyes, looked away at the great valley. Then they filled in the grave, brought a head-board from a grave near by, and wrote the name and date upon it by scratching with a stone.

"She was sure one of us," said Chalk-eye. "Let's give her the Lament."

And they followed his lead:

"Once in the saddle I used to go dashing,  
Once in the saddle I used to go gay;  
First took to drinking, and then to card-playing;  
Got shot in the body, and now here I lay.

"Beat the drum slowly,  
Play the fife lowly,  
Sound the dead march as you bear me along.  
Take me to Boot Hill, and throw the sod over me—  
I'm but a poor cowboy, I know I done wrong."

When the song was ended, they left the graveyard quietly, and went down the hill. The morning was grown warm. Their work waited them across many sunny miles of range and plain. Soon their voices and themselves had emptied away into the splendid vastness and silence, and they were gone—ready with all their might to live or to die, to be animals or heroes, as the hours might bring them opportunity. In Drybone's deserted quadrangle the sun shone down upon Lusk still sleeping, and the wind shook the aces and kings in the grass.

#### IV.

Over at Separ, Jessamine Buckner had no more stockings of Billy's to mend, and much time for thinking and a change of

mind. The day after that strange visit when she had been told that she had hurt a good man's heart without reason, she took up her work; and while her hands despatched it her thoughts already accused her. Could she have seen that visitor now, she would have thanked her. She looked at the photograph on her table. "Why did he go away so quickly?" she sighed. But when young Billy returned to his questions she was buoyant again, and more than a match for him. He reached the forbidden twelfth time of asking why Lin McLean did not come back and marry her. Nor did she punish him as she had threatened. She looked at him confidentially, and he drew near, full of hope.

"Billy, I'll tell you just why it is," said she. "Lin thinks I'm not a real girl."

"A—ah," drawled Billy, backing from her with suspicion.

"Indeed that's what it is, Billy. If he knew I was a real girl—"

"A—ah," went the boy, entirely angry. "Anybody can tell you're a girl." And he marched out, mystified, and nursing a sense of wrong. Nor did his dignity allow him to reopen the subject.

To-day, two miles out in the sage-brush by himself, he was shooting jack-rabbits, but began suddenly to run in toward Separ. A horseman had passed him, and he had loudly called; but the rider rode on, intent upon the little distant station. Man and horse were soon far ahead of the boy, and the man came into town galloping.

No need to fire the little pistol by her window, as he had once thought to do! She was outside before he could leap to the ground. And as he held her, she could only laugh, and cry, and say "Forgive me! Oh, why have you been so long?" She took him back to the room where his picture was, and made him sit, and sat herself close. "What is it?" she asked him. For through the love she read something else in his serious face. So then he told her how nothing was wrong; and as she listened to all that he had to tell, she too grew serious, and held very close to him. "Dear, dear neighbor!" she said.

As they sat so, happy with deepening happiness, but not gay yet, young Billy burst open the door. "There!" he cried. "I knowed Lin knowed you were a girl!"



## ANNUNCIATION.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

THOUGH seven of the tender maids  
Of Nazareth cast lots to see  
Who might be sped and set apart  
(Sing, *Blue and purple and scarlet*  
*And fine-twined linen thread.*)  
To spin the smooth skein that should be  
The Temple curtain, and should stir  
To gust of frankincense and myrrh,  
The happy fortune fell on her.  
(Sing, *Precious was the ointment*  
*Spilled on the high-priest's head.*)

And as she sat and twirled her thread,  
And sang, perchance, beneath her breath  
Some sacred song of sweet content,  
(Sing, *Out of ivory palaces*  
*Hath music made thee glad.*)  
Only a maid of Nazareth  
She held herself within her thought,  
Whose good-hap to the Temple brought  
The royal purple that she wrought.  
(Sing, *With the wings of cherubim*  
*The mercy-seat was clad.*)

And in such simple honor glad,  
Serene in service moved the maid,  
And dreamed not if more honor were;  
(Sing, *Thou art fair, oh thou art fair!*  
*Thou hast the eyes of a dove!*)  
Dreamed some time, spinning in the shade,  
That the King said the house in vain  
Would that high Presence hold which fain  
The heaven of heavens could not contain;  
(Sing, *The covering of purple,*  
*The midst being paved with love.*)

When suddenly what glorious stain  
Dyed all the shadow of the room,  
When the great angel stooped and brought  
(Sing, *Wondrous were the almond flowers*  
*Blossomed on Aaron's rod!*)  
All heaven in with him to the gloom,  
Crying, Hail, highly favored, now  
The sun, the stars, before thee bow,  
The Lord is with thee, blessed thou!  
(Sing, *Yea, upon the harp will I*  
*Praise Thee, O God, my God!*)









Signore.

Carabiniere.

Brigante.

Re.

Generale.

Gianduja.

#### FANTOCCINI.

### PUPPETS, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

BY FRANCIS J. ZIEGLER.

THE puppet show is such an ancient institution, and has been popular in so many countries, that its origin is quite obscured by the mists of antiquity. Antiquaries with ethnological spectacles have peered into this pristine fog and discerned a connection between the puppet show and religious observances; they have established the fact that dolls and marionettes are closely related, and even advanced the theory that the shadow puppets, used in many lands, denote a time when all the people saw of religious ceremonies was the shadows of the officiating priests cast upon the walls of the sacred tent.

We, whose spectacles are fitted with the ordinary lenses, had best not strain our mental eyes in vain attempt to spy out these relationships, but content ourselves with the assured fact that puppets are of great antiquity, and have been popular with almost every nation on the face of the earth. The tombs of the ancient Egyptians have yielded many painted wooden puppets—both human and bestial in form—the limbs of which can be moved by pulling a string. These are probably mere toys for children, although the Egyptians used movable figures in

the feasts of Osiris, while both Greeks and Romans carried similar puppets in their religious processions.

The statue of Jupiter Ammon, borne in triumphal progress through the ranks of an adoring multitude, pointed the road it wished to take with a directing-rod; the golden statue of Apollo in the temple of Heliopolis moved when about to deliver an oracle; and little wooden images of the pagan deities could nod or avert their heads when presented with offerings.

Ivory puppets (*crepundia*) with movable limbs, of crude workmanship, have been found in the Roman catacombs. They are usually looked upon as dolls, but they may be religious images, such as were used by the Christians of later ages during certain church festivals.

In the puppet show proper—that is, in the play with wooden actors, performed for the amusement of the spectators, there are, roughly speaking, three kinds of marionettes: those of the familiar Punch and Judy type, moved by the hand concealed beneath their petticoats; the Fantoccini, with leaden hands and feet, moved by strings; and the shadow puppets—or Chinese shadows—which have little power of motion, and whose images are cast



upon a screen which separates them from the spectators. All three frequently exist side by side. The Punch and Judy variety serves best for rough-and-tumble out-door exhibitions, while the Fantoccini are better adapted to a performance in which the humor is not mere "horse-play."

In classic Greece the puppet show was a popular diversion. The peripatetic showman, known as a *nevropaste*, journeyed from town to town, carrying his wooden figures in a box under his arm, and with his booth strapped to his back, quite like his modern descendant who frequents English country fairs. The foibles of human nature furnished ample material for these ancient performances, and one can readily imagine that the satire was keen and strong, if not exactly delicate.

The puppet show had its patrons in the time of Euripides, and at a later period,

Socrates unbent his philosophic mind on one occasion to ask a puppet show man how he made a living in such a manner. "The folly of men is an inexhaustible fund of riches," sententiously responded the *nevropaste*, himself evidently a philosopher despite his lowly station; "and I am always sure of filling my purse by moving a few pieces of wood."

The puppets in Java are grotesque beyond all description; queer-looking figures, with distorted features, receding foreheads, and wonderful head-dresses. Some idea of their appearance may be gained from the illustration, which represents a Javanese puppet owned by Mr. Stewart Culin, Secretary of the Archæological Department of the University of Pennsylvania. To the courtesy of Mr. Culin I owe much valuable information concerning puppets, and his collection has furnished me with much material for illustrating this article.

Sometimes the Javanese puppets are hump-backed; sometimes great of paunch; their skinny arms are as long as their entire body, and at all times they bear little resemblance to the human figure. These bizarre characteristics are really of advantage, for the forms are all conventional, and the respective characters are readily recognized by the spectators. Two feet is the usual stature of these nightmarelike manikins. They are made of thick buffalo-hide, richly gilded and ornamented with Oriental profusion of color.

They represent historical or mythological personages, and act in the shadow play called *Wajang*. The arms alone are movable, being worked by little rods attached to their extremities, while a stouter rod serves as a backbone to the figure and is prolonged into a handle by which the operator holds it up for observation. The *Dalang*, or operator, is a sort of bard rhapsodist, who plays his puppets in rôles of love or war to an accompaniment of barbaric music.

Etiquette at a shadow play in Java demands observances almost as strict as those which attend religious rites.

Before the performance incense is burned in honor of the gods, and offerings of food are deposited in a copper bowl provided by the management. The food is



A JAVANESE SHADOW PUPPET.

when Athens experienced the decadence of the drama, the wooden manikins usurped the place of the flesh-and-blood actors in the regular theatre.

intended for the spirits, but is probably eaten by the manager himself, who doubtless derives much benefit from this pious gift of his audience.

During the performance the Dalang squats cross-legged on a mat, surrounded by his puppets and stage properties, and separated from the feminine part of the spectators by a thin curtain. They, poor women, are only allowed to see the shadows of the puppets, while their lords and masters, seated to the right of the performer, see behind the scenes and view the puppets themselves. Back of the operator sit the members of the orchestra, keeping up an interminable tomtoming and scraping of catgut during the entire entertainment.

There are three classes of plays: those in which very ancient gods and heroes appear; those given in celebration of special festivals; and those of the common dramatic type. All these are said to be exceedingly tiresome to Europeans—not half as entertaining as a Punch and Judy show—but the native patrons think so highly of them that they frequently watch such performances all night. Orientals, as a class, must make more patient audiences than Occidentals. Their dramatic entertainments often take days to complete.

It is a curious fact that most of the Javanese puppet plays are evidently of Buddhistic origin, and therefore date from a time preceding the Mohammedan conquest.

There is an exceedingly curious variation of the Javanese shadow play, known as the *Wajang Wong* or *Ringgit Tijang*, in which the performers are all women, who dress like the familiar puppets, and move as if made of wood and not of flesh and blood. Stranger still, the Dalang is still the most important personage in the entire troupe, for although the human performers dance and sing, he furnishes the dialogue and speaks for all the characters.

Meanwhile the buffalo manikins decorate the scene, standing in hideous rows near the front of the stage, and grinning complacently at their flesh-and-blood substitutes.

Puppet shows are of great antiquity in China. According to Professor Gustave Schlegel, of the University of Leyden, they became popular during the reign of King Muh (1001-947 B.C.). At this ancient period an ingenious inventor, named Yen, delighted the Celestials by exhibiting leather puppets which danced and seemed to sing. So popular became these little actors that King Muh decided to grace the performance by his royal presence, and Yen accordingly disported his puppets before the monarch and his wives and concubines.

Alas for Yen! Stimulated by a desire to display them to the best advantage, he moved his puppets to cast enamored glances at the royal ladies, much to the King's displeasure. The monarch, furious at this breach of court etiquette, ordered Yen's decapitation on the spot, and the unfor-

tunate showman only saved his head by cutting the puppets to pieces and showing that they were only combinations of leather, wood, glue, and varnish.

The modern Chinese have wooden puppets moved by silken strings, as well as those of the Punch and Judy type. The latter take part in entertainments known as "linen-bag play," for the reason that each showman is his own exhibition booth. Before beginning the play the showman mounts a stool and covers his head with a box, which rests on his shoulders, and is provided with long curtains which shroud his body. This forms the mimic theatre, in which the puppets disport themselves in the fashion of Punch and Judy.

The shadow play is also popular in the Celestial Empire, and both it and the "linen-bag play" have found favor in Japan. In the latter country, however, the "linen-bag play" boasts a more elaborate booth than it possesses in China. Shadow puppets are used in Turkey and Egypt, and were evidently imported from the far East, for wherever they are found they are known as Chinese shadows.

Oriental puppets, as a rule, are not characterized by correctness of behavior. In Burmah and Siam the showman's li-



CHINESE SHADOWS.



cense is unrestrained, and the performance frequently lapses into obscenity.

In Turkey the favorite puppet is known as Karragheuz, or black nose—a sort of Turkish Don Juan, who delights his patrons by surprising indecencies. The Turk, who insists upon penning up his wife from public view, does not hesitate to allow his children to visit the open-air theatre in which Karragheuz disports himself, and a crowd of children, of both sexes, rapturously applauds each unseemly action of their favorite actor.

Of all extraordinary uses of puppets that practised during the Middle Ages in

Spain marionettes were exhibited from an early period until a comparatively recent date, in both secular and monastic churches.

Scenes from the life and passion of the Saviour were frequently represented, and the lives of the saints contributed much material to these curious entertainments. That these were regular puppet shows, such as Don Quixote fell foul of, is proved by the order of one of the Spanish synods, which prohibited the admittance into church of small figures of the Virgin and female saints, bedecked with jewels and silk, curled and painted, so that they resembled courtesans. In this order the word "titeres" is used—the same name which is given to the performing puppets of the strolling showman.

From the sixteenth to the end of the eighteenth century a puppet play was a regular feature of the Christmas celebration in Polish churches. The performance bridged over the wait between mass and vespers, and represented the events connected with the birth of Christ. The drama closed sensationally with the abduction of Herod by the Devil.

National traits are always strongly reflected in the puppet show. Punch is as much an Englishman as Casperl is a German or Pulcinella an Italian. In Italy the marionettes are skilful dancers and much given to bombast; in Spain they strut about in romantic robes and appear as knights and toreadors; in Germany their humor is broad and their *mise en scène* fantastic; while in France they are satirical and witty.

Italy, after all, is the true home of the puppet show—Italy, sunny land of dream and fancy, where song is inborn and the pasquinade had its origin. There the Fantoccini have capered on the miniature stage for centuries without losing one iota of popularity. They amused the fashionables under the rule of the Cæsars, and they still draw appreciative spectators in Italian cities, these little figures of wood and cloth, with their painted faces set in everlasting smiles, their wide staring eyes and wobbling anatomies.

The Italians take them seriously enough. To them the Fantoccini are real personages, whose jerky motions are



A DANCING PUPPET FROM BURMAH.

the European churches must appear the strangest to modern notions. Wooden actors, "made up" to represent the most sacred personages, performed in dramas founded on Biblical stories, and these entertainments took place, not in the highway outside the church, but inside the sacred edifice. Such a play was performed at the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem, while



Cioccare.

Stenterello.

Serva.

Paggio.

Regina.

Arlecchino.

#### FANTOCCINI.

not ridiculous, but quite in keeping with the grave and grandiose rôles which are found in the puppet répertoire. For Italian puppet plays are not all farces by any means. Romantic dramas, full of heroic combats and grandiloquent speeches, are in high favor; religious plays, illustrating the life of Christ, are also popular; while the comedies of Molière and Machiavelli have been adapted for the Fantoccini, together with sundry tragedies and various operas. Moreover, Italian puppets excel in dancing, and wooden Taglionis have won as many plaudits as their living prototype.

The Fantoccini have theatres of their own, the real theatres of the common people, where seats are uncommonly cheap, and it is considered good form to drink lemonade or to eat cakes and oranges during the performance.

The wooden actors are allowed a liberty of speech often denied living comedians by the strict censorship of the theatre, and frequently laughter has been banished from the regular boards to find refuge with the marionettes. At times the manikins have been suppressed for criticising too freely the affairs of church and state, but as a rule the puppets are accorded a license which has frequently made them the sole representatives of free speech in the community.

Each province has contributed some character to the puppet play, and provincial traits are strongly satirized by the little mimics. There is Stenterello, for example—who always speaks the Tuscan

dialect—a miser of mean cunning and filthy habits; Cassandrino, the braggart, who converses in Roman; and Polecella, the interloper and coward, who uses the tongue of the Neapolitan lazzaroni.

The wires which move the puppets are plainly in evidence, and each Fantoccino, when in motion, appears to be suffering from a severe attack of St. Vitus's dance; but these peculiarities are naught to the spectators, who bring to the puppet drama an appreciation often lacking at more pretentious performances.

The puppet show has had considerable vogue in France. It has brought smiles to royalty, and served as a subject for scientific research. Noted littérateurs have written puppet dramas, and Charles Magnin, member of the Institute, has composed an exhaustive treatise upon the history of marionettes. The puppet show made its appearance in France during the reign of Louis XIV., when Jean Brisché, who combined the vocations of dentist and showman, set up his booth on the Pont Neuf. Brisché met with considerable success, and his followers continued to gain popular approval.

Marionettes kept in favor during the eighteenth century, and even the Revolution did not do away with Polichinelle, who gave regular performances during that troublesome period, although his fate was that of the aristocrats, for he lost his head every day, being daily guillotined for the edification of the republican mob.

In Germany puppet shows have ex-



isted since the twelfth century. Originally religious in character, they afterward became fantastic productions, in which mechanical appliances caused gruesome transformations. In a puppet show representing the "Prodigal Son," for example, rocks would be rent to disclose corpses hanging on the gallows; bread would turn to a skull in the prodigal's hands; water would be transformed to blood, and similar horrors would be frequent throughout the entire drama.

During the seventeenth century German theatrical performers came under the ban of the Church, which denounced them as vagabonds and law-breakers. As a consequence, the living players were starved into other occupations, while the marionettes usurped their place on the histrionic boards, and enjoyed great popularity in both high and low circles. Goethe took the hint for "Faust" from a puppet drama, and the marionette showmen returned the compliment by adapting the poet's masterpiece, substituting it for the older version of the Faust legend and performing it in Goethe's own town of Weimar.

Sometimes the German puppets meddled with politics, like their Italian brethren, and frequently they were indecent of speech. In 1731 the disgrace of Peter the Great's favorite, Menshikoff, was made the theme for a melodrama, which was suppressed in Berlin by Frederick-William I., for fear of offending Russia; and in 1794 the Berlin puppets again fell into disrepute with the government for preaching revolutionary doctrines.

The modern hero of the German puppet show is Casperl, a sort of Teutonic Punch, who, however, does not move in the aristocratic circles which admitted his predecessors of a hundred years ago.

The heyday of the puppet show in England was during the last century. Long before then strolling showmen had exhibited "drolls" or "motions"—as the English puppets were known in the early days—to crowds of gaping rustics, but it was not until the time of Steele and Addison that the puppet show became a fashionable amusement, patronized by upper-tendons.

The older puppet dramas resembled the miracle plays and moralities of the early English stage—strange mixture of Biblical incidents and allegorical representations interlarded with the grossest buffoon-

eries. "The Prodigal Son" was a favorite motion; "Nineveh, with Jonah and the Whale," was another; and occasionally popular tales, such as "The Sorrows of Griselda," were made the themes for such puppet dramas. Marionettes were popular during the sixteenth century among the common people, and the old dramatists are full of allusions to "drolls" and "motions."

Pulcinella came to London in 1666, when an Italian puppet-player set up his booth at Charing Cross and paid a small rental to the overseers of St. Martin's parish. His name was at once Englished into Punchinello, which was soon to be completely Anglicized as Punch.

Robert Powel appeared as a puppet manager in 1703, exhibiting his show not only in London, but in Bath and Oxford as well. The fashionables flocked to see his wooden actors, and the pages of the *Tatler* and the *Spectator* have immortalized his memory. Powel's puppets were probably of the Fantoccini variety, and his plays founded on the old moralities. In them Punch acted the buffoon amid a strange gathering of characters, which included King Solomon, Dr. Faustus, the Duke of Lorraine, St. George, and other personages from profane and religious history.

It was Punch who seated himself unceremoniously in the Queen of Sheba's lap, and Punch again who danced in the Ark and hailed Noah with, "A hazy weather, Mr. Noah!" when the patriarch was intent on navigating the Flood. With Punch in Powel's show appeared his wife, Joan, who, however, had none of the grotesque characteristics of the modern Judy.

Under subsequent managements Punch became more and more of a star actor, until eventually the play of "Punch and Judy" came into being, practically as it is acted to-day. In this, Punch, to enjoy personal liberty, kills his wife and child, and then not only hangs the government officers who seek to bring him to book for his double crime, but actually succeeds in serving Death and the Devil in the same way by stringing them up on one gallows.

This circumvention of the Devil has become a much appreciated climax to the performance—a climax which is traditional, and cannot be departed from without incurring the displeasure of the spectators. It is recalled that one showman,



Brighetta.

Frate.

Marinaro.

Pulcinella.

Soldato.

Generale.

#### FANTOCCINI.

probably actuated by conscientious scruples, changed the dénouement by allowing the Devil to carry off Punch. He was pelted with stones for his pains.

Fantoccini have been shown on the streets of London and had some vogue during the reign of George IV., when dancing sailors, milkmaids, and clowns capered about, and brief dramas were performed on the highway for the edification of chance spectators. But Punch remained the popular favorite. There is a bustling realism about him which the more mechanical puppets could not rival, and his performances continue to amuse while theirs are forgotten.

Puppets have never won much recognition in this country. "Punch and Judy" occasionally excites the merriment of the younger folk at a church fair or similar entertainment, and some twenty years ago a troupe of realistic marionettes, as large as children, acted in pantomime on the regular boards. But we are too busy a people to squander time on the puppet show, and too practical a people to see anything heroic in the Fantoccini. We never had, nor are we likely to have, a native type of puppet; but would it not be better if we were artless enough to find enjoyment in the Fantoccini? I, for one, think it would.

#### CITY AND PROPHET.

BY ALFRED H. LOUIS.

"**W**HY thou than others more? Why thou at all?"  
*Thus spake the Wicked City's scornful street—*  
 "What place is here for thy bare, bleeding feet,  
 What ears for thy prophetic foolish call?  
 Go to! Go to! The exchanges' rise and fall  
 Fill o'er the brim our gainful moments fleet.  
 Go! Prate of Judgment Day and winding-sheet  
 To ghosts that guard the City's crumbling wall!"  
 So these! Poor, frail, unspeculate living-dead,  
 With eyes mere ashes of extinguished fires,  
 Doom-marked, insensate, prey to base desires,  
 Soul-starved, with sin unto repletion fed,  
 Unheeding of the hungering, whetted swords  
 Borne by the Avenging Demon's gathering hordes.





"SHE LAY BREATHING LIKE AN INFANT."

## MARIANSON.

BY MARY HARTWELL CATHERWOOD.

WHEN the British landed on the west side of Mackinac Island at three o'clock in the morning of July 17, 1812, Canadians were ordered to transport the cannon. They had only a pair of six-pounders, but these had to be dragged across the long alluvial stretch to heights which would command the fortress, and sand, rock, bushes, trees, and fallen logs made it a dreadful portage. Voyageurs, however, were men to accomplish what regulars and Indians shirked.

All but one of the hundred and sixty Canadians hauled with a good will on the cannon ropes. The dawn was glimmering. Paradise hid in the untamed island, breathing dew and spice. The spell worked instantly upon that one young voyageur whose mind was set against the secret attack. All night his rage had been swelling. He despised the British regulars—forty-two lords of them only being in this expedition—as they in turn despised his class. They were his conquerors. He had no desire to be used as means of pushing their conquest farther. These islanders he knew to be of his own race, perhaps crossed with Chipewewa blood.

Seven hundred Indians, painted and horned for war, skulked along as allies in the dim morning twilight. He thought of sleeping children roused by tomahawk and scalping-knife in case the surprised fort did not immediately surrender. Even then, how were a few hundred white men to restrain nearly a thousand savages?

The young Canadian, as a rush was made with the ropes, stumbled over a log and dropped behind a bush. His nearest companions scarcely noticed the desertion in their strain, but the officer instantly detailed an Indian.

"One of you Sioux bring that fellow back or bring his scalp."

A Sioux stretched forward and leaped eagerly into the woods. All the boy's years of wilderness training were concentrated on an escape. The English officer meant to make him a lesson to the other voyageurs. And he smiled as he thought of the race he could give the Sioux. All his arms except his knife were left behind the bush; for fleetness

was to count in this venture. The game of life or death was a pretty one, to be enjoyed as he shot from tree to tree, or like a noiseless-hoofed deer made a long stretch of covert. He was alive through every blood drop. The dewy glory of dawn had never seemed so great. Cool as the Sioux whom he dodged, his woodsman's eye gathered all aspects of the strange forest. A detached rock, tall as a tree, raised its colossal altar, surprising the eye like a single remaining temple pillar. Old logs, scaled as in a coat of mail, testified to the humidity of this lush place. The boy trod on sweet white violets smelling of incense.

The wooded deeps unfolded in thinning dusk and revealed a line of high verdant cliffs walling his course. He dashed through hollows where millions of ferns bathed him to the knees. As daylight grew—though it never was quite daylight there—so did his danger. He expected to hear the humming of an arrow, and perhaps to feel a shock and sting and cleaving of the bolt, and turned in recklessly to climb for the uplands, where after miles of jutting spurs the ridge stooped and pushed out in front of itself a round-topped rock. As the Canadian passed this rock a yellow flare like candle-light came through a crack at its base.

He dropped on all-fours. The Indian was not in sight. He squirmed within a low battlement of serrated stone guarding the crack, and let himself down into what appeared to be the mouth of a cave. The opening was so low as to be invisible just outside the serrated breastwork. He found himself in a room of rock, irregularly hollow above, with a candle burning on the stone floor. As he sat upright and stretched forth a hand to pinch off the flame, the image of a sleeping woman was printed on his eyeballs so that he saw every careless ring of fair hair around her head and every curve of her body for hours afterwards in the dusk.

His first thought was to place himself where his person would intercept any attack at the mouth of the cave. Knife in hand, he waited for a horned, glittering-eyed face to stoop or an arrow or hatchet to glance under that low rim, the horizon



of his darkness. His chagrin at having taken to a trap and drawn danger on a woman was poignant; the candle had caught him like a moth, and a Sioux would keenly follow. Still, no lightest step betrayed the Sioux's knowledge of his whereabouts. A long time passed before he relaxed to an easy posture and turned to the interior of the cave.

The drip of a veiled water-vein at the rear made him conscious of thirst, but the sleeping woman was in the way of his creeping to take a drink. Wrapped in a fur robe, she lay breathing like an infant, white-skinned, full-throated, and vigorous, a woman older than himself. The consequences of her waking did not threaten him as perilous. Without reasoning, he was convinced that a woman who lay down to sleep beside a burning candle in this wild place would make no outcry when she awoke and found the light had drawn instead of kept away possible cave-inhabitants. Day grew beyond the low sill and thinned obscurity around him, showing the swerve of the roof to a sloping shelf. Perspiration cooled upon him and he shivered. A fire and a breakfast would have been good things, which he had often enjoyed in danger. Rowing all night, and landing cannon at the end of it, and running a league or more for life, exhausted a man.

The woman stirred, and the young voyageur thought of dropping his knife back into its sheath. At the slight click she sat up, drawing in her breath.

He whispered: "Do not be afraid. I have not come in here to hurt you."

She was staring at him, probably taking him for some monster of the dark.

"Have you anything here to eat?"

The woman resumed her suspended breath, and answered in the same guarded way, and in French like his: "Yes. I come to this part of the island so often that I have put bread and meat and candles in the cave. How did you find it? No one but myself knew about it."

"I saw the candle-light."

"The candle was to keep off evil spirits. It has been blown out. Where did you come from?"

"From St. Joseph Island last night with the English. They have taken the island by surprise."

She unexpectedly laughed in a repressed gurgle, as a faun or other woods

creature might have laughed at the predicaments of men.

"I am thinking of the stupid American soldiers—to lie asleep and let the British creep in upon them. But have you seen my cow? I searched everywhere, until the moon went down and I was tired to death, for my cow."

"No, I saw no cow. I had the Sioux to watch."

"What Sioux?"

"The Indian our commandant sent after me. Speak low. He may be listening outside."

They themselves listened.

"If Indians have come on the island they will kill all the cattle."

"There are the women and children and men—even poor voyageurs—for them to kill first."

She gasped, "Is it war?"

"Yes, it is war."

"I never have seen war. Why did you come here?"

"I did not want to, mademoiselle, and I deserted. That is why the Indian was sent after me."

"Do not call me mademoiselle. I am Marianson Bruelle, the widow of André Chenier. Our houses will be burned, and our gardens trampled, and our boats stolen."

"Not if the fort surrenders."

Again they hearkened to the outside world in suspense. The deserter had expected to hear cannon before sunlight so slowly crept under the cave's lip. It was as if they sat within a colossal skull, broad between the ears but narrowing toward the top, with light coming through the parted mouth. Accustomed to the soft twilight, the two could see each other, and the woman covertly put her dress in order while she talked.

More than fearlessness, even a kind of maternal passion, moved her. She searched in the back of the cave and handed her strange guest food, and gathered him a birch cup of water from the dripping rock. The touch of his fingers sent a new vital thrill through her. Two may talk together under the same roof for many years, yet never really meet; and two others at first speech are old friends. She did not know this young voyageur, yet she began to claim him.

He was so tired that the tan of his cheek turned leaden in the cave gloom.

She rose from her bear-skin and spread it for him, when he finished eating.

"You cannot go out now," he whispered, when he saw her intention. "The Sioux is somewhere in the woods watching for me. The Indians came on this island for scalps. You will not be safe, even in the fort, until the fight is over, or until night comes again."

Marianson, standing convinced by what he said, was unable to take her eyes off him. Mass seemed always irksome to her in spite of the frequent changes of posture and her conviction that it was good for her soul. She was at her happiest plunging through woods or panting up cliffs which squaws dared not scale. Yet enforced hiding with a stranger all day in the cave was assented to by this active sylvan creature. She had not a word to say against it, and the danger of going out was her last thought. The cavern's mouth was a very awkward opening to crawl through, especially if an Indian should catch one in the act. There was nothing to do but to sit down and wait.

A sigh of pleasure, as at inhaling the spirit of a flower, escaped her lips. This lad, whose presence she knew she would feel without seeing if he came into church behind her, innocent of the spell he was casting, still sat guarding the entrance, though the droop of utter weariness relaxed every posture. Marianson bade him lie down on the fur robe, and imperiously arranged her lap to hold his head.

"I am maman to you. I say to you sleep, and you shall sleep."

The appealing and thankful eyes of the boy were closed almost as soon as he crept upon the robe and his head sunk in its comfortable pillow. Marianson braced her back against the wall and dropped her hands at her sides. Occasionally she glanced at the low rim of light. No Indian could enter without lying flat. She had little dread of the Sioux.

Every globule which fell in darkness from the rock recorded, like the sand grain of an hour-glass, some change in Marianson.

"I not care for anybody, me," had been her boast when she tantalized soldiers on the village street. Her gurgle of laughter, and the hair blowing on her temples from under the blanket she drew around her face, worked havoc in Mackinac. To her men were merely useful objects, like

cows, or houses, or gardens, or boats. She hugged the social liberty of a woman who had safely passed through matrimony and widowhood. Married to old André Chénier by her parents, that he might guard her after their death, she loathed the thought of another wearisome tie, and called it veneration of his departed spirit. He left her a house, a cow, and a boat. Accustomed to work for him, she found it much easier to work for herself when he was gone, and resented having young men hang around desiring to settle in her house. She laughed at every proposal a father or mother made her. No family on the island could get her, and all united in pointing her out as a bad pattern for young women.

A bloom like the rose flushing of early maidenhood came over Marianson with her freedom. Isolated and daring and passionless, she had no conception of the scandal she caused in the minds of those who carried the burdens of the community, but lived like a bird of the air. Wives who bore children and kept the pot boiling found it hard to see her tiptoeing over cares which swallowed them. She did not realize that maids desired to marry and she took their lovers from them.

But knowledge grew in her as she sat holding the stranger's head in her lap, though it was not a day on which to trouble one's self with knowledge. There was only the forest's voice outside, that ceaseless majestic hymn of the trees, accompanied by the shore ripple, which was such a little way off. Languors like the sweet languors of spring came over her. She was happier than she had ever been before in her life.

"It is delicious," she thought. "I have been in the cave many times, but it will never be like this again."

And it was a strange joy to find the touch of a human being something to delight in. There was sweet wickedness in it; penance might have to follow. What would the curé say if he saw her? To amuse one's self with soldiers and islanders was one thing; to sit tranced all day in a cave with a stranger must be another.

There was a rough innocence in his relaxed body—beautiful as the virgin softness of a girl. Under the spell of his unconscious domination, she did not care about his past. Her own past was nothing. She had arrived in the present.



Time stood still. His face was turned toward her, and she studied all its curves, yet knew if he had other features he would still be the one person in the world who could so draw her. What was the power? Had women elsewhere felt it? At that thought she had a pang of anguish and rage altogether new to her. Marianson was tender even in her amusements; her benevolence extended to dumb cattle; but in the hidden darkness of her consciousness she found herself choosing the Sioux for him, rather than a woman.

Once he half raised his head, but again let it sink to its rest. Marianson grew faint; and as the light waned at the cave mouth she remembered she had not eaten anything that day. The fast made her seem fit to say prayers, and she said all she knew over his head, like a mother brooding.

He startled her by sitting up, without warning, fully roused and alert.

"What time is it?" inquired the boy.

"Look at the door. The sun has long been behind the trees."

"Have I slept all day?"

"Perhaps."

"And have you heard no sound of battle?"

"It has been still as the village street during mass."

"What, then, have they done, those English? They must have taken the fort without firing a gun. And the Sioux—you have not seen him?"

"Nothing has passed the cave door, not even a chipmunk."

He stretched his arms upward into the hollow, standing tall and well made, his buckskin shirt turned back from his neck.

"I am again hungry."

"I also," said Marianson. "I have not eaten anything to-day."

Her companion dropped on his knees before her and took out of her hands the food she had ready. His face expressed shame and compunction as he fed her himself, offering bites to her mouth with gentle persistence. She laughed the laugh peculiar to herself, and pushed his hand back to his own lips. So they ate together, and afterwards drank from the same cup. Marianson showed him where the drops came down, and he gathered them, smiling at her from the depths of the cave. They heard the evening cawing of crows, and the wa-

ters rushing with a wilder wash on the beach.

"I will bring more bread and meat when I come back," promised Marianson—"unless the English have burned the house."

"No. When it is dark I will leave the cave myself," said the voyageur. "Is there any boat near by that I can take to escape in from the island?"

"There is my boat. But it is at the post."

"How far are we from the post?"

"It is not so far if one might cross the island; but to go by the west shore, which would be safest, perhaps, in time of war, that is the greater part of the island's girth."

They drew near together as they murmured, and at intervals he held the cup to her lips, making up for his forgetfulness when benumbed with sleep.

"One has but to follow the shore, however," said the boy. "And where can I find the boat?"

"You cannot find it at all."

"But," he added, with sudden recollection, "I could never return it again."

Marianson saw on the cave's rough wall a vision of her boat carrying him away. Her own little craft, the sail of which she knew how to trim—her bird, her flier, her food-winner—was to become her robber.

"When the war is over," she ventured, "then you might come back."

He began to explain difficulties like an honest lad, and she stopped him. "I do not want to know anything. I want you to take my boat."

He put the cup down and seized her hands and kissed them. She crouched against the cave's side, her eyes closed. If he was only grateful to her for bread and shelter and means of escape, it was little enough she received, but his warm touch and his lips on her palms—for he kissed her palms—made her none the less dizzy.

"Listen to me," said Marianson. "If I give you my boat, you must do exactly as I bid you."

"I promise."

"You must stay here until I bring it to you. I am going at once."

"But you cannot go alone in the dark. You are a woman—you will be afraid."

"Never in my life have I been afraid."

"But there are Indians on the war-path now."

"They will be in camp or drunk at the post. Your Sioux has left this part of the island. He may come back by morning, but he would not camp away from so much plunder. Sioux cannot be unlike our Chippewas. Do you think," demanded Marianson, "that you will be quite, quite safe in the cave?"

Her companion laughed.

"If I find the cave unsafe I can leave it; but you in the dark alone—you must let me go with you."

"No; the risk is too great. It is better for me to go alone. I know every rock, every bend of the shore. The pull back around the island will be hardest, if there is not enough wind."

"I go with you," decided the boy.

"But you gave me your promise to do exactly as I bade you. I am older than you," said Marianson. "I know what is best, and that is that you remain here until I come. Swear to me that you will."

He was silent, beseeching her with his eyes to relent. Then, owning her right to dominate, he pledged her by the name of his saint to do as she required.

Their forced companionship, begun at daylight, was ending as darkness crept through the cavern's mouth. They waited, and those last moments of silence, while they leaned to look closely at each other with the night growing between them, were a benediction on the day.

Marianson stooped to creep through the cavern's mouth, but once more she turned and looked at him, and it was she herself who stretched appealing arms. The boy's shyness and the woman's aversion to men vanished as in fire. They stood together in the hollow of the cave in one long embrace. He sought her mouth and kissed her, and, suffocating with joy, she escaped through the low door.

Indifferent to the Indian who might be dogging her, she drew her strip of homespun around her face and ran, moccasined and deft-footed, over the stones, warm, palpitating, and laughing, full of physical hardihood. In the woods, on her left, she knew there were rocks splashed with stain black as ink and crusted with old lichens. On her right white-caps were running before the west wind and diving like ducks on the strait. She crossed the threads of a brook ravelling themselves from density. For the forest was a mask. But Marianson knew well the tricks of that brook—its pellucid shining on pebbles,

its cascades, its hidings underground of all but a voice and a crystal pool. Wet to her knees, she had more than once followed it to its source amidst such greenery of moss and logs as seemed a conflagration of verdure.

The many points and bays of the island sped behind her, and cliffs crowded her to the water's edge or left her a dim moving object on a lonesome beach. Sometimes she heard sounds in the woods and listened; on the other hand, she had the companionship of stars and moving water. On that glorified journey Marianson's natural fearlessness carried her past the Devil's Kitchen and quite near the post before she began to consider how it was best to approach a place which might be in the hands of an enemy. Her boat was tied at the dock. She had the half-ruined distillery yet to pass. It had stood under the cliff her lifetime. As she drew nearer, cracks of light and a hum like the droning of a beehive magically turned the old distillery into a caravansary of spirits.

Nothing in her long tramp had startled her like this. It was a relief to hear the click of metal and a strange-spoken word, and to find herself face to face with an English soldier. He made no parley, but marched her before him; and the grateful noise of squalling babies and maternal protests and Maman Pelott's night lullaby also met her as they proceeded toward the distillery.

The long dark shed had a chimney-stack and its many-coiled still in one end. Beside that great bottle-shaped thing, at the base of the chimney, was an open fireplace piled with flaming sticks, and this had made the luminous crevices. All Mackinac village was gathered within the walls, and Marianson beheld a camp supping, putting children to bed on blankets in corners, sitting and shaking fingers at one another in wrathful council, or running about in search of lost articles. The curé was there, keeping a restraint on his people. Clothes hung on spikes like rows of suicides in the weird light. Even fiddlers and jollity were not lacking. A heavier race would have come to blows in that strait enclosure, but these French and half-breeds, in danger of scalping if the Indians proved turbulent, dried their eyes after losses, and shook their legs ready for a dance at the scraping of a violin.



Little Ignace Pelott was directly pulling at Marianson's petticoat to get attention.

"De Ingins kill our 'effer," he lamented, in the mongrel speech of the quarter-breed. "Dey didn't need him; dey have plenty to eat. But dey kill our 'effer and laugh."

"My cow, is it also killed, Ignace?"

Marianson's neighbors closed around her, unsurprised at her late arrival, filled only with the general calamity. Old men's pipe smoke mingled with odors of food; and when the English soldier had satisfied himself that she belonged to this caldron of humanity, he lifted the corners of his nose and returned to open air and guard duty.

The fort had been surrendered without a shot, to save the lives of the villagers, and they were all hurried to the distillery and put under guard. They would be obliged to take the oath of allegiance to England, or leave the island. Michael Dousman, yet held in the enemy's camp, was fiercely accused of bringing the English upon them. No, Marianson could not go to the village, or even to the dock.

Everybody offered her food. A boat she did not ask for. The high cobwebby windows of the distillery looked on a blank night sky. Marianson felt her happiness jarred as the wonderful day came to such limits. The English had the island. It might be searched for that young deserter waiting for her help, and if she failed to get a boat, what must be his fate?

She had entered the west door of the distillery. She found opportunity to slip out on the east side, for it was necessary to reach the dock and get a boat. She might risk being scalped, but a boat at any cost she would have, and one was senther—as to the fearless and determined all their desires are sent. She heard the thump of oars in rowlocks, bringing the relief guard, and with a swish, out of the void of the lake a keel ran upon pebbles.

So easy had been the conquest of the island, the British regular found his amusement in his duty, and a boat was taken from the dock to save half a mile of easy marching. It stood empty and waiting during a lax minute, while the responsibility of guarding was shifted; but perhaps being carelessly beached, though there was no tide on the strait, it drifted away.

Marianson, who had helped it drift, lay flat on the bottom and heard the rueful oaths of her enemies, forced to march back to the post. There was no sail. She steered by a trailing oar until lighted distillery and black cliff receded and it was safe for her to fix her sculls and row with all her might.

She was so tired her heart physically ached when she slipped through dawn to a landing opposite the cave. There would be no more yesterdays, and there would be no time for farewells. The wash which drove her roughly to mooring drove with her the fact that she did not know even the name of the man she was about to give up.

Marianson turned and looked at the water he must venture upon, without a sail to help him. It was not all uncovered from the night, but a long purple current ran out, as if God had made a sudden amethyst bridge across the blue strait.

Reluctant as she was to call him from the cave, she dared not delay. The breath of the virgin woods was overpoweringly sweet. Her hair clung to her forehead in moist rings, and her cheeks were pallid and wet with mist which rose and rose on all sides like clouds in a holy picture.

He was asleep.

She crouched down on cold hands and saw that. He had waited in the cave as he promised, and had fallen asleep. His back was toward her. Instead of lying at ease, his body was flexed. Her enlarging pupils caught a stain of red on the bear-skin, then the scarlet tonsure on his crown. He was asleep, but the Sioux had been there.

The low song of wind along that wooded ridge, and the roar of dashing lake water, repeated their monotone hour after hour. It proved as fair a day as the island had ever seen, and when it was nearly spent, Marianson Bruelle still sat on the cave floor holding the dead boy in her arms. Heart-uprooting was a numbness, like rapture. At least he could not leave her. She had his kiss, his love. She had his body, to hide in a grave as secret as a flower's. The curé could some time bless it, but the English who had slain him should never know it. As she held him to her breast, so the sweet processes of the woods should hold him, and make him part of the island.

## REINDEER OF THE JOTUNHEIM.

BY HAMBLÉN SEARS.

### I.

THOUGH it was within a few minutes of seven, we were still sitting in the front room of the Maristuen shanty, otherwise known as the Maristuen "Hotel." In fact, it was the only room of note in that lonely hostelry, that sits uneasily upon its rock over against the skys station of the same name, some thirty odd miles up the Christiania road from Lär-dalsören. We were sitting there—that is to say, one of us, who never has possessed his soul in patience, was walking up and down the room—looking occasionally down the valley through the stupendous Scandinavian twilight, waiting, after the fashion of Mr. Micawber, for the proper thing to turn up. For it was the sixth day of our wanderings in search of a guide and deer-hunter.

Such was the situation, then, at seven o'clock, when the door of the room, which was also the door of the "hotel," opened to admit the very thing in the shape of two tired Englishmen and a singularly self-possessed Norwegian. And as it seems to be the law of strangers who meet in foreign lands to at once fall upon one another's necks and tell one another the secrets they would never disclose to intimate friends, there was nothing extraordinary in our apprising the new-comers of the plight in which we found ourselves.

The fine salmon-trout served us at dinner was scarcely done for when we learned not only that the two Englishmen had just come out of the Jotunheim, whither we were bound, but that the self-possessed Norwegian was none other than Johannes Vigdal, sometime schoolmaster of Solvorn, in the Sogne Fjord, but now the leading guide and hunter of the Jotunheim, whose fine qualities in these capacities we had heard much talk of in Bergen. The venison was but just gone after the trout when we had bargained for the alpenstocks and climbing-ropes of the Englishmen; and at the appearance of the seven kinds of cheese we were all discussing the failure of the Englishmen to get a reindeer and our chances of escaping their luck.

Tea and pipes found Vigdal in our possession, at six krona the day; and by the

time we had risen to again observe the strange phenomenon of the twilight, which in the interim of an hour and a half had not changed one iota, our hearts were possessed in peace and thanksgiving. Of course we might not get a deer, but at least we had Vigdal, than whom there was no better. Naturally, as man is weak, we might miss a shot, but we had our good rifles, and they were 45-70s. And as for the game—if there were any game at all in the Jotunheim, we, and others, should see!

Vigdal from the first moment of our acquaintance became a source of interest and amusement to me. He spoke English a little. Indeed, he taught English literature, so he proudly told me, in his school during the winter, and his extensive and familiar acquaintance with American biography consisted in his knowledge of the lives of two of our compatriots—Ralph Waldo Emerson and Jesse James. It could not be expected that he would speak English fluently, but there was such an intimate resemblance between his phraseology and that of a three-year-old infant that the sufferings we underwent during the next two weeks in endeavoring to understand him were but slightly alleviated by the amusement his language furnished us.

The costume he wore that night, and through the entire trip, consisted of light top-boots of the dancing type of fifty years ago, a suit of steel gray, with a coat cut after the Prince Albert fashion that has since become the vogue on Piccadilly and Broadway, and a Derby hat perched upon his yellow hair. And yet through all the hard days we had later on, walking over *débris*, struggling across snow-fields, and scrambling along the sides of glaciers, he was the fastest, easiest walker it has ever been my fortune to meet. He never seemed to notice the large army knapsack he carried. He never appeared tired. He never refused to go anywhere—after he was once started—except when it rained.

On our side the outfit consisted of six-pound satchels, or side-knapsacks, and rifles. Our costumes, which had originally been knickers and negligee shirts, had in my case given place to a Scotch



kilt and sporran, owing to an untimely slip on the side of Ben-Nevis, when the knickers had become so disarranged as to render something else an immediate necessity.

Thus the morrow found us early ready for the journey further into the interior, with all the clouds of uncertainty cleared away by the appearance of Vigdal. At breakfast the five now fast friends sat together again. All were in good humor—especially the Englishmen, for they had not only been relieved of stocks and ropes at the moment when these were about to become a useless burden, but they had received in exchange more than their value in small compact silver krona, which invariably pleases an Englishman, as it does any one who lives in a land where there is so convenient a medium of exchange. We never saw those two red-faced Englishmen again, but I have no doubt they lived happily ever after. I should not know them now if I met them anywhere else except in that Maristuen Hotel on the Christiania road. For all this was seven years ago, when the world was young.

By eight o'clock, with a distinct sense of heavy frost in the autumn air, our hearty hand-shakes were unquestionably sincere, therefore, as we stood outside the hotel waiting for the little boys to bring our travelling equipages across the road; and then in a moment the Englishmen were trotting in their stoljäre down the long valley, while we began our day's toil up its steep end, Vigdal and I ahead in another stoljäre, and Harburton following in a cariole, with his little government coachman standing up behind on the luggage-rack. Our faces were turned towards the Jotunheim, and the goose honked high—at least we thought it did.

## II.

The reindeer of Norway is a fine example of big game. He is not unlike his North American cousin, the caribou; and as you see them together—although no one ever has seen them together—there is, or would be, little at first to distinguish them. The reindeer fans his antlers less at the upper extremities, and his snout is not so large as his American cousin's; but his peculiar trait is that he dodges bullets with remarkable precision, and usually runs upwards of twenty miles afterwards without stopping.

As there is practically only one herd in that huge country, the only shooting to be obtained is at the opening of the season, if you can stumble upon that herd. Then a shot is reasonably sure. After this, when the deer learn their peculiar trait of getting into training for long-distance runs, and when they become more or less separated from the herd, it is wiser to go into that cold country to see the mountains and have a long walk, with the idea of incidentally getting a deer if you run against one, than to set out for the game alone. In one case your trip is sure to be a success; in the other there is frequently cause for silent but sincere regret. Further north, towards the North Cape, and all through Finland, one finds reindeer hitched to Esquimau sleds, trotting along as contentedly as a horse. In fact, on the edge of the Jotunheim, the keeper of the Skogstad skys station (which being interpreted, signifies government relay station at Skogstad) led out a huge and ugly reindeer, that looked as if he might have been a personal friend of the old Jotun giants who used to live there—about several æons ago, and offered to lead him away fifteen or twenty yards, or even further if we wished, and give us a shot, so that we might avoid the dangers and the hardships of the Jotunheim, and yet return homeward rejoicing with our antlers. As to the dangers and hardships we learned more later on, but there was such a generous amount of interest and amusement to be secured from the learning that the disagreeable qualities usually linked with these two terms were apparent only in limited quantities.

The big ridges and peaks are entirely of rock in these Norwegian mountains, and the frosts of centuries have cracked off small boulders, ranging from no size up to any size, which, following the law of gravitation, never fail to descend from their high places into the valleys beneath them. As most of these valleys are in the shape of huge dry docks, it can be readily understood that they are usually filled with the tali of the cliffs on either side. The result is a jumble of rugged rocks, over which one must proceed hour by hour, exerting all the vigor that is in his thighs to save himself from a stony grave. He is constantly employed in jumping from boulder to boulder; and this absorbing occupation of picking out your next step, of deciding what point or





"A PERSONAL FRIEND OF THE OLD JOTUN GIANTS."

slab you will try to reach next, is a nerve-straining, heart-rending affair after a day or two, only relieved now and then by a snow-field or a climb up some little glacier. A prodigious amount of gray matter—of a second-class grade, to be sure—can be saved by letting the guide go ahead, and permitting him to tax his judgment in selecting proper steps, while you meekly follow, as if playing that entertaining game of our youth known as "Follow the leader," your one care being to step exactly where he steps.

At first you become winded. Then you begin to see black spots before your eyes. Later ridges and peaks, rocks and valleys, take upon themselves life and wobble about; and suddenly you fall upon your unoffending nose among the *débris*. There is a temporary delay for the purpose of gathering scattered wits, and then, picking yourself up, and discovering the rest of the party, fifty paces ahead, jogging along as before, you have a lung-splitting scramble to overtake them. After a while the traditional second wind arrives, and

at the end of an hour you perhaps feel better. At the end of two hours, if you are still in the game, you are doing very well; and at the end of three you begin to wonder how under this bleak arctic sun you have kept up so long; and finally you discover that anxiety as to your powers of endurance has taken to itself wings and flown away.

The one great trouble with deer-stalking in that rough country, which for most of the year is under snow, is that there are neither trees nor vegetation of any kind, only miles upon miles of this broken rock, called, in technical parlance, *débris*, and hence there is little or nothing to serve as cover. Not infrequently one gets a glimpse, from the top of a ridge, of a couple of deer three or four miles away, but in order to still-hunt them it is necessary to walk some fifteen miles around and into the valley, and, as a rule, the deer catch sight of you, as you stand silhouetted against the sky or framed by the white snow-fields, long before you are within a mile of them.



One of the kindest, most thoughtful things that human being ever did for his own kind is what the Norske Touristforening, or Norwegian Alpine Club, has done for hunters in building little wooden huts here and there in the Jotunheim of Norway, and in stowing them away in deep valleys out of the force of the arctic blizzards that play over the country every few days. Entering one of these huts in the evening—if we were lucky enough to come up with one—Vigdal acted as interpreter between us and the one or two women who, with their husbands, keep them open for three months in the year. Sitting close by the fireplace, we were invariably furnished with the same meal. The first night at the hut on Lake Tyin, after we had worked northward into the Jotunheim from Skogstad, they gave us boiled eggs to start with. Where eggs could come from in this land that would kill a hen in twenty-four hours was a profound mystery, until Vigdal informed us that the club had a custom of purchasing three thousand eggs in March and April, and distributing them among the huts at that time. It is conceivable, therefore, that these eggs eaten in September were approaching crabbed age, and yet they were the best part of the supper. With them came hand in hand seven kinds of cheese—goats'-milk cheese, cows'-milk cheese, brown, white, blue cheese, hard cheese, soft cheese, and buttery cheese—until cheese became a word to excite wrath in our souls. The bread was unleavened and hard. Butter there was none. Indeed, there was nothing else but raw dried salmon; and yet those huts became friends for which we developed sincere affection, and the food appeared wonderful in our eyes after twenty-four hours of fasting.

Once, for example, after a hard morning of stalking, this affection turned into longing in the bosom of at least one of that small party before we reached a hut. A driving blizzardlike storm had dropped down upon us about three o'clock and shut out everything. Four hours went by, and we were still walking along in single file, treading carefully after each other, each jumping to the rock the one ahead had just left. We had scarcely spoken for the last three hours. The storm was heavy in the mountains, and the sleet cut into our faces. Our course had been for a long

time by the side of a glacier stream, which, growing louder and louder as we went down the valley, had increased to such a pitch that no one thought of conversation.

Suddenly Vigdal stopped, and we came close together. It was time, he said, to make a crossing; for the end of the valley we had been travelling along all the afternoon was near, and he knew that the stream crossed our track there. A half-hour was spent in trying to find a place, and then, without wasting more time, Vigdal stepped down the rocky bank and walked above his knees in glacier water. It was cold, terribly cold; but there was no other way of crossing, and we waded silently along, keeping our balance by thrusting the alpenstocks into the ground. On the other side a moment was lost in starting circulation again; and then, amidst rocks, ice, snow, and storm, the same monotonous step, the same silence, was resumed, and our little quartet went on, with heads bent against the wind, and a certain distaste for these Jotunheim boulevards and afternoon zephyrs growing within us.

The end of the valley was reached, the turn made, and the same slow, careful step continued into the new one. I had given up all thought of doing anything in life again but jump from one sharp boulder to another, when, as we suddenly rounded a crag, Vigdal stopped again, and turning to the left, entered a door that seemed to go into the rock. It was a solitary *saeter*, or stone hut, standing in the lonely valley by itself, and quite different from the club huts we had already seen. Two hunters with their wives live here during the summer months, the men hunting reindeer and their wives keeping house. The hut consisted of a few feet of earth enclosed by a wall of stone, six feet thick, six feet high, and covered by a foot of earth laid upon boards. Inside a partition divided the space into two rooms, the one nearest the door for cows, dogs, and kettles, and the other, with the earth for a carpet, for cooking, eating, sleeping, and general living-apartment.

Before the meal which was served us by the two quiet women was finished, their husbands entered, and sat down to their raw meats and cheeses without a word. They too had followed a deer all that day, and missed him when the darkness came on.



CROSSING THE GLACIER STREAM.

The room was now quite as full, not as comfort, but as square feet of space allowed; and supper being over, Vigdal asked us if we did not want to get off our wet clothes and go to bed. We glanced at the two women, but Vigdal did not seem to see anything unusual in their presence, and forthwith began to undress. He hung his outer clothing by the fire, and then got into one of the beds with his wet under-clothes on. Even the presence of the two women could not force us to do this, and after looking inquiringly at our guide again, we gathered ourselves into a corner and prepared for bed, with some doubts as to the conventionalities of Norway.

We might have spared ourselves the worry. The women took not the slightest notice of us, but went on clearing away the supper and washing the dishes. When we were in bed they took our clothes and calmly hung them one by

one in a semicircle before the fire. Whether the women were going to spend the night in the hut or not did not now seem so important an affair as the solution of where they were to sleep. But this was soon settled, when Vigdal, on being anxiously questioned, said that they were going a mile or two up the valley to another hut. And our wonder at Norwegian customs increased as we thought of the storm in full force outside, and the calm manner in which Vigdal had made us part agents in turning out these kindly hostesses.

Vigdal and the two hunters, who were in the other bed, lit their pipes, and as they lay in a row they were soon engaged in a guttural discussion, just as the two women bade us a soft *farvel* and went out into the storm. As the hunters puffed away, the smoke spread over the small room, and made all the objects within it dim and uncertain. The smouldering logs



added to the effect, and by their light the sundry under-clothes strung across the room assumed grotesque shapes. The great round cheeses in the eaves, the rafters of the hut, the tin pans and kettles, all grew larger in the indistinct light, and we lay fascinated by the fanciful sight.

The logs burned lower. The hunters' voices grew indistinct in confidential talk, and the smoke gathered and rolled about the hut in slow waves that seemed to scoff at the whistling of the storm outside. And with the distinct noise of a mountain stream sounding through the stone wall and suggesting the comfort within, the little hut and its occupants sank into repose.

### III.

We had been trudging along for two days after leaving Tyin, looking for tracks but failing to find any signs of deer, when, one night at the Eidsbugaden hut, it was decided that the next day we should

all skirt the head of Lake Bygden, near which the hut stood, and that then Harburton and Vigdal should move eastward and to the north, while the hunter and myself should keep further to the west, both parties having in mind to meet that night, either at the Gjendeböden hut or further on at Spiterstülen. This same silent hunter who took me in charge bore such a close resemblance to the Knight of Spain that I gave him that historic gentleman's name, his own being quite unpronounceable to New England lips. And had I been the faithful Sancho Panza himself, I could not have been led a more grotesque and lung-stirring dance. For from the time my Don Quixote started in the morning until we reached the end of the valley in question, three hours later, I had little to do but pray for strength and wind, and I did this so fervently and constantly that the souls of the rocks must have been moved and their hearts melted had they possessed any.



"THE HUNTER GOT UPON HIS HANDS AND KNEES AND STUDIED THE TRACKS."





"IT MEANT A GOOD DEAL, DID THAT SAME SHOT."

Suddenly, as we turned around the spur at the end of a valley, we came upon tracks that were like those of a small cow. The hunter got upon his hands and knees and studied them for some time, after which he stood up, turned to me, and held up four fingers, pointing with his left hand along the trail—and we trotted on across the snow after our four friends, who had evidently but a short time before passed that way.

All was going well, when a stray cloud dropped down upon us and shut out everything that was more than fifty yards distant. Quixote addressed himself vigorously in Norwegian, and precipitately beat his head with his fist.

I perceived the arrival of the cloud to be inopportune.

A moment later the reason was evident. We crossed more *débris* and came upon another field of snow. There were the tracks again, but they were sadly different now. At first they were regular as before. A few yards on they became confused, and still further ahead the snow-field was well stamped down, and little

holes had been dug here and there. Finally the four distinct trails stretched away into the fog in parallel lines, each footprint widely separated from those before and behind it.

Nothing could be clearer. The deer had scented us, paused to make sure, and then made off. And I knew enough to be sure that they would not stop in twenty miles. But that time I was mistaken, for a little further on we came upon the trail again, running up over a sharp pass into the next valley, and evidently quite fresh. It was necessary to cross the ridge, and no time was to be lost. The pass was not to be thought of, as the deer might be just over. Hence we began to scramble up the snow of the slope; then came a tough bit of climbing up the rocks, where the rope that these men always carry with them was put to use; and finally, in something more than an hour, we were close to the top of a sharp ridge, perhaps half a mile above the pass over which the trail had disappeared. Quixote then pulled me down flat against the steep slope and crawled to the top him-



self. A look from him called me to his side by the same method of locomotion.

On reaching the summit it turned out to be literally like a gabled roof. One could have bestridden it as women bestride horses in Switzerland. There, far away, lay a big dry-dock valley in the bright sun. I could follow the tracks of the deer running from the pass through the ridge, down across the snow, and at last the field-glass covered a little stream, finding its level by a winding course through the bottom, with four deer standing upon its bank drinking.

They were a good three miles away, in an open valley that extended several miles in either direction, without a spur or crag that could serve as cover. There was nothing for us to do but to descend the steep rock and return to our valley, walking back the way we had just come and crossing behind the shoulder, trusting that we should find irregularities of ground in the bottom to conceal our approach.

It was getting toward the end of twilight, four good hard-worked hours later, when we finally got into the valley of the deer. No cover of any kind was to be found, except such as the rocky bottom of the valley offered. Quixote began at once dodging about behind bowlders, crawling upon his stomach or on his hands and knees, and I followed in the same way, as we gradually worked down the stream towards the spot where we knew the deer had been earlier in the afternoon.

We were within three-quarters of a mile of the spot when, straining my glass through the gloom, I made out the four animals standing on a bit of sand bar where a small grass grew. They could not be less than four hundred yards away, but it was useless for us to try to get nearer, as the stream broadened just beyond us, and the sheltering bowlders receded on either side to the slopes.

Without consulting Quixote—indeed, after pulling him down behind a bit of stone—I laid my rifle across a flat spot on the rock, set the range at four hundred yards, and took a long aim. It meant a good deal, did that same shot, and I did my best, but it was a fearful distance to fire in the dark. Out cracked the rifle finally, and away went four dark objects down the sand bar, into the stream, and on beyond the open space. The jump of

the nearer one, however, as he started, showed that he was hit, and just as they disappeared one dropped a little behind the others.

With a quick cry Quixote and I started down stream, across the bar, in pursuit. As we crossed where the deer had just stood I could have cursed our luck in coming upon them at so late an hour. In an instant, however, Quixote grabbed me and pointed them out, still running over the *débris* down near the stream, and we kept on. One certainly was not gaining on us, at least so it seemed, for in a few moments the three were completely lost down the valley, but the fourth was still running, and just about holding his own.

This particular run holds a somewhat important place in my small catalogue of experiences. The course could scarcely have been worse, for the whole valley was nothing more than a huge dump of rocks, and in the gloom, breathing hard as we were and tearing along at our highest speed, I constantly missed my footing and fell among the rocks. Even Quixote went down several times, and once in particular I feared I had a maimed man on my hands in this desolate land. He fell, and before I could change my direction I had literally jumped upon him, adding the force of my weight to crush his chest on the stones beneath. As I got up he groaned, and rolled over on his back with his eyes shut; but the hardy life in him, and the chance that led me to knock the wind instead of the bones out of him, saved his and my peace of mind, to say nothing of lives.

As soon as I could get him up we looked for the deer. There he was, still scrambling along, but far ahead. Again the chase began. Now it seemed as if we gained. Again we lost sight of him altogether. Finally, with a big lump of vexation and regret in my throat, I was about forced to the realization that darkness was here and the jig was up, when Quixote began to jabber in his extraordinary lingo, and I saw that the deer had fallen among the rocks. We both leaped ahead over the bowlders, and before he could recover his feet we had gained materially on him. It was now only a question of his strength and ours, with the twilight still in the race. How long we ran and jumped no one could tell, least of all the three most concerned, but I remember dropping upon a rock at last, and holding





FOUND.



my rifle with a shaking fist, as I uttered inarticulate supplications, and pulled trigger on that dark spot swaying along ahead. Then I shut my eyes, and lay there waiting.

Any one who has hunted will appreciate the secret thoughts and feelings of their winded companion in the craft when he heard the joyous shout of the Norwegian which told, in any and all languages upon the earth, that a valiant deer was dying.

#### IV.

Six or eight days more, with two long still-hunts, but no success in getting near more game, and we made the Spiterstülen hut. There, in back of the great monarch of Norway, the Galdhøpiggen, Harburton by some unforeseen luck got one, but he was so insufferably calm and self-possessed in his description of the hunt that I never could listen to the whole of it. But those two big graceful heads meant a good deal on a certain night at Spiterstülen, as we sat by the fire looking at them, thinking of what they had cost us, and what joy the search after them and the journeying thitherward had been to us.

And so our hunt was done. We had a

day or two of climbing, and then before we could realize it we were at Aardal, on the big Sogne Fjord, just in time to catch a fortnightly steamer for somewhere, which would put us on board a weekly steamer for somewhere else, which in turn would bring us to the Atlantic in season to reach New York on some particular day that really was of no importance at all.

You will say that this was not much of a hunt, and perhaps that is quite true. We did not load a steamer with antlers. We did not make any great shots. But the experience was quite sufficient unto itself and unto us, so that perhaps the getting of much game is not everything, but, as Mr. Bain would say, the emotion of pursuit is the important detail. At all events we had obtained a general sufficiency of pursuit, and we had more than a sufficiency of trouble and nuisance in getting the antlers home; and finally our pointless wanderings among the homes of the musty old Jotuns had taught us much optimism, and given us the opportunity of the friendship of Johannes Vigdal, schoolmaster of Solvorn in the Sogne Fjord, and climber of sundry snow-capped peaks in the Jotunheim.

## SPANISH JOHN.

BY WILLIAM McLENNAN.

#### IV.

How we came home to Crowlin and got word of our enemies.—How the net closed in upon us.—How Father O'Rourke kept the Black Pass.—Of the Passing of the Prince.—How the Day of Reckoning came.

WE, in company with my kinsmen, pushed our way rapidly towards Knoidart. Although it had long been plain to us both—for Father O'Rourke had picked up no mean bit of soldiering in his campaigning—that any stand was out of the question; for the cordon was every day tightening round Lochiel, and, worse than this, some of the principals, like Lovat, were disheartened, and only anxious to make their peace on any terms. Murray, who was to some extent the representative of the Prince, was badly frightened, and most of the Highlanders were wearying to return home. This was all patent to us both, I say, and yet we could not help feeling a sense of dejection with

the others, most of whom knew no reason whatever for anything they did, beyond they were ordered to it by their chiefs.

But there is nothing like a spice of danger to cheer up a lagging spirit, and for the first twelve hours we had enough and to spare; but, being able to scatter on any approach, we had an advantage over what troops we met, and were not slow to avail ourselves of our opportunities.

"Faith, I've not done so much running away since I was at school," Father O'Rourke declared; and, indeed, to see him, one would swear he had the heart of a schoolboy in him still.

But we were soon beyond actual danger, and now made our way openly enough, until one evening we stood on the highway, and before us I pointed out to Father O'Rourke the chimneys of Crowlin, my father's house, which I had left as a boy of twelve, six years before.



“THERE! THAT IS CROWLIN!”

Eighteen may not seem a great age to my reader, and does not to me to-day, when I can cap it with fifty years and more, but on that June day, in the year '46, when I stood and knocked the dust of the road off my shoes, I felt like a man who had spent a lifetime away from all he had known as a boy, and my heart grew so big within me I could hardly say the words: “There! That is Crowlin.”

“Ay, Giovannini, and the man is blessed who has a ‘Crowlin’ to come back to,” Father O’Rourke said, laying his hand on my shoulder.

“Oh, I don’t mean that, father! ’tis a poor place enough,” I answered, for fear he should think I was vaunting it.

“Nor did I mean that, either, Giovannini,” he said, smiling; “but let us be going.”

So on we went, each familiar object breaking down the first feeling of separation, until the years between vanished before a voice saying within, “I saw you yesterday, I saw you yesterday,” as we passed the big rock by the bend of the road, and followed the little path with the same turns across the fields and over the brook with the same brown water running between the same stepping-stones. “You crossed o’er yesterday, you crossed o’er yesterday,” it seemed to say, and so on until the dogs rushed out barking at us from the house itself.

“Go in first, lad, go in; I’ll stay and make friends with the collies,” said Father O’Rourke, seating himself, and I left him.

I found my father sadly changed, much more so than I had gathered from the

news I had received; indeed, it was easy to see that his disease was fast nearing its end. He was greatly brightened by my return, and heartily welcomed Father O’Rourke, the more so when he learned his true character, and they took to each other at once.

When I saw the great bare house, all the more forlorn for the lot of rantipole boys and girls, children of my poor uncle Scottos, wanting the feeling of home that somehow seems absent without a woman about, for my sister Margaret was the same as adopted by Lady Jane Drummond, and my poor father waiting his end among his books, alone, year in and year out, I first realized something of what my absence had meant to him, and of the effort it had cost him to send me away.

It was decided we should remain where we were for the present, until something definite was heard from the Prince that might lead to further action. As it would only have courted danger, which I hold a man has no right to do, we put off our uniforms, and soon were transformed by the Highland dress.

To me it was nothing, this change to a kilt and my own short hair, replacing the bag-wig with a blue bonnet; but Father O’Rourke would fain have returned to the cassock he had left behind him on board the *Swallow*, and was most uncomfortable for many days until he learned to manage his kilt “with decency, if not with grace,” as he said himself.

“Oh, Isaiah! Isaiah!” he groaned, “little did I dream you were preaching at me when you commanded ‘Uncover thy locks, make bare the leg’ (Discooperi humerum, revela crura), and he would pre-



tend to cover up his great knees with his short kilt, to the delight of the children, who were hail-fellow-well-met with him from near the hour of his arrival.

Many was the pleasant talk he had with my father, who revived all his memories of Rome and the College he so loved in the Via delle Quattro Fontane. With him he stopped all his tomfooleries, and I was surprised to see what excellent reason he would discourse, and take pleasure in it, too. But it must not be supposed he only amused himself and my father, for more than one weary journey did he take into the hills to minister to some wounded unfortunate needing spiritual consolation, and "Sagairt an t-saighdeir" (The Soldier Priest), was soon known and demanded far and near, and no request ever met with a refusal, no matter what danger might threaten.

I may mention it was now the common people began to speak of me as "Spanish John," a name that has stuck fast to the present. Indeed such names serve a purpose useful enough where a whole country-side may have but one family name, and I can assure you the McDonells never wanted for Johns. There were "Red Johns," and "Black Johns," and "Fair Johns," and "Big Johns," and Johns of every size and color and deformity. Had they known a little more geographically they might have come nearer the mark, but it is not for me to quarrel with the name they saw fit to fasten upon me, as most of them knew as little difference between Spain and Italy as they did between Mesopotamia and Timbuctoo.

The soldiers were about at times, and more than once we had to take to the heather and lie skulking for days together in the hills; but no harm came to Crowlin, though many were the tales we heard of cruelty and destroying. Indeed, I thought but little of the ravages committed, though they have been made much of since, for many a mile of country had I helped to lay waste, and that a country like to the Garden of Eden compared with this tangle of heath and hill; it was only the fortune of war; and after all, there was many a one who lived on without being disturbed who was always ready to lend a hand to those less fortunate.

Early in June we heard news of the capture of old Lord Lovat in Loch Morar,

and before the end of the month that Mr. Murray had also fallen into the hands of the government; and about this time, too, we began to hear ugly reports of one Allan McDonald Knock of Sleat in the Isle of Skye, who, though a cousin of our own, was said to be at the head of the informers and spies; and from the description we suspected that Creach was his coadjutor.

Notwithstanding this news, upon hearing the Prince would most likely be in Skye, Father O'Rourke and I determined, about the beginning of July, we would take our way thither to volunteer our services, and accordingly took leave of my father. He was most willing we should go, and never complained of our leaving, although we could see he was daily drawing near the end. But he was anxious about our apprehension, as many had been taken of late. Major Ferguson had laid waste the lands of Barisdale, and among others my cousin Coll Barisdale's fine house, Traigh, was burned to the ground. This my father felt keenly, and felt, too, that the next blow might fall even nearer home.

So we crossed over, intending to make for Trotternish on Lord McDonald's estate, but heard news soon after landing that the Prince had gone on, probably to the mainland.

However, we kept on, and after spending the first night with Rory McDonald of Fortymenruck, pushed as far as Portree, as I thought Father O'Rourke might as well see the principal place in the island.

There we went into a tavern to obtain refreshment after our march of twenty miles, and desired the landlord to fetch us something to drink. Upon this he informed us there were some gentlemen in the next room who would like to have the pleasure of our company if we thought proper to indulge them. I inquired their names, and on hearing them, desired him to present our compliments, and that we would join their party.

In the next room we found nine or ten gentlemen; some of them I knew, and others I had heard of, and after partaking of what they had, I called for more liquor, to our account.

While the landlord was preparing this, the door opened, and who should appear on the threshold but Captain Creach. At the sight of us, his white face turned even

a shade paler; however, I could not but admire the address with which he recovered himself, and the perfect assurance with which he entered, greeting the company, who all evidently knew him, calling him Graeme, as usual.

My first impulse was to seize him and denounce him before them all, but Father O'Rourke's hand was on my knee under the table, and I reflected my mission from the Duke not being yet at an end, I was still bound in my word; so I managed to conceal my feelings, and when he was introduced I bowed as if I had never seen him before, which he returned as collected as a tax-gatherer.

What I had called for now came in, but I noticed Creach did no more than touch his lips to his glass, upon which one of the company rallied him, and I heard him say he did not choose to drink more.

"Why is that, sir?" I said, pretending to be somewhat gone in liquor.

"I try to avoid giving offence," said he, very pointedly, "and sometimes if I am warmed with liquor I am apt to blunder out something which might not please."

"Oh, I am not particular as to my company, Mr. Creach," I said, hoping he might take me up on the name, but he made no move. "I am a peaceable man myself, and promise you not to take offence at anything, provided you apologize immediately afterwards. Now here's a health I cannot let pass—to my host of last night, Rory McDonald, Fortymenruck."

He drank with the rest.

I began again at once:

"Here's to the Prince and his better fortunes, and a curse on any one who plays him false."

He drank this too.

I was thinking out something more pointed, when he stopped me by asking why I did not propose the health of my cousin, Allan McDonald, Knock.

Here was an opening as good as another, and I took it.

"Is he a friend of yours?"

"He is, sir."

"Then, sir, I do not drink to him, because he lies under grave imputations."

"And pray, sir, what may they be?" he asked.

"Oh, I only have them from hearsay," I said, drawing him on.



"MANY WAS THE TALK HE HAD WITH MY FATHER."

"And what do you hear?"

"Only that he's a coward and an informer, and, of course, a scoundrel whose health any gentleman would refuse to drink," I answered, mighty cool.

"What!" he said, "do you really believe him a coward?"

"That is his general character."

"Then," said he, "if you will send him a challenge I will bear it, and if he will not fight you, I will."

"Oh, do not trouble yourself. If you are anxious for fighting you have a sword by your side, and so have I. Why lose any time? Out with it at once, and I will give you all the fighting you can stomach between this and doomsday!" and I made as if I would rise.

As a matter of fact, I would not then have fought with the reptile for worlds, but since I could not lay hands on him, it was some little satisfaction to outface him before his company, and I made no objections when the others interfered, but only thought that Mr. Creach had added



a long bit to his reckoning when he asked me to drink to the health of Allan Knock in the inn at Portree.

We felt that Skye was not the safest place for us after my brush with Creach, for with such a creature in leash with Allan Knock, no decent man's liberty was worth a rush in days when a whisper was sufficient to secure his arrest; so we made our trip a short one, and returned to the mainland.

We and all felt relieved that the Prince had returned from the islands, whither he had gone much against the wishes of his best friends, and his escape might have been effected long since had he not taken wrong advice from those who knew nothing of the country. And if I may criticise (without blame, however), his Royal Highness, perhaps from too great an openness in his own temperament, was not a discerning judge of those about him, many of whom were men of no character whatever; and to-day I can see the truth of Father O'Rourke's words which I had resented so hotly in Rome.

But such advantage as he gained from being amongst his friends was, in a measure, balanced by the nearness of his enemies, and he was obliged to lie exceeding close, and at times ran narrow chances of capture. This was the more evident as but few now knew his whereabouts, while on the islands his movements were known so wide that at times I have been tempted to think it was possible the English were not really anxious for his capture. Indeed, I cannot think what they would have done with him had he fallen into their hands. To execute him would have been an impossibility; for we felt such a murder as that of King Charles was something the civilized world would never see again, and the horrid crimes of the French in these last days were as yet undreamed of; while to imprison him would have been to place him on the highest possible pinnacle of martyrdom, the last thing his enemies could desire.

Be this as it may, we found the activity of the troops was greatly increased, and it was only with the greatest caution we could visit Crowlin; so we kept moving about the country, seldom passing two nights in the same place, but keeping as

near the coast as possible, to be on the outlook for friendly ships.

We soon had evidence, too, that Creach was at work; for even before we left Skye it was clear we were being spied upon, and now it was only the scarcity of troops which prevented him and Allan Knock from carrying out their private revenge. We were dogged night and day, and knew an attempt would be made upon us the moment the necessary men could be spared for such service.

It was on the 1st of September that we got news of a vessel off the coast, near Loch Carron, where we were then hiding on a property which belonged to our family, and we forthwith sent word to Glenaladale, Alexander McDonald, who had just left the Prince in charge of Cluny Macpherson among the hills, that all was ready. We made a night visit to Crowlin, and bade good-by to my father, whom I never expected to see again on earth; while over the sleeping children Father O'Rourke said a prayer in Irish and left his blessing on the house. We slipped out into the night again, and made our way to the coast, to find the vessel had gone out to sea, but had signalled she would stand in again after dark the next day.

This we spent most anxiously among the hills. We knew we were watched in every movement, and an attempt would be made to prevent our embarking, if possible; and, to add to our anxiety, word was brought from Glenaladale that he had no knowledge of where the Prince was, as Cluny had moved away from the hiding-place he last knew of, but that we were all to be aboard and lay to until the last possible hour in the morning, and then, if he did not appear, to sail without him, and any other vessel spoken was to be instructed to stand in further to the south, near Arisoig, so he might prepare and get word into the hills in time.

Shortly before midnight we saw the signal of a red light low on the water shown twice for a moment, and made our way to the beach, where the boats met us; and we embarked without molestation. We found her to be the *Alerte* privateer, and her captain fully prepared to run any reasonable risk to bring off the Prince. We met a numerous company of gentlemen and some ladies on board, who had been picked up at different points along the coast, and together we watched in the





"WE SAW HER AS SHE STOOD ON HER WAY TOWARDS FRANCE AND SAFETY."

greatest anxiety for some signal from the shore; but our hopes vanished as the dawn grew stronger in the east, until we could not justify a longer delay, and made ready to return in our boat, which we had kept alongside. Such was their devotion that some, when they heard of our resolution, were only deterred from joining us by my assurance that I was charged with a special commission by the Duke, and their presence would only endanger the safety of the Prince as well as our own; on this they allowed us to depart, with many a prayer both in Gaelic and English. With dull anger in our hearts we climbed the hills, eying all the cover whence we knew false eyes were following us; but not a bush moved, nor was there a sound as we lay on the hill-top and saw the sun redden the sails of the privateer as she stood on her way towards France and safety, when we once more resumed our wanderings.

Our first thought was to get back to Crowlin, for now the Prince had failed to appear, we held our duty was to my father until another opportunity offered.

We were quite unable to approach the house by daylight, as it lay in the hollow, well open to observation; and when we at last made our way down and entered, we were shocked at the change that had taken place in my father's condition.

"It was a kind Providence that led us back, Giovannini," said Father O'Rourke, as we knelt beside the plainly dying man, "for these hours will mean much to him, and to you afterwards."

When my father recovered from the shock of seeing us, it was with the greatest thankfulness I saw Father O'Rourke

go in to him alone; and when he appeared again his face was that of the holy man he was.

"Now, Giovannini," he said, "I am going to your cousin"—this was Dr. McDonald of Kyles—"for I have done all in my power for your father. He wants you now, my son; and he wants, too, such relief as the doctor perhaps may give him."

"But, father," I said, "that is impossible; you do not know the road over the hills well enough, and the country is alive with troops. You can never pass."

"Nonsense!" he said, with a short laugh. "I can pass anything on such a night as this. Let me take Neil with me, and we will be back before day-break."

Knowing that argument was useless, I sent for Neil, as good and safe a man as there was in the country, and who spoke English perfectly, gave him his directions to go by the Ghlach Dubh (the Black Pass), saw they both were well armed and supplied with cakes and whiskey, bade them God-speed, and then turned back into the dark house.

The poor little ones, soon to be fatherless, were sleeping quietly, knowing nothing of the great sorrow creeping over them, and I passed on into the chamber of death, sending old Christie, the servant, to keep her lonely watch in the kitchen.

That last night alone with my father is as distinct to me to-day as if it were yesterday; it is full of things that are sacred—too sacred for me to be written about—and at the change of the night into day I closed my father's eyes and prayed over his remains in peace.



When I could, I rose, and calling Christie, opened the door softly and stole out into the cool, clearing morning air. It was so still that a great peace was over everything, and only the cheep of distant birds came to me; but soon I made out a moving figure on the hill-side, and remembering Father O'Rourke with a start, I set off and hurried to meet him. But as I drew nearer I could make out it was Neil alone, and hurried forward much alarmed, and as I saw him better my fears grew.

He was running at his best, without his plaid or bonnet, and when we met, all he could gasp out was: "Oh! the Soldier Priest! the Soldier Priest!"

"Stop, man!" I said, sternly. "Neil! Neil! What new trouble do you bring?"

"He is dead!" he cried, with a groan. "No, not dead—God forgive me!—but dying there alone, and him the finest swordsman I ever stood beside."

"Come," I said, and he turned with me; and as we went he gave out his story in gasps.

"The doctor was not at home. Skulking in the hills again. We left our message and started back. Just at the top of the Black Pass they met us. And we never thinking of them at all! An officer and six men. We were too quick for them, though, and had our swords out and our backs to the hill-side before they could stop us. They called to him to surrender, taking him to be you. 'Come, come, Mr. McDonell,' says the officer, 'give up your sword like a gentleman.' And oh, Master John! with his death before him, he laughed. And what do you think were the words he said? 'Sir,' says he, 'I never knew a McDonell yet who could give up his sword like a gentleman!' And then he warned him to be off and leave such work to the likes of Allan Knock and Creach, and the hot words flew back and forth between them till we were all at it together. He ran the officer through as cool as if he was at practice; he put two others down, and we were making grand play, when there was a flash, and down he went, shot like a dog! 'Neil! Neil!' he shouted, 'go, for the love of God!' And I broke through and rolled over the side of the cliff, but by God's help I caught and held myself just when I thought I was lost. And I held there while they crawled to the edge and threw a torch down and made sure

I had gone with the stones that rolled till they struck the black water below, and until I heard them gather up their wounded and tramp. Then I climbed to the top again, and left him only when I found he was still breathing, and remembered he meant I was to carry his message to you. Oh, Master John, never, never did man fight better, and you may comfort your heart with the name he made for you this night!"

I could see it all clearly—that scoundrel Allan Knock, set on by Creach, had been on our track ever since we left Skye, and knowing of our return from the ship through his spies, had thought to have taken me or both of us at Crowlin; the rest was plain from Neil's story, and it was only through the mistake of the English captain that my father had closed his eyes in my arms.

By the goodness of God I found my heart's friend still alive, though wounded so that at the first sight I saw even to raise him meant a quicker death. The moment I knelt beside him he opened his eyes. "Ah, Giovannini, my son," he said, in a voice surprisingly strong, "it was a grand fight!" And then, after a moment, "It was a pretty fight until they put an end to it with their shooting. But, poor creatures, I drove them to it. They couldn't get in at me in any other way."

"Oh, father," I cried, "why didn't you tell them who you were?"

"I've been borrowing names all along," he said, drowsily. "Tell Lynch I kept his. I didn't make a bad use of yours," he said, very slowly, and seemed to doze. We raised his head more and covered him with the plaids. In a little while he woke up quite clear.

"Giovannini, lad, what of things at home?"

I told him, and he uttered a short prayer to himself, and then went on: "I am thankful I have neither kith nor kin, and not a soul to give a thought to my going to-night, save yourself. But that is much, is dear to me. What claim has a wandering priest save on his God? And your being with me is the excess of His goodness. Now don't be fretting about the way my end has come. It was as much God's work to bar the door by my sword and keep the father in peace in the arms of his son, as to stand beside His altar."

And then the drowsiness began to steal





"GIVE UP YOUR SWORD LIKE A GENTLEMAN."

on him again; but he roused himself to say, as if in answer to my sorrow, "Courage, lad, courage! the sun has not gone because a rush-light is snuffed out."

It was a long time before he spoke again, and then it was in the same quiet voice:

"'Tis a strange pass to come to a man who a few years ago thought of nothing more dangerous than the sunny side of a street. But, do you know, I always believed I had a bit of the soldier in me. Many a time have my fingers itched for a sword-hilt when I thought I might have done more than praying, and now it has been given to me and I have done it well. I can say with St. Paul, 'I have fought a good fight' (Bonum certamen certavi)." And these were the last words that brave heart said on earth.

We bore him home to Crowlin on our shoulders, and laid him and my father

side by side in the one grave, where my tears and those of the children fell on both alike.

Broken as I was in every way, I had to think and act, for the same necessities were before me. So after seeing my uncles Allan and Alexander, the nearest relations left to the children, and making some provision for their safety, I returned again to the coast near Loch Carron, for I could now move with greater freedom until such time as the real facts of my supposed death at the Black Pass might come to light.

Not more than ten days went by before I had news of two ships hanging off the land, and I arranged to board them should they come close enough to signal. This they did, and I found them to be the *Princesse de Conti* and *L'Hereux*, from





“HE WAS FIGHTING FOR TIME.”

St. Maloes, under command of Colonel Warren of Dillon's regiment, expressly come, and determined to carry the Prince back with him at all hazard.

I told him of our disappointment of the *Alerte*, and in accordance with the instructions from Glenaladale, we stood south for Arisoig, and I was put on shore near Loch-na-Neugh. I found Glenaladale without difficulty, but, to our uneasiness, there was still the same uncertainty about the Prince, and at first the search brought no result; but by chance he got the information necessary, and the joyful news of the vessel's arrival was carried with all haste to the *Wanderer*.

It was late at night—the night of the 19th of September—when he came to Bordale, where a numerous company that had gathered awaited him. He was accompanied by Lochiel, now nearly recovered, his brother the doctor, and others. but my heart was sore when I heard of the condition he was in, although far better than what he had known for months.

However, Glenaladale said he was in grand health and spirits, and clean linen, a tailor, and a barber would soon change him into as gallant a looking gentleman as ever stepped in the Three Kingdoms.

I could not go near the house, and begged Glenaladale not to mention my name to the Prince until they sailed, and then only that the Duke might know I had at least kept my promise not to leave Scotland while he was in danger. My trouble was too heavy upon me for the drinking of healths, and I had no heart for the framing of encouragements.

From where I sat I could see the lighted windows of the house darken as figures crossed them. I could even catch faint snatches of song, and had some envy in my heart for those who could so rejoice when behind them was ruin and before only the uncertain safety of the ships which I could faintly make out against the dark waters of the loch. As for me, the whole world seemed closing down in the darkness, and I could see no cheer



and no light beyond. My thoughts were the formless thoughts of a hopeless man, and they were my only companions till the dawn broke and the embarkation began.

Then my broken thoughts took shape. What place had I among these men? They had fought, and if they had lost, had lost gallantly without reproach, and were still about their leader, while I had never even drawn my sword for the cause I loved as truly as any of them all, and my efforts had only ended in failure in every particular. I was a broken man, and the best friend I had in the world was lying, murdered for my sake, in his unconsecrated grave at Crowlin.

Those were the blackest hours that ever had come to me, and I would not wish my worst enemy to pass through the like.

I counted over one hundred who passed to the ships, until the Prince, Lochiel, and their immediate following appeared. Then I rose and stood bareheaded, and I remember it was in the Gaelic my mother had taught me that the words came when I prayed aloud for his safety.

Poor ill-fated bonnie, bonnie Prince Charlie! All the gallantry, all the fortitude, all the sensibility with which God Almighty ever dowered a human creature had been shown forth by him from the hour that his misfortune came upon him, in a measure that redeemed his former faults and should blot out all that followed the day he sailed from Loch-na-Neugh.

Bareheaded I stood and watched *L'Heureux* and the *Princesse de Conti* get under way, until I could not bear to look on them longer, and threw myself face downward amid the heather.

At length sleep came to me, and when I awoke the quiet of the night was again about me, and I rose and took my way alone.

I now settled myself at Loch Carron, where I believed myself safe from observation; but by one of those chances which cannot be foreseen, I was arrested through the instrumentality of Creach, and imprisoned in Fort William. However, I suffered little save from the long confinement, which lasted over four months, when, by the exertions of my friends, and chiefly Lady Jane Drummond, who had much influence, I was released.

I then returned to Knoidart, but shortly after, hearing that Allan Knock was at Glenelg, I took Neil and Duncan his half-brother, and started for that place.

Things fell out better than I had expected, for, by what I have always held to be a direct Providence, no less an enemy than Creach himself was delivered into my hands when I least looked for it.

I was on my way to Glenelg, I say, to meet with Knock, and never thought to meet with the greater villain Creach in the country, as I knew he must be aware of my release, and that he would not be safe within my reach. But, by what I am not impious enough to name a chance, when in the house of one of our own people I heard of him being in the neighborhood, and lay wait in a place safe from interruption or observation, by which I knew he must pass.

When he and his three men came up, we rose, and planting ourselves in the way, called a halt.

I have spoken before of his address, and even now it did not fail him, for I could mark no sign of even surprise on his white face; he might have come to a rendezvous, for all he showed.

I spoke at once to his men in Gaelic, who held themselves ready for attack the moment we appeared.

"Skye men! I am a McDonell of Glengarry. I and mine have no quarrel with you, but this gentleman and I have a matter of blood between us. Take no part in it, then, for it is no affair of yours, and it will not be stayed in any case."

Then, either because they had small stomach for useless fighting, or, what is the more likely, they saw it was a private matter and did not touch their honor, they drew to one side in silence, with Neil and Duncan.

Creach understood what I was at, and as I threw off my coat and vest, he did the like.

A fierce joy was rising in me.

"Come, sir!" I said, and he fell into position.

He was a good swordsman enough, but my wrist was of iron and my heart of fire, and the tinkle and grate of the steel were like music to my ear.

He was fighting for time, waiting to see my play, and parried with great judgment; but at last I reached in at him and touched him above the right breast.

"That is for Aquapendente!" I cried,



in exultation, as I saw the stain grow and redden on his shirt.

In a little I touched him again, on the opposite side. "That is for Rome!" And I was completely master of myself, for now I held his life in my hands like a ball, to throw away when I pleased.

He said not a word, but fought on with the same courage, but it was hopeless. Again I got at him just where I had planned, and shouted in my joy, "That is for Loch Broom!"

Up to this time he had not shown the slightest sign of faltering; but now, in a sudden move backwards, he struck his heel sharply and staggered wide. I could have run him through with the greatest ease, but I was not ready for that as yet. He regained his feet, but, to my dismay and surprise, the shock had completely broken his courage, like a glass that is shattered, and he fenced so wildly I withheld from attack, hoping he would recover. Instead of this he only grew worse. and, losing hope, I locked his sword, and with a sudden turn broke it short off. With a groan, the first sound he had uttered, he fell, and covered his face with his hands.

I stood over him, and had he screamed or made a move to rise I would have ended it then and there. But I could not kill the creature grovelling there at my feet, awaiting his fate in mute terror, though for months I had longed for this moment above all things else in the world.

"Get up, you coward!" I said, but he made no move. Suddenly I threw my

sword down, and, stepping towards him, drew my dirk, at which he screamed and prayed for mercy, with shrieks of terror.

"Have no fear, you dog! I am not going to put murder on my soul for a wretch like you! But I will mark you so that you will be a byword amongst men for the rest of your days!"

And thereupon I seized him, and, despite his screams and struggles, with two clean sweeps I cut off his ears close to his head.

Leaving him rolling on the ground, I called Neil and bade him bind up his wounds. Then placing his ears in my silver snuff-box, I threw it to him. "Take these to your fellow-spy, and tell him whose hand did this. Tell him, too, that his own run much danger of a like fate if they hear aught he may ever be tempted to repeat to the harm of me or mine."

My story is told. I did meet Allan Knock, and I did not cut off his ears, but I poured into them words that made him wish he had been born without.

Because I have lived on into a time that has changed much from what I knew in those days, I have sometimes felt I should have killed Creach, instead of taking a revenge which may now be looked upon as barbarous. But those who know will understand, and those who do not, I must leave to their prejudice. I have tried to tell things as they were, without excuse.

THE END.

## AN ACT OF CHARITY.

BY CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

"POOR little doggie!"

He looked up immediately, as if he understood the sympathetic remark, and trotted along a little closer to me.

He had suddenly appeared at my side on the street, without seeming to come from anywhere. There he was, twinkling his little feet and working his little legs, like the pedals of a double bicycle, in an effort to keep pace with my long stride. And after I spoke to him he looked up in an appealing way.

He was not much of a dog. I suppose he would be called some kind of a span-

iel. He was perfectly black, except in the inside of his ears. One of them had got turned back, and that gave a queer look to that side of his head. He had no friend to tell him that his ear was neglected. His tail was not a speaking tail, or even a wagging tail; it was too short. A clean, wholesome little dog, what there was of him, not exactly forlorn, but lonesome and friendless. As his tail did not serve him for expression, he had to depend upon his eyes and pleasing face.

"Poor little doggie!" I said again, and stooped down and patted his glossy back.

Upon that he writhed with pleasure, and sidling nearer to me, looked in my face, and said, as plainly as he could:

"You are such a big, kindly man, and so rich. I should like to go with you."

"No, doggie," I said, but not in a tone of reproof, "I am not rich—that is, I am not rich enough to keep a pack of hounds. But trot along and let us get acquainted."

He wore a slender leather strap for a collar, but there was no name on it and no number. That indicated that he was not registered, and that there was no tax on him. Not to be taxed at all is better than being taxed without representation. In many places the dog-tax goes for some educational purpose, in which the dog has no share. I was delighted to find something in this country that was not taxed. I wear a collar also, without a number, but I am taxed all the same, and should be without a collar. All our necks are in the tax collar. Evidently a *déclassé* dog, a waif on the world. I began to feel great sympathy for him, which he perceived at once; and I resolved upon an act of charity to the friendless, which he did not seem to resent.

He was not a mussy dog. He did not get under my feet and bother me that way, but just trotted along, looking up from time to time with a friendly glance, as if he wanted to be my comrade. I cannot say that his wistful look did not declare that he was hungry. But his manner showed that he was a gentle, self-respecting dog. If dogs could change their skin at will, I should have thought he was in mourning, and that he had just come from the funeral of his only friend. This may have been a mere fancy; but he acted as if he had had a friend and lost him, or her, and that he had been accustomed to receive and give affection. This made his situation all the more pitiful, and made the effort of the little fellow to keep up with me and to get on good terms almost pathetic. I thought at first that this might be only a chance acquaintance, a sort of temporary dog fancy. But no. As we passed intersecting street after street he did not turn away, but kept dodging along, and stuck as close to me as if we were already partners for life. And so he went home with me.

I never saw a dog so glad to get home.

His little body wiggled all over with pleasure. In five minutes of darting about and getting the hang of things by the use of his nose he knew the house as well as I did. I took him into the kitchen and Ellen fed him royally. From his eagerness I judged that he had had no breakfast, no lunch, and probably no dinner the day before. But he won the heart of the maid at once. When he had eaten and shown his gratitude to her, he came out upon the piazza where I was sitting, jumped up on the lounge beside me, and looked out upon the trees and birds and the squirrels, and now and then into my face with the most contented air. If he appealed to me when he was hungry, he was twice as winning now. Yet he was quite alert to what was going on. More than once he sprang up suddenly and with a short bark ran for a red squirrel that had ventured down the trunk of a chestnut; but when I said, "Come back, doggie; don't ever bother the squirrels," he returned at once, and placidly continued his contemplation, and his intercourse with me. This showed that he had been brought up in Kipling's law of the jungle, which is much neglected in human society—"to obey."

And so we came to live together. I pitied the little fellow, and tried to be as good to him as I could, and to make him forget the hardships of his dog life before he knew me—dark passages of neglect and desertion and maybe ill usage, which I could see he still remembered in his dreams, out of which he would nervously start with a moment's look of terror. And I took great comfort to myself for the charitable act in rescuing the little waif. I gave him as much of my society as I could.

I do not say that everything went smoothly. I had another dog, an old friend of the house, a big dog intended by nature for a setter, who had become a watch-dog and general lazy superintendent of the premises, named Vick. At first Vick showed jealousy of the newcomer, and resented my attentions to him, and was very disagreeable to doggie. And on his side, doggie was equally jealous, and had the blues whenever I showed Vick the least affection. If this had been a human situation it would have been insoluble. But Vick was magnanimous, and doggie had a good disposition, and at length easy relations were established



all round; the dogs played together and got a good deal of enjoyment out of each other's society, even when I was present. I am not sure that they did not actually enjoy each other's society more than mine, because they had means of communication which was a sealed language to me. They certainly expressed their feelings and their enthusiasms for each other. Perhaps they told about their lives before they met, and perhaps they talked about me. I wished I knew what they said sometimes. It would be worth a great deal to a man to know what his dog thinks of him. It would do him good to have an honest opinion for once. He cannot get it out of his friends, not even from his wife, who tries not to think anything of him that is not nice. It would be very flattering to a man to know that a dog's love for him is based upon a discrimination of his best qualities; but perhaps it is not any more so than his wife's is.

Doggie, for one thing, knew how to be good company. His was a most quiet and restful personality, and he seemed always to enjoy himself; he was attentive, serene, and good-humored. He never introduced into our intercourse any disturbing or unpleasant topics, and I fancied that he gave his sympathy for such as I had, and tried to enter into my moods. It was impossible to know exactly how much he understood of what I said to him, but he may have understood about as much as people usually understand of what is said to them; at least he gave no sign that he misunderstood it. Of course I could not judge of this accurately, as he never repeated what I said to any one else; and it is by that sort of repetition that we usually ascertain how imperfectly what we say is comprehended. If dogs have a language with each other, I hope it is better fitted than ours to convey an exact and accurate impression.

Yet such is our desire for the exchange of the symbols of ideas that I often regretted that doggie could not talk—at least as well as a phonograph. But, on second thought, I knew that it was better that he should be silent. We understood each other, and if he had spoken we should have been certain to disagree about many things. He might have made revelations about the house, or have repeated servants' gossip, in which there is no harm

so long as you do not know what it is. And it was better for him. With the power of speech would have come many annoyances. He might have been reported. He would certainly have been interviewed. For the newspapers now neglect no source of misinformation. His innocent domestic prattle would have been magnified into household crimes. Of course if he could talk he would have to learn to read, and then his life, his placid existence, would have been disturbed, if it had not been made miserable. And then if he read, naturally he would have to write, or if it were impossible for him to write a good foot, he would "dictate," which is worse; or perhaps use a typewriter, which would seem a comical operation for a dog. And as everybody now writes for publication, he would be in for it. Troubles would multiply. He would worry about his manuscript, and worry his friends about it, and then about its acceptance or rejection, or possibly about proofs, and then the critics would fall on him, or he would be soured by failure. Publishers are not dogs, not even dogs in a manger, and he would have no pull. What a dog's life he would lead!

It is best as the Creator has arranged it, I am sure. At any rate, our lives went on with scarcely a ripple. I got to looking forward to having doggie meet me when I came home, and anticipating the welcome of his cheerful face and stump tail. When he was not about, I missed something. I wanted him to sit by me every evening while I read, or to lie on the hearth so that I could look at him now and then or get a sympathetic glance from him. There was something, I knew not what, soothing in his society. Such an unpretending little doggie, and yet he had so much power of giving pleasure by his presence. I got to depending on him. Perhaps it was habit only, but his company became a sort of necessity—this charity dog which I had picked up in the street out of compassion.

And I have a confession to make, a shame-faced admission. In time I found I was getting jealous of doggie. I thought sometimes that he was more fond of Christine, who fed him, than of me, and that he preferred the kitchen to the library. And Vick's company seemed at times more congenial to him than my society. I could not say, however, that he had

changed in his feeling for me. He stuck to me like a good fellow every evening, when it must have been a little dull for him, and always seemed sorry at the end of the evening when I woke him up and told him it was time to turn in. But with

it all I felt that I was more dependent on him than he was on me.

That is all. That is what came of my thoughtless act of charity. I fancied that the little waif needed me. I learned that it was I who needed him.

## MY FIFTH IN MAMMY.

BY WILLIAM LUDWELL SHEPPARD.

I NEVER knew a time in which I did not know Mammy. She was simply a part of my consciousness; it seems to me now a more vivid one in my earliest years than that of the existence of my parents. We five, though instructed by an elder sister in the rudiments of learning, spent many more of our waking hours with Mammy; and whilst we drew knowledge from the one source, we derived the greater part of our pleasure from the other—that is, outside of our playmates.

The moments just preceding bedtime, in which we were undergoing the process of disrobing at the hands of Mammy, were periods of dreadful pleasure to us. As I look back upon them, I wonder that we got any sleep at all after some of her recitals. They were not always sanguinary or ghostly, and of course when I scan them in the light of later years, it is apparent that Mammy, like the majority of people, "without regard to color or previous condition of servitude," suffered her walk and conversation to be influenced by her state of health, mental and bodily. Her walk—I am afraid I must admit, as all biographers seem privileged to deal with the frailties of their victims as freely as with their virtues—her walk, viewed through the medium already alluded to, did not owe its occasional uncertainty to "very coarse veins," though that malady, with a slight phonetic difference, Mammy undoubtedly suffered from, in common with the facts. She was a great believer in "dram" as a remedial agent, and homœopathic practice was unknown with us at that period.

Mammy's code of laws for our moral government was one of threats of being "repoated to ole mahster," tempered by tea of her own making dulcified by brown sugar of fascinating sweetness, anecdote, and autobiography.

The anecdotal part consisted almost exclusively of the fascinating répertoire of

Uncle Remus. Indeed, to know the charm of that chronicle is reserved to the man or woman whose childhood dates from the *ante bellum* period, and who had a Mammy.

In the autobiographical part Mammy spread us a chilling feast of horrors, varied by the supernatural. Long years after this period I read a protest in some Southern paper against this practice in the nursery, with its manifest consequences on the minds of children. It set me to wondering how it was that the consequences in my day seemed inappreciable. I do not understand it now. Some of Mammy's stories would have been bonanzas to a police reporter of to-day; others would have bred emulation in Edgar Poe. And yet I do not recall any subsequent terrors.

An account of the execution of some pirates, which she had witnessed when a "gal," was popular. She had a rhyme which condensed the details. The condemned were Spaniards:

Pepe hung, Qulo fell,  
Felix died and went to —

Mammy always gave the rhyme with awful emphasis.

She had had an experience before coming into our family, by purchase, which gave her easy precedence over all the mammies of all our friends. To be sure, it was an experience which the other mammies, as "good membahs of de chutch," regarded as unholy; one which they congratulated themselves would never lie on their consciences, and of which poor Mammy was to die unshriven in their minds; for she never became a "sister," so far as I ever learned.

But to us this experience was fruitful of many happy hours. Mammy had been tire-woman to Mrs. Gilfert, the reigning star of that date, at the old Marshall Theatre—the successor to one burnt in 1811.

The habit of the stock companies in



those days was to remain the whole season, sometimes two or more, so Mammy had the opportunity to "assist" at the entire *répertoire*. It is one of the regrets of my life that I am not able to recall verbatim Mammy's arguments of the play, her descriptions of some of the actors, and her comments.

For some reason, when later on I wished to refresh my memory of these, Mammy had either forgotten them or suspected the intention of my asking. She ranked her experiences at the theatre along with her account of the adventures of the immortal "Mollie Cottontail" (for we did not know him as "Brer Rabbit"), and the rest of her lore, I suppose, and so could not realize that my maturer mind would care for any of them.

When I had subsequently made some acquaintance with plays, or read them, I recognized most of those described by Mammy. Some remain unidentified. Hamlet she preserved in name. Whilst she had no quotations of the words, she had a vivid recollection of the ghost scenes, and "pisenin' de king's ear." She also gave us scenes in which "one uv them kings was hollerin' for his horse"—plainly Richard. Julius Cæsar she easily kept in mind, as some acquaintance of her color bearing that name was long extant. I can still conjure up her tones and manner when she declaimed:

" 'Dat you, Brutus?' An' he done stick him like de rest uv um; and him raised in de Cæsar fam'ly like he wuz a son! "

The ingratitude of the thing struck through our night-gowns even then.

The period when Mammy's sway weakened was indeterminate. We boys after a while swapped places with Mammy, and made her the recipient of our small pedantries. I do not recollect, however, that we were ever cruel enough to throw her ignorance up to her.

At last the grown-up sisters absorbed all of Mammy's spare time. Sympathy was kept up between them after her bond with us was loosened, and they even took hints from her in matters of the toilet that were souvenirs of her stage days.

In the course of time reverses and bereavements came to the family. The girls had grown to womanhood and matrimony, and had begun their new lives in other places. Then came the inevitable to the elders, and it became necessary to convert all property into cash.

We were happy in being able to retain a good many of our household gods, and they are the Lares and Penates of our several homes to this day. We had long since ceased to think of Mammy Becky—she was never Rebecca—as property. In fact, we younger ones never thought of her as such. By law we were each entitled to a fifth in Mammy.

This came upon us in the nature of a shock at a family consultation on ways and means, and there was a disposition on the part of every party to the ownership to shift that responsibility to another.

I must do ourselves the justice to say that such a thing as converting Mammy into cash, and thus making her divisible, never for a moment entered our minds. It seemed, however, that the difficulty had occurred to her.

We all felt so guilty, when Mammy served tea that last evening, that we were sure she read our thoughts in our countenances. It would be nearer the truth to say that it was rather our fears that she should ever come to the knowledge that the word "sale" had been coupled with her name.

The next day we were to scatter, and it was imperative that some disposition should be made of Mammy. The old lady—for old we deemed her, though she could scarcely have been fifty—went calmly about the house looking to the packing of the thousand and one things, and not only looking, but using her tongue in language expressing utter contempt for all "lazy niggers" of these degenerate days—referring to the temporary "help." The eldest sister was deputed to approach and sound Mammy on the momentous question.

The deputy went on her mission in fear and trembling. The interview was easily contrived in the adjoining room.

We were exceedingly embarrassed when we discovered that Mammy's part of the dialogue was perfectly audible. As for the sister's, her voice could be barely heard. So that the effect to the unwilling eavesdropper was that which we are familiar with in these days of hearing a conversation at the telephone.

"Don't you bother yo'self 'bout me, Miss Frances."

Interval.

"No, marm. I'd ruther stay right

here in dis town whar ev'body knows me. Doan yawl study 'bout me."

Several bars' rest, apparently.

"Yes'm, I know hit's yo' duty to look after me, an' I belongs to all of you; but Ise concluded to let yawl off. You can't divide me into five parts, an' they ain' nah one uv you 'titled to any partickler part if you could; most uv me ain't much 'count nohow, what with very coarse veins an' so fothe. Oh, yes'm! I done study 'bout it plenty, an' I done concluded that I'll let yawl off an' do fur myself. You know I'm a prime cake-maker, bread-maker, an' kin do a whole pahcel uv other things besides; an' dress young ladies for parties, whar I learnt at the ole the-etter, which they built it after the fust one burnt up and all dem people whar dey got the Monnymental Chutch over um now; an' any kind of hair-dress-in', curlin' wid irons or quince juice, an' so fothe. No, don't you bother 'bout me."

So Mammy was installed in a small house in a portion of the city occupied by a good many free people, and, as we subsequently ascertained, not bearing a very savory reputation.

We had heard it rumored that there were some suitors for Mammy's hand. She had always avowed that she had been a "likely gal," but we had to take her word for this, as she had very slender claims to "likelihood"—if the word suits hers—in our remembrance. She was nearly a mulatto—very "light gingerbread," or "saddle-colored"—and a widow of some years' standing. Still, there was no accounting for tastes amongst the colored folks, any more than there was amongst the whites in this matter. We surmised that some of the aspirants suspected Mammy of having a *dot*, the accumulation of many perquisites for her assistance on wedding occasions. It may be remarked that she had no legal right to demand anything for such services.

One of the sisters approached Mammy timidly on this subject, and was assured positively by her that "they ain' no nigger in the whole university whar I would marry. No, ma'm. I done got 'nough of um."

We knew that Mammy's married life had been a stormy one. Her husband, Jerry, had been a skilful coach-painter, and got good wages for his master, who was liberal in the 'lowance that was made by all generous owners to slaves of this

class. Jerry was a fervent "professor," who came home drunk nearly every night, and never failed to throw up to Mammy her dangerous spiritual condition. Jerry was so vulnerable a subject that Mammy was prepared to score some strong points against him. He invariably met these retorts with roars of laughter and loud assertions of his being "in grace once for all."

Left the sole representative of my family in the city, I had to start a new establishment, just as Mammy did.

I made a visit to hers a few days after our separation, and came away with my heart in my mouth at the sight of some of the familiar objects of Mammy's room, and such of our own as she had fallen heir to, in strange places and appositions. I also felt that Mammy's room had a more homelike aspect than my own.

There was no doubt that Mammy enjoyed her new conditions and surroundings. She had been provided with a paper signed by some of us, stating that it was with our permission that she lived to herself. This secured her free movement at all times—the privilege of very few of her race not legally manumitted.

Her visits to me were quite frequent, and she never failed to find something that needed putting to rights, and putting it so immediately, with fierce comments on the worthlessness of all "highlands," which was *negrocè* for hirelings—a class held in contempt by the servants owned in families.

I think that Mammy must have discovered the fact that my estate was somewhat deteriorated.

I was painfully conscious of this myself, and saw no prospect of its amelioration. The little cash that had come to me was quite dissipated, and my meagre salary was insufficient to satisfy my artificial wants—the only ones that a young man cannot dispense with and be happy.

In spite of the opinion prevailing in those days, that when a young man embraced the career of an artist it was a farewell to all hope of a sober and prosperous career, my father had been willing for me to follow my manifest bent, and I was to sacrifice a university career as the alternative. But the last enemy stepped between me and my hopes, and there was nothing for it but to go to work.

I had an ardent admirer in Mammy,



who, in her innocence of a proper standard, frequently compared my productions to a "music back" or a tobacco label. That was before the days of chromos.

Mammy turned up Sunday mornings to look after my buttons. Those were days of fond reminiscence and poignant regret on my part.

"Seems to me hit's time for you to be getting some new shirts, Mahs William," she said, one Sunday morning. Mammy touched me sorely there. A crisis was certainly impending in my lingerie.

"Oh, I reckon not. You must have got hold of a bad one, Mammy."

"I got hole uv all uv um what is out uv wash; and them gwine. The buttons is shackledy on all uv um, too. I wish I wuz a washer; then you wouldn't have to give yo' clothes out to these triflin' huzzies whar rams a iron over yo' things like thay wuz made uv iron too."

"I suppose that you are getting along pretty well, Mammy," I remarked, irrelevantly.

"Oh, I kain' complain. I made two dollars an' five an' threppence out'n the Scott party last week; an' I hear tell uv some new folks on Franklin Street gwine give a big party, an' I'm spectin' somethin' out uv dat. "Lawdy, Lawdy, Mahs William," she added, after a pause given to reflection, "hit certainly does 'muse me to see how some 'r dese people done come up. But they kain' fool me. I knows what's quality in town an' what ain't. I can reckermember perfick when some uv these vay folks, when dey come to your pa's front do', never expected to be asked in, but jess wait thar 'bout their business ontwell yo' pa got ready to talk to um at the do'. Yes, sah. I bin see some uv dese vay people's daddies"—Mammy used this word advisedly—"kayin' their vittles in a tin bucket to their work; that what I bin see."

I was shaving during this monologue of Mammy's, with my back to her. A sudden exclamation of the name of the Lord made me start around and endanger my nose. I was not startled at the irreverence of the expression, however, as sacred names were familiar interjections of Mammy's, as of all her race.

"Ev'y button off'n these draw's," Mammy answered to my alarmed question—alarmed because I anticipated some disaster to my wardrobe. "Hit's a mortal shame. I'll take 'em home, an' Monday

I'll get some buttons on Broad Street an' sew um on."

This was embarrassing. I had twelve and a half cents in Spanish silver coin which I had reserved for the plate at church that day. I was going under circumstances that rendered a contribution unavoidable. I hated to expose my narrow means to Mammy, and said, carelessly, as I returned to my lather: "Oh, never mind. Another time will do, Mammy."

"Another time! You reckermember my old sayin', don't you, 'a stitch in time saves nine'? An' mo'n dat, bein' as this is the only clean pah you got, you 'bleest to have um next week for de others to go to wash."

Confession was inevitable. "The fact is, Mammy, I don't happen to have any change to-day that I can hand you for the buttons." I was thankful that my occupation permitted me to keep my face from Mammy.

"Oh, ez for that, Mahs William, yo' needn't bother. I got 'nough change 'round 'most all de time."

Mammy's tone was patronizing, and brought home to me such a realization of my changed and waning fortunes as no other circumstance could have done. Possibly I may have imagined it in my hypersensitiveness, but Mammy's voice in that sentence seemed transformed, and it was another mammy who spoke.

I apparently reserved my protest until some intricate passage in my shaving was passed. At least I thought that Mammy would think so. I was really trying to put my reply in shape.

I was anticipated.

"You know you is really 'titled to yo' fif's by law, Mahs William," resumed Mammy, in her natural manner, "because still bein' bond, you could call on me, an' I don't begrudge you; in fact, I's beholden to you."

"Not at all, Mammy. Don't talk any more about my fifth. You are as good as free, you know."

"I knows that, Mahs William; but right is right, and I gwine to pay for them buttons."

"Well, you may do that this time, Mammy, but I shall certainly return you the money."

"Jess as you choose, Mahs William, but you's 'titled to yo' fif' all the same."

I must note here a characteristic of Mammy's which had strengthened as

her powers failed, namely, "nearness." The euphemism applied at first, though Mammy yielded to temptations in the way of outfit as long as she deemed herself "likely." After that period a stronger expression was required. She was always in possession of money, and was frequently our banker for a day, when, in emergencies, our parents were not on hand.

Monday I found my garment with its full complement of buttons, but of such diversity of pattern that I planned a protest for Mammy's next visit.

But when she explained that the bill was only fo'pence—six and a quarter cents, Spanish—and that it was the fashion now, so she was told, "to have they buttons diffunt, so they could dentrify they clothes," I settled without remark. Mammy's financial skill and resource in imagination condoned everything.

It is painful to record that Mammy, encouraged by immunity from inquiry and investigation, no doubt, was tempted, as thousands of her betters have been and will be, and yielded under subsequent and similar circumstances.

My affairs took an unexpected turn now, and circumstances which have no place here made it possible for me to go to New York, with the intention of studying for my long-cherished purpose of making art my calling.

I heard from Mammy from time to time—occasionally got a letter dictated by her. They opened with the same formula, beginning with the fiction that she "took her pen in her hand," and continuing, "these few lines leaves me tollerbul, and hoping to find you the same." My friend, the amanuensis, took great pleasure in reporting Mammy verbatim and phonetically. The times were always hard for Mammy in these letters, but she "was scufflin' 'long, thank Gawd, an' ain' don' forgot my duty to the 'state 'bout them fif's."

On my periodical visits home I always called upon her, and had a royal reception. I had casually said in a message to her in one of my letters that I never would forget her black tea and brown sugar. The old dame remembered this, and on my first visit home and to her, and on all succeeding visits, treated me to a brew of my favorite.

"Jess the same, Mahs William. Come from Mr. Blar's jess the same."

But we become sophisticated in time. I found that Mammy's tea lingered in my memory, it is true; and the prospect of a recurrence very nearly operated against future visits. But virtue asserted herself, and I always went.

War now supervened. To it the brushes and the palette yielded. I returned home, and to arms. While all this made a complete revolution in my affairs, those of Mammy seemed to hold the even tenor of their way.

I saw Mammy every time I had a furlough, and she repaired for me damages of long standing. In sentiment she was immovably on my side. She objected decidedly to any more of "them no 'count men bein' sot free," and was very doubtful whether any more of her own sex should be so favored, except "settled women."

I do not know whether Mammy had a lurking suspicion that general manumission meant competition or not. So far as I could make out, she fared as she had long elected to do. Bacon and greens and her perennial tea were good enough for her. And here may be noted the average negro's indifference to cates. In my experience I never knew them to give up "strong food" for delicate fare except on prescription.

The next phase of my intercourse with Mammy was after the evacuation of the city and the event of Appomattox. The first incident was, with the negroes' usual talent that way, so transmogrified in pronunciation that it could mean nothing to them. It stood to them for a tremendous change, one which could not be condensed into a word, even though it exceeded their powers to pronounce it.

I had come back, as had thousands of others, with nothing in my hands, and only a few days' rations accorded by the enemy in my haversack; had come back to a mass of smoking débris and a wide area of ruin which opened unrecognized vistas that puzzled, dazed, and pained the home-seeker.

By instinct, I suppose, I drifted towards my *ante bellum* quarters. My former landlord gave me a speechless welcome. To my inquiry as to the possibility of my reinhabiting my old quarters, he simply nodded and handed me the key. The tears that I had seen standing on his lids rolled down as he did so.

The room was cumbered with the chat-



tels of the last tenant. There was no bed amongst them, but a roll of tattered carpet served me perfectly. I fell asleep over a slab of hardtack. That evening, on waking, I bethought me of Mammy.

My kind host allowed me to make a toilet in his back room behind the store. It consisted of a superficial ablution and the loan of a handkerchief. Mammy was not in. A neighbor of her sex and color offered me a chair in her house, but I sat in Mammy's tiny porch.

This part of the city was unchanged, but I missed a familiar steeple which had always been visible from Mammy's door.

It was late afternoon when Mammy came. She did not recognize me, but paused at the gate.

"Ef you's a sick soldier you must go to the hospital; you kain' stay here," I heard her say before I roused myself sufficiently to speak.

"Mammy."

An ejaculation of the name of the Lord that brought the neighbor to her door went up, and Mammy caught my hands and wept.

"Come in, my Gawd! Mahs William! you ain' hurted, is you?"

She pushed a chair to me and took one herself. For a few moments she confined herself to ejaculations of "Well! well! well!" and the name of the Deity. Then, "The town is bu'nt up; the army done 'rendered, an' Mahs William come back ragged ez a buzzard!"

I did not interrupt her. I could think of nothing to say, and began to be afraid that something was the matter with my brains. Meanwhile Mammy was bustling about, and before I knew it she had started the little fire into a blaze and the tea was boiling.

The flickering light glinted over the walls. At first I did not heed what it revealed; then I saw it glow and fade over some early efforts of my own, frameless crudities, to which Mammy had fallen heir. They had become old masters! What centuries ranged themselves between the birth of those pictures and now!

This time tea was nectar, and after I had eaten a little cold middling bacon and hoe-cake, that she had put before me on a fractured member of our old Canton set, I took a more cheerful view of life. I believe that I would have shed tears over these poor relics from happier days, except that I was not quite conscious

that anything was real that day. I told Mammy where I was. She seemed to think it perfectly in the nature of things that I should be there. Indeed, she appeared singularly calm in this cataclysm.

I encountered friends on my return to my quarters, and had invitations innumerable to meals and shelter. My costume was no drawback. Nobody knew how anybody was dressed.

The city was in a fever of excitement over the probable fate of those who had not yet returned, and in making provision for the homeless. Mammy turned up next morning with some of my civilian clothes that had been confided to her.

Mammy's simple "What you gwine do now, Mahs William?" thrown in whilst she assisted by her presence at my complete change of toilet—lapse of time was nothing to her—woke me to the momentous problem. There was no commissary sergeant to distribute even the meagre rations that so long left us ravenous after every meal. I could not camp in the Capitol Square, even if I had wished so to do.

Mammy left me with the injunction to call on her "ef I didn't have nowhar else to go."

I went with unbroken fast to see what was left of the city. I met many acquaintances on the same errand. None of us seemed to realize that day what was to be done. For four years our campaigns had been planned for us.

I learned from one acquaintance, however, that I could have rations for the asking, and not long after found myself in line at the United States Commissary Department, along with hundreds of others, and departed thence bearing a goodly portion of hardtack and codfish. These I took to Mammy, who cooked the fish for me under loud protests against the smell.

Not long thereafter a number of us paroled soldiers made a mess, and cooked for ourselves at the room of one of them.

On one of these indeterminate days—dates had become nothing to me—I saw a dapper young man sketching about the ruins. I spoke to him, and mentioned that his had been my profession. This acquaintance was the beginning of hope.

I showed the young man places of interest, gave him points about a good many things, and at last fell to making sketches to help him out. They were perfectly

satisfactory and liberally paid for. With this capital I set myself up in another place, which had a north light—by-the-way, I had been dispossessed of the asylum where I first found shelter, as the previous tenant returned. I was able to purchase material and apparel. But what was I to paint, and where to sell the product? My hand was out, I discovered, so I set to studying still life, and painting those of my friends who had the patience to sit.

I would have gone back to my old haunts in New York but for the material reason that my funds were too low, and the sentimental one that I not only was not in the humor for appealing to citizens of that section for patronage, but was not sure that it would not be withheld, from an analogous state of mind towards me.

Summer ran into fall. Mammy's visits increased in frequency, and her conversation drifted towards the difficulties of living.

I had long ago discharged all of her claims for material and repairs, but I noticed a tendency on her part to prepare my mind for a regular subsidy. I ignored these hints because it was impossible for me to carry out Mammy's plan, and painful for me to say so.

She approached the matter in a different way finally, and said, one day:

"Mahs William, you been cayin' on yo' fif' for some time now. Doan you think it's time for some of the yothers to look after them?"

I suggested that the whole family was about on a parity financially; that one brother was drifting in the trans-Mississippi, another living more precariously than I was. Suddenly a thought struck me, and I proposed that Mammy should apply to my married sister in the country, who could at least give her a home.

Mammy was very nearly indignant in her rejection of the proposition.

"Me live in de country! Why, Mahs William, I'm town-bred to de backbone. What I gwine do thar? Whar's anybody whar'll want my sponge-cake, jelly, and blue-monge, whar I can git ez much ez I wants to do in town? Who gwine want my clar-starchin' an' pickle-makin' an' ketchups? Dem tacky people doan want none of my makin's."

I ventured to remind Mammy that all dwellers in the country were not tackies.

"I know dat, sah; but whole parcel of

um is. Besides, heap uv de quality folks is poor an' in trouble sence the revackeration. I'd rather give up my other fif's fust."

Of course Mammy's propositions were contradictory, but I had long known that she was not gifted with a logical mind, so I made no attempt to convict her of inconsistency.

From time to time I got small jobs of drawings for architects, as people had begun to bestir themselves and rebuild. I had been assured that I would find no prejudice against me in New York, but would stand on my own merits. I was not profoundly convinced that this was a safe risk for me to take. But living here was becoming impossible. Our own people were out of the question as purchasers of pictures. My still-lives, from long exposure in the window of a friendly merchant in Broad Street, were becoming the camping-ground of the flies, and deteriorating rapidly. I was not strong in landscape, and the only subjects which suggested themselves were military, taken from my point of view politically, and not likely to be convertible into cash by persons of other convictions.

I was leaning against my ceiling one gray afternoon—at least I suppose it should be called ceiling, for it ran from the highest part of the chamber on an angle to the floor, and was pierced by a dormer—and contemplating a bunch of withered flowers which I had studied almost into dissolution, when Mammy knocked.

I had laid my palette on the floor, and was standing with my hands in my pockets. They fumbled, on one side with my bunch of keys, on the other with a small roll of small bills, the dreadful fractional currency of that era, whilst, in imagination, I projected my motive on the bare canvas, a twenty by twenty-four. I was sorry that Mammy had come, because a subject was beginning to take form in my mind. It was suggested by the withered flowers.

I thought that it would be a good idea to group them with a bundle of letters, some showing age, the top one with a recent postmark, and call the composition "Dead Hopes." My thoughts were divided between the selection of a postmark for the top letter and the possibility of getting a frame, whilst Mammy was going through the process of finding a chair and



seating herself. The invitation to come in implied the other courtesies.

The old lady was marvellously attired, and I wondered what could be the occasion of it. She had on a plaid shawl of purple, green, and red checkers, crossed on her bosom. Around her throat there was a lace collar of some common sort, held by a breastpin of enormous value if calculated by the square inch. She wore her usual turban of red and white, but on the top of it to-day was a straw bonnet of about the fashion of 1835, with flowers inside, and from it depended a green veil. Her frock was silk of an indescribable tint, the result of years of fading, and was flounced. The old lady had freed herself of her black cotton gloves, and was rolling them into a ball. I sighed inwardly, for this was the outward sign of undeterminable sitting.

Suddenly the self-arranged color scheme struck me as the cool light fell over Mammy. I seated myself and seized my palette.

"Sit still, Mammy, right where you are. I'm going to paint you."

"Namer Gawd! paint me, Mahs William? After all dem pretty things whar you kin paint, paint you' old Mammy?" She slapped herself on the knees, called the name of the Lord several times, and burst into the heartiest laugh that I had heard from her for some time.

"Yes, Mammy, just sit right still, and don't talk much, and I won't make you tired."

I worked frantically, getting in the drawing as surely as I could, then attacked the face in color. The result was a success that astonished me. Mammy's evident fatigue stopped me. It was fortunate. I might have painted more and spoiled my study. I thought that she would go now, but her mission was not fulfilled. She had come to consult me on an important matter.

"You know this Freedman's Bureau, Mahs William? Well, they tells me—Lawd knows what they calls it bureau for!—they tells me that ef a colored pusion goes down thar and gives in what he wuz worth—women either, mind you—that the guv'mint would pay um."

Mammy paused for corroboration, but I determined to hear what she might add to this remarkable statement. "Well?"

"Well, sah, I didn't want to go down thar without no price, so I called in to

arst you what you might consider yo' fif' worth, an' five times ovah."

I did not laugh at Mammy. The emancipated negroes had such utterly wild notions of what was going to be done for them that Mammy's statement did not surprise me very much. I let her go with the assurance that I would inquire into the matter. She left enjoining me not to put that "fif" too cheap," and I insisting that she should not go to the Bureau, in deference to whose officials her astonishing toilet had evidently been made.

I was so much pleased with my own work that it was nearly twilight before the knock of a familiar friend roused me. He was a clever amateur, and took the greatest interest in my work. His enthusiasm over Mammy's effigy made me glow. He agreed to pose for me in Mammy's costume.

Next day I borrowed the outfit without intimating that it was to be worn by anybody. Mammy was over-nervous about its being properly cared for. I think that she still contemplated appearing in it at the Bureau.

In a week the picture was complete. My model and I went out and celebrated appropriately but frugally.

A small label in the corner gave the title to the picture—"My old Mammy."

My friend gave my work a place in his window, and my acquaintances generally accorded unqualified praise. The older ones recognized Mammy at once.

Pending a purchaser for this, I started my deferred subject, and changed it into a figure piece. A lovely friend was my model. She contemplated the flowers and letters. Above the old piece of furniture on which she leaned there hung a photograph, a sword, and a sash—a more striking suggestion of my first title, "Dead Hopes." How little I dreamed, as I worked, that there was such happy irony in the name, and that Mammy could ever, in the remotest way, conduce to such a result!

Nearly every morning I hovered about my friend's establishment at a sufficient distance to elude suspicion of my anxiety, but easily in visual range of my exhibit.

One morning it was not visible. I rushed to the store with a throbbing breast. Alas! the picture had only been shifted to another light. Before the re-





"I'M GOING TO PAINT YOU."

vulsion of feeling had time to overpower me I was seized by my friend the merchant.

"It's a regular play," he exclaimed.

He forced me to a seat on a pile of cheese-boxes, and facing me, began:

"Yesterday, the old lady," pointing to the picture, "came in. She took no notice of her portrait, but said that she had failed to find you; that she was anxious to hear what you had done about the Bureau business." (I had forgotten it utterly.) "Well, I could tell her nothing, and she started to go out just as a group opened the door to come in. Mammy made one of her courtly bows, and gave place. The young lady who was one of the three coming in, the others evidently her parents, said, in a loud whisper, 'Why, it's she!' Mammy, who either did not hear or did not understand, was about to pass out, when the young lady accosted her with, 'I beg your pardon, but isn't that your portrait?'"

"I grant you grace, young mistiss, but sence I looks, hit is. Hit wuz did by my young mahster, which he can do all kinds of pictures lovely."

"Your young master?" the young lady

said—sweet voice, too; dev'lish handsome girl—"your young master?" Then she said aside to the others, 'Isn't it charmingly interesting?'

"Yes, 'm, I call him so. But really I'm only his'n a fif'."

"His fif?" the young lady said, looking puzzled. I stepped up to them to explain, just for politeness, though I was sure that they weren't customers. 'She means that he owned a fifth interest in her previous to—the recent change in affairs.'

"That's hit," said Mammy, nodding to them. 'But I don't expect to hear from the other fif's. It don't make much diffunce, 'howsomever, bein' ez how the Bureau is gwine settle up.'

The visitors evidently did not understand this. I explained what Mammy was after—you had told me, you know. They were very much amused, and asked a heap of questions. After a little talk between themselves, in which I could not help seeing that the young lady was very earnest, the gentleman asked:

"Is the work for sale? Was it for sale?"

My friend nearly prostrated me with a hearty punch by way of expressing his



feelings, whilst I was choking for an answer.

"Well, sir, I gave him the figger. He bought so quick that it made me sick I hadn't asked more. Looker here!"

He displayed two new greenbacks which covered the amount. We embraced.

At last Mammy had become a source of revenue. I must, in justice to myself, record the fact that a resolve immediately took form in my mind that she also should be a beneficiary of my good fortune.

My friend wanted me to take the picture down myself. I told him that it was not ethical to do so. The precious burthen was confided to his porter. When we returned to his store we found the gentleman there who had made the purchase. I was duly presented by my friend.

The gentleman said that he had not noticed my name on the picture particularly, nor on the receipt given by the merchant for the money, which gave the title and painter of the work, until he had gotten back to the hotel, when his wife recognized it and remembered having been in my studio—a fine name for a small concern—in New York, and that we had many friends in common there.

The upshot of the matter was that the gentleman gave me an invitation to call at the Spottswood. I went the next day.

They were immensely amused and interested with any particulars about her. The father—the names are immaterial, the young lady's was Elaine—asked me jocularly at what sum I estimated my fifth in Mammy. I had previously convinced him that we had never had the remotest idea of parting with the old lady. Consequently we had never estimated her value, but that I thought my fifth at the time of the settling of the estate would have been about one hundred dollars. After I had made several visits, the three came to see my other picture.

The day after their departure Mammy called. She was in fine spirits over a visit that she had made to my new friends, at their earnest request. All the time that she was speaking she was working at a knot in the corner of her handkerchief. I knew that she kept her small valuables there, but was thunderstruck when she extracted two fifty-dollar bills.

"Why, Mammy! Where—"

"Dat's all right, honey. The Bureau gent'man fix it all, jess like I tole you.

He said dat he done 'nquired, an' yo' fif' was wuth dat—two fifties, one hundred—an' I let him off de res'."

"But what gentleman?"

"Dat gent'man whar was at de Spottswood Hotel. He tole me he wuz agent for de Bureau. An' I tell you, Mahs William, dey's quality, dem folks. You kain' fool Becky."

Of course I did not enlighten Mammy. What would have been the use?

Not many days thereafter I got a request to ship my "Dead Hopes," at my price, to the address of a frame-maker in New York. Elaine's father said that he had a purchaser for it. I discovered later that he was a master of pleasant fiction.

When I wondered, long after, to him that he should have bought a Confederate picture, he convinced me that my picture had nothing Confederate in it; that he had inferred that I had painted it in a catholic spirit. The lady was in mourning, the flowers faded, the letters too small for postmark, the picture on the wall a colorless photograph, and the sword a regulation pattern common to both armies. He thought it very skillfully planned, and complimented me on it. I was silent. All the Confederate part and point had been in my mind.

About a year after this—I had been located in New York some months—Elaine and I came on a visit to Richmond. I might just as well say that it was our bridal trip.

We looked up Mammy in her comfortable quarters. She had been well provided for. There was some little confusion in her mind at first as to who Elaine was, but on being made to understand, called down fervent blessings upon her head.

"Now the old lady kin go happy. I always said that I had nussed Mahs William, an' ef I jes could live long 'nuff to—"

Elaine cut in rather abruptly, I thought.

"Why, Mammy, what a beautiful vine you have on your stoop!"

"What's stoop, honey? Dat's a poach."

Mammy lived some years longer, aging comfortably, and unvexed by any question of fractions. She died a serene integer, with such comfortable assurance of just valuation as is denied most of us, and contented that it should be expressed in terms that were, to her, the only sure criterion applicable to her race.





## MR. WILLIE'S WEDDING-VEIL.

BY MARY TRACY EARLE.

THE main street of Pontomoc lay quiet and shadowy beneath its live-oaks. The blinds of the houses were closed, and even the dogs on the door-steps drowsed away the sultry afternoon. Between the trees, where the patches of sunlight fell, the moisture from a morning shower still shimmered in the air, and little swarms of gnats and mosquitoes hovered in the brightness. It was one of those rainy summers when the southeast winds bring showers from the gulf and mosquitoes from the marshes all in the same breath, and the mercury in the thermometers is too languid to creep down from the top of the tube at night, knowing well that the sun will call it back again in the morning.

No one had come into the little village store for hours, and George Dabney, the clerk, had tilted back against the counter and was dozing under a cloud of tobacco

smoke, rousing himself once in a while to relight his cigar and to wish that he could keep it going better while he slept.

"George!" a woman's voice called from the street. "Come out here at once, George!"

He sprang to his feet, laid his cigar down on the counter, and went blinking to the door. A carriage stood in front, and a well-dressed middle-aged woman was leaning out of it, fanning the mosquitoes from around her face. Her old horse had dropped his head and stood patient and dejected, only giving a great shiver now and then, and switching his thin old tail.

"Something I can do for you-all, Mrs. Grayson?" George asked, getting hold of his clerkly smile, for in Pontomoc it is not the custom for ladies to come inside the store on any small errand. George Dabney takes what they want out to their



carriages, and they examine it over the wheels.

"I thought you were asleep, or dead," she answered, sharply. "I should have gotten out in a minute to see what was the matter. I've just been down to the express office after Miss Juanita's wedding-veil, and I find it has missed the train, so I want you to bring me out the finest and best one in the store."

George's face fell under a deprecating gloom. "I'm mighty sorry, but I don't have a wedding-veil in stock," he said.

"But you must have one, George," Mrs. Grayson insisted, as if proper firmness might create so slight a tissue as a veil. "The creoles, you know," she added, in a more conciliatory tone, "they'll not be married without one, and so you have to keep a supply on their account."

"That's just the trouble," the clerk explained. "I never saw such a summer for creoles to get married. There's been a regular run on the store for veils, and the last one was taken yesterday. Mr. Willie de Ferriere sent for it from out on the Point."

"Mr. Willie sent for your last wedding-veil!" Mrs. Grayson repeated, incredulously. It seemed to her that George was giving a lame excuse for not having any, and she was still half inclined to require him to bring one out at once.

George smiled again, and fanned away the mosquitoes with an airier grace. "I guess you've forgotten that he's down with two broken ribs and a collar-bone from that runaway last week," he said. "I thought he was out of his mind at first, but old Ann said the veil was to keep the mosquitoes off his face and hands. You know how these mosquitoes are—so little that they go right through ordinary bars, and he's too weak to fight. I reckon you'll have to send over to Potosi for a veil."

"But didn't I tell you that the wedding is to-night?" Mrs. Grayson cried; "and Miss Juanita has taken the creole notion in her head, and she declares she'll not be married without a veil." She gathered up the reins and gave them a jerk as a hint to the horse that it was time to go. Then she gave another jerk to advise him that she was not quite ready, after all. "Was it one of your best veils Mr. Willie bought?" she asked.

"The finest one we ever had in the store, Mrs. Grayson," George declared.

"H—m," she said, thoughtfully, "I'll see about it," and giving a third jerk to the reins, she drove away. George stood and looked after her until he saw her turning down the road to the Point. Then he went back into the store, and when he picked up his cigar to relight it, his lips had yielded to an unofficial smile.

Willie de Ferriere was lying very restless and very miserable beneath the wedding-veil. The mosquitoes did not get under it, but neither did the breeze. In point of fact, there was no breeze, but Mr. Willie did not know that, and he laid the whole sultriness to the veil. He was tired and sick and lonely. On the whole, it was a relief to him when old Ann put her head in at the door to say that Mrs. Grayson had called and wished to speak to him.

"Bring her in, Ann," he said at once. "Wait a minute! See if my veil is straight."

"Law yes, Mr. Willie," old Ann gurgled, "yo' veil puhfectly straight, an' yo' do suhtainly look chahmin' in it, honey. I declare if yo' po' maw could see yo', she'd wish mo'n evah dat yo' been a girl!"

Mr. Willie only grunted. He was six feet two inches tall, and as he lay stretched out in bed and looked down toward the place where his toes lifted up the coverlet, it seemed to him that he could measure off a good seven or eight feet of length, and he pictured himself stalking up the church aisle as a very majestic bride.

"Go along, Ann, and show the madam in," he said. "I wonder what she wants to get out of me, now I'm down?"

"Oh, law, honey," said Ann, who had nursed Mr. Willie in his babyhood, "don't yo' want me to stay hyar so if I see her gettin' de bes' of yo' I kin jes shoo her out like a ole hen out'n a garden bed—"

"Ann," Mrs. Grayson's voice called down the long straight hall from the parlor door, "have you forgotten that I said I was in a hurry? Perhaps you'll not mind finishing your talk with Mr. Willie after I have done my errand?"

Her voice carried straight to Mr. Willie's ear. "Go along, Ann; I'm not afraid of her if I am on my back," he said. "Anyhow I can ring for you if she gets too much for me."

Ann returned a moment to the bed to see if the bell was within reach. "Now, Mr. Willie, don't you take no risks," she

whispered. "It jes come in my haid what she's aftah. She want to git de loan of yo' po' maw's guitar so's't Miss Juanita kin sing to it befoah her beaux. Miss Juanita's a good 'nough girl, Mr. Willie, but dat ain't no scuse faw givin' her yo' maw's guitar. Yo' goin' to have a wife of yo' own some day, Mr. Willie—" A rustle of skirts was heard along the hall, and Mr. Willie looked from Ann to the door in a way that ordered her out against her will.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Willie," Mrs. Grayson said, "but I haven't a moment to lose, and Ann seems to be growing more loquacious every year. May I come in?"

"Delighted to have you, Mrs. Grayson," the young man answered, in a voice which might have been heartier if two broken ribs had not impeded it.

Mrs. Grayson marched straight up to the bed, her eyes measuring and testing the length, quality, and condition of the wedding-veil. "It's too bad, Mr. Willie," she said. "You can't think how sorry I was to hear of your accident, and I should have come over at once if it hadn't been for Juanita's wedding on my hands. There's going to be no one there but the family, or of course you would have been invited; but Juanita says if there isn't anything else she will have a wedding-veil, and it hasn't come, and the wedding is to-night. I should be there this minute, there are so many things to do."

"But who—what—who's Juanita going to marry?" Mr. Willie cried. He had been too much surprised even to ask at first, but now a warlike look was coming up through his astonishment. "The last time I saw her," he went on, coolly, "she said she intended to hold out and do as she pleased, if she had to fight for twenty years."

"Mr. Willie," Mrs. Grayson retorted, tightening her lips a little, "you have known Juanita ever since she was a baby, and I should think you'd have noticed that she never does anything to please anybody but herself. I implored her to wait three months and let Mr. Keener come back from Mexico for the wedding—"

"So it's Keener," Mr. Willie broke in; "old enough to be her grandfather. I call that a shame."

"—but she wouldn't hear of it," Mrs. Grayson was going on. "It had to be

this very week, no matter if it killed me to get ready, and now the veil hasn't come, and there's none to be bought in the village, and that brings me straight to my errand. I'm obliged to buy, borrow, or beg away your veil."

Mr. Willie de Ferriere, old playfellow and life-long friend of Juanita Grayson, looked contemplatively at his far-away toes for a moment, and then turned a questioning gaze on Mrs. Grayson. "Which way will you try first—buying, borrowing, or begging?" he inquired.

Mrs. Grayson opened her mouth. "Willie de Ferriere!" she gasped.

He continued to look up at her defiantly until a deep flush rose in her cheeks and passed up to the roots of her heavy dark hair. She came a little nearer, examining the way in which the veil was fastened to the pillow above Mr. Willie's head. It had been his fancy to have some old pearl pins of his mother's used for the purpose, and the effect was very bridal. "I don't know why you should speak to me like that," she said. "Of course it's unusual to ask to borrow a wedding-veil, but then it is still more unusual for a young man to appropriate the last one from the store, and you are certainly such an old friend of the family that you'll not object to my taking it." She lifted up the mosquito-bar which hung around the bed and Mr. Willie and the veil, and began unfastening the clasp of one of the pins. A slight smile came upon her set lips without seeming to relax them. "I'm sorry I have to be in such a hurry," she went on, "but when I am gone you can decide at your leisure whether I have bought, borrowed, or begged it."

Mr. Willie's hand was on the bell. "Wait a moment," he said. "If I ring for Ann she will come in and defend me, and it might not be pleasant, but I'll tell you what I'll do. If Juanita is willing to leave me to be eaten up alive while she is getting married under my veil I'll let her have it, but I want her own word for it. If you will go home and send her over here to get the veil herself—"

"But it's too late," Mrs. Grayson protested, her fingers still trembling on the pin. "It all has to be over in time for them to start for Mexico on the half past ten train."

"Oh, pshaw!" said Mr. Willie; "it's only a quarter to five, and you can hold



off the ceremony until nine o'clock. Besides, if Juanita is going to get married and go off to Mexico, I'll not have any other chance to say good-by; and Juanita and I are very old friends, you know. But do just as you please. I shall not give up my wedding-veil into any hands but hers."

Mrs. Grayson hesitated. There was silence for a moment, and then old Ann's voice spoke at the door, although there had been no footsteps in the hall. "Didn't I heah yo' ring faw me, Mr. Willie?" she asked.

"No, I didn't ring, Ann," Mr. Willie answered, "but I was thinking of it. I'd like you to open the gate for Mrs. Grayson. She is starting home."

"All right, Mr. Willie," Ann said. And this time they could distinctly hear her shuffling footsteps in the hall.

Mrs. Grayson turned to go. "I shall remember your kindness, Mr. Willie," she said at the door, "but I shall send Juanita over for the veil."

"That is, if Juanita will come," Mr. Willie muttered when he was alone; "and I hope she'll come. I don't believe she wants to marry and go away from Pontomoc without bidding me good-by. Poor little girl!" he mused; "she's been driven to the wall at last, and I've been laid up here and didn't know. I wish—" His thoughts hastened on, keeping the heat from oppressing him. His eyes closed and he smiled. Then the faint dream of a breeze stole into the room and stirred the wedding-veil against his face. He was very weak from his accident, and for some reason its touch was unspeakably pathetic to him, and he thought of how Juanita would feel when she put it on and it stirred against her face like that. "I don't see how she dares do it," he thought on. "If I were a girl and realized that in a few hours I should pledge away my whole life to come, and if it were only for the sake of peace—" He looked through the mist of the veil at the blue waters of Pontomoc Bay glinting outside in the returning breeze, and winding away into a hidden land of promise like a life still free.

The shadows lengthened across the vista from his window, and the little waves upon the bay danced up into a golden light and caught it on their crests. Then the breeze died, and there was not the slightest sound in all the world. The time seemed very

long. Mr. Willie felt tired again and restless, and he would have given almost anything he owned if it would have brought him strength to rise upon his elbow and look around the window-casing down the road. He began to think that Juanita had refused to come. Juanita could be inexorably firm when she thought it worth while to assert herself, but he felt a little hurt that even if she did not want his veil, she had not taken it as an excuse to call on him and say good-by. "She might have known I would understand," he thought; "but then I suppose she has her hands full getting ready for to-night." Even old Ann seemed to have forgotten him. It was very strange that she did not come to see if he wished to have his pillows turned, or to bring him something cool to drink. It was not like her to wait until he rang the bell. "After a little the coast train will be coming in, and Keener will be on it," he thought, "and then my last chance will be gone."

The little gold-topped waves had sunk into glittering pink and azure reaches, over which the sun hung low. Somewhere out of sight a schooner, knowing herself becalmed, threw out her anchor and let her sails come rattling down. Mr. Willie put his hand upon the bell, and then, remembering that he needed nothing, did not ring, but called in a very low voice, "Ann!"

There was no answer, and in the silence he could hear the coast train throbbing far beyond the bay. Then it came rumbling across the trestle, with a shriek for the drawbridge, and another shriek for the village lying inland from the Point, and Mr. Willie knew that in two hours Juanita Grayson would be married to a man she did not love. The moments passed aimlessly above him while he wondered why it was that he could know so many things to-day that he had never dreamed in all the days before. A red haze filled the distant west, and the sun sank slowly through it to some mystery beyond. Mr. Willie watched until it seemed too much like watching the death of some one very dear. He closed his eyes and the warm tears came up beneath the lids, and his hand wound itself in the soft tissue of the veil.

There was a creak of wheels along the shell drive from the gate. Mr. Willie's eyes flew open and his hand shook the

bell. "Ann!" he called, "somebody's coming!—Ann!"

Ann ran in, looking excited. "De young lady's aftah yo' veil, suah 'nough," she announced; "but I'll stay right handy, so's't if you want me—"

"You go to the kitchen," Mr. Willie said, ungratefully; "but show Miss Juanita in first, please."

Old Ann shook her head. "Miss Juanita's a good 'nough girl," she grumbled, "but dat ain't no scuse—". Her voice died away along the hall, and the flutter of Juanita's coming took its place. She entered and walked swiftly up to him with a bright defiance in her eyes.

"It's all done with," she said, "so you may keep your veil."

Mr. Willie tried to smile. "Are you married so early, Juanita?" he asked.

"Married!" she said, standing very white and proud before him. "No, I'm not married. Mr. Keener did not come."

"And hasn't he sent you any word?"

"Oh yes; a letter on the coast train. He did not telegraph because he wished to go into more detail. You know that this was the very last day possible for him to start to Mexico to take the place that's offered him, and he had to go to the city to finish his preparations; but there was more to be done than he thought, and *he didn't get through*. Oh, Willie, I'm so glad!"

"But I don't understand," began Mr. Willie.

"Of course you don't," the girl broke in, with a sharp voice. "You're not such a good business man as he is, and you don't understand how necessary it is to get *all through*. Neither do I understand, nor even mamma. I left her talking it over and trying to. I—I told her I must come and explain why I didn't want the veil. Willie"—her voice was almost a sob—"I shall have to hear her talk about it all my life."

Mr. Willie clinched his hands. "I must get the straight of this," he said. "Does the fellow want to break off the marriage, or only to postpone it?"

"Ho!" she cried; "break it off! You don't know him, Willie. He's in love with me, don't you understand. All that he wants is a little time to arrange business, and then when everything is in running order he will come. He expects to find me waiting for him, like a package left until called for; but that is his mis-

take. Do you blame me, Willie? I'll not marry him when he comes back. I gave up to mamma only on condition of its being over and done with, and because he was going far away. I knew he would never reproach me and make me unhappy as she does; it seems to have been so much trouble to her to bring me into the world and take care of me, and she always forgets that I did not ask to come. It seemed to me that I should be almost content just to be loved without trying to love him, because he would not always be telling me that I ought to persuade some other person to take care of me; but now—" She dropped on her knees beside the bed and buried her face in her hands. "Oh, Willie, Willie," she sobbed, "I shall not let any one know that I care, excepting you. You are always so good to me, Willie, and I had to come away from mamma just now or I should have done something, I don't know what, and I was so glad there was an excuse to get away."

Mr. Willie let his hand rest upon her quivering shoulder as tenderly as the sunset color lingered on her hair. "Juanita, do you mind if I tell you something?" he asked.

She lifted a wild bright face to him. "Mind?" she answered, with a halting breath; "you may tell me anything you please. Did I say that I cared? I don't care about anything in the world now. They have had the chance I gave them, and I am happy to be free."

The ring in her voice seemed to put him far away from her. His hand trembled a little on her shoulder and withdrew. "I wish I could have kept all this from happening," he said.

"What could you have done?" she asked.

The color of the west had fallen on her cheeks and in her eyes. He gazed at her, and his voice was only a whisper through the hush. "Perhaps I could have taught you how to love me, dear," he said.

She gave a little laugh. "And after that?" she asked.

"After that?" he repeated, wondering, for the brightness deepened on her face instead of fading with the clouds.

"Because," she said, softly, "you taught me that a long time ago, Willie. That was what made me so happy to be free."

He stretched out his hand to her, and





"THEY COULD HEAR THE SOFT INCOMING OF THE TIDE."



she clasped it close in hers. The twilight was so still that they could hear the soft incoming of the tide.

There came a sound of shuffling footsteps in the hall. "De young lady's hoss is gittin' tol'able skittish 'count of all dese skeeters, Mr. Willie, suh," a voice said at the door.

"All right, Ann; I'm coming," Juanita called. She bent above Mr. Willie for a moment, and went out past old Ann, who eyed her sharply, looking for the veil. A moment later the old horse plodded off along the drive, and Mr. Willie could hear the measured thud of his hoofs long

after they had passed the gate and old Ann had shut it with a clang.

The old woman came back presently, and she looked at Mr. Willie with affection as she turned his pillows for him and rearranged his veil.

"Yo' mighty right not to let go of it," she said. "Miss Juanita's a good 'nough girl, but dat ain't no scuse faw givin' her yo' weddin'-veil. Yo' goin' to want a wife of yo' own some day, Mr. Willie, an' dat veil 'll come in mighty handy to save her from gittin' one, if yo' keeps it nice."

And Mr. Willie smiled and said, "Ann, that is very true."

## GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS AT CONCORD.

BY GEORGE WILLIS COOKE.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS was born in Providence, February 24, 1824. From the age of six to ten he attended school at Jamaica Plain, near Boston; then was in school in Providence until he was fifteen, when his father moved to New York. He did not go to college, but he studied and read largely at home. About 1838 he came under the influence of Emerson, and he heard him lecture often. He eagerly accepted Emerson's thought, and made it his own with a boy's ardor and devotion. A spirit of genuine hero-worship took possession of him, and it became a dominating influence in shaping his life. This interest led him and his brother Burrill to Brook Farm, where they spent two years, in 1842-3. They went as boarders, and did not join the community or commit themselves to its principles. Joining eagerly in the amusements of the place, they assisted somewhat in the work. Their chief object, however, was educational, and George studied German, music, and agricultural chemistry.

One of the friendships which Curtis formed at Brook Farm was with John S. Dwight, who afterwards became well known as an interpreter of music. Dwight taught music at the farm, Curtis studied with him, and they became intimate friends. They were drawn very close to each other, frequently exchanged letters after Curtis left Brook Farm, and the friendship continued throughout life. After he left the farm, in the autumn of

1843, Curtis spent the winter at his father's house in New York. In the spring of 1844 he went with Burrill to Concord, Massachusetts, and lived there on a farm for the next year and a half. His object was to become acquainted with country life, and to obtain a practical knowledge of agriculture. It was in the spirit of the teachings of Emerson that he should thus seek to combine study with out-door living. He frequently wrote to Dwight, and he visited Brook Farm from time to time.

The letters which Curtis wrote at this time to his friend at Brook Farm show the influence of Emerson, and some of them are little more than echoes. Yet it is interesting to note how clear and sound was his thought about the reforms of the day. He could not accept the teachings of the Brook-Farmers, though he had lived with them and seen them on their best side. His letters, however, indicate many of the characteristics of the man we admired and loved so much, for they show his charming command of language, a deep interest in poetry, music, and every form of art, a graceful and polished manner, and a profound concern for the good of his fellow-men. He was, even then, an independent in politics and religion, capable of speaking his own thought firmly, and wise to see the higher ethics which should rule in the lives of men.

The first letter was written in New York, and refers to the change made at Brook Farm, early in 1844, in the adoption



of the teachings of Fourier. He discusses at great length his own attitude towards Brook Farm and association, neither of which he finds himself able to accept. He shows himself a pronounced individualist, and distinctly rejects the cardinal doctrines of communism. The letter is too long to give in full; but some parts of it will help to explain his reasons for seeking the quiet of a Concord farm:

NEW YORK, *March 3, 1844.*

Your letter was very grateful to me. I had supposed the silence would be broken by some music-burst of devotion, and that all friends would be nearer to you the more imperative the call upon your strength to battle for the Ideal. . . . I do not think (and what a heresy!) that your life has formed more than an object, not yet a centre. The new order will systematize your course, but I do not see that it aids your journey. Is it not the deeper insight you constantly gain into music which explains the social economy you adopt, and not the economy the music? One fine symphony or song leads all reforms captive, as the grand old paintings in St. Peter's completely ignore all sects. . . .

With respect to association as a means of reform, I have seen no reason to change my view. Though, like the monastic, a life of devotion, to severe criticism it offers a selfish and an unheroic aspect. When your letter first spoke of your personal interest in the movement, I had written you a long statement of my thought, which I did not send. It was only a strong statement of Individualism, which would not be new to you, perhaps, and the essential reason of which could not be readily treated. What we call union seems to me only a name for a phase of individual action. I live only for myself; and in proportion to my own growth, so I benefit others. As Fourier seems to me to have postponed his life in finding out how to live, so I often felt it was with Mr. Ripley. Besides, I feel that our evils are entirely individual, not social. What is society but the shadow of the single men behind it? . . .

The effect of a residence at the Farm, I imagine, was not greater willingness to serve in the kitchen, and so practically assert that labor was divine, but discontent that there was such a place as a kitchen. And, however aimless life there seemed to be, it was an aimlessness of the general, not of the individual life. Its beauty faded suddenly if I remembered that it was a society for special ends, though those ends were very noble. In the midst of busy trades and bustling commerce, it was a congregation of calm scholars and poets, cherishing the ideal and the true in each other's hearts, dedicated to a healthy and vigorous life. As an association it needed a stricter system to ensure success; and since it had not the means to

justify its mild life, it necessarily grew to this. As reformers you are now certainly more active, and may promise yourselves heaven's reward for that. That impossibility of severance from the world, of which you speak, I liked, though I did not like that there should be such a protest against the world by those who were somewhat subject to it. This was not my first feeling. When I first went it seemed as if all hope had died from the race, as if the return to simplicity and beauty lay through the woods and fields, and was to be a march of men whose very habits and personal appearance should wear a sign of the coming grace. The longer I stayed, the more surely that thought vanished. I had unconsciously been devoted to the circumstance, while I had earnestly denied its value. Gradually I perceived that only as a man grew deeper and broader could he wear the coat and submit to the etiquette and obey the laws which society [association] demands. Now I feel that no new order is demanded, but that the universe is plastic to the pious hand.

Besides, it seems to me that reform becomes atheistic the moment it is organized, for it aims, really, at that which conservatism represents. The merit of the reformer is his sincerity, not his busy effort to emancipate the slave or to save the drunkard. And the deeper his sincerity, the more deeply grounded seems to him the order he holds to be so corrupt. God always weighs down the Devil. Therefore the church is not a collection of puzzling priests and deceived people, but the representative, now as much as ever, of the religious sentiment. . . . There is indeed a latent movement badly represented by these reforms—and that is the constant perception of the supremacy of the individual. But the stronger the feet become, the more delicate may be the movements. The more strictly individual I am, the more certainly I am bound to all others. I can reach other men only through myself. So far as you have need of association, you are injured by it.

You will gather what I think from such hints as these. I recognize the worth of the movement, as I do of all sincere action. Other reasons must bind me peculiarly to the particular one at Brook Farm. "Think not of any severance of our loves," though we should not meet immediately. Burrill will see if there is any such place as we wish about you. I have not much hope of his success. The scent of the roses will not depart, though the many are scattered. I hardly hope to say directly how very beautiful it lies in my memory. What a heart-fresco it has become. All the dignity, the strength, the devotion, will be preserved by you. That graceful aimlessness comes no more, and yet that was necessary. Long before I knew of the changes, I perceived that the growth of the place would overshadow the spots where the sunlight had lain so softly and long. . . .



I wish this was me instead of my letter, for a warm grasp of the hand might say more than all these words.

Yr friend,

G. W. C.

NEW YORK, March 27, 1844.

At last I imagine our summer destiny is fixed. This morning Burrill received a reply from Emerson, informing us of a promising place near Concord. The farmer's name is Capt. Nathaniel Barrett, of pleasant family and situation, and a farm on which more farm-work than usual is done. Altogether the prospect is very alluring and satisfactory, and I have little doubt of our acceptance of the situation. We shall not then be very far removed from you; and at some æsthetic tea, or transcendental club, or poets' assembly meet you, perhaps, and other Brook-Farmers. At all events we shall breathe pretty much the same atmosphere as before, and I understand more fully the complete privacy of the country life.

Burrill brought pleasant accounts of your appearance at Brook Farm. The summer shall not pass without my looking in upon you, though only for an hour. That time will suffice to show me the unaltered beauty of aspect, though days would not be enough to express all that they suggested. Emerson writes that there is a piano and music at the farm mentioned. I have no faith in pianos under such circumstances, but it shows a taste, a hope, a capability; possibly it is equal to all spiritual significance except music. . . .

Let me hear from you before I leave New York, which will be in two or three weeks. I shall not leave all my good friends, and all the fine music here, without a pang. But if we stop for pangs!

Yr friend,

G. W. CURTIS.

NEW YORK, MONDAY MORNING, April 8, 1844.

The few last days have been like glimpses of Brook Farm, seeing so constantly Mr. Ripley, and Charles, and List, and Isaac, and Georgiana, and M. Fuller. The three last days of the past week were occupied by the sessions of the Convention, about which there was no enthusiasm, but an air of great resolution, which always precedes success. To be sure, the success to me is the constant hope in humanity that inspires them, the sure glowing prophecies of paradise and heaven being individual not general prophecies, and announcing the advent in their own hearts and lives of the feet beautiful of old upon the mountains. In comparison with this, what was done and what was doing lost much of its greatness. Leave to Albert Brisbane, and *id omne genus*, these practical etchings and phalansteries; but let us serve the Gods without bell and candle. Have these men, with all their faith and love, not yet full confidence in love? Is that not strong enough to sway all institutions that are, and cause them to overflow with life? Does that ask houses and lands to

express its power; does it not ride supreme over the abounding selfishness of the world, and so raise men from their sorrow and degradation, or so inspire them that their hovels are good enough for them?

But all difference of thought vanished before the profound, sincere eloquence of these men. Last night, at William Channing's church, the room was full, and the risen Lord Jesus might have smiled upon a worthy worship. From all sections were gathered in that small room men led by the same high thought; and in the light of that thought joining hands and hearts, unknown to each other, never to be seen again, and in the early dawn setting forth with hard hands and stout hearts, to hew down the trees which shall be wrought into stately dwellings for those who come after in the day. . . .

The meetings of the Convention were made interesting by some speeches of W. H. Channing. His fervor kindles the sympathy of all who listen. I do not think he is a man of great intellect; his views of society are not always correct. He speaks very often as an infidel in the capability of men might speak. He is fanatical, as all who perceive by the heart and not the head are, as deeply pious men are apt to be. But I never heard so eloquent a man, one who commanded attention and sympathy not by his words or thoughts, but the religion that lay far below them. It is a warm, fragrant, southern wind, at which the heart leaps; not the pure, cold ocean air, which braces the frame. Between him and some whom I have heard is the same difference as between Goethe and Novalis. The one a June meadow, with flower scents and cloud shadows, and the soft sultry music of humming bees and singing birds, with clear skies bending over; a deep sea the other, whereon sail stately ships, wafted by health-bearing breezes, in whose waters the sick gain strength, in whose soundless depths the coral and precious stones repose forever, which supplies the clouds whose shadow makes the meadow beautiful. . . .

The *Dial* stops. Is it not like the going out of a star? Its place was so unique in our literature. All who wrote and sang for it were clothed in white garments, and the work itself so calm and collected, though springing from the same undismayed hope which fathers all our best reforms. But the intellectual worth of the time will be told in other ways, though the *Dial* no longer reports the progress of the day.

On Friday we leave for Boston. I do not know precisely if we shall go immediately to Concord. We may possibly be detained in Boston until the following Monday, in which case I shall not fail to come out and see you. So endeth my New York correspondence.

Yours truly and ever,

G. W. CURTIS.

Curtis and his brother went to live on a Concord farm, one mile north of the





THE EASY CHAIR ANTICIPATED.

village, near the Concord River, and overlooking its meadows. Here a small cottage, adjoining the farm-house, was fitted up for the brothers, but they had their meals with the farmer and his family. The place was one in every way adapted to the purposes they had in view in seeking the retirement of a farm.

CONCORD, FRIDAY EV'G, *May 10th*, 1844.

Since our arrival here I have been busy enough. From breakfast at 6 to dinner at 12½ hard at hard work, and all the afternoon roaming over the country far and near. When we came the Spring was just waking. Now it is opening like a rose-bud with continually deepening beauty. The apple-trees in full bloom, making the landscape so white, seem to present a synopsis of the future Summer glory of the flower-world.

Our farm lies on one of the three hills of Concord. They call it Punkatassett. Before us, at the foot of the hill, is the river; and the

slope between holds a large part of the Captain's orchard. Among the hills at one side we see the town, about a mile away; and a wide horizon all around, which Elizabeth Hoar tells me she has learned is the charm of Concord scenery. The summit of the hill on which we are is crowned with woods, and from a clearing commands a grand prospect. Wachusett rises alone upon the distance, and takes the place of the ocean in the landscape. The Blue Hill, in a measure, supplied that want at West Roxbury. Otherwise the landscape is a garden, which only pleases.

We are much pleased with our host and his family. He is that Capt. Nathan Barrett to whom Messrs. Pratt and Brown came for seed, and who raises a great deal of seed for Ruggles, Nourse, and Mason. We go into all work. The Captain turns us out with the oxen and plough, and we do our best. Already I have learned a good deal. The men are very courteous and generous.

Indeed, I am disposed to think it just the place we wanted. As yet I see no reason to



doubt it. It is so still a life, after the city and after the family at Brook Farm. I am glad to be thrown so directly and almost alone into Nature, and more ready than ever to pay my debt in a human way, by learning the names of her beautiful flowers, and the places where they blossom. We study Botany daily, and have thus far kept pace with the season. I have found here the yellow violet, which I do not remember at West Roxbury. Already we have the rhodora and the columbine, which you have probably found. And with our afternoons surrendered to the meadows and hills, and our mornings to the fields, we find no heavy hours; but every Sunday surprises us. I am to bed at 9 and rise at 4½ or 5. I practise the orphic which says, "Baptize thyself in pure water every morning when thou leavest thy couch," which I more concisely render, Wash betimes.

For the last three evenings I have been in the village hearing Belinda Randall play and sing. With the smallest voice, she sings so delicately, and understands her power so well, that I have been charmed. It was a beautiful crown to my day, not regal and majestic like Frances O.'s in the ripe Summer, but woven of Spring flowers and buds. Last night I saw her at Mr. Hoar's, only herself and Miss E. Hoar, G. P. Bradford, Mr. and Mrs. Emerson, and myself and Mr. Hoar. She played Beethoven, sang the "Adelaide" serenade, "Fischer Mädchen," "Amid this Green Wood." I walked home under the low, heavy gray clouds, but the echo lingered about me like starlight.

We have a piano in the house, and a very good one. It was made by Currier, and is but a few years old. The evenings do not all pass without reminding me of the flute music of the last Summer, and making me half long to hear it again. Yet I am too contented to wish to be back at the Farm. The country about us is wilder than there, but I need now this tender severity of Nature and of friendship. With John Hosmer, Isaac, Geo. Bradford, and Burrill, I am not without some actual features of the Farm as I knew it. When I shall see you, I cannot say. I shall not willingly break the circle of life here, though occasion will make me willing enough.

Let me not remain unmentioned to my friends at Brook Farm and in the village; and when you can ungroup yourself for an hour, paint me a portrait of the life you lead.

Yr friend, G. W. C.

CONCORD, May 24th, '44.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I heard of you at Ole Bull's concert, and have sympathized with you in your delight. I was in Worcester that evening, and had hoped to have come down to Boston and heard him once more. . . . But who of all heard? Was it not as if he walked above the earth, and of his sublime conversation you heard now and then the notes? Did not the

singular beauty of the man unite with his performance to make the completest musical festival you have heard? Indeed, I owe more to him than one can know except as he feels the same debt—are you not that one? . . . Since I had been here I had heard no music, and felt that I needed to hear some, as an adequate expression of all that I felt. When Belinda Randall came, that demand was satisfied. Ole Bull satisfies the claim of the same nature which our whole life makes, and of itself creates, rather reveals, newer and deeper demands, and will, I suppose, until the celestial harmonies are heard by us. . . . To lovers of music a bare description is as an outline to a painter which he can readily fill up, and supply with shadows and sunlight. Yet not he, so magnificently as sunlight and shadows sweep over this landscape. It seems to me that a century of splendor has been rushing by since I have been here. The persons who make Concord famous I have hardly seen. The consciousness of their presence is like the feeling of lofty mountains whom the night and thick forests hide. . . .

The next letter describes a visit to Hawthorne, who was then living in the "Old Manse." The address by Emerson which is mentioned is the one he delivered in Concord, August 1, 1844, on the anniversary of the emancipation of the negroes in the British West Indies. It was soon after printed in a pamphlet, and was included in the "Miscellanies" of 1884.

CONCORD, August 7th, 1844.

My regret at not seeing you was only lessened by the beautiful day I passed with Mr. Hawthorne. His life is so harmonious with the antique repose of his house, and so redeemed into the present by his infant, that it is much better to sit an hour with him than hear the Rev. Barzillai Frost! His baby is the most serenely happy I ever saw. It is very beautiful, and lies amid such placid influences that it too may have a milk-white lamb as emblem; and Mrs. Hawthorne is so tenderly respectful toward her husband that all the romance which we picture in a cottage of lovers dwells, subdued and dignified, with them. I see them very seldom. The people here who are worth knowing, I find, live very quietly and retired. In the country friendship seems not to be of that consuming, absorbing character that city circumstances give it, but to be quite content to feel rather than hear or see. And that very independence, which withdraws them into the privacy of their homes, is the charm which draws thither.

Mr. Emerson read an address before the antislavery friends last Thursday. It was very fine. Not of that cold, clear, intellectual character which so many dislike, but ardent and strong. His recent reading of the history of the cause has given him new light and



warmed a fine enthusiasm. It commenced with allusions to the day "which gives the immense fortification of a fact to a great principle"; and then drew in strong, bold outline the progress of British emancipation. Thence to slavery in its influence upon the holders, to the remark that this event hushed the old slander about inferior natures in the negro; thence to the philosophy of slavery, and so through many detached thoughts to the end. It was nearly two hours long, but was very commanding. He looked genial and benevolent, as who should smilingly defy the world, the flesh, and the devil to enslave him. The address will be published by the Society; and he will probably write it more fully, and chisel it into a fitter grace for the public criticism. He spoke of your unfortunate calls, but said you bore the sulkiness very well. George Bradford also was very sorry; and it was hard that you should come so far, with the faces of friends as a hospitable city before you, and find a mirage only, or (begging Burrill's pardon) one house.

For the last six weeks I have been learning what hard work is. Afternoon leisure is now remembered with the holiday which Saturday brought to the schoolboy. During the haying we have devoted all our time and faculty to the making of hay, leaving the body at night fit only to be devoted to sheets and pillows, and not to grave or even friendly epistolary intercourse. Oh, friends, live upon faith, say I, as I pitch into bed, with the ghosts of sundry morning resolutions of letters kicking my sides or thumping my back; and then sink into dreams, where every day seems a day in the valley of Ajalon, and innumerable Joshuas command the sun and moon to stay, and universal leisure spreads over the universe like a great wind. Then comes morning and wakefulness and boots and breakfast and scythes and heat and fatigue, and all my venerable Joshuas endeavor in vain to make oxen stand still, and I heartily wish them and I back in our valley ruling the heavens. In attending scythes over unseen hassocks which do sometimes bend the words of our mouths into shapes resembling oaths—those most crooked of all speech, but therefore fitted for the occasional crooks of life, particularly mowing. Yet I now and then sweat and get tired very heartily, for I want to drink this art of farming to the bottom, and taste not only the morning froth, but the afternoon and evening strength, dregs, and bitterness, if there be any.

When haying is over, which event will take place on Saturday night of this week, fair weather being vouchsafed, I shall return to my moderation. Toward the latter part of the month I shall stray away toward Providence and Newport, and sit down by the sea, and in it too, probably. So I shall pass until harvest. Where the snows will fall upon me, I cannot yet say.

Say to Charles that I was sorry not to have

seen him; but if persons of consequence will travel without previous annunciation, they may chance to find even the humblest of their servants not at home. I know you will write when the time comes, so I say nothing but that I am your friend ever. G. W. C.

CONCORD, Sept. 23, 1844.

Shall we not see you on the day of the cattle show? Certainly Brook Farm will be represented, and I think you may by this time be farmer enough to enjoy the cattle and the ploughing. Besides, as I remember a similar excursion last year at which I assisted, the splendor of the early morning, which was not yet awake when we came away from the Farm, will amply repay any extraordinary effort. And still another *besides*: I do not want the winter to build its white impenetrable walls between us before I have heard your voice once more. I should hope to come and look at you for one day at least in West Roxbury, but our Captain has work, autumnal work, the end whereof is not comprehended by the unassisted human vision. Potato-digging, apple-picking, threshing, the gathering of innumerable seeds, must be done before winter; and yet to-day is like a despatch from December to announce to us that snow and ice and wind are to be just as cold this winter as they were the last.

And I have had a long vacation too. I think on the very day I wrote my last letter to you, as I was whetting my scythe for the last swath of the season, my hat half fell off, and suddenly raising my hand to catch it, I thrust it against the scythe, and cut my thumb just upon the point. It has healed, but I never shall find it quite so agile as formerly. I could not use the hand, my right hand, for more than a fortnight. It was like losing a sense to lose its use. After a week of inaction in Concord, I went to Rhode Island, and remained three weeks, and am now at home a fortnight. I came back more charmed than ever with Concord, which hides under a quiet surface most precious scenes. I suppose we see more deeply into the spirit of a landscape where we have been happy. There we behold the summer bloom where it is spring or autumn or winter with men generally.

We shall remain with Capt. Barrett through the winter. The spring will bring its own arrangements, or, rather, the conclusion of those which are formed during the winter. I suspect that our affections, like our bodies, have been transplanted to Massachusetts, and that our lives will grow in the new soil. Not at all ambitious of settling and becoming a citizen, I am very well content with the nomadic life until obedience to the law of things shall plant me in some home.

And are you still at home in the Farm? Rumors, whose faces I cannot fairly see, pass by me sometimes breathing your name and others; but I have long ago turned rumor out of doors



as an impostor and impertinent person, who apes the manners and appearance of its betters. I shall receive none as from you, however loudly they may shout your name, except they show your hand and seal.

Autumn has already begun to leave the traces of her golden fingers upon the brakes, and occasionally upon some tall nut trees. It seems as if she were trying her skill before she comes like a wind over the landscape. She warbles a few glittering notes before her wonderful majestic Death-song.

Dear friend, why should I send you this chip of ore out of the mine of regard which is yours in my heart? Come and dig in it.

Your friend, G. W. CURTIS.

The winter was spent at Concord, with visits to Providence, Brook Farm, and elsewhere. The next letter was written January 12, 1845, and speaks of his reading Elizabeth Barrett and Ben Jonson. The following paragraph shows how he enjoyed his winter in the country:

Burrill has not yet returned, and leaves me still a hermit. I am well pleased with my solitude, nor do I care much to go out of the country during the winter; but domestic circumstances make it advisable to go to Providence. There I shall have a good library at hand, which I miss a good deal here. Indeed, I think it likely that every year, while my home is in the country, I may perform a pilgrimage to the city for two or three months, for purposes of art and literature and affection. This idea implies a very free life, but there seems now to be no hinderance to it.

The next summer Curtis and his brother removed to the neighborhood of Emerson, secured a room in a farm-house, cared for their own beds, lived in the simplest and most economical manner, hired a small piece of ground, on which they labored half the day, and roamed the woods or read the other half. This farm was that of Edmund Hosmer, who was afterward described by Curtis as Emerson's "sturdy farmer neighbor." He lived one-half mile east of Emerson, on a cross-road which led directly to Walden Pond through the woods. It was during this summer Thoreau built his hut at the pond; and he was aided in the erection of its frame-work by Alcott, Edmund Hosmer, and Curtis. A few years later Curtis wrote of this event: "One pleasant afternoon a small party of us helped him raise it—a bit of life as Arcadian as any at Brook Farm."

As will be seen by the following letters, the Curtises were not bound closely to the tasks of their "garden-plot":

CONCORD, *March 13, 1845.*

MY DEAR FRIEND,—The cold gray days at Brook Farm were the sunniest of the month. I wish I could step into the parlor when my heart is ready for music and surrender to Beethoven and Mozart, or, indeed, when I find men very selfish and mean, look in upon your kindness and general sympathy. But while your intercourse at the Farm is so gentle and sweet, you will not forget that it springs from the characters whose companions are still in outer darkness and civilization. I meet every day men of very tender characters under the roughest mien. Even in the midst of the world, I constantly balance my ledger in favor of actual virtue, and enjoy intercourse, not so familiar, but as sweet as that I saw at Brook Farm. Is it not the tendency of a decided institution of reform to be unjust to the barbarians? I do assure you the warm, tender south winds blow over us here in the unsocial state, no less than the chilly east.

The snow on the ground belies the season. It is warm to-day, and the birds sing. I should have enjoyed more my ride in the soft snow on Tuesday, if conscience had not arrayed me against Mr. Billings; but I am most glad to see that I am recovering from the argumentative. I am beginning to enjoy more than ever the pure, still characters which I meet. Intellect is not quite satisfying, though so alluring. It is a scentless flower. But there is a purer summer pleasure in the sweetbrier than the dahlia, though one would have each in his garden. It is because Shakespeare is not solely intellectual, but equally developed, that his fame is universal. The old philosophers, the sheer intellects, lack as much fitness to life as a man without a hand or an eye. And because life is interpreted by sentiment, the higher the flight of the intellect, the colder and sadder is the man. Plato and Emerson are called poets; but if they were so, their audience would be as wide as the world. Milton's fame is limited because he lacked a subtlety and delicacy corresponding with his healthiness and strength. Milton fused in Keats would have formed a greater than Shakespeare. If Milton's piety had been Catholic and not Puritanical, I do not see why he should not have been a greater poet.

I shall not have much work to do before we undertake our garden-plot. We take care of the cattle daily, and that is about all. Yesterday, in the sunlight, I walked to the woods. It was a spectacle finer than the sleet. . . .

CONCORD, *April 5, 1845.*

Judge, my unitary friend, how grateful was your letter, perfumed with the flowers and moonlight, to an unfortunate up to his ears in manure and dish-water! For no happier is my plight at this moment. I snatch a moment out of the week, wherein the significance of that fearful word business has been revealed to me, to send an echo, a reply, to your letter. Since



Monday we have been moving and manuring and fretting and fuming, and rushing desperately up and down turnpikes with bundles and baskets, and have arrived at the end of the week barely in order. Yesterday, in the midst, while I was escorting a huge wagon of that invaluable farming wealth, I encountered Mrs. Pratt and family making their reappearance in civilization. All Brook Farm, in the golden age, seemed to be strapped on the rear of their wagon as baggage, for Mrs. Pratt was the first lady I saw at Brook Farm, where ladyhood blossomed so fairly. Ah! my minute is over, and I must leave you, to lie in wait for another.

*Evening.*—I have captured an evening instead, my first tolerably quiet evening in this new life, this new system of ours for a summer sojourn. The waves of my nomadic life drift me on strange shores. . . .

CONCORD, *April 17, 1845.*

As a good friend, am I not bound to advise you how my new household works, here in the very bosom of terrible civilization, which yet keeps me very warm? A long wet day like this, when I have been gloriously imprisoned by dropping diamonds, tries well the power of my new solitary life to charm me. It has not failed. It is going away now through the still dank midnight, but it bears the image of my smile. A long wet day with my books and fire, and Burrill for external and my thoughts for internal company. After a morning service prolonged far beyond the hour of matins, led by the sweet and solemn Milton, I read Miss Martineau's last tale, founded upon the history of Toussaint l'Ouverture, in whom I have been interested. I have just read Victor Hugo's *Bug-Jargal*, his first novel, and also based upon the insurrection of St. Domingo. I feel that Miss Martineau's picture is highly colored, but the features must be correct. . . .

Let history and great men fade from our sight. Lately I have grown to be a sad rhymmer, and shall end my letter with hints of a life sweeter than these records of mine. More and more I feel that my wine of letters is poured by the poets, not handed as cold sherbet by the philosophers. Some day I may speak more fully upon these things. Meanwhile, secretly and constantly, I turn over pebble after pebble upon the shore, not uncheered by the hope that one day a pearl may glitter in my hands. . . .

CONCORD, *May 3, '45.*

I am weary of these winds, which have blown so constantly through the spring, and would so gladly exchange their long wail, to-night, for some of your music. And yet they are musical; and when I feel vexed at their persistency, they seem to fade and breathe against my face with a low sigh, like one who shouts a secret which I cannot understand, and then mourns softly that I cannot. In spite of the wind, we went to a new pond near to us this afternoon. There we separated, and

Burrill went roaming over the hills and along the shore, and I sat down with *Bettine* upon the margin. That is the best wood-book I know. I read it for the first time in the Brook Farm pine woods on a still Sunday; but to-day, as I followed her vanishing steps through fairyland, the wind that rustled and raged around was like the tone of her nature interpreting to my heart, rather than to my mind, what I read. . . .

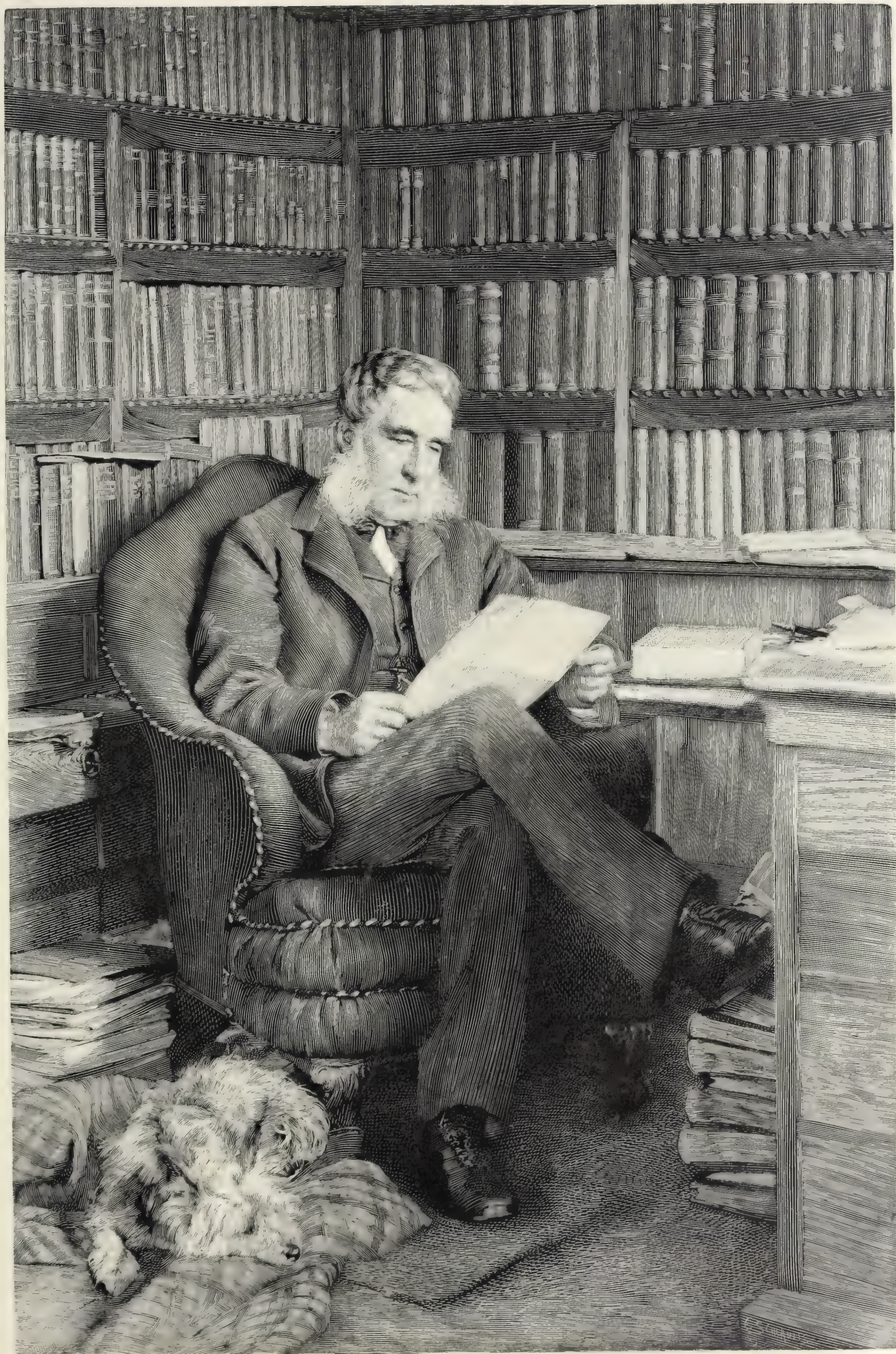
The year has piloted us into the flowery haven of May; but I lay so languidly charmed with the beauty, and looking to see if I cannot this time see the goddess whose smiles I feel, that it will be June and summer before I know it. I treat the seasons as I do poetry. Sometimes I dissect a line which has fascinated me or a poem to expose the secret. But it folds and fades and changes under my glance, as a cloud at twilight; and the beauty of the spring is as elusive as the foam upon a wave. In the midst of summer, the summer that we anticipated in January seems farther off. It sinks constantly into itself. The deep solitude of rest, the murmurous silence of woods at noon—these are as real in winter as when we are melting in July. The senses will have their share. . . .

CONCORD, *June 24, 1845.*

MY DEAR FRIEND,— . . . It was pleasant just after reading it [*Consuelo*] to make a trip to Wachusett with Mr. Hawthorne and Mr. Bradford. We had soft, warm weather, and a beautiful country to pass. From the mountain the prospect was very grand. It is not too high to make the landscape indistinct, but enough so to throw the line of the level country on the east back into the misty horizon and so leave a sealike impression. To the north was Monadnock, lonely and grim and cold. A solitary lover he seemed, of the rough Berserker sort, of the round and virgin-delicate Wachusett. Toward the northwest the lower part of the Green Mountain range built a misty wall, beyond which we could not have seen had it been away. Nearer were smaller hills and ponds and woods. On the mountain we found the pink azalea and the white potentilla tridentata. It was a fine episode in the summer. About the 12th of July Burrill and I mean to go into Berkshire, and if possible to reach the White Mountains before the autumn catches us. This last is doubtful; but I felt when I came down from Wachusett as if I should love to go on from mountain to mountain until winter stopped us.

Last Sunday Father Taylor preached here. All the heretics went to church. In the evening he preached temperance. After the afternoon service we tealed with him at Mr. Emerson's. He is a noble man; truly the Christian apostle of this time. It is impossible to pin him anywhere. He is like the horizon, wide around, but impossible to seize. I know no man who thrills so with life to the very tips, nor is there any one whose eloquence is so





THE EASY CHAIR.





thrilling to me. I have found that one of the best things of living in Concord is that we have here the types of classes of men in society generally. The types are magnetic to each other, and draw each other into their vicinity.

The lonely life pleases as much as ever. If I sometimes say inwardly that such is not the natural state of man, I contrive to quiet myself by the assurance that such is the best state for bachelors. What disembodied comforter of Job suggests such things?

Yr friend,

G. W. C.

CONCORD, *Sept.* 14, 1845.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I returned last week from a long and beautiful visit to the mountains, among which I had never been before. I went in the middle of July to Berkshire, and returned home for two or three days to set off for the White Hills, and back again through the length of Berkshire. In all about seven weeks. The garden served us very well. We had weeded so faithfully that weeds did not trouble us, and Burrill staid in Concord a part of the time I was in New Hampshire. . . .

I have so many things to say about my wanderings that I cannot write any more, for I mean to come to Brook Farm and see you some day during the autumn. In the late autumn we are going to New York to pass the winter. Give my love to Mrs. Ripley and the Archon, and to the two Charleses, and believe me, as always, your friend,

G. W. C.

CONCORD, *October* 25, 1845.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—My Concord days are numbered, but before I go I like to write you again, although it is not impossible that I may come here again next year. The autumn, since I saw you, has fulfilled the promise of the day I left Brook Farm—bright, clear, and cool. On Wednesday the day was so remarkably beautiful that, having nothing especial to do, and seeing that Ole Bull was to give another concert, we walked to Boston and heard him once more (I fear for the last time), and walked back the next morning. The air was very still and bright, and cold enough to spur us on, without an unpleasant chill.

I was very glad to part with Ole Bull having my first impressions deepened and strengthened. The wonder with which I heard him in New York had subsided; and I gave myself, or rather he drew me, wholly to his music. It seems as if he improvised with the orchestra, as a Beethoven would at the piano. The music is full of every sort of movement and variety, but has great unity of character, and constantly suggests beautiful and distinct images rather than pictures. I thought of glorious young gladiators leaping into the lists, of fleecy clouds sweeping over starlight skies, and the beach-line of the sea. Every image was of the graceful, vigorous, and entirely healthy character of his person, which I suppose is only a fair expression of his soul. The music

should not be criticised as a work of art, but only as the articulate reverie of Genius, for it is such as only he should play, because it is so entirely individual. It is full of delicate tenderness, and each piece is much like a gentle strong child wandering in fairyland, melted now by the sweetest child-deep piety in the *adagio-religioso*, now leaping down the *Polacca Guerriera* like a young angel down a ladder from heaven, and roaming wistful and silent and amazed in the solitude of the prairie, at times running and leaping and shouting, and then sighing and weeping and losing its voice in aerial cadences, until the smiles make rainbows through the tears again.

All these things whirled through my mind as I sat listening to him, with my eyes closed to preserve the realm of vision unspoiled, last Saturday evening. But there is no end to such stuff. Music is so fully suggestive; and, after all, if you abandon yourself to that, you are very apt to find yourself only among corresponding images. The *adagio* of the Fifth Symphony reminds me, in one part, of majestic waves, black and crowned with creamy foam; and they swell as if the whole sound of the ocean thundered in each; and when they have almost gained a height through which the sun may shine and reveal the long-haired mermaids and the splendid colors which hide so much, then they pale upon themselves and stream backward into the sea, the foam uppermost like a shroud. But when I considered this, one evening, I found it was only the image of the sound transferred to a visible object. It is like watching the clouds, and seeing their palaces and mountains. It is easy to sport with the symbol, and it shows the greatness of the composer when he arouses the thought of the sea and sky for an echo; but that is only the sensuous influence of his music, and farther we cannot go in words, for good music is so because it is inexpressible in words. There is always correspondence, but not identity. And the impression of the same object in a poem, painting, or statue should be as different as the different necessities which constitute those arts, and the differing direction of the various genius which so expresses itself.

Ole Bull's last concert (that I heard) was a cheap one, and the audience was very cheap. I felt at once the want of sympathy between that and him, and that destroyed the unity of the impression, which is so pleasant. The music which he played was of the best and played in the best way, but was played apart from the sympathy of the hearers to the soul of his art. When he was encored, he came and showed his mastery of the violin as a juggler his power over cards. I should have been sorry to have seen it in any one but a true artist; but while he satisfied every just claim in the style and selection of the music of the concert, he permitted the rabble to hear what they had paid fifty cents to hear. He could



not be accused of lowering or pampering the popular taste, for the music that he played was elevating, and the gymnastics not music at all.

I was glad to see Mrs. Ripley last Monday, and to hear from her the result of your Sunday meeting. I was a little sceptical, because I think that permanent forms of worship spring from a very deep piety, and the pious persons whom I know I could count on my hands. Such themes are too good for heel-taps to a letter, and I shall wait the issue of your movement with a great deal of interest. Give my love to Mrs. Ripley, and tell her I hope the whole winter will not pass without my hearing from her. I feel sorry to go from Concord, which we shall do in about a fortnight, for it is a quiet place, full of good people and pleasant spots. But I have found the same everywhere, so

"To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new."

Your friend, G. W. C.

The concluding part of the above letter refers to the religious society which was organized at Brook Farm by William Ellery Channing. He preached in a grove on the farm one Sunday afternoon, and those present were very much stirred by his eloquence and his truly apostolic gift of interpreting the religious life. At the conclusion of his sermon those present joined hands, and he recited a brief pledge, which all repeated. It was very impressive, and helped to consolidate and give direction to the religious convictions of the community. This society finally grew into the Religious Union of Associationists, which was organized in Boston in January, 1847, and of which Channing was the minister.

After spending the winter at his father's house in New York, Curtis returned to Concord in May. He went to the house of Minot Pratt, whom he had known at Brook Farm, which was situated at the foot of the hill on which he had spent his first summer in Concord. Here also he worked on the farm in the morning, and read or walked in the afternoon. During the summer he went to Saratoga with a sick friend; he also made a trip to Monadnock, making a visit to a Brook Farm friend at the same time. He left Concord in the middle of July, and in August he sailed for Europe.

In reading these letters one is surprised to find so little about Emerson, Hawthorne, Thoreau, and Alcott; but the explanation seems to be that Dwight was familiar with these persons and their hab-

its of life. There was not the incentive, therefore, to describe them that there would have been had he been quite unacquainted with them. One episode of the last weeks of his stay in Concord Curtis described eight years later, in his article on Emerson contributed to *The Homes of American Authors*, which was published by the Putnams in 1853. He there says:

It was in the year 1845 that a circle of persons of various ages, and differing very much in everything but sympathy, found themselves in Concord. Toward the end of the autumn Mr. Emerson suggested that they should meet every Monday evening through the winter in his library. "Monsieur Aubépine," "Miles Coverdale," and other phantoms, since generally known as Nathaniel Hawthorne, who then occupied the old Manse—the inflexible Henry Thoreau, a scholastic and pastoral Orson, then living among the blackberry pastures of Walden Pond—Plato Skimpole [Margaret Fuller's name for Alcott], then sublimely meditating impossible summer-houses in a little house upon the Boston road—the enthusiastic agriculturist and Brook-Farmer [Minot Pratt], then an inmate of Mr. Emerson's house, who added the genial cultivation of a scholar to the amenities of the natural gentleman—a sturdy farmer neighbor [Edmund Hosmer], who had bravely fought his weary way through inherited embarrassments to the small success of a New England husbandman, and whose faithful wife had seven times merited well of her country—two city youths, ready for the fragments from the feast of wit and wisdom—and the host himself, composed the club. Ellery Channing, who had that winter harnessed his Pegasus to the New York *Tribune*, was a kind of corresponding member. The news of this world was to be transmitted through his eminently practical genius, as the club deemed itself competent to take charge of tickings from all other spheres.

I went, the first Monday evening, very much as Ixion may have gone to his banquet. The philosophers sat dignified and erect. There was a constrained but very amiable silence, which had the impertinence of a tacit inquiry, seeming to ask, "Who will now proceed to say the finest thing that has ever been said?" It was quite involuntary and unavoidable, for the members lacked the fluent social genius without which a club is impossible. It was a congress of oracles on the one hand, and of curious listeners upon the other. I vaguely remember that the Orphic Alcott invaded the Sahara of silence with a solemn "saying," to which, after due pause, the honorable member for blueberry pastures responded by some keen and graphic observation, while the Olympian host, anxious that so much good material should be spun into something, beamed smil-



ing encouragement upon all parties. Miles Coverdale, a statue of night and silence, sat a little removed, under a portrait of Dante, gazing imperturbably upon the group; and as he sat in the shadow his dark hair and eyes and suit of sables made him, in the society, the black thread of mystery which he weaves into his stories; while the shifting presence of the Brook-Farmer played like heat-lightning around the room.

I remember little else but a grave eating of russet apples by the erect philosophers, and a solemn disappearance into night. The club struggled through three Monday evenings. Plato was perpetually putting apples of gold in pictures of silver; for such was the richness of his thoughts, coined by the deep melody of his voice. Orson charmed us with the secrets won from his interviews with Pan in the Walden woods; while Emerson, with the zeal of an engineer trying to dam wild waters, sought to bind the wide-flying embroidery of discourse into a whole of clear sweet sense. But still in vain. The oracular sayings were the unalloyed saccharine element; and every chemist knows how much else goes to practical food—how much coarse, rough, woody fibre is essential. The club struggled on valiantly, discoursing celestially, eating apples, and disappearing in the dark, until the third evening it vanished altogether. But I have since known clubs of fifty times the number, whose collective genius was not more than that of either one of the *Dii Majores* of our Concord coterie. The fault was its too great concentration. It was not relaxation, as a club should be, but tension. Society is a play, a game, a tournament; not a battle. It is the easy grace of undress; not an intellectual, full-dress parade.

In its way this experience was almost as unique as that of Thoreau at Walden Pond, which it antedated by more than a year. Here were two city-bred youths, with every opportunity of wealth and culture about them, lovers of books and music, and able to attend college if they chose, leaving all these things behind and seeking the retreat of a farm. This action was taken in part for purposes of health and physical development, and in part for the sake of the wider and more human culture they would thus secure. It was because these young men were in close touch with the spirit of the time, especially as it had been voiced by Emerson, that they went so far out of the conventional way of securing the necessary training for the business of life.

The effect of this episode upon the life of George William Curtis was one of decided importance. It gave him that love of nature which marked all his writing, and it developed that sympathy with man which was so distinct a feature of his career. His independent spirit was early trained by his connection with Brook Farm, into sympathy with which he seemed likely to be drawn by his contact with its communistic teachings at the most susceptible period of youth. Yet his critical mind led him to see its limitations, and that it could not cure the evils of society. His banter of Dwight about the way in which the Brook-Farmers regarded the people who did not join them is indicative of the satire he in later years directed against the foibles of fashionable society. His insistence upon the value of individual initiative showed the vigor of his independent mind and his strong love of personal liberty. When it is remembered that these letters were written by a youth of twenty, it will be seen that, though they do not show any great merit, they indicate a mind of wide sympathies, a genuine love of culture in the largest sense, and an active spirit of individual freedom.

The kind of training which Curtis secured at Brook Farm and Concord better fitted him for such a career as his than he could have obtained at any college of his day. It brought him into actual contact with life, made him self-reliant, and increased his knowledge of men and the world. It brought him into sympathy with some of the ablest men of our century, so that he learned of them what no book could give. He received from them the enthusiasms which youth needs, and which are the manure of all its after-crop of ideas and achievements. He fertilized his mind at the very sources of culture; and the whole of his mind, instead of some part of it, was affected by the process of enrichment. He became strong in body, mind, conscience, and imagination by his first-hand study of life and men, by his open-air sympathy with nature, and by his daily intercourse with men of toil and of affairs. His whole after-career found its incentive and its meaning in these years of unique preparation.



## THE LOVER.

(JAPANESE.)

BY R. H. STODDARD.

IT is dark and lonesome here,  
Beneath the windy eaves;—  
The cold, cold ground my bed,  
My coverlet dead leaves,  
My only bedfellow  
The rain that wets my sleeves!

If it be day, or night,  
I know not, cannot say,  
For I am like a child  
Who has lost his troubled way,  
Till I see the white of the hoar-frost—  
Then I know it is day!

I touch the silent strings,  
The broken lute complains;  
The sweets of love are gone,  
The bitterness remains,  
Like the memory of summer  
In the time of the long rains!

A few more days and nights,  
My tears will cease to flow;  
For I hear a voice within,  
Which tells me I shall go,  
Before the morning hoar-frost  
Becomes the night of snow!



### I.

THE question is often raised—and with a certain appropriateness at Christmas-time—how would the Christ be received by the world if He came in the end of the nineteenth century as He came in Judea? Again, if His incarnation were to be now, in the present condition of the world, would it be what it was? And yet again, how can His followers in this day best enter into the spirit of His example?

These questions are discussed in a thousand pulpits; they are the themes of innumerable poems; a solution is sought for them in a hundred novels. They receive both an ideal and a realistic treat-

ment. For almost twenty centuries men have been experimentally trying to illustrate them. Many have believed that the true life consisted in absolute renunciation of the world; they have retired into caves and wildernesses; they have taken vows of obedience, chastity, and poverty, and devoted themselves to self-mortification and supplication. Others, with different views of the example, have devoted their lives to the world, to active labors for its regeneration, hoping to work out their own salvation by the salvation and uplifting of their fellow-men, regarding wealth and poverty and condition as incidents, and not as essentials. Many more,

without proclamation, have gone along from day to day in an unostentatious faith, treading the way of humble instructed duty. Many have constructed theories of an all-embracing democracy and a humanitarianism which shall level all worldly conditions to a plane. Many have constructed ranks and hierarchies of discipline and obedience, with the pomp of kingdoms and the subordination of great administrations. What a variety of interpretations have been drawn from the Life! If the Appearance had been quite other than it was, would the deductions from it have been less varied? Would there be now anything like a common consent as to the form and manner of an incarnation?

Jesus was a working-man until his thirtieth year, and then He began a life of wandering, in poverty, without a home, as a preacher of righteousness, a rebuker of sin, a healer of the sick, and a comforter of the unfortunate. Must His follower be a manual laborer, then a poor man, homeless, a wanderer on the face of the earth, depending upon charity, associating only with the lowly and the discredited, in order that he may give the example of a blameless life? Jesus was a king, having all power and authority over nations and over men. Must His follower assume that also, and ape the Divine power in its humility? The various "Messiahs" who from time to time have arisen came out of miserable conditions, arrayed in the garments of poverty, with a great show of sacrifice for humanity, and the proclamation of a Divine mission; they invariably assume vast authority. They assume also that there is a necessary connection between destitution and the spirit of our Lord.

If Jesus were to come now in New York, in London, in Chicago, were to appear on the Western plains or in the Arabian Desert, He would be reviled, persecuted, rejected, as He was in Judea. The assertion is made as if it were a triumphant indictment of modern Christianity. The assertion is to the last degree sophistical. Those who make it choose the manner in which the Christ should come. He must be a laborer, poor and despised, a fanatic denouncing thrift, all accumulation of wealth, all established order and discipline, at war with pretty much everything that has been developed in civilization for two thousand years.

Suppose such a man were innocent, guileless, and copied, as far as he understood it, the spirit of Christ, His attitude towards the sinful world, and tried to live His life! He would be treated as a fanatic, if he assumed a Divine mission. Even if he did not assume it, he would have the fate of the fictitious "Joshua Davidson" in England. He would fail, because the means he used were not adapted to the good ends he may have had in view. But what argument is there in that, what indictment of either civilization or Christianity? How should he get credence—how should he obtain belief? If it were known that Christ was incarnate on earth, doubtless He would receive universal homage in whatever guise he came. It is true that this is still a pretty bad world, and that it rejects its redeemers. It is true that some of the most self-sacrificing and noble reformers have long been reviled and maltreated. But bad as the world is, it repents and sometimes knows its saviors, and it is not devoid of good sense; what it dislikes in a reformer is often the human in him and not the divine. No doubt it would treat a man who had the appearance of a fanatic as a fanatic. Even the church would do that, for the church cannot continue to exist without a certain order.

This is still God's world. It is just as much His world as it was in the first century of our era. Providence still orders the affairs of men. The civilization that we have attained is the evolution of His purpose. We have been taught that Christ came in the fulness of time, and it must be assumed in the manner fitted to His purpose. The world has changed, has been changed by His coming, and is not at all the same world in the nineteenth century that it was in the first. What trifling it is to conjecture that a "coming" now would not be with due regard to the condition of the world, that it would not be in a manner to carry belief?

But the world has so departed from the primitive teachings and example that it would reject the historic Christ! When did it not? When was Christianity as pure as its Founder? Not in the first ages of the church, not in the Middle Ages, and it is not now. There has always been a struggle; there will always be to the end. There is plenty of hypocrisy, plenty of vice, masked under the garb of religion. The standard that Christ set



up would overturn many things, and enrage many so-called disciples, if the conjectural Judean appearance were repeated. But it is overturning many things; it is enraging so-called disciples; it is every day calling to judgment.

The question of the appearance of Jesus in New York as he appeared in Judea takes two forms. First, What would be His judgment of the city? The question has only one possible answer. Doubtless His condemnation would fall most heavily upon the well-to-do and prosperous who have taken His name and do not His work. Doubtless the grief that He felt over Jerusalem would be little abated over New York. And yet He would find more to approve, more to be hopeful about, in the modern world represented by New York than He found in the world to which He came. Second, How would He be received? Doubtless He would be a hated disturbance to the majority, as His living presence is now where it is felt in its reality. Doubtless He would be despised and persecuted as a fanatic and a disturber by the high and mighty and the hypocrites as by the rabble and the profligates. Doubtless neither the common morality in living nor the business morality would welcome the test of His justice and purity. But He would find more who are living in His spirit, more who would follow Him gladly, than He found at His coming in Judea. He would find more charity and brotherly kindness, a higher standard of life, than He encountered in the society in which he began His mission, than existed in the Rome that crucified St. Peter, or in the Middle Ages that built the magnificent temples in His name.

It has been assumed that the usual propounders of these questions have a sincere concern over the worldliness of modern life. But I have a suspicion that most of them would be the last to welcome what they call primitive Christianity.

## II.

How should a man live the life of Christ in the modern world? By an ascetic withdrawal from it? By a fanatical affectation of methods and manners foreign to it? By an attempt to copy traditions and methods outworn and outgrown? By fantastical performances, and violent, eccentric utterances, which have the air of courting notoriety and martyr-

dom, not of enduring it for conscience's sake? Perhaps some light may be thrown upon this by a plain recital of a modern instance.

In London, some years ago, I knew a young gentleman whose short history is instructive. Of a good family and socially well placed, the nephew of a bishop, he had not inclined to a university education, but had gone into business and become a stock-broker. His alert mind, excellent habits, great business shrewdness and activity, and knowledge of London promised a successful career in this occupation. Attractive in his personality, racy in his talk, which was made more amusing by an almost fastidious use of stock-exchange slang, a thoroughly modern man, and a Londoner of his day, his integrity and cheerful sympathy with life gained him the love and confidence of all who knew him. A member of the Church of England, and of wholly correct life, he never put on a "pious" aspect. He liked people, high and low, humanity generally, and carried always a bright face and cheerful spirit. Apparently he had no call to be anything but a business man. He married into one of the most intellectual families of England, a young lady cultivated, beautiful, of a noble disinterested character and high ideals.

Familiar with the city, and having the aspects of its misery and forlornness thrust upon his notice day by day, his sympathies became very much enlisted, and he began a sort of work, as he had opportunity, among the poor and unfortunate. Presently he found that his labors as a layman were very much at a disadvantage for want of a *ποῦ στῶ*, and he determined to acquire a position upon which he could work. Giving up his business, he went to reside at one of the great universities, pursuing the requisite studies, including theology, and at the end of two years was prepared and took orders in the Church. Returning to London, he obtained a big parish and church in Soho—one of the best grounds on which to fight the devil in London—and the young couple took up their mission in that unattractive neighborhood. When I next saw him he had put on no clerical airs; he might still have been, for all that manner or appearance showed, a cheerful, not to say jolly, stock-broker; he made no proclamation of doing anything extraordinary, or of sacrificing himself, but

if you looked on a little you saw that he was doing his Master's work. In nothing was he removed from the people. He knew everybody; he was well met with everybody; he was as clear-headed in his work as he had been in the exchange; he understood all about the sin and misery around him, and was under no illusions. He made no street processions or displays, but he was anxious to accept help anywhere, and he had a certain sympathy with the "Salvationists"; he made no attempt to attract attention by sensational preaching; he knew all the policemen and detectives in his region, and had their aid when needed, and their respect always. He went about everywhere (doing good), and was accessible to everybody. Every soul in the great parish knew that he was not working for himself, that he was not condescending, nor "missionarizing," as they understood that process, but that his interest in them was a genuine human interest. And they gave him first respect, then confidence, then affection. He took the Church as he found it as an organization for doing good, and I could not learn that he bothered himself to discuss its doctrines, or speculate on its origin, or experiment with its forms. It seemed to him an instrument which a man who loved his fellow-men could use to do them good. And what a work he carried on in Soho! A work in societies, clubs, missions, sermons, but most of all in a sympathetic personality, as a comrade, as a counselor, a bearer of their griefs and burdens, a living testimony to the value of religion. No hermit was this, no ascetic, no fadist, no disturber of the peace, no withdrawer from the life of the world, but an example of a man who lived as other men might, in a happy home, in a happy family, not sacrificing domestic joys nor the rational pleasures of humanity. It evidently did not occur to him to do anything extraordinary, or in any way to experiment on some new way of bringing light and comfort into the world. He simply gave himself to help the ignorant, the poor, and friendless. The mistake he made was in giving himself too actually, never laying down his work for an hour, taking scarcely any vacation in this pouring out of his energies and sympathies for humanity. Not even his vigor and light-heartedness could indefinitely stand such a strain.

## III.

In a subsequent sojourn in London, the day after my arrival, and early in the day, I hurried to the residence of the rector. He had taken another and perhaps more difficult parish in Marylebone. When I reached the house I was startled by the sight of a crape on the door. The rector had died that morning! He was so weary with work, a weariness he would not acknowledge, that a slight pneumonia had taken him off suddenly.

The day following I attended his funeral in the great Marylebone Church. The house was packed. A considerable representation of the clergy and Church dignitaries in London was in attendance, and the numerous relatives of the young preacher. Sorrow rested on all of them. But they were not the only mourners. The church was filled with the mixed and humble population of Marylebone. They all were mourners. It was a bright June day. The side street by the church and the broad avenue in front were filled with a waiting crowd, a motley crowd, the poor, the shabby, the followers of evil ways, the struggling masses, women, children, drawn not by curiosity, but by a more powerful loadstone. Inside and outside the house they were silent. And most of them were crying—crying silently, and as if bereaved. They had lost their best friend. That was all. And their poor world would be poorer now that they could not go to him for help, and not see any more his sunny face and hear his cheerful voice.

He was borne away amid the profound silence of a tearful, sorrow-stricken multitude. It was only a funeral in Marylebone. Little note of it was made in the newspapers; none of its significance. The poor had no way of expressing their grief that was audible to the great world. Their friend had gone, and they were helpless. I have seen many funerals, conducted with great pomp, with display of all the sable trappings of grief, music, processions, and a great crowd of witnesses. I never saw any funeral so impressive, so majestic as this. I recall many eulogies, many demonstrations of popular feeling for heroes and characters notorious. I never saw such a tribute paid to any human being as this heart-breaking tribute of the poor of Marylebone to their friend.



I doubt if it ever occurred to any of them to ask whether it is possible in these days for a man to be Christ-like in London.

#### IV.

It may be premature to speak of a movement which is scarcely defined in the minds of its instigators. Its object is the protection of the public, but as its accomplishment depends upon the action of the public itself, its initiation is very improbable. Practical legislators know how difficult it is to get the public to adopt anything for its own good, even in the most obvious necessity. Besides, it is evident that there is too much legislation, and that too much is expected of it. Experts say that it is not so difficult to get through private legislation, but that anything demonstrably for the public good is apt to fail. For instance, any sanitary measure is especially repugnant to the public. It seems as if people were reluctant to surrender their private right to have typhoid fever. Such is the noble independence of the human soul in a democracy that an epidemic of disease is endured in preference to salutary authority.

However, considerable progress has been made of late years in the protection of the community on the side of its physical dangers. Not only are sanitary measures submitted to, but safeguards are permitted against ignorance, superstition, and quackery. In most of the States the practice of medicine—that is, experimenting on the lives of people—is refused to those who are uneducated in the science of the physician. This protection of the public health is still resisted by many clever people, who find it easy to make money by an appeal to credulity, and it is resisted also by ignorant masses. But the work goes slowly on. The public is generally, though still partially, protected against the sale of drugs by those ignorant of their properties and unskilled in the art of compounding them. And recently, in some States, a license, obtainable only from a board of competent examiners appointed by the State, is needed for the practice of dentistry. (The danger in these State boards is that they are seized upon by slimy politicians for their own purposes, and not for the public good.)

These protections, however, relate almost entirely to the physical well-being

of life. Not much consideration is yet given to the more important mental side. It is easy to demonstrate that the mental health of the community is a much higher concern than the physical health and comfort. And the analogy suggests the extension of protection in the movement I have spoken of. Take such a detail as the teeth in the mouths of the community. If there is needed a license for the practice of dentistry, why not a license for the practice of literature? If the teeth are ruined, science is capable of furnishing a new set, and our blessed tariff lets them in free of duty, which is more than it does for a set of literature; but there is no way of getting a new set of mind, if the mind is once demoralized by reading year after year slovenly and untrained writing. A person may have the conceit that he is capable of cutting his own eye-teeth, and so he may be in matters of business, but no young mind of a person who can read is safe against the daily demoralization of bad writing. If the intellect of the public is of equal importance with its bodies, surely it is worthy of equal protection. Notoriously it does not get it in the matter of reading. I am not speaking now of vicious literature; that comes under the head of morals. But men and women, boys and girls, are daily making books and newspapers who do not know how to write, who have neither skill, training, nor conscience in the matter. They deluge the reading world with a false product which does irreparable injury to the unprotected public. It is weakened and vulgarized in all its inner life, and loses the power of discrimination between good and bad. Why should not the purveyors for the mind of a nation be competent for this high and responsible office? Why should this public mind be practised upon by tyros? Is not the soul of as much importance as the teeth? If a dentist may not practise without a license, why should a horde of unskilled and incompetent operators be turned loose, in the newspapers and elsewhere, upon the brains of the country? Recognizing the truth of the gospel that "life is more than meat," why are we insensible to its peril from this source, we who fight against the adulteration of food? It is from such considerations that has arisen the suggestion of the need of a license for the practice of literature.



# EDITOR'S DRAWER

## APOLLO BELVEDERE.

### A CHRISTMAS EPISODE OF THE PLANTATION.

\* BY RUTH McENERY STUART.

HE was a little yellow man with a quizzical face and sloping shoulders, and when he gave his full name, with somewhat of a flourish, as if it might hold compensations for physical shortcomings, one could hardly help smiling. And yet there was a pathos in the caricature that dissipated the smile half-way. It never found voice in a laugh. The pathetic quality was no doubt a certain serious ingenuousness—a confiding look that always met your eye from the eager face of the diminutive wearer of second-hand coats and silk hats.

“Yas, I’m named ’Pollo Belvedere, an’ my marster named me dat intitlemint on account o’ my shape,” he would say, with a strut, on occasion, if he were bantered, for he had learned that the name held personal suggestions which it took a little bravado to confront. Of course Apollo’s master was a humorist, and this granted, no doubt he took pleasure in passing down to the boy the various articles of his own cast-off apparel that went to the adorning of his whim.

Apollo had always been a house-servant, and had for several years served with satisfaction as coachman to his master’s family; but after the breaking up, when the place went into other hands, he failed to find favor with the new-comers, who had an eye for conventional form, and so Apollo was under the necessity of accepting lower rank on the place as a field-hand. But he entered plantation circles with his head up. He had his house rearing, his toilets, and his education—all distinguishing possessions in his small world—and he was, in his way, quite a gentleman. Apollo could read a chapter from the Bible without stopping to spell. He seized his words with snap-shots and pronounced them with genius. Indeed, when not limited by the suggestions of print, as when on occasion he responded to an invitation to lead in public prayer, he was a builder of words of so noble and complex architecture that one hearing him was pleased to remember that the good Lord, being omniscient, must of course know all tongues, and would understand.

That the people of the plantation thought well of Apollo will appear from the fact that he was more than once urged to enter the ministry; but this he very discreetly declined to do, and for several reasons. In the first place he didn’t feel “called to preach”; and in the second place he did feel called or impelled to play the fiddle; and more than that, he liked

to play dance music, and to have it “danced by.”

As Apollo will tell you himself, the fact that he had never married was not because he couldn’t get anybody to have him, but simply because he hadn’t himself been suited. And, indeed, it is because of the romance of his life that Apollo at all comes into this little sketch that bears his name. Had he not been so pathetic in his serious and grotesque personality, the story would probably have borne the name of its heroine, Miss Lily Washington, of Lone Oak Plantation, and would have concerned a number of other people.

Lily was a beauty in her own right, and she was the belle of the plantation. She stood five feet ten in her bare feet, and although she tipped the scales at a hundred and sixty, she was as slim and round as a reed, and it was well known that the grip of her firm fingers applied to the closed fist of any of the young fellows on the place would make him howl. She was an emotional creature, with a caustic tongue on occasion, and when it pleased her mood to look over her shoulder at one of her numerous admirers and to wither him with a look or a word, she did not hesitate to do it. For instance, when Apollo first asked her to marry him—it had been his habit to propose to her every day or so for a year or two past—she glanced at him askance from head to foot, and then she said: “Why, yas. Dat is, I s’pose, of co’se, you’s de sample. I’ll order a full-size by you in a minute.” This was cruel, and seeing the pathetic look come into his face, she instantly repented of it, and walked home from church with him, dismissing a handsome black fellow, and saying only kind things to Apollo all the way. And while he walked beside her, he told her that, although she couldn’t realize it, he was as tall as she, for his feet were not on the ground at all; which was in a manner true, for when Lily was gracious to him, he felt himself borne along on wings that the common people could not see.

Of course no one took Apollo seriously as Lily’s suitor, much less the chocolate maid herself. But there were other lovers. Indeed, there were all the others, for that matter, but in point of eligibility the number to be seriously regarded was reduced to about two. These were Pete Peters, a handsome griff, with just enough Indian in his blood to give him an air of distinction, and a French-talking mu-



latto who had come up from New Orleans to repair the machinery in the sugar-house, and who was buying land in the vicinity, and drove his own sulky. Pete was less prosperous than he, but although he worked his land on shares, he owned two mules and a saddle-horse, and would be allowed to enter on a purchase of land whenever he should choose to do so. Although Pete and the New Orleans fellow, whose name was also Peter, but who was called Pierre, met constantly in a friendly enough way, they did not love each other. They both loved Lily too much for that. But they laughed good-naturedly together at Apollo and his "case," which they inquired after politely, as if it were a member of his family.

"Well, 'Pollo, how's yo' case on Miss Lily comin' on?" either one would say, with a wink at the other, and Apollo would artlessly report the state of the heavens with his relation to his particular star, as when he once replied to this identical question,

"Well, Miss Lily was mighty obstropulous 'istiddy, but she is mo' cancelized dis mornin'."

It was Pete who had asked the question, and he laughed aloud at the answer. "Mo' cancelized dis mornin', is she?" he replied. "How you know she is?"

"'Caze she lemme tote her hoe all de way up f'om de field," answered the ingenuous Apollo.

"She did, did she? An' who was walkin' by her side all dat time, I like to know?"

Apollo winced a little at this, but he answered, bravely, "I don't kyah ef Pier was walkin' wid her; I was totin' her hoe, all de samee."

At this Pete seemed to forget all about Apollo and his case, and he remarked that he never could see what some folks saw in city niggers, nobow — and neither could Apollo. And they felt a momentary sense of nearness to each other that was not exactly a bond, but they did not talk any more as they walked along.

It is probable that the coming of the "city fellow" into her circle hastened to culmination more than one pending romance, and there were now various and sundry coldnesses existing between Lily and a number of the boys on the place, where there had recently existed only warm and hopeful friendships. The intruder, who had a way of shrugging his shoulders and declaring of almost any question, "Well, me, I dun'no'," seemed altogether *too sure* when it came to a question of Lily. At least so he appeared to her more timid rural lovers.

The Christmas-eve dance in the sugar-house had been for years an annual function on the plantation. At this, since her *début*, at fourteen, three Christmases before, Lily had held undisputed sway, and all former belles amiably accepted their places as lesser lights. But there had been some quarrelling and even a fight or two on Lily's account, indirectly, and the

church people had declared against the ball, on the score of domestic peace on the place. They had fought dancing *per se* as long as they could, but Terpsichore finally waltzed up the church aisle, figuratively speaking, and flaunted her ruffled skirts in the very faces of elders and minister, and they had had to smile and give her a pew to keep her still. And she was in the church yet, a trouble-maker sometimes, and a disturber of spiritual peace—but still there.

If they had forcibly ejected her, some of their most promising and important members would have followed. But they could preach to her, and so they did. Mayhap in time they would convert her and have her and her numerous votaries for their own. As the reverend brother thundered out his denunciations of the ungodly goddess he cast his eyes often in the direction of the leading dancer, and from her they would wander to the small fiddler who sat beside the tall hat in a back pew. But somehow neither Lily nor Apollo seemed in the least conscious of any personal appeal in his glance, and when finally the question of the Christmas ball was put to vote, they both rose and unequivocally voted for it. So, for that matter, did so large a majority that one of the elders got up and proposed that the church hold revival meetings, in the hope of rousing her people to a realization of her dangers. And then Lily whispered something to her neighbor, a good old man of the church, and he stood up and announced that Miss Lily Washington proposed to have the revival *after Christmas*. There was some laughter at this, and the pastor very seriously objected to it as thwarting the very object for which the meetings would be held; and then, seeing herself in danger of being vanquished in argument, Lily, blushing a fine copper-color in real maidenly embarrassment, rose in the presence of the congregation, to say that when she proposed to have the revival after Christmas, she "didn't mean no harm." She was only thinking that "it was a heap better to repent 'n to backslide."

This brought down the house, an expression not usually employed in this connection, but which seems to force its way here as particularly fitting. As soon as he could get a hearing the reverend brother gave out a hymn, followed it with a short prayer, and dismissed the congregation. And on the Sunday following he gave notice that for several reasons it had been decided as expedient to postpone the revival meetings in the church until *after Christmas*. No doubt he had come over to Lily's way of thinking.

Lily was perfectly ravishing in her splendor at the dance. The white Swiss frock she wore was high in the neck, but her brown shoulders and arms shone through the thin fabric with fine effect. About her slim waist she tied a narrow ribbon of blue, and she carried a pink feather fan, and the wreath about her fore-



head was of lilies-of-the-valley. She had done a day's scouring for them, and they had come out of the summer hat of one of the white ladies on the coast. This insured their quality, and no doubt contributed somewhat to the quiet serenity with which she bore herself as, with her little head held like that of the Venus of Milo, she danced down the centre of the room, holding her flounces in either hand, and kicking the floor until she kicked both her slippers to pieces, when she finished the figure in her stocking feet.

She had a relay of slippers ready, and there was a scramble as to who should put them on; but she settled that question by making 'Pollo rise, with his fiddle in his arms, and lend her his chair for a minute while she pulled them on herself. Then she let Pete and Pierre each have one of the discarded slippers as a trophy. Lily had always danced out several pairs of slippers at the Christmas dance, but she had never achieved her stocking feet in the first round until now, and she was in high glee over it. If she had been admired before, she was looked upon as a raving, tearing beauty to-night—and so she was. Fortunately 'Pollo had his fiddling to do, and this saved him from any conspicuous folly. But he kept his eyes on her, and when she grew too ravishingly lovely to his fond vision, and he couldn't stand it a minute longer in silence, he turned to the man next him, who played the bones, and remarked, "Ef—ef anybody but Gord A'mighty had a-made anything as purty as Miss Lily, dey'd 'a' stinted it somewhar," and, watching every turn, he lent his bow to her varying moods while she tired out one dancer after another. It was the New Orleans fellow who first lost his head utterly. He had danced with her but three times, but while she took another's hand and whizzed through the figures he scarcely took his eyes from her, and when, at about midnight, he succeeded in getting her apart for a promenade, he poured forth his soul to her in the picturesque English of the quadroom quarter of New Orleans. "An' now, to proof to you my lov' for you, Ma'm'selle Leelee"—he gesticulated vigorously as he spoke—"I am geeving you wan beau-u-tiful Christmas present—I am goin' to geeve you—w'at you t'ink? My borgee!" With this he turned dramatically and faced her. They were standing now under the shed outside the door in the moonlight, and, although they did not see him, Apollo stood within hearing, behind a pile of molasses-barrels, where he had come to cool off.

Lily had several times been "buggy-ridin'" with Pierre in this same "borgee," and it was a very magnificent affair in her eyes. When he told her that it was to be hers she gasped. Such presents were unknown on the plantation. But Lily was a "mannerly" member of good society, if her circle was small, and she was not to be taken aback by any compliment a man should pay her. She simply fanned herself, a little flurriedly, perhaps, with her fea-

ther fan, and said: "You sho must be jokin', Mr. Pier. You cert'n'y must." But Mr. Pierre was not joking. He was never more in earnest in his life, and he told her so, and there is no telling what else he would have told her but for the fact that Mr. Pete Peters happened to come out to the shed to cool off about this time, and as he almost brushed her shoulder, it was as little as Lily could do to address a remark to him, and then, of course, he stopped and chatted awhile; and after what appeared a reasonable interval, long enough for it not to seem that she was too much elated over it, she remarked, "An' by-de-way, Mr. Peters, I must tell you what a lovely Christmas gif' I have just received by de hand of Mr. Pier. He has jest presented me wid his yaller-wheeled buggy, an' I sho is proud of it." Then, turning to Pierre, she added, "You sho is a mighty generous gen'leman, Mr. Pier—you cert'n'y is."

Peters gave Lily one startled look, but he instantly realized, from her ingenuous manner, that there was nothing back of the gift of the buggy—that is, it had been, so far as she was concerned, simply a Christmas present. Pierre had not offered himself with the gift. And if this were so, well, he reckoned he could match him.

He reached forward and took Lily's fan from her hand. He hastened to do this to keep Pierre from doing it. Then, while he fanned her, he said, "Is dat so, Miss Lily, dat Mr. Pier is give you a buggy? Dat sholy is a fine Christmas gif"—it sho is. An' sence you find yo'se'f possessed of a buggy, I trust you will allow me de pleasure of presentin' you wid a horse to drive *in* de buggy." He made a graceful bow as he spoke, a bow that would have done credit to the man from New Orleans. It was so well done, indeed, that Lily unconsciously bowed in return, as she said, with a look that savored a little of roguishness: "Oh, hursh, Mr. Peters! You des a-guyin' me—dat what you doin'?"

"Guyin' nothin'," said Peters, grinning broadly as he noted the expression of Pierre's face. "Ef you'll jes do me de honor to accep' of my horse, Miss Lily, I'll be de proudest gentleman on dis plantation."

At this she chuckled, and took her fan in her own hand. And then she turned to Pierre. "You sho has set de style o' mighty expensive Christmas gif's on dis plantation, Mr. Pier—you cert'n'y has. An' I wants to thank you bofe mos' kindly—I cert'n'y does."

Having heard this much, 'Pollo thought it time to come from his hiding, and he strolled leisurely out in the other direction first, but soon returned this way. And then he stopped, and reaching over, took the feather fan—and for a few moments he had his innings. Then some one else came along and the conversation became impersonal, and one by one they all dropped off—all except 'Pollo. When the rest had gone he and Lily found seats on the cane-carrier, and they talked awhile, and when a lit-



the later supper was announced, it was the proud fiddler who took her in, while Pierre and Peters stood off and politely glared at one another; and after a while Pierre must have said something, for Peters suddenly sprang at him and tumbled him out the door and rolled him over in the dirt, and they had to be separated. But presently they laughed and shook hands, and Pierre offered Pete a cigarette, and Pete took it, and gave Pierre a light—and it was all over.

It was next day—Christmas morning—and the young people were standing about in groups under the China-trees in the campus, when Apollo joined them, looking unusually chipper and beaming. He was dressed in his best—Prince Albert, beaver, and all—and he sported a bright silk handkerchief tied loosely about his neck.

He was altogether a delightful figure, absolutely content with himself, and apparently at peace with the world. No sooner had he joined the crowd than the fellows began chaffing him, as usual, and presently some one mentioned Lily's name and spoke of her presents. The two men who had broken the record for generosity in the history of plantation lovers were looked upon as nabobs by those of lesser means. Of course everybody knew the city fellow had started it, and they were glad Peters had come to time and saved the

dignity of the place; indeed he was about the only one on the plantation who could have done it.

As they stood talking it over the two heroes had nothing to say, of course, and 'Pollo began rolling a cigarette—an art he had learned from the man from New Orleans.

Finally he remarked, "Yas, Miss Lily got sev'al mighty nice presents last night."

At this Pierre turned, laughing, and said, "I s'pose you geeve her somet'ing too, eh?"

"Pity you hadn't a-give her dat silk hankcher. Hit 'd become her a heap better'n it becomes you," Peters said, laughing.

"Yas, I reckon it would," said 'Pollo; "but de fact is *she gi' me dis hankcher*—an' of co'se I accepted it."

"An' what did you give her?" insisted Peters.

'Pollo put the cigarette to his lips, lit it, puffed several times, and then, removing it in a leisurely way, he drawled:

"Well, de fact is I heerd Mr. Pier here give her a buggy, an'—an' Mr. Peters, he up an' handed over a horse,—an' so, quick as I got a chance, I des balanced my ekalub'ium an' went an' set down by her an' ast her ef she wouldn't do me de honor to accep' of a driver, an'—an' *she say yas*."

"An' dat's buccome I come to say she got sev'al presents las' night."

And he took another puff on his cigarette.



#### HIS FEAR.

AUNT "You mustn't make yourself sick on Christmas day, Tommy. Aren't you afraid you will eat too much?"

TOMMY. "Oh, no. Me 'fraid I can't eat enough."





### SOMETHING TO WEAR.

WITH APOLOGIES TO THE AUTHOR OF "NOTHING TO WEAR."

Among the features of last night's performance of *Carmen* was the presence in one of the boxes of Mrs. Blank, who wore a gown which had cost \$50,000. Indeed, more attention was paid to Mrs. Blank's splendor than to Madame Calvé's singing.—*Chicago Newspaper.*

MISS FLORA McFLIMSEY of Madison Square,  
You're surely outdone with your "nothing to wear."  
Your laurels, though great—they have been of the  
best—

Have gone to the brow of this dame in the West—  
Have gone to the lady who sat in the box,  
Whose splendor was splendid from slippers to  
locks.

How must she have glittered, how must she have  
glowed,

With costume so gorgeous by fortune bestowed!  
Just think what it stood for, the garb that she  
wore,

To dim e'en the lustre of Carmen's sweet score!  
That costume invested at, say, five per cent.,  
How much it would pay toward some sufferer's rent!  
How much it would bring in good butter and  
bread

For some weary soul in dire poverty's dread!  
What woes it might lighten, what care it would kill,  
How much it might do for the poor and the ill!  
A fifth of that gown would send out from the heat,  
The death-dealing burnings of highway and street,  
An army of children, a legion of souls,  
O'er whom every year dark oblivion rolls.

A fourth of the dress, if divided in parts,  
Would bring glad relief to a thousand of hearts.  
The sleeves, at a fair estimate of their cost,  
Might save reputations now doomed to be lost;  
The skirt, if assayed by a competent wight,  
Might change for some eyes darkest days into light.  
How glad must one be with a dress on like this!  
What feelings of joyousness verging on bliss  
To think with its trimmings 'twould purchase two  
yachts!

Or even a dozen blest hospital cots  
'Twould keep, if to charity thus 'twere applied.  
What glory surpassing, what o'erwhelming pride,  
To think, as she sat in the glitter and glare,  
Effulgent with garb to which none could compare,  
How much of the misery all through the land  
That dress would relieve upon every hand—

The youths it would put on a footing for life,  
Who, going without it, will see only strife;  
The minds undeveloped that properly trained  
Might share in the laurels the wisest have gained.  
Ah! Flora McFlimsey of Madison Square,  
What would you have done with a costume so  
rare?

Suppose you had lived in a day like to ours,  
In times out of joint in despite of our powers?  
Would you, like the lady who flustered the claque,  
Have put quite so much on your beauteous back?  
Or would you have been quite content with a  
gown

Like some that we find in the average town,  
Which, costing ten thousand, would leave for the  
poor

A little to throw to the wolf at the door?

\* \* \* \* \*  
And now, at this gladdest, most joyous of times,  
This season of good-will, this night for the  
chimes,

Won't you, dearest madame, so gorgeously dressed,  
Permit a poor rhymer to mildly suggest  
'Twere well with your scissors to snip off a flounce  
And have it assayed, if it be but an ounce,  
And when it's been turned into hard yellow gold  
Bring warmth and glad tidings to hearths that  
are cold?

One yard from your skirt, ma'am, would this not  
provide

A home for the homeless, the sick, and the tried?  
The laces, so dainty, pray turn them into  
A school for the millions of poorer than you;  
A single godet take and see if perhaps  
You can't warm the women who go without wraps;  
Or e'en, if you're moved to devote the whole thing  
To those that may suffer whilst others may sing,  
'Twon't lessen your chances at all on that day  
When earth and the earthly have all passed away,  
To get a front seat at that concert above  
Where heavenly choirs sing ever of love!

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.





## A DARK CHRISTMAS MORN.

"HE was the ca'mest man, this here Perfessor," explained Mr. Milo Bush, "the frozenest, ca'mest man about his debts that ever struck these diggings. Presenting a bill to the Perfessor was about like asking a wooden cigar-store Indian to translate a Chinese laundry check. And debts was just all he had, too, except his fiddle and a wife and six children.

"The Perfessor was a lib'ral buyer—he'd buy anything he could get trusted for. 'Charge it,' was always his word, and mostly the folks would do it, too. He was smooth—smooth as the back of his own fiddle. *Meant* to pay, of course; *strictly* honest; but just didn't never have it. *Wouldn't* work—do nothing but fiddle and whittle and smoke and talk. Used to be fond o' quoting from Shakespeare, too, as, 'All flesh is grass,' 'Smile and the world smiles with you,' 'The early bird snatches the worm,' and so forth. He might be right in the middle of this kind of talk at the grocery when a man presented a bill, but he would just take it, wave it in the air slow once or twice, like a cat waving her tail when you let her out the front door, and then say, 'Young man, I'll file it,' and put it in his pocket. He would file it, too. Had a file at home made out of six feet of lightning-rod set in a piece of plank, sharp end up, and every bill he got he'd stab it on this, till it was full, then he'd clean 'em off, swap 'em to a tin-peddler at four cents a pound, and start new. One man once got tired and disgusted, and so just sent him a receipted bill and closed the account up. The Perfessor came right down to the store, and says he: 'See here, what d'you sign your name down here for? Never seen *that* done before.'

"After a while he sawed a hole in his front door, so's the collectors could shove their bills in if he didn't happen to be at home. Still nights sometimes he would move his lightning-rod stab out on the piazzer with a card on it, 'File Your Bills Here,' and there it would stand half the forenoon, looming up like the steeple on a 'Piscopal church. When he walked round town you'd see a percession of bill-collectors tailing along behind him like the crowd following a man putting up circus posters. But he was just as ca'm, and hardly seemed to notice 'em. 'It is the way of the world,' he would say. 'I am advertised by my loving friends.' I never heered him complain but once, and that was the time he hung up his stocking at Christmas.

"He come into the grocery Christmas morning looking gloomy. 'What's the matter, Perfessor?' says Shanks. 'Cheer up on this here glad day. "Smile, and the world smiles with you," you know.' 'Yes,' says the Perfessor, fetching a sigh, 'but that ain't all of it. "Weep, and you weep alone," the mighty bard adds, and with trooth. The folks in this here town are mercenary wretches. They cannot bury business even at Yool-tide.' 'More sup-

permentary perceedings?' asks Shanks. 'Worse nor that,' answers the Perfessor. 'Last night my wife says to me, "My dear, the young uns are a-going to hang up their stockings in the good old-fashioned way, and they want their dad to j'in 'em and hang up his'n." I was fiddling, so I just wags my head and says, "All right, my dear." Always ready to do anything for the little uns, if I do say it myself. So my wife druv some nails in the wall along back of the stove, and the children hung up their stockings. My oldest boy is like his father, with an inquiring mind, and says he, "How's Sandy Claws going to get down that there stove-pipe with his pack—that's what *I* want to know?" "Oh," says I, "we'll just leave the winder unfastened and up about a inch, and he can see it and h'ist it further, and come in that way." So we done it; but 'fore we went to bed this here man Cooper that runs the furniture-store dropped in for a neighborly chat, and we showed him how we was going to 'range things for Sandy Claws.

"The young uns got us up early this morning, and when I went down I was tickled to see my sock stuffed full of presents. There was also an easy-chair by the side of it, labelled "From your loving wife." My heart throbbled with joy, and picking up my vierlin, I extracted a few notes of heavenly harmony expressive of my in'ard emotions while the children emptied their stockings. "Now look at yourn, my dear," says my wife. "It seems to be powerful full. Reekon you got more'n your share." So I takes my sock from the nail, and the first thing I brings out is a bill from old Jones for groceries—groceries, mind you, which was et up months ago! Then I pulls out another, from Jacobs, for a suit of clothes which was wore out and give away to a tramp. The next was from Jackson and Brown for a set of dishes which has been all broke but two plates. So it went plumb to the bottom of the sock—nothing but bills, inserted through the winder by the grasping and treacherous hands of my fellow-townsmen. I sunk into my chair with a heart of lead. "Cheer up, pop," says my oldest boy. "You have your easy-chair anyhow." "Troo," says I; "my wife did not forget me. It is at home that a man finds his real friends. The world is cold and crool and unfeeling. O woman," goes on I, "a ministering angel thou!" and I chirped up and begun to whistle as I pulled on my sock. I felt something in the toe, hauled it off, inserted my hand, and drew out a bill from Cooper for the chair.'

"And I'll be snaked," said Mr. Bush in closing, "if the Perfessor didn't put his head in his hands and bu'st into tears right there in the grocery. It touched us so that we took up a collection and bought him a pound of smoking-tobacker. But he never got over it, and a month later moved away to Montana, and that was the last we ever seen of him."

HAYDEN CARRUTH.





# SHOULD AULD ACQUAINTANCE BE FORGOTT?

STRANGER. "How do you do, Colonel Softleigh? Delighted to see you!"  
 SOFTLEIGH (*having forgotten the man's name, embarrassed*). "How d'e do?—er—  
 Won't you—er—sit down? Have something? Have a cigar? Fine morning."

SOFTLEIGH. "Well, what a charming talk we've had! Pleasure to chat with  
 such a travelled man—but—you will pardon me, I've really forgotten your name!"  
 STRANGER. "I'm George, the deck-steward of the *Paris*."



## A RUNAWAY CHRISTMAS TREE.

It was Christmas day, and somewhere the other side of Fargo. We had been snow-bound for three days in Montana, or we'd have all been home. At a little station a man got on who was soon talking familiarly. He seemed like an honest man; indeed, the dominie detected a childlike note in his character which he suspected might come from the man's long life close to the great heart of nature. After he found that he could not sell us any lots in Centropolis, he laid aside business and told the following story. We should have doubted parts of it had it not been for the man's intimate association with the great heart of nature. He said:

"Queer place to spend Christmas, gentlemen; but queer things are always happening in a new country. Makes me think of a little occurrence at Christmas-time last year out near where I live. There are a few Scandinavians around there—bang-up class of settlers. Honest as the day is long, and guileless as a new-born babe. This thing happened out at the Johnson school-house, near where my friend Ole Erickson lives. A few days before Christmas Ole came to me and said:

"'You see hare, Mr. Yackson'—my name is Jackson—'you know mae fader-en-law, old man Oleson?'

"'Yes,' I said.

"'Vell, hae haf a team of vork-horses aye wants to buy, but hae ask too mooch for 'em. Aye tank aye feex de old gentleman so hae sell de horses scheep. Dare bees going to be a Chreestmas tree out at de Yonson school-house—aye going to poot on somet'ing nice for heem. Aye tales mae vooman aye poot on vun cow. Eet mek heem feel good to geet a cow. Aye haf vun cow dat vas dry—she doan geef no meelk now. Aye tales mae vooman aye poots on dat cow for mae fader-en-law. Dis cow not bees mooch on geefing meelk any time—all long legs, long horns, sweech her tail, unt keeck de meelk-pail forty rod. Aye says to mae vooman dat ve keel two birds vid vun rock—geet reed of de old keecker, unt geet de team scheep. Aye tank aye bees onto mae yob all right 'nough!'

"'But you can't put a cow on a Christmas tree,' I said to him.

"'Oh, aye not hang her oop on de tree; aye just tie her to eet.'

"So he went off, and afterwards I heard about how it all came out. Ole and his wife took the cow, and just before the thing opened up got to the school-house. 'Ve wants to poot on de cow,' says Ole; but they wouldn't listen to him. But Ole wasn't to be bluffed that way; so he says, 'Tale you vat aye do; aye stand de cow behind de school-house unt open de back door a leetle unt poot de rope troo de crack unt tie eet to de bottom of de tree.' Some of 'em thought that was hardly the thing, but they agreed to it at last, and he stood the cow outside the back door, which

opened out, and ran the rope which was around her horns through the crack and tied it to the tree just above the floor. The tree was a small one, which wasn't strange, as it had come three hundred miles by rail.

"It was a mild night, and the cow cottoned to it all right enough, so Ole and his wife went around front and took their seats with the others. There was the regular exercises that they always have at such contraptions—singing by the Sunday-school, speaking by some members of the infant class, and that sort of guff, after which the minister got up and said: 'My friends and brethren and sisters, what a beautiful tree we have here, and what rich fruit it bears! We are, most of us, far away from our former homes, and in a new and untried country. We know not what may be before us for the coming year, but of this tree and the many presents it holds we are certain. We can pluck the gifts of loved ones from its branches, even as I do now, and—' Just then Ole's cow jerked around her head, and the door swung open, and she saw the light, let out one bellow, and made a jump like a kangaroo, yanking that tree out the door butt-end first. Then she went tearing off down the road towards home, bellowing at the top of her lungs, kicking like a bay mule, and snatching that tree along behind like a plug hat tied to a dog's tail. Ole came in to tell me about it the next day. 'Dat old keecker, she never stop teel she geet to mae place,' he said, 'unt de presents all along de road. Unt de peoples day say eef day can geet de tree, dat day stand heem oop, unt day leench Ole on heem. So me unt mae vooman ve spend all de night peecking oop de t'ings vid a lantern unt carrying dem back. But ve tank some of dem geet lost een de snow after all.'

"'Did you take the cow over to your father-in-law's this morning?' I said to him.

"His face got as long as a fiddle, and then he said:

"'Yah, aye tek her ofer. Unt he mek a grin on hees face, unt he say, 'Dat's perty nice, Ole.' Den after a v'ile aye say to heem, 'How mooch for dat team of vork-horses?' Unt de old faller hae say, 'Two hundred dollar'; but last veek hae say vun hundred seventy-five. Den aye feel like aye vish de cow she might keeck me forty rod, like she do de meelk-pail.'

"I always felt rather sorry for Ole because his scheme failed; but all of us slip up on our plans once in a while."

## ANOTHER VICTIM.

WHEN Christmas day at last came round,  
No Santa Claus appeared;  
The chap was nowhere to be found,  
Which seemed extremely weird.

Until some one suggested—he'd  
Of brains at least a score—  
'Seek on the links'; and there, indeed,  
Was Santa, yelling, "Fore!"





#### RIPPLES.

"Whene'er into the lake I shoot, though careless be my aim,  
I always hit," declared Towit, "the bull's-eye just the same."

#### NOT HIS DAY FOR BEING WHIPPED.

LITTLE Johnny was eight years old, therefore he could look back to several Christmas holidays with a lively remembrance of what they were like, and what had taken place on those festal occasions.

One of Johnny's ideas (not original with Johnny by any means, as many a parent can testify) was that it is a boy's mission to make as much noise as possible in the world, and, in spite of frequent admonishing and more or less frequent whippings, he perseveringly carried out the idea on all occasions, except when he was asleep.

Johnny was fulfilling his mission with more vigor and enthusiasm than usual on Christmas morning, but nobody paid any attention to him except his aunt Jane, who was visiting Johnny's parents during the holidays, and she finally grew tired of the noise, and said,

"Johnny, it is very naughty to keep up such a din and racket all the time, and if you don't stop it I shall have to speak to your mother about it."

"Huh! Wot good 'll that do?" scornfully demanded Johnny.

"Why, she will whip you if you don't stop," threatened the young man's aunt.

"Guess not!" retorted Johnny, with an air

of triumph. "Chris'mas ain't my day fer git-tin' whipped. I allers git whipped the day before Chris'mas and the day after, but I never do on Chris'mas."

#### WHAT THEY THOUGHT OF HIM.

THE dominie was counting up his Christmas presents, which had been arriving almost hourly for several days. Few in his large congregation had forgotten him, and of course, being human, he was gratified; but there was a rueful expression on his face nevertheless as he estimated the number of slippers he had received, for these outnumbered greatly the smoking-caps and table lamps and books and other staple articles of the season.

"Just look at them, my dear," he said, with a nervous, dissatisfied laugh. "There's enough to start a shop. Where shall we put them? What shall we do with them? Why, it's positively awful."

"You mustn't look at it in that way," suggested his cheerful spouse. "It's the spirit of the thing. Those slippers show what the congregation think of you."

"Think of me?" echoed the Dominie. "Think of me? And do you find comfort in that? With all these they must think I'm a centipede!"



## A PETERSBURG CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

"I've seen and heard of a good many different kinds of Christmas presents," quietly remarked the Veteran, "but the one I appreciated most was a gift my boy received when I was campaigning down in Dixie.

"We had been hanging around in front of Petersburg for some months, pumping lead into the Confederates whenever we got a chance, and receiving our change back in the same sort of coin. The outer lines of rifle-pits of the two armies were only a few dozen rods apart, and a soldier who was at all careless about exposing himself would have been a mighty poor risk for a life-insurance company.

"Occasionally a short truce would be agreed upon by the outposts, and the men would climb out and joke with one another, swap hardtack for tobacco or whatever they needed the most, exchange the compliments of the season, and then, when the breathing-spell was over, drop back under cover, resume their weapons, and again begin eagerly watching for a chance to pick each other off.

"In other words, the apparent friends of a moment before were once more deadly foes. They were there to kill each other, and they did so whenever the opportunity occurred, simply because it was their duty to do so, and as a matter of principle, behind which was no passion or hard feelings.

"However, no matter how well the men in blue and the men in gray came to fraternize in the long weeks and months they lay in the rifle-pits doggedly facing each other, I never knew one of them to allow sentiment to interfere with business except once—and that was the day my little Johnny got his Christmas present.

"A good many years have gone by since that time, but many more will pass before I shall forget the sharp-shooter who was my antagonist on that Christmas day in '64. He was a lank, keen-eyed Southerner, and after we had exchanged a few shots, and found that we were about equally matched in skill, he waved his red cotton bandana, which was the nearest he could come to a flag of truce.

"Hi, thar! Yank, le's stop killin' each other for a few minets an' rest. What d'ye say erbout it?" he shouted.

"'Couldn't suit me better if you tried,' I called back, and five minutes later the word had been passed up and down the line, and the sharp-shooters and the pickets of the two armies were sitting or standing on the edges of the trenches and rifle-pits, carrying on an animated conversation.

"'Got any eatin' terbacker, Yank?' was the first question my late antagonist asked me.

"'Guess I can spare a couple of plugs,' I answered.

"'All right; bring 'em half-way, an' I'll come the other half after 'em,' he sung out.

"We met midway between the two lines of trenches, and his eyes glistened hungrily as he

accepted the tobacco. He took a generous bite from one of the plugs, smacked his lips, and appreciatively observed:

"'Best terbacker I've struck my tooth into in six months. Much obleeged to yo', Yank, an' I'm powerful sorry I hain't got nuthin' ter trade yo' fer it. But the fact is I'm completely cleaned out of everything 'cept grit.'

"I assured him that he was entirely welcome to the tobacco, and he went on:

"'I say, Yank, d'ye know what day it is? Too powerful bad we've got ter keep killin' each other on C'ris'mus, ain't it? Seems ter me my folks 'd hate ter have me killed on C'ris'mus worse 'n any other day. But that is what we're here fer, an' we've got ter do it. I don't blame yo' any if yo' shoot me, an' I don't want yo' ter blame me if I shoot yo', when we git back to bizness agin. Got a fam'ly up North somewhar, I s'pose, hain't yo'?"

"'Wife and four-year-old boy,' said I. 'Wish I could see the little chap once. He was only nine months old when I came down here to fight for my country.'

"'That's right, Yank,' commented the lank Southerner. 'Yo're fightin' fer yore country, an' I'm fightin' fer mine. Yo'-uns think yo're right, an' we-uns think we're right, an' that's all thar is ter the thing. No matter which gits killed or whipped, it war a fair fight, an' I hain't goin' ter find no fault. Got a fam'ly of my own down in Georgy. Ole woman an' eight-year-old reb. Don't know whether I'll ever see 'em agin, but I'd like powerful well ter send my boy a C'ris'mus present if I had anything to send. But I hain't, 'less 'n I send him one of these plugs of yours, and I don't believe he's old enough ter chaw terbacker.'

"'How would a two-bladed jack-knife suit him?' I asked, taking a pearl-handled knife of that description from my pocket and handing it to the Georgian.

"His eyes lighted up as he took it, even more than when I had given him the tobacco, but he presently shook his head, and said:

"'That's a fine knife, Yank. My boy 'ud jump right out of his boots ter hev a knife like that; but I kain't take it, becuz—becuz, yo' see, I hain't got nuthin' ter send ter yore lad in the place of it.'

"'That's all right,' said I, quickly. 'My boy will never know the difference. If it will please your young reb, as you call him, he is heartily welcome to it.'

"'Thankee, Yank,' he gulped, as he dropped the knife into his pocket; 'yore a gentleman, if yo' war raised up North. Sorry we've got ter commence shootin' at each other agin, but time is up an' we've got ter git back ter biz. Good-by; lay low an' take keer o' yo'rself.'

"We shook hands at parting, and three minutes later he sent a minie-ball singing over my rifle-pit to notify me that he was once more transacting business at the old stand.

"I gave him back as good as he sent, and for the next three hours every time one or the





UNCLE SILAS (reading the placard). "An' this is the season of good-will to man!"

other of us exposed any part of his person a gentle hint in the shape of a whistling bullet reminded the careless party that eternal vigilance was the price of existence.

"It got to be pretty well along in the afternoon, and not having heard from my Georgia friend in some time, I put my cap on a ramrod and held it up to see if he was still there. He was. My cap hadn't been on exhibition over five seconds before a bullet struck it and sent it flying a rod away.

"That was rather more than I had bargained for. It was almost too chilly to go without a cap, but to attempt to recover it would have been an extremely dangerous undertaking. Anyhow it struck me that it would be a good plan to wait until my antagonist was less wide-awake than at present before I tried it.

"Five minutes elapsed, and then I stuck up the butt of my rifle. I thought perhaps my Georgia acquaintance might want to take a chip out of it, but he didn't seem to have any ambition in that direction.

"Next I cautiously raised my head above the edge of the rifle-pit. The usual minie-ball salute was omitted. Evidently the enemy was napping. Now was the time to recover my cap. Springing from the trench, I hastily scrambled on my hands and knees to where the cap was lying, recovering which I turned to retrace my steps, when, happening to glance

up, I saw the shining muzzle of a rifle staring me in the face, while behind it loomed up the head and shoulders of the lank sharp-shooter, whose aim I knew to be an unerring one.

"Half paralyzed with the horror of the situation, and expecting every moment to hear the sharp crack of a rifle and feel a bullet ploughing through my vitals, I threw myself prostrate on the ground and rolled over and over until I reached the rifle-pit and dropped with a thud into it, bruised and frightened, but otherwise unharmed.

"Thankful to find myself still alive, and greatly wondering why my antagonist had not fired, I picked myself up; and just then a shout from the Georgian attracted my attention. When I raised my head above the edge of the rifle-pit to see what he wanted, he sung out:

"'Hi, thar! Yank, yo' hadn't orter be so plaguey keerless! I had a sure bead on yo' that time, an' could 'a' shot yo' jest ez well ez not.'

"'I know it,' answered I, 'and I'm mightily obliged to you for not shooting.'

"'Not er tall!' he called back. 'Not er tall. That only makes us erbout squar', ez I figger it; an', I say, Yank, the next time yo' write home yo' kin tell yore boy I gin him his Pap fer a C'ris'mus present.'

WILLIAM SELDEN GIDLEY.





## Artian Sonnet

# Immolation

by E. T. Stevenson

Poor human soul, or soul divine, that weaves  
A ravelling tissue red of Love and Pain!  
Rise robed in both! Shall not the wasted grain  
Of barren harvests give us each new sheaves?  
The stars are reckoning in Death's shattered sky,  
fate walks among them. Round her feet the glare  
Of mystery insistent burns the air.  
Last child of Artius! Wouldst thou live or die?  
Quicken thy scorn, catch up thy wasting shell,  
Let its vague clangor thrill thy warning forth!  
Then maugre prayer for glory, watch that North  
Whose spectres fan the flickering scethe of hell.  
O crowned is Being when is slain Defence!  
—And no two lines of this have any sense.









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## RODEN'S CORNER.

BY HENRY SETON MERRIMAN.

### CHAPTER I.

#### IN ST. JACOB STRAAT.

"The Tree of Knowledge is not that of Life."

"IT is the Professor Holzen," said a stout woman who still keeps the egg and butter shop at the corner of St. Jacob Straat in The Hague. She is a Jewess, as, indeed, are most of the denizens of St. Jacob Straat and its neighbor, Bezem Straat, where the fruit-sellers live—"it is the Professor Holzen, who passes this way once or twice a week. He is a good man."

"His coat is of a good cloth," answered her customer, a young man with a melancholy dark eye and a racial appreciation of the material things of this world.

Some say that it is not wise to pass through St. Jacob Straat or Bezem Straat alone and after nightfall, for there are lurking forms within the doorways, and shuffling feet may be heard in the many passages. During the daytime the passer-by will, if he looks up quickly enough, see furtive faces at the windows, of men, and more especially of women, who never seem to come abroad, but pass their lives behind those unwashed curtains, with carefully closed windows, and in an atmosphere that may be faintly imagined by a glance at the wares in the shop below. The pavement of St. Jacob Straat is also pressed into the service of that queer commerce in old metal and damaged domestic utensils which seems to enable thousands of the accursed people to live and thrive according to their lights. It will be observed that the vendors, with a knowledge of human nature doubtless bred of experience, only expose upon the pavement articles such as bedsteads, stoves, and other heavy ware

which may not be snatched up by the fleet of foot. Within the shops are crowded clothes and books and a thousand miscellaneous effects of small value. A queer hush seems to hang over this street. Even the children, white-faced and melancholy, with deep expressionless eyes and drooping noses, seem to have realized too soon the gravity of life, and rarely indulge in games.

He whom the butter-merchant described as Professor Holzen passed quickly along the middle of the street, with an air suggestive of a desire to attract as little attention as possible. He was a heavy-shouldered man with a bad mouth—a greedy mouth, one would think—and mild eyes. The month was September, and the professor wore a thin black overcoat closely buttoned across his broad chest. He carried a pair of slate-colored gloves and an umbrella. His whole appearance bespoke learning and middle-class respectability. It is, after all, no use being learned without looking learned, and Professor Holzen took care to dress according to his station in life. His attitude towards the world seemed to say, "Leave me alone and I will not trouble you," which is, after all, as satisfactory an attitude as may be desired. It is, at all events, better than the common attitude of the many, that says, "Let us exchange confidences," which leads to the barter of two valueless commodities.

The professor stopped at the door of No. 15 St. Jacob Straat—one of the oldest houses in this old street—and slowly lighted a cigar. There is a shop on the ground-floor of No. 15 where ancient pieces of stove-pipe and a few fire-irons are exposed for sale. Holzen, having pushed open the door, stood waiting at the foot of a nar-



row and grimy staircase. He knew that in such a shop in such a quarter of the town there is always a human spider lurking in the background, who steals out upon any human fly that may pause to look at the wares.

This human spider presently appeared—a wizened woman with a face like that of a witch. Holzen pointed upward to the room above them. She shook her head regretfully.

“Still alive,” she said.

And the professor turned toward the stair, but paused at the bottom step. “Here,” he said, extending his fingers. “Some milk. How much has he had?”

“Two jugs,” she replied, “and three jugs of water. One would say he has a fire inside him.”

“So he has,” said the professor, with a grim smile, as he went up stairs. He ascended slowly, puffing out the smoke of his cigar before him with a certain skill, so that his progress was a form of fumigation. The fear of infection is the only fear to which men will own, and it is hard to understand why this form of cowardice should be less despicable than others. Holzen was a German, and that nation combines courage with so deep a caution that mistaken persons sometimes think the former adjunct lacking. The mark of a wound across his cheek told that in his student days this man had, after due deliberation, considered it necessary to fight. Some, looking at Holzen’s face, might wonder what mark the other student bore as a memento of that encounter.

Holzen pushed open a door that stood ajar at the head of the stair, and went slowly into the room, preceded by a puff of smoke. The place was not full of furniture, properly speaking, although it was littered with many household effects which had no business in a bedroom. It was, indeed, used as a storehouse for such wares as the proprietor of the shop only offered to a chosen few. The atmosphere of the room must have been a very Tower of Babel, where strange foreign bacilli from all parts of the world rose up and wrangled in the air.

Upon a sham Empire table, *très antique*, near the window, stood three water-jugs and a glass of imitation Venetian work. A yellow hand stretching from a dark heap of bedclothes clutched the glass and held it out, empty, when Holzen came into the room.

“I have sent for milk,” said the professor, smoking hard, and heedful not to look too closely into the dark corner where the bed was situated.

“You are kind,” said a voice from the dark corner, and it was impossible to say whether its tone was sarcastic or grateful.

Holzen looked at the empty water-jugs with a queer smile, and shrugged his shoulders. His intention had perhaps been a kind one. A bad mouth usually indicates a soft heart.

“It is because you have something to gain,” said the hollow voice from the bed.

“I have something to gain, but I can do without it,” replied Holzen, turning to the door and taking a jug of milk from the hand of a child waiting there. “And the change,” he said, sharply.

The child laughed cunningly, and held out two small copper coins of the value of half a cent.

Holzen filled the tumbler and handed it to the sick man, who a moment later held it out empty.

“You may have as much as you like,” said Holzen, kindly.

“Will it keep me alive?”

“Nothing can do that, my friend,” answered Holzen, bluntly. He looked down at the yellow face peering at him from the darkness. It seemed to be the face of a very aged man, with eyes wide open and bloodshot. A queer thickness of speech was accounted for by the absence of teeth.

The man laughed gleefully. “All the same, I have lived longer than any of them,” he said. How many of us pride ourselves upon possessing an advantage which others never covet!

“Yes,” answered Holzen, gravely. “How old are you?”

“Nearly thirty-five,” was the answer.

Holzen nodded, and turning on his heel, looked thoughtfully out of the window. The light fell full on his face, which would have been a fine one were the mouth hidden. The eyes were dark and steady. A high forehead looked higher by reason of a growth of thick hair standing nearly an inch upright from the scalp, like the fur of a beaver in life, without curl or ripple. The chin was long and pointed. A face, this, that any would turn to look at again. One would think that such a man would get on in the world. But

none may judge of another in this respect. It is a strange fact that intimacy with any who has made for himself a great name leads to the inevitable conclusion that he is unworthy of it.

"Wonderful!" murmured Holzen—"wonderful! nearly thirty-five!" And it was hard to say what his thoughts really were. The only sound that came from the bed was the sound of drinking.

"And I know more about the trade than any, for I was brought up to it from boyhood," said the dying man, with an uncanny bravado. "I did not wait until I was driven to it, like most."

"Yes, you were skilful, as I have been told."

"Not all skill—not all skill," piped the metallic voice, indistinctly. "There was knowledge also."

Holzen, standing with his hands in the pockets of his thin overcoat, shrugged his shoulders. They had arrived by an oft-trodden path to an ancient point of divergence. Presently Holzen turned and went towards the bed. The yellow hand and arm lay stretched out across the table, and Holzen's finger softly found the pulse.

"You are weaker," he said. "It is only right that I should tell you."

The man did not answer, but lay back, breathing quickly. Something seemed to catch in his throat. Holzen went to the door, and furtive steps moved away down the dark staircase.

"Go," he said, authoritatively, "for the doctor, at once." Then he came back towards the bed. "Will you take my price?" he said to its occupant. "I offer it to you for the last time."

"A thousand gulden?"

"Yes."

"It is too little money," replied the dying man. "Make it twelve hundred."

Holzen turned away to the window again thoughtfully. A queer silence seemed to have fallen over the busy streets, to fill the untidy room. The angel of death, not for the first time, found himself in company with the greed of men.

"I will do that," said Holzen at length, "as you are dying."

"Have you the money with you?"

"Yes."

"Ah!" said the dying man, regretfully. It was only natural, perhaps, that he was

sorry that he had not asked more. "Sit down," he said, "and write."

Holzen did as he was bidden. He had also a pocket-book and pencil in readiness. Slowly, as if drawing from the depths of a long-stored memory, the dying man dictated a prescription in a mixture of dog-Latin and Dutch, which his hearer seemed to understand readily enough. The money, in dull-colored notes, lay on the table before the writer. The prescription was a long one, covering many pages of the note-book, and the particulars as to preparation and temperature of the various liquid ingredients filled up another two pages.

"There," said the dying man at length, "I have treated you fairly. I have told you all I know. Give me the money."

Holzen crossed the room and placed the notes within the yellow fingers, which closed over them.

"Ah," said the recipient, "I have had more than that in my hand. I was rich once, and I spent it all in Amsterdam. Now read over your writing. I will treat you fairly."

Holzen stood by the window and read aloud from his book.

"Yes," said the other. "One sees that you took your diploma at Leyden. You have made no mistake."

Holzen closed the book and replaced it in his pocket. His face bore no sign of exultation. His somewhat phlegmatic calm successfully concealed the fact that he had at last obtained information which he had long sought. A cart rattled past over the cobblestones, making speech inaudible for the moment. The man moved uneasily on the bed. Holzen went towards him and poured out more milk. Instead of reaching out for it, the sick man's hand lay on the coverlet. The notes were tightly held by three fingers; the free finger and the thumb picked at the counterpane. Holzen bent over the bed and examined the face. The sick man's eyes were closed. Suddenly he spoke in a mumbling voice,

"And now that you have what you want, you will go."

"No," answered Holzen, in a kind voice, "I will not do that. I will stay with you if you do not want to be left alone. You are brave, at all events. I shall be horribly afraid when it comes to my turn to die."

"You would not be afraid if you had



lived a life such as mine. Death cannot be worse, at all events." And the man laughed contentedly enough, as one who, having passed through evil days, sees the end of them at last.

Holzen made no answer. He went to the window and opened it, letting in the air laden with the clean scent of burning peat, which makes the atmosphere of The Hague unlike that of any other town; for here is a city with the smell of a village in its busy streets. The German scientist stood looking out, and into the room came again that strange silence. It was a queer room in which to die, for every article in it was what is known as an antiquity; and although some of these relics of the past had been carefully manufactured in a back shop in Bezem Straat, others were really of ancient date. The very glass from which the dying man drank his milk dated from the glorious days of Holland when William the Silent pitted his Northern stubbornness and deep diplomacy against the fire and fanaticism of Alva. Many objects in the room had a story, had been in the daily use of hands long since vanished, could tell the history of half a dozen human lives lived out and now forgotten. The air itself smelt of age and mouldering memories.

Holzen came towards the bed without speaking, and stood looking down. Never a talkative man, he was now further silenced by the shadow that lay over the stricken face of his companion. The sick man was breathing very slowly. He glanced at Holzen for a moment, and then returned to the dull contemplation of the opposite wall. Quite suddenly his breath caught. There were long pauses during which he seemed to cease to breathe. Then at length followed a pause which merged itself gently into eternity.

Holzen waited a few minutes, and then bent over the bed and softly unclasped the dead man's hand, taking from it the crumpled notes. Mechanically he counted them, twelve hundred gulden in all, and restored them to the pocket from which he had taken them half an hour earlier.

He walked to the window and waited. When at length the district doctor arrived, Holzen turned to greet him with a stiff bow. "I am afraid, Herr Doctor," he said, in German, "you are too late."

## CHAPTER II.

## WORK OR PLAY?

"Get work, get work;  
Be sure 'tis better than what you work to get."

Two men were driving in a hansom-cab westward through Cockspur Street. One, a large individual of a bovine placidity, wore the Queen's uniform, and carried himself with a solid dignity faintly suggestive of a light-house. The other, a narrower man, with a keen, fair face and eyes that had a habitual smile, wore another uniform—that of society. He was well dressed, and, what is rarer, carried his fine clothes with such assurance that their fineness seemed not only natural but indispensable.

"Sic transit the glory of this world," he was saying.

At this moment three men on the pavement—the usual men on the pavement at such times—turned and looked into the cab.

"'Ere's White!" cried one of them. "White—dash his eyes! Brayvo! brayvo, White!"

And all three raised a shout which seemed to be taken up vaguely in various parts of Trafalgar Square, and finally died away in the distance.

"That is it," said the young man in the frock-coat. "That is the glory of this world. Listen to it passing away. There is a policeman touching his helmet. Ah, what a thing it is to be Major White—to-day! To-morrow—*bonjour la gloire*."

Major White, who had dropped his single eye-glass a minute earlier, sat squarely looking out upon the world with a mild surprise. The eye from which the glass had fallen was even more surprised than the other. But this, it seemed, was a man upon whom the passing world made, as a rule, but a passing impression. His attitude towards it was one of dense tolerance. He was, in fact, one of those men who usually allow their neighbors to live in a fool's paradise based upon the assumption of a blindness or a stupidity or an indifference which may or may not be justified by subsequent events.

This was, as Tony Cornish, his companion, had hinted, *the* White of the moment. Just as the reader may be the Jones or the Tomkins of the moment if his soul thirst for glory. Crime and novel-writing are the two broad roads to notoriety,



“ ‘SIT DOWN,’ HE SAID, ‘AND WRITE.’ ”

but Major White had practised neither felony nor fiction. He had merely attended to his own and his country's business in a solid, common-sense way in one of those obscure and tight places into which the British officer frequently finds himself forced by the unwieldiness of the empire or the indiscretion of an effervescent press.

That he had extricated himself and his command from the tight place, with much glory to themselves and an increased burden to the cares of the Colonial Office, was a fact which a grateful country was at this moment doing its best to recognize. That the authorities and those who knew him could not explain how he had done it any more than he himself could was another fact which troubled him as little. Major White was wise in that he did not attempt to explain.

“That sort of thing,” he said, “generally comes right in the end.” And the affair may thus be consigned to that pigeon-hole of the past in which queer cases are filed for future reference where brilliant men have failed and unlikely ones

have covered themselves with sudden and transient glory.

There had been a review of the troops that had taken part in a short and satisfactory expedition of which, by what is usually called a lucky chance, White found himself the hero. He was not of the material of which heroes are made; but that did not matter. The world will take a man and make a hero of him without pausing to inquire of what stuff he may be. Nay, more, it will take a man's name and glorify it without so much as inquiring to what manner of person the name belongs.

Tony Cornish, who went everywhere and saw everything, was of course present at the review, and knew all the best people there. He passed from carriage to carriage in his smart way, saying the right thing to the right people in the right way, failing to see the wrong people quite in the best manner, and conscious of the fact that none could surpass him. Then suddenly, roused to a higher manhood by the tramp of steady feet, by the sight of his life-long friend White



riding at the head of his tanned warriors, this social success forgot himself. He waved his silk hat and shouted himself hoarse, as did the honest plumber at his side.

"That's better work than yours nor mine, mister," said the plumber, when the troops were gone, and Tony admitted, with his ready smile, that it was so.

A few minutes later Tony found Major White solemnly staring at a small crowd, which as solemnly stared back at him, on the pavement in front of the Horse Guards.

"Here, I have a cab waiting for me," he had said, and White followed him with a mildly bewildered patience, pushing his way gently through the crowd as through a herd of oxen. He made no comment, and if he heard sundry whispers of "That's 'im," he was not unduly elated. In the cab he sat bolt-upright, looking as if his tunic was too tight, as in all probability it was. The day was hot, and after a few jerks he extracted a pocket-handkerchief from his sleeve. "Where are you going?" he asked.

"Well, I was going to Cambridge Terrace. Joan sent me a card this morning saying that she wanted to see me," explained Tony Cornish. He was a young man who seemed always busy. His long thin legs moved quickly, he spoke quickly, and had a rapid glance. There was a suggestion of superficial haste about him. For an idle man, he had remarkably little time on his hands.

White took up his eye-glass, examined it with short-sighted earnestness, and screwed it solemnly into his eye.

"Cambridge Terrace?" he said, and stared in front of him.

"Yes. Have you seen the Ferribys since your glorious return to these—er—shores?" As he spoke, Cornish gave only half of his attention. He knew so many people that Piccadilly was a work of considerable effort, and it is difficult to bow gracefully from a hansom-cab.

"Can't say I have."

"Then come in and see them now. We shall find only Joan at home, and she will not mind your fine feathers or the dust and circumstance of war upon your boots. Lady Ferriby will be sneaking about in the direction of Edgware Road—fish is nearly twopence a pound cheaper there, I understand. My respected uncle is sure to be sunning his waistcoat in

Piccadilly. Yes, there he is. Isn't he splendid? How do, uncle?" and Cornish waved a gray Suède glove with a gay nod.

"How are the Ferribys?" inquired Major White, who belonged to the curt school.

"Oh, they seem to be well. Uncle is full of that charity which at all events has its headquarters in the home counties. Aunt—well, aunt is saving money."

"And Miss Ferriby?" inquired White, looking straight in front of him.

Cornish glanced quickly at his companion.

"Oh, Joan?" he answered. "She is all right. Full of energy, you know—all the fads in their courses."

"You get 'em too."

"Oh yes. I get them too. Button-holes come and buttonholes go. Have you noticed it? They get large. Neapolitan violets all over your left shoulder one day, and no flowers at all the week after." Cornish spoke with a gravity befitting the subject. He was, it seemed, a student of human nature in his way. "Of course," he added, laying an impressive forefinger on White's gold-laced cuff, "it would never do if the world remained stationary."

"Never," said the Major, darkly. "Never."

They were talking to pass the time. Joan Ferriby had come between them, as a woman is bound to come between two men sooner or later. Neither knew what the other thought of Joan Ferriby, or if he thought of her at all. Women, it is to be believed, have a pleasant way of mentioning the name of a man with such significance that one of their party changes color. When next she meets that man she does it again, and perhaps he sees it, and perhaps his vanity, always on the alert, magnifies that unfortunate blush. And they are married, and live unhappily ever afterwards. And—let us hope there is a hell for gossips. But men are different in their procedure. They are awkward and *gauche*. They talk of newspaper matters, and on the whole there is less harm done.

The hansom-cab containing these two men pulled up jerkily at the door of No. 9 Cambridge Terrace. Tony Cornish hurried to the door and rang the bell as if he knew it well. Major White followed him stiffly. They were ushered into a library

on the ground-floor, and were there received by a young lady who, pen in hand, sat at a large table littered with newspaper-wrappers.

"I am addressing the Haberdashers' Assistants," she said, "but I am very glad to see you."

Miss Joan Ferriby was one of those happy persons who never know a doubt. One must, it seems, be young to enjoy this nineteenth-century immunity. One must be pretty—it is at all events better to be pretty—and one must dress well. A little knowledge of the world, a decisive way of stating what pass at the moment for facts, a quick manner of speaking—and the rest comes *tout seul*. This cocksureness is in the atmosphere of the day, just as fainting and curls and an appealing helplessness were in the atmosphere of an earlier Victorian period.

Miss Ferriby stood, pen in hand, and laughed at the confusion on the table in front of her. She was eminently practical, and quite without that self-consciousness which in a by-gone day took the irritating form of coyness. Major White, with whom she shook hands *en camarade*, gazed at her solemnly.

"Who are the Haberdashers' Assistants?" he asked.

Miss Ferriby sat down with a grave face.

"Oh, it is a splendid charity?" she answered. "Tony will tell you all about it. It is an association of which the object is to induce people to give up riding on Saturday afternoons, and to lend their bicycles to haberdashers' assistants who cannot afford to buy them for themselves. Papa is patron."

Cornish looked quickly from one to the other. He had always felt that Major White was not quite of the world in which Joan and himself moved. The Major came into it at times, looked around him, and then moved away again into another world, less energetic, less advanced, less rapid in its changes. Cornish had never sought to interest his friend in sundry good works in which Joan, for instance, was interested, and which formed a delightful topic for conversation at tea-time.

"It is so splendid," said Joan, gathering up her papers, "to feel that one is really doing something."

And she looked up into White's face with an air of grave enthusiasm which made him drop his eye-glass.

"Oh yes," he answered, rather vaguely.

Cornish had already seated himself at the table, and was folding the addressed newspaper-wrappers over circulars printed on thick note-paper. This seemed a busy world into which White had stepped. He looked rather longingly at the newspaper-wrappers and the circulars, and then lapsed into the contemplation of Joan's neat fingers as she too fell to the work.

"We saw all about you," said the girl, in her bright, decisive way, "in the newspapers. Papa read it aloud. He is always reading things aloud now, out of the *Times*. He thinks it is good practice for the platform, I am sure. We were all"—she paused and banged her energetic fist down upon a pile of folded circulars which seemed to require further pressure—"very proud, you know, to know you."

"Good Lord!" ejaculated White, fervently.

"Well, why not?" asked Miss Ferriby, looking up. She had expressive eyes, and they now flashed almost angrily. "All English people—" she began, and broke off suddenly, throwing aside the papers and rising quickly to her feet. Her eyes were fixed on White's tunic.

"Is that a medal?" she asked, hurrying towards him. "Oh, Sam, how splendid! Look, Tony, look! a medal! Is it"—she paused, looking at it closely—"is it—the Victoria Cross?" she asked, and stood looking from one man to the other, her eyes glistening with something more than excitement.

"Um—yes," admitted White.

Tony Cornish had risen to his feet also. He held out his hand.

"Old chap," he said, "I never knew that."

There was a pause. Tony and Joan returned to their circulars in a queer silence. The Haberdashers' Assistants seemed suddenly to have diminished in importance.

"By-the-bye," said Joan Ferriby at length, "papa wants to see you, Tony. He has a new scheme. Something very large and very important. The only question is whether it is not too large. It is not only in England, but in other countries. A great international affair. Some distressed manufacturers or something. I really do not quite know. That Mr. Roden—you remember?—has been to see him about it."



Cornish nodded in his quick way.

"I remember Roden," he answered. "The man you met at Hombourg. Tall dark man with a tired manner."

"Yes," answered Joan. "He has been to see papa several times. Papa is just as busy as ever with his charities," she continued, addressing White. "And I believe he wants you to help him in this one."

"Me?" said White, nervously. "Oh, I'm no good. I should not know a haberdasher's assistant if I saw him."

"Oh, but this is not the Haberdashers' Assistants," laughed Joan. "It is something much more important than that. The Haberdashers' Assistants are only—"

"Pour passer le temps," suggested Cornish, gayly.

"No, of course not. But papa is really rather anxious about this. He says it is much the most important thing he has ever had to do with—and that is saying a good deal, you know. I wish I could remember the name of it, and of those poor unfortunate people who make it—whatever it is. It is some stuff, you know, and sounds sticky. Papa has so many charities, and such long names to them. Aunt Susan says it is because he was so wild in his youth—but one cannot believe that. Would you two think that papa had been wild in his youth—to look at him now?"

"Lord, no!" ejaculated White, with pious solidity, throwing back his shoulders with an air that seemed to suggest a readiness to fight any man who should hint at such a thing, and he waved the mere thought aside with a ponderous gesture of the hand.

Joan had, however, already turned to another matter. She was consulting a diary bound in dark blue morocco.

"Let me see, now," she said. "Papa told me to make an appointment with you. When can you come?"

Cornish produced a minute engagement-book, and these two busy people put their heads together in the search for a disengaged moment. Not only in mind, but in face and manner, they slightly resembled each other, and might, by the keen-sighted, have been set down at once as cousins. Both were fair and slightly made, both were quick and clever. Both faced the world with an air of energetic intelligence that bespoke their intention of making a mark upon

it. Both were liable to be checked in a moment of earnest endeavor by a sudden perception of the humorous, which liability rendered them somewhat superficial and apt to flit lightly from one thought to another.

"I wish I could remember the name of papa's new scheme," said Joan, as she bade them good-by. When they were in the cab she ran to the door. "I remember," she cried. "I remember now. It is Malgamite."

### CHAPTER III.

#### BEGINNING AT HOME.

"Charity creates much of the misery it relieves, but it does not relieve all the misery it creates."

CHARITY, as all the world knows, should begin at an "at home." Lord Ferriby knew as well as any that there are men, and perhaps even women, who will give largely in order that their names may appear largely and handsomely in the select subscription-lists. He also knew that an invitation-card in the present is as sure a bait as the promise of bliss hereafter. So Lady Ferriby announced by card (in an open envelope with a halfpenny stamp) that she should be "at home" to certain persons on a certain evening. And the good and the great flocked to Cambridge Terrace. The good and great are, one finds, when taking them *en gros*, a little mixed, from a social point of view.

There were present at Lady Ferriby's, for instance, a number of ministers, some cabinet, others dissenting. Here, a man leaning against the wall wore a blue ribbon across his shirt front. There, another, looking bigger and more self-confident, had no shirt front at all. His was the easy distinction of unsuitable clothes.

"Ha! Miss Ferriby, glad to see you," he said as he entered, holding out a hand which had the usual outward signs of industrial honesty.

Joan shook the hand frankly, and its possessor passed on.

"Is that the gas-man?" inquired Major White, gravely. He had been standing beside her ever since his arrival, seeking, it seemed, the protection of one who understood these social functions. It is to be presumed that the Major was less bewildered than he looked.

"Hush!" And Joan said something hurriedly in White's large ear. "Every-

body has him," she concluded, and the explanation brought a certain calm into the mildly surprised eye behind the eyeglass. White recognized the phrase and its conclusive contemporary weight.

"Here's a flat-backed man!" he exclaimed, with a ring of relief. "Been drilled, this man. Gad! he's proud!" added the Major, as the new-comer passed Joan with rather a cold bow.

"Oh, that's the detective," explained Joan. "So many people, you know; and so—well—mixed. Everybody has them. Here's Tony—at last."

Tony Cornish was indeed making his way through the crowd towards them. He shook hands with a bishop as he elbowed a path across the room, and did it with the pious face of a self-respecting curate. The next minute he was prodding a sporting baronet in the ribs at the precise moment when that nobleman reached the point of his little story, and on the precise rib where he expected to be prodded. It is always wise to do the expected.

At the sight of Tony Cornish, Joan's face became grave, and she turned towards him with her little frown of pre-occupation, such as one might expect to find upon the face of a woman concerned in the great movements of the day. But before Tony reached her the expression changed to a very feminine and even old-fashioned one of annoyance.

"Oh, here comes mother!" she said, looking beyond Cornish, who was indeed being pursued by a wizened little old lady. Lady Ferriby, it seemed, was not enjoying herself. She glanced suspiciously from one face to another, as if she was seeking a friend without any great hope of finding one. Perhaps, like many another, she looked upon the world from that point of view.

Cornish hurried up and shook hands.

"Plenty of people," he said.

"Oh yes," answered Joan, earnestly. "It only shows that there is, after all, a great deal of good in human nature, that in such a movement as this rich and poor, great and small, are all equal."

Cornish nodded in his quick sympathetic way, accepting as we all accept the social statements of the day, which are oft repeated and never weighed. Then he turned to White and tapped that soldier's arm emphatically.

"Way to get on nowadays," he said,

"is to be prominent in some great movement for benefiting mankind."

Joan heard the words, and turning, looked at Cornish with a momentary doubt.

"And I mean to get on in the world, my dear Joan," he said, with a gravity which quite altered his keen, fair face. It passed off instantly, as if swept away by the ready smile which came again. A close observer might have begun to wonder under which mask lay the real Tony Cornish. Major White looked stolidly at his friend. His face, on the contrary, never changed.

Lady Ferriby joined them at this moment—a silent, querulous-looking woman in black silk and priceless lace, who, despite her white hair and wrinkled face, yet wore her clothes with that carefulness which commands respect from high and low alike. The world was afraid of Lady Ferriby, and had little to say to her. It turned aside, as a rule, when she approached. And when she had passed on with her suspicious glance, her bent and shaking head, it whispered that there walked a woman with a romantic past. It is, moreover, to be hoped that the younger portion of Lady Ferriby's world took heed of this catlike, lonely woman, and recognized the melancholy fact that it is unwise to form a romantic attachment in the days of one's youth.

"Tony," said her ladyship, "they have eaten all the sandwiches."

And there was something in her voice, in her manner of touching Tony Cornish's arm with her fan, that suggested in a far-off, cold way that this social butterfly had reached one of the still strings of her heart. Who knows? There may have been, in those dim days when Lady Ferriby had played her part in the romantic story which all hinted at and none knew, another such as Tony Cornish—gay and debonair, careless, reckless, and yet endowed with the power of making some poor woman happy.

"My dear aunt," replied Cornish, with a levity with which none other ever dared to treat her, "the benevolent are always greedy. And each additional virtue—temperance, loving-kindness, humility—only serves to dull the sense of humor and add to the appetite. Give them biscuits, aunt."

And offering her his arm, he good-naturedly led her to the refreshment-





"LORD FERRIBY SPOKE."

annual Ferriby ball. To - night there were no chaperons. Is not Charity the safest as well as the most lenient of these? And does her wing not cover a multitude of indiscretions?

Upon this platform there now appeared, amid palms and chrysanthemums, a long, rotund man like a bolster. He held a paper in his hand and wore a platform smile. His attitude was that of one who hesitated to demand silence from so well-bred a throng. His high, narrow forehead shone in the light of the candelabra. This was Lord Ferriby—a man whose best friend did his best for him in describing him as well-meaning. He gave a cough which had sufficient significance in it to command a momentary quiet. During the silence a well-dressed person stood on tiptoe and whispered something in Lord Ferriby's ear. The

rooms to investigate the matter. As she passed through the crowded rooms she glanced from face to face with her queer, seeking look. She cordially disliked all these people. And their principal crime was that they ate and drank. For Lady Ferriby was a miser.

At the upper end of the large room a low platform served as a safe retreat for sleepy chaperons on such occasions as the

suggestion, whatever it may have been, was negatived by the speaker on receipt of a warning shake of the head from Joan.

"Er—ladies and gentlemen," said Lord Ferriby, and gained the necessary silence. "Er—you all know the purpose of our meeting here to-night. You all know that Lady Ferriby and myself are much honored by your presence here to-night. And—er—I am sure—"

He did not, however, appear to be quite sure, for he consulted his paper; and the colonial bishop near the yellow chrysanthemums said, "Hear, hear!"

"—and I am sure that we are, one and all, actuated by a burning desire to relieve the terrible distress which has been going on unknown to us in our very midst."

"He has missed out half a page," said Joan to Major White, who somehow found himself at her side again.

"This is no place, and we have at the moment no time, to go into the details of the manufacture of Malgamite. Suffice it to say that such a—er—composition exists, and that it is a necessity in the manufacture of paper. Now, ladies and gentlemen, the painful fact has been brought to light by my friend Mr. Roden—"

His lordship paused and looked round with a half-fledged bow, but failed to find Roden.

"—by—er—Mr. Roden that the manufacture of Malgamite is one of the deadliest of industries. In fact, the makers of Malgamite, and fortunately they are comparatively few in number, stricken as they are by a corroding disease, occupy in our midst the—er—place of the lepers of the Bible."

Here Lord Ferriby bowed affably to the bishop, as if to say, "And that is where *you* come in."

"We—er—live in an age," went on Lord Ferriby—and the practical Joan nodded her head to indicate that he was on the right track now—"when charity is no longer a matter of sentiment, but rather a very practical and forcible power in the world. We do not ask your assistance in a vague and visionary crusade against suffering. We ask you to help us in the development of a definite scheme for the amelioration of the condition of our fellow-beings."

Lord Ferriby spoke not with the ease of long practice, but with the assurance of one accustomed to being heard with patience. He now waited for the applause to die away.

"Who put him up to it?" Major White asked Joan.

"Mr. Roden wrote the speech, and I taught it to papa," was the answer.

At this moment Cornish hurried up in his busy way. Indeed, these people seemed to have little time on their hands. They belonged to a generation which is much addicted to unnecessary haste.

"Seen Roden?" he asked, addressing his question to Joan and her companion jointly.

"Never in my life," answered Major White. "Is he worth seeing?"

But Cornish hurried away again. Lord Ferriby was still speaking, but he seemed to have lost the ear of his audience, and had lapsed into generalities. A few who were near the platform listened attentively enough. Some who hoped that they were to be asked to speak applauded hurriedly and finally whenever the speaker paused to take breath.

The world is full of people who will not give their money, but offer readily enough what they call their "time" to a good cause. Lord Ferriby was lavish with his "time," and liked to pass it in hearing the sound of his own voice. Every social circle has its talkers, who hang upon each other's periods in expectance of the moment when they can successfully push in their own word. Lord Ferriby, looking round upon faces well known to him, saw half a dozen men who spoke upon all occasions with a sublime indifference to the fact that they knew nothing of the subject in hand. With the least encouragement any one of them would have stepped on to the platform bubbling over with eloquence. Lord Ferriby was quite clever enough to perceive the danger. He must go on talking until Roden was found. Had not the pushing person already intimated in a whisper that he had a few earnest thoughts in his mind which he would be glad to get off? Lord Ferriby knew those earnest thoughts, and their inevitable tendency to send the audience to the refreshment-room, where, as Lady Ferriby's husband, he suspected poverty in the land.

"Is not Mr. Cornish going to speak?" a young lady eagerly inquired of Joan. She was a young lady who wore spectacles and scorned a fringe—a dangerous course of conduct for any young woman to follow. But she made up for natural and physical deficiencies by an excess of that zeal which Talleyrand deplored.

"I think not," answered Joan. "He never speaks in public, you know."

"I wonder why?" said the young lady, sharply and rather angrily.

Joan shrugged her shoulders and laughed. She sometimes wondered why herself, but Tony had never satisfied her curiosity. The young lady moved away





"‘THANK YOU,’ SHE REPLIED. ‘I LIKE NEWSPAPERS.’"

and talked to others of the same matter. There were quite a number of people in the room who wanted to know why Tony Cornish did not speak, and wished he would. The way to rule the world is to make it want something, and keep it wanting.

"I make so bold as to hope," Lord Ferriby was saying, "that when sufficient publicity has been given to our scheme we shall be able to raise the necessary funds. In the fulness of this hope I have ventured to jot down the names of certain gentlemen who have

been kind enough to assume the trusteeship. I propose, therefore, that the trustees of the Malgamite Fund shall be—er—myself—"

Like a practised speaker, Lord Ferriby paused for the applause which duly followed. And certain elderly gentlemen who had been young when Marmaduke Ferriby was young looked with much interest at the pictures on the wall. That Lord Ferriby should assume the directorship of a great charity was to send that charity on its way rejoicing. He stood smiling benevolently and condescendingly down upon the faces turned towards him, and rejoiced inwardly over these glorious obsequies of a wild and deplorable past.

"Mr. Anthony Cornish," he read out, and applause made itself heard again.

"Major White."

And the listeners turned round and stared at that hero, whom they discovered calmly and stolidly surprised behind his eye-glass, his broad, tanned face surmounting a shirt front of abnormal width.

"Herr Holzen."

No one seemed to know Herr Holzen, or to care much whether he existed or not.

"And—my—er—friend—the originator of this great scheme—the man whom we all look up to as the benefactor of a most miserable class of men—Mr. Percy Roden."

Lord Ferriby meant the listeners to applaud, and they did so, although they had never heard the name before. He folded the paper held in his hand, and indicated by his manner that he had for the moment nothing more to say. From his point of vantage he scanned the whole length of

the large room, evidently seeking some one. Anthony Cornish had been the second name mentioned, and the majority hoped that it was he who was to speak next. They anticipated that he, at all events, would be lively, and in addition to this recommendation there hovered round his name that mysterious charm which is in itself a subtle form of notoriety. People said of Tony Cornish that he would get on in the world; and upon this slender ladder he had attained social success.

But Cornish was not in the room, and after waiting a few moments Lord Ferriby came down from the platform and joined some of the groups of persons in the large room. For already the audience was breaking up into small parties, and the majority, it is to be feared, were by now talking of other matters. In these days we cannot afford to give sufficient time to any one object to do that object or ourselves any lasting good.

Presently there was a stir at the door, and Cornish entered the large room, followed leisurely by a tired-looking man, for whom the idlers near the doorway seemed instinctively to make way. This man was tall, square-shouldered, loose of limb. He had smooth dark hair, and carried his head thrown rather back from the neck. His eyes were dark, and the fact that a considerable line of white was visible beneath the pupil imparted to his whole being an air of physical delicacy suggestive of a constant feeling of fatigue.

"Who is this?" asked Major White, aroused to a sense of stolid curiosity which few of his fellow-men had the power of awakening.

"Oh, that," said Joan, looking towards the door—"that is Mr. Percy Roden."

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### A NEW DISCIPLE.

Pour être heureux, il ne faut avoir rien à oublier.

THERE is in the atmosphere of the Hotel of the Vieux Doelen at The Hague something as old world, as quiet and peaceful, as there is in the very name of this historic house. The stairs are softly carpeted, the great rooms are hung with tapestry, and otherwise decorated in a massive and somewhat gloomy style, little affected in the newer *caravansérais*. The house itself, more than three hundred

years old, is of dark red brick with facings of stone, long since worn by wind and weather. The windows are enormous, and would appear abnormal in any other city but this. The Hotel of the Old Shooting Gallery stands on the Toornoifeld, and the unobservant may pass it by without distinguishing it from the private houses on either side. This, indeed, is not so much a house of hasty rest for the passing traveller as it is a halting-place for that great army which is ever moving quietly on and on through the cities of the Old World—the corps diplomatique—the army whose greatest victory is peace. The traveller passing a night or two at the hotel may well be faintly surprised at the atmosphere in which he finds himself. If he be what is called a practical man, he will probably shake his head forebodingly over the prospects of the proprietor. There seems, indeed, to be a singular dearth of visitors. The winding stairs are nearly always deserted. The *salon* is empty. There are no sounds of life, no trunks in the hall, no idlers at the door. And yet at the hour of the table d'hôte quiet doors are opened, and quiet men emerge from rooms that seemed before to be uninhabited. They are mostly smooth-haired men, with a pensive reserve of manner, a certain polished cosmopolitan air, and the inevitable frock-coat. They bow gravely to each other, and seat themselves at separate tables. As often as not they produce books or newspapers, and read during the solemn meal. It is as well to watch these men and take note of them. Many of them are gray-headed. No one of them is young. But they are beginners, mere apprentices, at a very difficult trade, and in the days to come they will have the making of the history of Europe. For these men are attachés and secretaries of embassies. They will talk to you in almost any European tongue you may select, but they are not communicative persons.

During the winter—the gay season at The Hague—there is usually a certain number of residents in the hotel. At the time with which we are dealing Mrs. Vansittart was staying there, alone with her maid. Mrs. Vansittart was in the habit of dining at the small table near the stove—a gorgeous erection of steel and brass which stands nearly in the centre of the smaller dining-room used in winter.



Mrs. Vansittart seemed, moreover, to be quite at home in the hotel, and exchanged bows with a few of the gentlemen of the corps diplomatique. She was a graceful, dark-haired woman, with deep brown eyes that looked upon the world without much interest. This was not, one felt, a woman to lavish her attention or her thoughts upon a toy spaniel, as do so many ladies travelling alone with their maids in Continental hotels. Perhaps this woman of thirty-five years or so preferred to be frankly bored, rather than set up for herself a shivering four-legged object in life. Perhaps she was not bored at all. One never knows. The young gentlemen from the embassies glanced at her over their books or their newspapers, and wondered who and what she might be. They knew, at all events, that she took no interest in those affairs of the great world which rumble on night and day without rest, with spasmodic bursts of clumsy haste, and with a never-failing possibility of surprise in their movements. This was no political woman, whatever else she might be. She would talk in quite a number of languages of such matters as the opera, a new book, or an old picture, and would then relapse again into a sort of waiting silence. At thirty-five it is perhaps not well to wait too patiently for those things that make a woman's life worth living. Mrs. Vansittart had not the air, however, of one who would wait indefinitely.

When Mr. Percy Roden arrived at the hotel he was assigned, at the hour of table d'hôte, a small table between those occupied respectively by Mrs. Vansittart and the secretary of the Belgian Embassy. Some subtle sense conveyed to Percy Roden that he had aroused Mrs. Vansittart's interest—the sense called vanity, perhaps, which conveys so much to young men and so much that is erroneous. On the second evening, therefore, when he had returned from a busy day in the neighborhood of Scheveningen, Roden half looked for the bow which was half accorded to him. That evening Mrs. Vansittart spoke to the waiter in English, which was obviously her native language, and Roden overheard. After dinner Mrs. Vansittart lingered in the *salon*, and a woman, had such been present, would have perceived that she made it easy for Roden to pause in passing and offer her his English newspaper, which had

arrived by the evening post. The subtle is so often the obvious that to be unob-servant is often a social duty.

"Thank you," she replied. "I like newspapers. Although I have not been in England for years, I still take an interest in the affairs of my country."

Her manner was easy and natural, without that taint of a too sudden familiarity which is characteristic of the present generation. We are apt to allow ourselves to feel too much at home.

"I, on the contrary," replied Roden, with his tired air, "have never till now been out of England or English-speaking colonies."

His voice had a hollow sound. Although he was tall and broad-shouldered, his presence had no suggestion of strength. Mrs. Vansittart looked at him quickly as she took the newspaper from his hand. She had clever, speculative eyes, and was obviously wondering why he had gone to the colonies and why he had returned thence. So many sail to those distant havens of the unsuccessful under one cloud and return under another that it seems wiser to remain stationary and snatch what passing sunshine there may be. Roden had not a colonial manner. He was well dressed. He was, in fact, the sort of man who would pass in any society. And it is probable that Mrs. Vansittart summed him up in her quick mind with perfect success. Despite our clothes, despite our airs and graces, we mostly appear to be exactly what we are. Mrs. Vansittart, who knew the world and men, did not need to be informed by Percy Roden that he was unacquainted with the Continent. Comparing him with the other men passing through the *salon* to their rooms or their club, it became apparent that he had one sort of stiffness which they had not, and lacked another sort of stiffness which grows upon those who live and take their meals in public places. Mrs. Vansittart could probably have made a fair guess at the sort of education Percy Roden had received. For a man carries his school mark through his life with him.

"Ah," she said, taking the newspaper and glancing at it with just sufficient interest to prolong the conversation, "then you do not know The Hague. It is a place that grows upon one. It is one of the social capitals of the world. Vienna, St. Petersburg, Paris, are the

others. Madrid, Berlin, New York, are—nowhere.”

She laughed, bowed with a little half-foreign gesture of thanks, and left him—left him, moreover, with the desire to see more of her. It seemed that she knew the secret of that other worldling, Tony Cornish, that the way to rule men is to make them want something and keep them wanting. As Roden passed through the hall he paused and entered into conversation with the hall porter. During the course of this talk he made some small inquiries respecting Mrs. Vansittart. That lady had no need to make inquiries respecting Roden. Has it not been stated that she was travelling with her maid?

“I see,” she said, when she saw him again the next day after dinner in the *salon*, “that your great philanthropic scheme is now an established fact. I have taken a great interest in its progress, and of course know the names of some who are associated with you in it.”

Roden laughed indifferently, well pleased to be recognized. His notoriety was new enough and narrow enough to please him still. There is no man so much at the mercy of his own vanity as he who enjoys a limited notoriety.

“Yes,” he answered, “we have got it into shape. Do you know Lord Ferriby?”

“No,” answered Mrs. Vansittart, slowly, “I have not that pleasure.”

“Oh, Ferriby is a good enough fellow,” said Roden, kindly; and Mrs. Vansittart gave a little nod as she looked at him. Roden had drawn forward a chair, and she sat down, after a moment’s hesitation, in front of the open fire.

“So I have always heard,” she answered, “and a great philanthropist.”

“Oh—yes.” Roden paused and took a chair. “Oh yes; but Tony Cornish is our right-hand man. The people seem to place greater faith in him than they do in Lord Ferriby. When it is Cornish who asks, they give readily enough. He is businesslike and quick, and that always tells in the long-run.”

Percy Roden seemed disposed to be communicative, and Mrs. Vansittart’s attitude was distinctly encouraging. She leant sideways on the arm of her chair and looked at her companion with speculation in her intelligent eyes. She was perhaps reflecting that this was not the

sort of man one usually finds engaged in philanthropic enterprise. It is likely that her thoughts were of this nature, and were, as thoughts so often are, transmitted silently to her companion’s mind, for he proceeded, unasked, to explain.

“It is not, properly speaking, a charity, you know,” he said. “It is more in the nature of a trade union. This is a practical age, Mrs. Vansittart, and it is necessary that charity should keep pace with the march of progress and be self-supporting.”

There was a faint suggestion of glibness in his manner. It was probable that he had made use of the same arguments before.

“And who else is associated with you in this great enterprise?” asked the lady, keeping him with the cleverness of her sex upon the subject in which he was obviously deeply interested. The cleverest women usually treat men thus, and they generally know what subject interests a man most—namely, himself.

“Herr von Holzen is the most important person,” replied Roden.

“Ah!” said Mrs. Vansittart, looking into the fire; “and who is Herr von Holzen?”

Roden paused for a moment, and the lady, looking half indifferently into the fire, noticed the hesitation.

“Oh, he is a scientist—a professor at one of the universities over here, I believe. At all events, he is a very clever fellow—analytical chemist and all that, you know. It is he who has made the discovery upon which we are working. He has always been interested in Malgamite, and he has now found out how it may be manufactured without injury to the workers. Malgamite, you understand, is an essential in the manufacture of paper, and the world will never require less paper than it does now, but more; look at the tons that pass through the post-offices daily. Paper-making is one of the great industries of the world, and without Malgamite, paper cannot be made at a profit to-day.”

Roden seemed to have his subject at his fingers’ ends, and if he spoke without enthusiasm, the reason was probably that he had so often said the same thing before.

“I am much interested,” said Mrs. Vansittart, in her half-foreign way, which



was rather pleasing. "Tell me more about it."

"The Malgamite-makers," went on Roden, willingly enough, "are fortunately but few in number, and they are experts. They are to be found in twos and threes in manufacturing cities—Amsterdam, Gothenburg, Leith, New York, and even Barcelona. Of course there are a number in England. Our scheme, briefly, is to collect these men together, to build a manufactory and houses for them—to form them, in fact, into a close corporation, and then supply the world with Malgamite."

"It is a great scheme, Mr. Roden."

"Yes, it is a great scheme; and it is, I think, laid upon the right lines. These people require to be saved from themselves. As they now exist, they are well paid. They are engaged in a deadly industry, and know it. There is nothing more demoralizing to human nature than this knowledge. They have a short and what they take to be a merry life." The tired-looking man paused and spread out his hands in a queer gesture of careless scorn. He had almost allowed himself to lapse into enthusiasm. "There is no reason," he went on, "why they should not become a happy and respectable community. The first thing we shall have to teach them is that their industry is comparatively harmless, as it will undoubtedly be with Von Holzen's new process. The rest will, I think, come naturally. Altered circumstances will alter the people themselves."

"And where do you intend to build this manufactory?" inquired Mrs. Vansittart, to whom was vouchsafed that rare knowledge of the fine line that is to be drawn between a kindly interest and a vulgar curiosity. The two are nearer than is usually suspected.

"Here in Holland," was the reply. "I have almost decided on the spot—on the dunes to the north of Scheveningen. That is why I am staying at The Hague. There are many reasons why this coast is suitable. We shall be in touch with the canal system, and we shall have a direct outfall to the sea for our refuse, which is necessary. I shall have to live in The Hague—my sister and I."

"Ah! you have a sister?" said Mrs. Vansittart, turning in her chair and looking at him. A woman's interest in a

man's undertaking is invariably centred upon that point where another woman comes into it.

"Yes."

"Unmarried?"

"Yes, Dorothy is unmarried."

Mrs. Vansittart gave several quick little nods of the head.

"I am wondering two things," she said—"whether she is like you, and whether she is interested in this scheme. But I am wondering more than that. Is she pretty, Mr. Roden?"

"Yes, I think she is pretty."

"I am glad of that. I like girls to be pretty. It makes their lives so much more interesting—to the onlooker, *bien entendu*, but not to themselves. The happiest women I have known have been the plain ones. But perhaps your sister will be pretty and happy too. That would be so nice, and so very rare, Mr. Roden. I shall look forward to making her acquaintance. I live in The Hague, you know. I have a house in Park Straat, and I am only at this hotel while the painters are in possession. You will allow me to call on your sister when she joins you?"

"We shall be most gratified," said Roden.

Mrs. Vansittart had risen with a little glance at the clock, and her companion rose also.

"I am greatly interested in your scheme," she said. "Much more than I can tell you. It is so refreshing to find charity in such close connection with practical common-sense. I think you are doing a great work, Mr. Roden."

"I do what I can," he replied, with a bow.

"And Mr. Von Holzen," inquired Mrs. Vansittart, stopping for a moment as she moved towards the doorway, which is large and hung with curtains—"does Mr. Von Holzen work from purely philanthropic motives also?"

"Well—yes, I think so. Though of course he, like myself, will be paid a salary. Perhaps, however, he is more interested in Malgamite from a scientific point of view."

"Ah, yes, from a scientific point of view, of course. Good-night, Mr. Roden."

And she left him.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

# THE KING OF BEAVER.

BY MARY HARTWELL CATHERWOOD.

SUCCESS was the word most used by the King of Beaver. Though he stood before his people as a prophet assuming to speak revelations, executive power breathed from him. He was a tall, golden-tinted man with a head like a dome, hair curling over his ears, and soft beard and mustache which did not conceal a mouth cut thin and straight. He had student hands, long and well kept. It was not his dress, though that was careful as a girl's, which set him apart from farmers listening on the benches around him, but the keen light of his blue eyes, wherein shone the master.

Emeline thought she had never before seen such a man. He had an attraction which she felt loathsome, and the more so because it drew some part of her irresistibly to him. Her spirit was kin to his, and she resented that kinship, trying to lose herself among farmers' wives and daughters, who listened to their Prophet stolidly, and were in no danger of being naturally selected by him. This moral terror Emeline could not have expressed in words, and she hid it like a shame. She also resented the subservience of her kinspeople to one no greater than herself. Her stock had been masters of men.

As the King of Beaver slowly turned about the circle he encountered this rebel defying his assumption, and paused in his speaking a full minute, the drowsy farmers seeing merely that notes were being shifted and rearranged on the table. Then he began again, the dictatorial key transposed into melody. His covert message was to the new maid in the congregation. She might struggle like a fly in a web. He wrapped her around and around with beautiful sentences. As Speaker of the State Legislature he had learned well how to handle men in the mass, but nature had doubly endowed him for entrancing women. The spiritual part of James Strang, King and Prophet of a peculiar sect, appealed to the one best calculated to appreciate him, during the remainder of his exhortation.

The Tabernacle, to which Beaver Island Mormons gathered every Saturday instead of every Sunday, was yet unfinished.

Its circular shape and vaulted ceiling, panelled in the hard woods of the island, had been planned by the man who stood in the centre. Many openings under the eaves gaped windowless; but the congregation, sheltered from a July sun, enjoyed freely the lake air, bringing fragrance from their own fields and gardens. They seemed a bovine, honest people, in homespun and hickory; and youth, bright-eyed and fresh-cheeked, was not lacking. They sat on benches arranged in circles around a central platform which held the Prophet's chair and table. This was his simple plan for making his world revolve around him.

Roxy Cheeseman, Emeline's cousin, was stirred to restlessness by the Prophet's unusual manner, and shifted uneasily on the bench. Her short, scarlet-cheeked face made her a favorite among the young men. She had besides this attraction a small waist and foot, and a father who was very well off indeed for a Beaver Island farmer. Roxy's black eyes, with the round and unwinking stare of a bird's, were fixed on King Strang, as if she instinctively warded off a gaze which by swerving a little could smite her.

But the Prophet paid no attention to any one when the meeting was over, his custom being to crush his notes in one hand at the end of his peroration, and to retire like a priest, leaving the dispersing congregation awed by his rapt face.

The two cousins walked sedately along the street of St. James village, while their elders lingered about the Tabernacle door shaking hands. That primitive settlement of the early '50's consisted of a few houses and log stores, a mill, the Tabernacle, and long docks, at which steamers touched perhaps once a week. The forest partially encircled it. A few Gentiles, making Saturday purchases in a shop kept by one of their own kind, glanced with dislike at the separating Mormons. The shouts of Gentile children could also be heard at Saturday play. Otherwise a Sabbath peacefulness was over the landscape. Beaver Island had not a rugged coastline, though the harbor of St. James was deep and good. Land rose from it in gentle undulations rather than hills.



Emeline and Roxy walked inland, with their backs to the harbor. In summer, farmers who lived nearest St. James took short-cuts through the woods to meeting, and let their horses rest.

The last house on the street was a wooden building of some pretension, having bow-windows and a veranda. High pickets enclosed a secluded garden. It was very unlike the log cabins of the island.

"He lives here," said Roxy.

Emeline did not inquire who lived here. She understood, and her question was,

"How many with him?"

"All of them—eight. Seven of them stay at home, but Mary French travels with him. Didn't you notice her in the Tabernacle—the girl with the rose in her hair, sitting near the platform?"

"Yes, I noticed her. Was that one of his wives?"

Roxy waited until they had struck into the woods path, and then looked guardedly behind her.

"Mary French is the youngest one. She was sealed to the Prophet only two years ago; and last winter she went travelling with him, and we heard she dressed in men's clothes and acted as his secretary."

"But why did she do that when she was his wife according to your religion?"

"I don't know," responded Roxy, mysteriously. "The Gentiles on the mainland are very hard on us."

They followed the track between fragrant grape-vine and hickory, and the girl bred to respect polygamy inquired,

"Do you feel afraid of the Prophet, Cousin Emeline?"

"No, I don't," retorted the girl bred to abhor it.

"Sometimes I do. He makes people do just what he wants them to. Mary French was a Gentile's daughter, the proudest girl that ever stepped in St. James. She didn't live on the island; she came here to visit. And he got her. What's the matter, Cousin Emeline?"

"Some one trod on my grave; I shivered. Cousin Roxy, I want to ask you a plain question. Do you like a man's having more than one wife?"

"No, I don't. And father doesn't either. But he was obliged to marry again, or get into trouble with the other elders. And Aunt Mahala is very good about the house, and minds mother. The revelation may be plain enough, but I am

not the kind of a girl," declared Roxy, daringly, as one might blaspheme, "that cares a straw for the revelation."

Emeline took hold of her arm, and they walked on with a new sense of companionship.

"A great many of the people feel the same way about it. But when the Prophet makes them understand it is part of the faith, they have to keep the faith. I am a reprobate myself. But don't tell father," appealed Roxy, uneasily. "He is an elder."

"My uncle Cheeseman is a good man," said Emeline, finding comfort in this fact. She could not explain to her cousin how hard it had been for her to come to Beaver Island to live among Mormons. Her uncle had insisted on giving his orphan niece a home and the protection of a male relative, at the death of the maiden aunt by whom she had been brought up. In that day no girl thought of living without protection. Emeline had a few thousand dollars of her own, but her money was invested, and he could not count on the use of it, which men assumed a right to have when helpless women clustered to their hearths. Her uncle Cheeseman was undeniably a good man, whatever might be said of his religious faith.

"I like father myself," assented Roxy. "He is never strict with us unless the Prophet has some revelation that makes him so. Cousin Emeline, I hope you won't grow to be taken up with Brother Strang, like Mary French. I thought he looked at you to-day."

Emeline's face and neck were scarlet above her black dress. The Gentile resented as an insult what the Mormon simply foreboded as distasteful to herself; though there was not a family of that faith on the island who would not have felt honored in giving a daughter to the Prophet.

"I hate him!" exclaimed Emeline, her virgin rage mingled with a kind of sweet and sickening pain. "I'll never go to his church again."

"Father wouldn't like that, Cousin Emeline," observed Roxy, though her heart leaped to such unshackled freedom. "He says we mustn't put our hand to the plough and turn back. Everybody knows that Brother Strang is the only person who can keep the Gentiles from driving us off the island. They have



persecuted us ever since the settlement was made. But they are afraid of him. They cannot do anything with him. As long as he lives he is better than an army to keep our lands and homes for us."

"You are in a hard case betwixt Gentiles and Prophet," laughed Emeline.

Yet the aspects of life on Beaver Island keenly interested her. This small world, fifteen miles in length by six in breadth, was shut off by itself in Lake Michigan, remote from the civilization of towns. She liked at first to feel cut loose from her past life, and would have had the steamers touch less often at St. James, diminishing their chances of bringing her hateful news.

There were only two roads on the island—one extending from the harbor town in the north end to a village called Galilee at the extreme southeast end, the other to the southwest shore. Along these roads farms were laid out, each about eighty rods in width and a mile or two in length, so that neighbors dwelt within call of one another, and the colony presented a strong front. The King of Beaver could scarcely have counselled a better division of land for the linking of families. On one side of the Cheese-mans had dwelt an excellent widow with a bag chin, and she became Elder Cheese-man's second wife. On the other side were the Wentworths, and Billy Wentworth courted Roxy across the fence until it appeared that wives might continue passing over successive boundary lines.

The billowy land was green in the morning as paradise, and Emeline thought every day its lights and shadows were more beautiful than the day before. Life had paused in her, and she was glad to rest her eyes on the horizon line and take no thought about any morrow. She helped her cousin and her legal and Mormon aunts with the children and the cabin labor, trying to adapt herself to their habits. But her heart-sickness and sense of fitting in her place like a princess cast among peasants put her at a disadvantage when, the third evening, the King of Beaver came into the garden.

He chose that primrose time of day when the world and the human spirit should be mellowest, and walked with the farmer between garden beds to where Emeline and Roxy were tending flowers. The entire loamy place sent up incense. Emeline had felt at least sheltered and

negatively happy until his voice modulations strangely pierced her, and she looked up and saw him.

He called her uncle Brother Cheese-man and her uncle called him Brother Strang, but on one side was the mien of a sovereign and on the other the deference of a subject. Again Emeline's blood rose against him, and she took as little notice as she dared of the introduction.

The King of Beaver talked to Roxy. Billy Wentworth came to the line fence and made a face at seeing him helping to tie up sweet-pease. Then Billy climbed over and joined Emeline. They exchanged looks, and each knew the mind of the other on the subject of the Prophet.

Billy was a good safe human creature, with the tang of the soil about him, and no wizard power of making his presence felt when one's back was turned. Emeline kept her gray eyes directed toward him, and talked about his day's work and the trouble of ploughing with oxen. She was delicately and sensitively made, with a beauty which came and went like flame. Her lips were formed in scarlet on a naturally pale face. Billy Wentworth considered her weakly. He preferred the robust arm outlined by Roxy's homespun sleeve. And yet she had a sympathetic knowledge of men which he felt, without being able to describe, as the most delicate flattery.

The King of Beaver approached Emeline. She knew she could not escape the interview, and continued tying vines to the cedar palisades while the two young islanders drew joyfully away to another part of the garden. The stable and barn-yard were between garden and cabin. Long variegated fields stretched off in bands. A gate let through the cedar pickets to a pasture where the cows came up to be milked. Bees gathering to their straw domes for the night made a purring hum at the other end of the garden.

"I trust you are here to stay," said Emeline's visitor.

"I am never going back to Detroit," she answered. He understood at once that she had met grief in Detroit, and that it might be other grief than the sort expressed by her black garment.

"We will be kind to you here."

Emeline, finishing her task, glanced over her shoulder at him. She did not know how tantalizingly her face, close and clear in skin texture as the petal of a



lily, flashed out her dislike. A heavier woman's rudeness in her became audacious charm.

"I like Beaver Island," she remarked, winding the remaining bits of string into a ball. "Every prospect pleases, and only man is vile."

"You mean Gentile man," said King Strang. "He is vile, but we hope to get rid of him some time."

"By breaking his fish-nets and stealing his sail-boats? Is it true that a Gentile sail-boat was sunk in Lake Galilee and kept hidden there until inquiry ceased, and then was raised, repainted, and launched again, a good Mormon boat?"

He linked his hands behind him and smiled at her daring.

"How many evil stories you have heard about us! My dear young lady, I could rejoin with truths about our persecutions. Is your uncle Cheeseman a malefactor?"

"My uncle Cheeseman is a good man."

"So are all my people. The island, like all young communities, is infested with a class of camp-followers, and every depredation of these fellows is charged to us. But we shall make it a garden—we shall make it a garden."

"Let me train vines over the whipping-post in your garden," suggested Emeline, turning back the crimson edge of her lip.

"You have heard that a man was publicly whipped on Beaver Island—and he deserved it. Have you heard also that I myself have been imprisoned by outsiders, and my life attempted more than once? Don't you know that in war a leader must be stern if he would save his people from destruction? Have you never heard a good thing of me, my child?"

Emeline, facing her adversary, was enraged at the conviction which the moderation and gentleness of a martyr was able to work in her.

"Oh yes, indeed, I have heard one good thing of you—your undertaking the salvation of eight or nine wives."

"Not yet nine," he responded, humorously. "And I am glad you mentioned that. It is one of our mysteries that you will learn later. You have helped me greatly by such a candid unburdening of your mind. For you must know that you and I are to be more to each other than strangers. The revelation was given to you when it was given to me in the Tabernacle. I saw that."

The air was thickening with dusky motes. Emeline fancied that living dark atoms were pressing down upon her from infinity.

"You must know," she said, with determination, "that I came to Beaver Island because I hated men, and expected to see nothing but Mormons here—"

"Not counting them men at all," indulgently supplemented the King of Beaver, conscious that she was struggling in the most masculine presence she had ever encountered. He dropped his voice. "My child, you touch me as no one has touched me yet. There is scarcely need of words between us. I know what I am to you. You shall not stay on the island if you do not wish it. Oh, you are going to make me do my best!"

"I wish you would go away!"

"Some Gentile has hurt you, and you are beating your bruised strength on me."

"Please go away! I don't like you. I am bound to another man."

"You are bound to nobody but me. I have waited a lifetime for you."

"How dare you talk so to me when you have eight wives already!"

"Solomon had a thousand. He was a man of God, though never in his life was there a moment when he took to his breast a mate. I shall fare better."

"Did you talk to them all like this?"

"Ask them. They have their little circles beyond which they cannot go. Have you thoughts in common with your cousin Roxy?"

"Yes, very many," asserted Emeline, doggedly. "I am just like Cousin Roxy."

"You have no mind beyond the milking and churning, the sewing and weaving?"

"No, I have no mind beyond them."

"I kiss your hands—these little hands that were made to the finest uses of life, and that I shall fill with honors."

"Don't touch me," warned Emeline. "They can scratch!"

The King of Beaver laughed aloud. With continued gentleness he explained to her: "You will come to me. Gentile brutes may chase women like savages, and maltreat them afterwards; but it is different with you and me." He brought his hands forward and folded them upright on his breast. "I have always prayed this prayer alone and as a solitary soul at twilight. For the first time I shall speak it aloud in the presence of one





“I HAVE ALWAYS PRAYED THIS PRAYER ALONE.”

who has often thought the same prayer: O God, since Thou hast shut me up in this world, I will do the best I can, without fear or favor. When my task is done, let me out!”

He turned and left her, as if this had been a benediction on their meeting, and went from the garden as he usually went from the Tabernacle. Emeline’s heart and eyes seemed to overflow without any volition of her own. It was a kind of spiritual effervescence which she could not control. She sobbed two or three times aloud, and immediately ground her teeth at his back as it passed out of sight. Billy and Roxy were so free from the baleful power that selected her. They could chat in peace under the growing darkness, they who had home and families, while she, without a relative except those on Beaver Island, or a friend whose duty it was to shelter her, must bear the shock of that ruinous force.

The instinct that no one could help her but herself kept her silent when she retired with Roxy to the loft-chamber. Primitive life on Beaver Island settled to its rest soon after the birds, and there was not a sound outside of nature’s stir-

rings till morning, unless some drunken fishermen trailed down the Galilee road to see what might be inflicted on the property of sleeping Mormons.

The northern air blew fresh through gable windows of the attic, yet Emeline turned restlessly on her straw bed, and counted the dim rafters while Roxy slept. Finally she could not lie still, and slipped cautiously out of bed, feeling dire need to be abroad, running or riding with all her might. She leaned out of a gable window, courting the moist chill of the starless night. While the hidden landscape seemed strangely dear to her, she was full of unspeakable homesickness and longing for she knew not what—a life she had not known and could not imagine, some perfect friend who called her silently through space and was able to lift her out of the entanglements of existence.

The regular throbbing of a horse’s feet approaching along the road at a brisk walk became quite distinct. Emeline’s sensations were suspended while she listened. From the direction of St. James she saw a figure on horseback coming between the dusky parallel fence rows.



The sound of walking ceased in front of the house, and presently another sound crept barely as high as the attic window. It was the cry of a violin, sweet and piercing, like some celestial voice. It took her unawares. She fled from it to her place beside Roxy and covered her ears with the bedclothes.

Roxy turned with a yawn and aroused from sleep. She rose to her elbow and drew in her breath, giggling. The violin courted like an angel, finding secret approaches to the girl who lay rigid with her ears stopped.

"Cousin Emeline!" whispered Roxy, "do you hear that?"

"What is it?" inquired Emeline, revealing no emotion.

"It's Brother Strang serenading."

"How do you know?"

"Because he is the only man on Beaver who can play the fiddle like that." Roxy gave herself over to unrestrained giggling. "A man fifty years old!"

"I don't believe it," responded Emeline, sharply.

"Don't believe he is nearly fifty? He told his age to the elders."

"I haven't a word of praise for him, but he isn't an old man. He doesn't look more than thirty-five."

"To hear that fiddle you'd think he wasn't twenty," chuckled Roxy. "It's the first time Brother Strang ever came serenading down this road."

He did not stay long, but went, trailing music deliciously into the distance. Emeline knew how he rode, with the bridle looped over his bow arm. She was quieted and lay in peace, sinking to sleep almost before the faint, far notes could no longer be heard.

From that night her uncle Cheeseman's family changed their attitude toward her. She felt it as a withdrawal of intimacy, though it expressed reverential awe. Especially did her Mormon aunt Mahala take little tasks out of her hands and wait upon her, while her legal aunt looked at her curiously. It was natural for Roxy to talk to Billy Wentworth across the fence, but it was not natural for them to share so much furtive laughter, which ceased when Emeline approached. Uncle Cheeseman himself paid more attention to his niece and spent much time at the table explaining to her the Mormon situation on Beaver Island, tracing the colony back to its

secession from Brigham Young's party in Illinois.

"Brother Strang was too large for them," said her uncle. "He can do anything he undertakes to do."

The next Saturday Emeline refused to go to the Tabernacle. She gave no reason and the family asked for none. Her caprices were as the gambols of the paschal lamb, to be indulged and overlooked. Roxy offered to stay with her, but she rejected companionship, promising her uncle and aunts to lock herself within the cabin and hide if she saw men approaching from any direction. The day was sultry for that climate, and of a vivid clearness, and the sky dazzled. Emeline had never met any terrifying Gentiles during her stay on the island, and she felt quite secure in crossing the pasture and taking to the farm woods beyond. Her uncle's cows had worn a path which descended to a run with partially grass-lined channel. Beaver Island was full of brooks and springs. The children had placed stepping-stones across this one. She was vaguely happy, seeing the water swirl below her feet, hearing the cattle breathe at their grazing; though in the path or on the log which she found at the edge of the woods her face kept turning towards the town of St. James, as the faces of the faithful turn toward Mecca. It was childish to think of escaping the King of Beaver by merely staying away from his exhortations. Emeline knew she was only parleying.

The green silence should have helped her to think, but she found herself waiting—and doing nothing but waiting—for what might happen next. She likened herself to a hunted rabbit palpitating in cover, unable to reach any place of safety yet grateful for a moment's breathing. Wheels rolled southward along the Galilee road. Meeting was out. She had the caprice to remain where she was when the family wagon arrived, for it had been too warm to walk to the Tabernacle. Roxy's voice called her, and as she answered, Roxy skipped across the brook and ran to her.

"Cousin Emeline," the breathless girl announced, "here comes Mary French to see you!"

Emeline stiffened upon the log.

"Where?"

Roxy glanced behind at a figure following her across the meadow.

"What does she want of me?" inquired Emeline. "If she came home with the family, it was not necessary to call me."

"She drove by herself. She says Brother Strang sent her to you."

Emeline stood up as the Prophet's youngest wife entered that leafy silence. Roxy, forgetting that these two had never met before, slipped away and left them. They looked at each other.

"How do you do, Mrs. Strang?" spoke Emeline.

"How do you do, Miss Cheeseman?" spoke Mary French.

"Will you sit down on this log?"

"Thank you."

Mary French had more flesh and blood than Emeline. She was larger and of a warmer and browner tint—that type of brunette with startling black hair which breaks into a floss of little curls, and with unexpected blue eyes. Her full lips made a bud, and it only half bloomed when she smiled. From crown to slipper she was a ripe and supple woman. Though clad, like Emeline, in black, her garment was a transparent texture over white, and she held a parasol with crim-

son lining behind her head. She had left her bonnet in her conveyance.

"My husband," said Mary French, quiet and smiling, "sent me to tell you that you will be welcomed into our family."

Emeline looked her in the eyes. The Prophet's wife had the most unblenching smiling gaze she had ever encountered.

"I do not wish to enter your family. I am not a Mormon."

"He will make you wish it. I was not a Mormon."

They sat silent, the trees stirring around them.

"I do not understand it," said Emeline. "How can you come to me with such a message?"

"I can do it as you can do it when your turn comes."

Emeline looked at Mary French as if she had been stabbed.

"It hurts, doesn't it?" said Mary French. "But wait till he seems to you a great strong archangel—an archangel with only the weakness of dabbling his wings in the dirt—and you will withhold from him nothing, no one, that may be



"IT'S BROTHER STRANG SERENADING."



of use to him. If he wants to put me by for a while, it is his will. You cannot take my place. I cannot fill yours."

"Oh, don't!" gasped Emeline. "I am not that sort of woman—I should kill!"

"That is because you have not lived with him. I would rather have him make me suffer than not have him at all."

"Oh, don't! I can't bear it! Help me!" prayed Emeline, stretching her hands to the wife.

Mary French met her with one hand and the unflinching smile. Her flesh was firm and warm, while Emeline's was cold and quivering.

"You have never loved anybody, have you?"

"No."

"But you have thought you did?"

"I was engaged before I came here."

"And the engagement is broken?"

"We quarrelled."

Mary French breathed deeply.

"You will forget it here. He can draw the very soul out of your body."

"He cannot!" flashed Emeline.

"Some one will kill him yet. He is not understood at his best, and he cannot endure defeat of any kind. When you come into the family you must guard him from his enemies as I have constantly guarded him. If you ever let a hair of his head be harmed—then I shall hate you!"

"Mrs. Strang, do you come here to push me too? My uncle's family, everything, all are closing around me! Why don't you help me? I loathe—I loathe your husband!"

Mary French rose, her smile changing only to express deep tenderness.

"You are a good girl, dear. I can myself feel your charm. I was not so self-denying. In my fierce young girlhood I would have removed a rival. But since you ask me, I will do all I can for you in the way you desire. My errand is done. Good-by."

"Good-by," answered Emeline, restraining herself.

She sat watching the elastic shape under the parasol move with its shadow across the field. She had not a doubt until Mary French was gone; then the deep skill of the Prophet's wife with rivals sprung out like a distortion of nature.

Emeline had nearly three weeks in which to intrench herself with doubts and defences. She felt at first surprised and relieved. When her second absence

from the Tabernacle was passed over in silence she found in her nature an unaccountable pique, which steadily grew to unrest. She ventured and turned back on the woods path leading to St. James many times, each time daring farther. The impulse to go to St. James came on her at waking, and she resisted through busy hours of the day. But the family often had tasks from which Emeline was free, and when the desire grew unendurable she knelt at her secluded bedside in the loft, trying to bring order out of her confused thoughts. She reviewed her quarrel with her lover, and took blame for his desertion. The grievance which had seemed so great to her before she came to Beaver Island dwindled, and his personality with it. In self-defence she coaxed her fancy, pretending that James Arnold was too good for her. It was well he had found it out. But because he was too good for her she ought to go on being fond of him at a safe distance, undetected by him, and discreetly cherishing his large blond image as her ideal of manhood. If she had not been bred in horror of Catholics, the cloister at this time would have occurred to her as her only safe refuge.

These secret rites in her bedroom being ended, and Roxy diverted from her movements, she slipped off into the woods path, sometimes running breathlessly toward St. James.

The impetus which carried Emeline increased with each journey. At first she was able to check it in the woods depths, but it finally drove her until the village houses were in sight.

When this at last happened, and she stood gazing, fascinated, down the tunnel of forest path, the King of Beaver spoke behind her.

Emeline screamed in terror and took hold of a bush, to make it a support and a veil.

"Have I been a patient man?" he inquired, standing between her and her uncle's house. "I waited for you to come to me."

"I am obliged to go somewhere," said Emeline, plucking the leaves and unsteadily shifting her eyes about his feet. "I cannot stay on the farm all the time." Through numbness she felt the pricking of a sharp rapture.

The King of Beaver smiled, seeing betrayed in her face the very vertigo of joy.



"You will give yourself to me now?" he winningly begged, venturing outstretched hands. "You have felt the need as I have? Do you think the days have been easy to me? When you were on your knees I was on my knees too. Every day you came in this direction I came as far as I dared, to meet you. Are the obstacles all passed?"

"No," said Emeline.

He was making her ask herself that most insidious question, "Why could not the other have been like this?"

"Tell me—can you say, 'I hate you,' now?"

"No," said Emeline.

"I have grown to be a better man since you said you hated me. The miracle cannot be forced. Next time?" He spoke wistfully.

"No," Emeline answered, holding to the bush. She kept her eyes on the ground while he talked, and glanced up when she replied. He stood with his hat off. The flakes of sun touched his head and the fair skin of his forehead.

He moved toward Emeline, and she retreated around the bush. Without hesitating he passed, making a salutation, and went on by himself to St. James. She watched his rapid military walk furtively, her eyebrows crouching, her lips rippling with passionate tremors. Then she took to flight homeward, her skirts swishing through the woods with a rush like the wind. The rebound was as violent as the tension had been.

There were few festivities on Beaver Island, the Mormon families living a pastoral life, many of them yet taxed by the struggle for existence. Crops shot up rank and strong in the short Northern summer. Soft cloud masses sailed over the island, and rainstorms marched across it with drums of thunder

which sent reverberations along the water world. Or fogs rolled in, muffling and obliterating homesteads.

Emeline staid in the house, busying herself with the monotonous duties of the family three days. She was determined never to go into the woods path again without Roxy. The fourth day a gray fog gave her no choice but imprisonment. It had the acrid tang of smoke from fires burning on the mainland. About nightfall the west wind rose and blew it back, revealing a land mantled with condensed drops.

Emeline put on her hat and shawl to walk around in the twilight. The other young creatures of the house were glad



"YOU WILL GIVE YOURSELF TO ME NOW?"



to be out also, and Roxy and Roxy's lover talked across the fence. Emeline felt fortified against the path through the woods at night; yet her feet turned in that direction, and as certainly as water seeks its level she found herself on the moist elastic track. Cow-bells on the farm sounded fainter and farther. A gloom of trees massed around her, and the forest gave up all its perfume to the dampness.

At every step she meant to turn back, though a recklessness of night and of meeting the King of Beaver grew upon her. Thus, without any reasonable excuse for her presence there, she met Mary French.

"Is that you, Miss Cheeseman?" panted the Prophet's youngest wife.

Emeline confessed her identity.

"I was coming for you, but it is fortunate you are so far on the way. There is a steamboat at the dock, and it will go out in half an hour. I could not get away sooner to tell you." Mary French breathed heavily from running. "When the steamboat came in the captain sent for my husband, as the captains always do. I went with him: he knows how I dread to have him go alone upon a boat since an attempt was made last year to kidnap him. But this time there was another reason, for I have been watching. And sure enough, a young man was on the steamboat inquiring where he could find you. His name is James Arnold. The captain asked my husband to direct him to you. You will readily understand why he did not find you. Come at once!"

"I will not," said Emeline.

"But you wanted me to help you, and I have been trying to do it. We easily learned by letter from our friends in Detroit who your lover was. My husband had me do that: he wanted to know. Then without his knowledge I stooped to write an anonymous letter."

"To James Arnold?"

"Yes."

"About me?"

"About you."

"What did you tell him?"

"I said you were exposed to great danger on Beaver Island, among the Mormons, and if you had any interested friend it was time for him to interfere."

"And that brought him here?"

"I am sure it did. He was keenly disappointed at not finding you."

"But why didn't he come to the farm?"

"My husband prevented that. He said you were on Beaver Island three or four weeks ago, but you were now in the Fairy Isle. It was no lie. He spoke in parables, but the other heard him literally. We let him inquire of people in St. James. But no one had seen you since the Saturday you came to the Tabernacle. So he is going back to Mackinac to seek you. Your life will be decided in a quarter of an hour. Will you go on that steamboat?"

"Throw myself on the mercy of a man who dared—*dared* to break his engagement, and who ought to be punished and put on probation, and then refused! No, I cannot!"

"The minutes are slipping away."

"Besides, I have nothing with me but the clothes I have on. And my uncle's family—think of my uncle's family!"

"You can write to your uncle and have him send your baggage. I dare not carry any messages. But I thought of what you would need to-night, and put some things and some money in this satchel. They were mine. Keep them all."

Emeline took hold of the bag which Mary French shoved in her hand. Their faces were indistinct to each other.

"For the first time in my life I have deceived my husband!"

"Oh, what shall I do; what shall I do?" cried the girl.

A steamer whistle at St. James dock sent its bellow rebounding from tree to tree in the woods. Emeline seized Mary French and kissed her violently on both cheeks. She snatched the bag and flew toward St. James.

"Stop!" commanded the Prophet's wife.

She ran in pursuit, catching Emeline by the shoulders.

"You sha'n't go! What am I doing? Maybe robbing him of what is necessary to his highest success! I am a fool—to think he might turn back to me for consolation when you are gone—God forgive me such silly fondness! I can't have a secret between him and myself—I will tell him! You shall not go—and cause him a mortal hurt! Wait!—stop!—the boat is gone! It's too late!"

"Let me loose!" struggled Emeline, wrenching herself away.

She ran on through the woods, and Mary French, snatching at garments which eluded her, stumbled and fell on the damp path, gathering dead leaves under her palms. The steamer's prolonged bellow covered her voice.

Candles were lighted in St. James. The Tabernacle spread itself like a great circular web dark with moisture. Emeline was conscious of running across the gang-plank as a sailor stooped to draw it in. The bell was ringing and the boat was already in motion. It sidled and backed away from its moorings.

Emeline knelt panting at the rail on the forward deck. A flambeau fastened to the wharf bowed its light to the wind as the boat swung about, showing the King of Beaver smiling and waving his hand in farewell. He did not see Emeline. His farewell was for the man whom he had sent away without her. His golden hair and beard and blue eyes floated into Emeline's past as the steamer receded, the powerful face and lithe figure first losing their identity, and then merging into night. What if it was true that she was robbing both him and herself of the best life, as Mary French was smitten to believe at the last moment? Her Gentile gorge rose against him, and the traditions of a thousand years warred in her with nature; yet she stretched her hands toward him in the darkness.

Then she heard a familiar voice, and knew that the old order of things was returning, while Beaver Island, like a dream, went silently down upon the waters.

Some years later, in the '50's, Emeline, sitting opposite her husband at the breakfast table, heard him announce from the morning paper,

"Murder of King Strang, the Mormon Prophet of Beaver Island." All the de-



"LET ME LOOSE!" STRUGGLED EMELINE."

tails of the affair, even the track of the bullets which crashed into that golden head, were mercilessly printed. The reader, surprised by a sob, dropped his paper.

"What! Are you crying, Mrs. Arnold?"

"It was so cruel!" sobbed Emeline. "And Billy Wentworth, like a savage, helped to do it!"

"He had provocation, no doubt, though it is a horrid deed. Perhaps I owe the King of Beaver the tribute of a tear. He befogged me considerably the only time I ever met him."

"You see only his evil. But I see what he was to Mary French and the others."

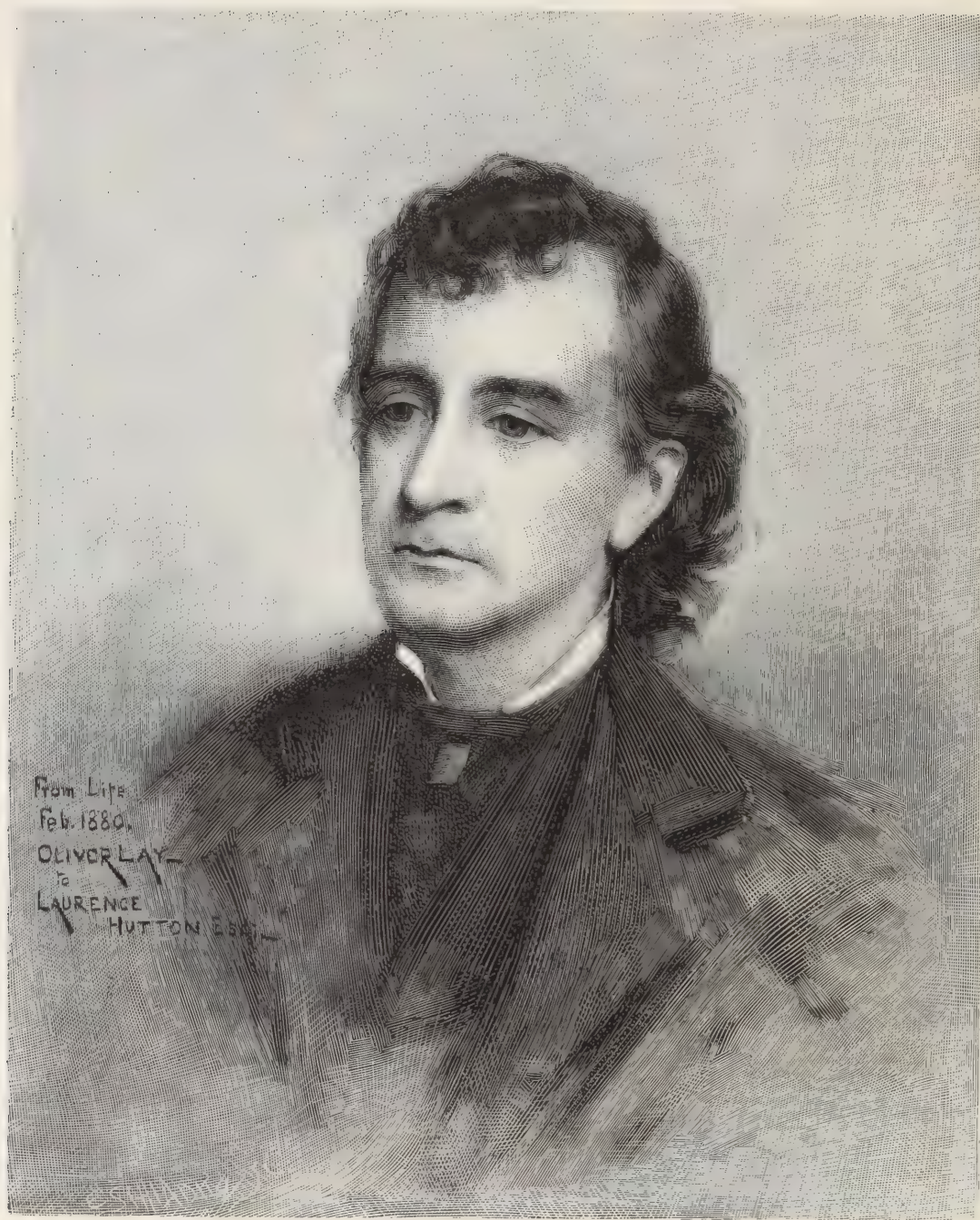
"His bereaved widows?"

"The ones who believed in his best."



## A GROUP OF PLAYERS.

BY LAURENCE HUTTON.



EDWIN BOOTH.

A GOOD many years ago, while Edwin Booth was playing a successful engagement in one of the leading theatres, I dropped into his dressing-room one night during the course of the performance. He chanced to be in a particularly happy frame of mind—and he was often cheerful and happy, tradition to the contrary notwithstanding. He was smoking the inevitable pipe, and he was arrayed in the costume of *Richelieu*, with his feet

upon the table, submitting patiently to the manipulations of his wardrobe-man or “dresser.” After a few words of greeting the call-boy knocked at the door and said that Mr. Booth was wanted at a certain “left lower entrance.” The protagonist jumped up quickly, and asked if I would stay where I was and keep his pipe alight, or go along with him and see him “lunch the cuss of Rum,” quoting the words of George L. Fox, who had



been producing recently a ludicrously clever burlesque of Booth in the same part. I followed him to the wings, and stood by his side while he waited for his cue. It was the fourth act of the drama, I remember, and the stage was set as a garden, nothing of which was visible from our position but the flies and the back of the wings; and we might have been placed in a great bare barn, so far as any scenic effect was apparent. *Adrian, Baradas*, and the conspirators were speaking, and at an opposite entrance, waiting for *her* cue, was the *Julie* of the evening. She was a good woman and an excellent actress, but unfortunately not a personal favorite with the Star, who called my attention to the bismuth with which she was covered, and said that if she got any of it on to his new scarlet cloak he would pinch her black and blue, puffing volumes of smoke into my face as he spoke. When the proper time came he rushed upon the stage, with a parting injunction not to let his pipe go out; and with the great meerschaum in my own mouth I saw the heroine of the play cast herself into his arms, and noticed, to my great amusement, that she *did* smear the robes of my Lord Cardinal with the greasy white stuff he so much disliked. I winked back at the half-comic, half-angry glance he shot towards me over *Julie's* snowy shoulders. I half expected to hear the real scream he had threatened to cause her to utter. I thought of nothing but the humorous, absurd side of the situation; I was eager to keep the pipe going. And lo! he raised his hand and spoke those familiar lines: "Around her form I draw the awful circle of our solemn Church. Place but a foot within that hallowed ground, and on thy head, yea, though it wear a crown, I'll launch the curse of Rome!" Every head upon the stage was uncovered, and I found my own hat in my hand! I forgot all the tomfoolery we had been indulging in; I forgot his pipe, and my promise regarding it; I forgot that I had been a habitual theatre-goer all my life; I forgot that I was a Protestant heretic, and that it was nothing but stage-play; I forgot everything, except the fact that I was standing in the presence of the great, visible head of the Catholic religion in France, and that I was ready to drop upon my knees with the rest of them at his invocation.

That was Edwin Booth the Actor!

In 1881 Booth wrote: "I hope your dear Mother may be spared to you many, many years. *My* dear old Mother is not so well as I could wish, and my sister Rosalie, her nurse, begins to fail. I'd rather have a cozy home, like yours, with Mother, than all the flummery and puffery I'm wasting my life for."

A few months later he wrote from London: "I scratch in haste, therefore excuse my incoherence. I am tired in body and brain, my dear Boy. The poor little girl [his second wife] is passing away from us. For weeks she has been failing rapidly; and the doctors have at last refused to attend her longer, unless she follows their directions and keeps her bed day and night. They tell me that she is dying, and that I may expect her death at any time. It is very pitiful to see her fading before our eyes. Edwina, deprived of sleep, and half dead with sorrow for the only mother she has ever known, and I—worn out with my nightly labors and wretched all the while—sit turn by turn to cheer her. The doctors—Mackenzie and Sir William Jenner—have pronounced her case hopeless. Edwina has written to Mrs. McVicker; and at last Mary knows that she is dying. You can imagine my condition just now; acting at random every evening, and nursing a half-insane, dying wife all day, and all night too, for that matter. I am scarce sane myself. I scribble this in haste at two in the morning, for I know not when I will have a chance to write sensibly and coherently again. Good-night. And God bless you!"

The last portrait for which Booth ever sat was made by Mr. Bradley, in black and white, and reproduced in *Harper's Weekly* at the time of Booth's death. It cost the subject a long and weary day's sitting, and it represents him in his own private room at The Players, surrounded by the inanimate things he loved best. The artist found him in an old-fashioned, commonplace, reps-covered arm-chair, of the late Pierce or early Buchanan period, in which he was very anxious to be portrayed; and it was with no little persuasion that he was induced to place himself in another seat, much more old-fashioned and much more picturesque. To the artist, who was a stranger to him, he hesitated to give his reason for the queer preference. But it seems that the homely piece of furniture stood in the parlor of Mr. Jefferson's house, in which lived his



first wife, and his one love; that it was deeply associated with all the sentiment of their courting days; that after his marriage he had asked Mr. Jefferson for it; that it had gone with him, always, wherever his home had been. And he *would* have liked, he said, in his ever-gentle way, to have it in the picture—for "Mary's sake." And then followed many tender, loving words concerning that same Mary, whom he had lost thirty years before.

That was Edwin Booth the Son, the Husband, and the Father!

I can hardly remember when I did not know and admire Booth as an actor. We first met personally on a Long Branch boat, about 1865, when I was presented to him by Lester Wallack. We rarely if ever met until ten years later, when through common friends we were thrown much together. My mother was in her early widowhood then. Booth and his wife came often to us, and we went often to them. A pleasant acquaintance ripened by degrees into an intimate friendship. In the summer of 1875 or 1876 the mother and I chanced to find the Booths at the Grand Union Hotel in Saratoga, and at their request we occupied two vacant rooms in a little suite engaged by them, in one of the most retired cottages in the Grand Union grounds. We were together a month or two, dining at the same table and spending most of our waking hours as one family. It was at this period that the second Mrs. Booth, always a nervous invalid, began to show signs of the mental lack of balance which finally sapped her own life and almost broke his heart. During her frequent attacks at Saratoga and later, when the two families met in New York and in London, sometimes she was very trying, but I never knew him to show a sign or utter a word of impatience. He bore meekly with everything she said and did, made excuses for her, concealed her irritability and her irresponsibility as much as possible; he held her in his arms, as if she were a baby, for hours and nights together without a murmur, and he showed a devotion that hardly can be equalled.

After my mother's death I went abroad at once with an aunt and her children. We found Booth playing at the Adelphi Theatre in London, and living at a hotel where he was neither satisfied nor comfortable. Finally Booth and his daugh-

ter moved into the apartments my people had vacated in Clarges Street, Piccadilly. I occupied a bedroom and sitting-room on the upper floor, and of course saw Booth daily. He was ill and dispirited. He smoked too much, took too little exercise, was neglectful of his diet, and in a bad physical condition generally. He rehearsed every morning and he played every evening; and his doctor said he *must* live more in the open air, and take long walks every day. I was busy, and naturally absorbed, but I made it my duty to see that Booth went on foot to and from the theatre every evening, I always going with him. And very pleasant are my recollections of those walks and talks. Down Piccadilly, through the Haymarket, across Trafalgar Square, and along the Strand we went; or through the parks to Whitehall; and home by way of the Embankment. Booth's face was not well enough known to be recognized by all the passers-by as it would have been in an American city, and he thoroughly enjoyed the feeling of incognito. Nothing distressed him more than notoriety or public observation. He rarely travelled in a horse-car or an omnibus on that account, and I have seen him shrink like a hyper-bashful child at any sign of recognition from strangers.

One perfect night, when the sky was without a cloud and the full moon was high in the heavens, we wandered home from the theatre, along the shore of the Thames, turned into the little square upon which looked the windows of the Banqueting Hall out of which Charles I. stepped to his death; then we passed through Axe Yard, where Pepys once lived; paused in front of St. Margaret's, where Raleigh's head was buried; gazed at the Abbey; and drifted, by some curious chance of gates being open, into the cloisters. There we stopped for a long time, with the whole sacred place to ourselves and no sound but the bell of the clock-tower ringing the quarters. The influence of the spot and the hour was upon us, and Edwin spoke of it all in a never-to-be-forgotten way; of Sheridan and Johnson and Cumberland, of Garrick and Newton and Chaucer and the rest of them, sleeping quietly so near us. We were loath to leave, but he dreaded being locked in the place, and thereby distressing "Daughter" by his non-appearance all night. And we walked

back to our own door, almost without a word.

Booth had a keen sense of humor, and among his intimates he was anything but the sad and gloomy man whom the outside world associated, always, with the character of the melancholy Dane of the stage. His published letters show how bright and cheerful he was, usually, in his familiar correspondence; and the following rhyming epistle is worth printing here as an example of his not infrequent efforts in that peculiar line. It came with an engraved portrait, neatly framed:

Xmas Eve, '79.

DEAR H.:

Think not that I forget,  
Or that because the walkin's wet,  
Is why I haven't called as yet  
*Fumer la pipe, ou cigarette,*  
In your sanctum-sanctorum.  
'Tis but because I have to fry  
Some other fish before they're dry;  
This only is the reason why  
My friends I do not bore 'em.  
So, since I can't *aller chez vous,*  
This dead-head I present, in lieu  
Of the one which here I shoulder,  
Hoping this too may likewise call  
Before the New Year learns to crawl,  
Or the old one grows much older.

But I know not, dear Hutton,  
If you'll care a button  
For this mug o' my own that I send,  
Though 'tis told me as truth  
(May be flatt'ry, forsooth,)  
By some who are judges—  
That this very mug is  
By far the best phiz  
Of your friend

EDWIN BOOTH.

P. S.—You may spurn it, or dern it,  
Or dash it, or *dang* it, or burn it,  
Or mash it—by puttin' yer fut on.  
Do anything—rather than hang it,  
If you don't like it, dear Hutton.

In my *Memoir of Booth* I have spoken of his kindness of heart, of his delicacy of feeling, of his thoughtfulness of others, and of his unbounded, silent charity. Even the members of his own family and his most intimate friends never heard of half the good he did. Sitting in his room in *The Players*, when his physical decay was first becoming manifest, I told him of a letter I had just received from the daughter of one of the old comedians, in which she offered the club a portrait of her father. Booth had received a letter from her to the same purport, would I write for both of us in reply? Her note was on his desk across the room, that

black-bordered one, on the top of a pile of unanswered epistles, he said, just at my hand. I picked it up and read aloud, "My dear Mr. Booth,—How can I ever thank you for your great liberality—" "No, no; not that one; the next." The next began, "I do not know what to say to you for your wonderful generosity—" "No, no; not that either;" and he picked up the whole package and threw them into an open drawer, ashamed that I should unwittingly have discovered some of his beneficiaries.

When an old friend and fellow-player died, Edwin bought a lot for his remains, buried him, placed a handsome monument over his head, purchased a house and furnished it fully for the widow, and gave her a liberal income, continued to her after his own death. He was staying with us—as he often did before he had a city home at *The Players*—detained by some mysterious and vexatious business, he said, which kept him, much against his will, from the bedside of his daughter, who was expecting her first confinement in Boston. He was in the receipt of long and not very encouraging telegrams from Mr. Grossman, every day; and he was visibly anxious. But his business kept him. What it was of course I never asked, and only knew at last by accident. The widow called one day when Edwin was smoking in the study. The maid reported that there was a reading-class, or a lecture, in the library; and the old lady was shown up stairs. I rose to go, after the first greeting, but she asked me to stay, perhaps I could help them, and then the story of the mysterious and important business came out. Booth was arranging for her husband's monument. She thought the pedestal too high, or too low; she could not decide upon the shape of the granite posts or the railing, and she did not altogether like the inscription! And the patient benefactor was waiting in New York, consumed by his paternal anxiety, saying nothing to his old and forlorn friend, who was of course entirely unconscious of his feelings, until she had made up her mind as to what she wanted. I settled everything for them in a few moments, and despatched him to Boston that same evening to make the acquaintance of his new grandchild.

Another old friend of Booth, a superannuated actor, and a very aged man,



lunched with him one day at The Players. The weather was threatening as he left, and his host sent him home in a carriage. The guest was very much affected when they parted, and tried to say something, in a half-tearful way, which Booth would not let him utter. After he had gone some one spoke of the gentleness and sweetness of the veteran's character, and said it was to be hoped that he had managed to save enough to keep his body and his soul together for the little time that was left to him here. "Oh yes, he's all right!" replied Booth. "He has something to support him comfortably as long as he lives, poor dear. And I'm glad of it." After Booth had passed away it was learned that the something, more than enough, was furnished by Booth, who had invested nine thousand dollars in an annuity to cheer his fellow-player's declining years. But he did not even hint of such a deed. He simply said, "I am glad of it!"

Many years before that I called upon Booth, one afternoon, at the Albemarle Hotel, in New York, during an engagement at the Fifth Avenue Theatre. His wife was dead; his daughter was married and living in a distant city, and he was quite alone and lonely. I brought into him a little fresh air, something from the outside world, and change of thought; and I was made to feel that my presence was not unwelcome. He sat, with the never-missing pipe, in an easy-chair, restful and content, talking of the old times and old seasons in which he then was beginning almost exclusively to live, when the waiter entered the room and put a visiting-card into his hand. "Tell the lady that Mr. Booth is engaged," was the quiet remark, and he continued the conversation where it had been interrupted. The caller was an influential leader of society in New York, and a charming woman personally, and I remonstrated with him for not receiving her and her equally charming daughter, who was with her. But he couldn't be bothered! In a few moments there came another card. This time that of a prominent man of affairs, a man known honorably throughout the country, a busy man, whose call was a compliment in itself; but "Mr. Booth was lying down." Still another card was presented, two cards, those of a man and his wife whom nobody could afford to refuse to receive. "But Mr. Booth was en-

gaged." At last came a card, followed by the request to "show the lady up!" I put on my overcoat to leave the room, but was told to wait. The lady was a friend of mine, whom I would be glad to see and who would be glad to see me. Curious to discover the identity of the person so distinguished, I did wait, and Black Betty entered, the old negro servant who had nursed his daughter when she was a baby, who had taken the most tender care of his wife when she was slowly and unhappily dying, and who had been a life-long, devoted, faithful friend to them all. She had left his service after his daughter's marriage, and had been married recently herself. She kissed "Massa Edwin's" hand—she was born a slave; she shook hands cordially with me; she was placed in the most comfortable rocking-chair, and she began to talk, familiarly, about her own affairs and his. She couldn't afford to go to the theatre "no mo'," she said, but she wanted her husband to see Massa Edwin play; could she have a pass, for two, for that night? He wrote the pass at once, which she read, and returned to him with a shake of the head. "They was only niggas; the do'-keeper wouldn't let no niggas into the orchestra seats; a pass to the gallery was good enough for them." A second paper she received silently, but with another, and still more decided, shake of the head. I saw it over her shoulder, and it read, "Pass my friend Betty Blank and party to my box this evening. Edwin Booth." And Betty occupied the box!

Still he was too tired to receive the daughter of one of the most distinguished men of science in the country, a judge of the Supreme Court of the United States, or a bishop and his wife!

That was Edwin Booth the Man!

Booth was certainly a great actor. But it seems to those who loved him best and who knew him best that he was a better man. He was tried by domestic sorrows and by business troubles as few men have been tried, but he never flinched, he never lost heart, and he never spoke bitterly of those who had wronged him most. His tenderness was exquisitely human.

Mr. Jefferson, his successor in the presidency of The Players, and the only man on the American stage to-day who is worthy to succeed him, spoke of Booth in the club-house on the night of his own inaugural in the following words: "But a

few years ago Booth, although rich in genius, was poor in pocket. He had been wealthy, and he saw the grand dramatic structure he had reared taken from him and devastated. His reverse of fortune was from no fault of his own, but from a confiding nature. When he again, by arduous toil, accumulated wealth, one would have supposed that the thought of his former reverses would have startled him, and that he would have clutched his newly acquired gold and garnered it to himself, fearful lest another stroke of ill fortune should fall upon him. But instead of making him a coward it gave him courage. It did not warp his mind or steel his heart against humanity. No sterility settled upon him. His wrongs seemed to have fertilized his generosity, and here we behold the fruit. . . . The walls within which we stand, the art, the books, and the comforts that surround us, represent a life of toil and travel, sleepless nights, tedious journeys, and weary work; so that when he bestowed upon us this club, it was not his wealth only, but it was himself he gave us. . . . When the stranger comes here and asks us for the monument of Edwin Booth, we can truly and significantly say, 'Look around you.' "

It has been said that Edwin Booth was the son of his father; that his reputation as his father's son was not only the foundation, but the greater part of the reputation he built for himself; that all he knew and all he was came from the father whom he copied so carefully. In his own defence, perhaps, he wrote, in an article upon the elder Kean, these modest, thoughtful lines: "The word imitation seems to be used as a slur upon the actor alone. The painter and the sculptor go to Italy to study the old masters, and are praised for their good copies after this or that one. They are not censured for imitation; and why may not the actor also have his preceptor, his model? Why should he be denounced for following in the footsteps of *his* old master? Why should he alone be required to depart from the traditions? True, other artists see the works of their predecessors, and can retain or reject beauties or blemishes at will; but the actor relies solely on uncertain records of his master's art, and thereby is frequently misled into the imitation of faults rather than into the emulation of virtues. In the main, tradition

to the actor is as true as that which the sculptor perceives in Angelo, the painter in Raphael, and the musician in Beethoven; all these artists have sight and sound to guide them. I, as an actor, know that could I sit in front of the stage and see myself at work I would condemn much that has been lauded; and correct many faults which I feel are mine and which escape the critics' notice. But I cannot see or hear my mistakes as can the sculptor, the painter, the writer, and the musician. Tradition, if it be traced through pure channels and to the fountain-head, leads one as near to Nature as can be followed by her servant Art. Whatever Quin, Barton Booth, Garrick, and Cooke gave to stagecraft, or, as we now term it, 'business,' they received from their predecessors; from Betterton, and perhaps from Shakspeare himself, who, though not distinguished as an actor, well knew what acting should be; and what they inherited in this way they bequeathed, in turn, to their art, and we should not despise it. Kean knew without seeing Cooke, who in turn knew from Macklin, and so back to Betterton, just what to do and how to do it. Their great mother Nature, who reiterates her teachings and preserves her monotone in motion, form, and sound, taught them. There must be some similitude in all things that are True!"

And in writing of the elder Booth he said:

"To see my Father act, when in the acting mood, was *not* 'like reading Shakspeare by flashes of lightning,' which could give but fitful glimpses of the author's meaning; but the full sunlight of his genius shone on every character that he portrayed, and so illumined the obscurities of the text that Shaksperians wondered with delight at his lucid interpretation of passages which to them had previously been unintelligible. At his best he soared higher in the realm of Art than any of his successors have reached; and to those who saw him then it was not credible that any of his predecessors could have surpassed him. His expressions of terror and remorse were painful in the extreme, his hatred and revenge were devilish, but his tenderness was exquisitely human."

The history of the conception, the birth, and the baptism of The Players has never been told fully in print. Booth had long desired to do something in a tangible and



in an enduring way for the good of his profession; and various schemes were fully discussed during a fortnight's cruise on the steam-yacht *Oneida* in the summer of 1886. The party consisted of Mr. E. C. Benedict, the owner of the beautiful vessel, Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Lawrence Barrett, Mr. William Bispham, Booth, and myself. Booth's first and original idea was to found and endow some sort of an Actors' House or Home, with sleeping-rooms, writing-rooms, a restaurant, and the like; where strangers in New York could find a lodging; and where residents could assemble, whenever they were so disposed; where the old could find a resting-place, the sick could find shelter and a doctor's care, and the poor could find help and comfort. The arguments against this were as many as were those in its favor. It did not seem altogether possible. The difficulties, as they were pointed out to him, were almost insurmountable, and with great reluctance he finally abandoned the idea. The notion of a club for actors was then proposed, Mr. Aldrich; with a peculiarly happy inspiration, suggested its name, "The Players," and the general plan of organization was gradually outlined. Curiously enough, the whole thing was based upon the name. The idea was so good that Mr. Booth felt he could not let it pass, and upon the name, which became the corner-stone, was the edifice erected. By no other name could it have smelled so sweet in the generous donor's nostrils; and if Mr. Aldrich had not thought of a name for it, before it was thought of itself, The Players, perhaps, would never have existed, and Booth's beneficence would, perhaps, have taken some other form. After our return to New York, in the autumn, a number of Booth's friends were taken into his confidence, Mr. Augustin Daly, Mr. A. M. Palmer, among the managers; Mr. Joseph Jefferson, Harry Edwards, Florence, Mr. John Drew, James Lewis, Mr. John A. Lane, among the actors; Mr. Brander Matthews, Mr. Mark Twain, among the writers; General Sherman, Judge Joseph F. Daly, Mr. Stephen H. Olin, Mr. Charles E. Carryl, among the sympathizers with the stage; and so by them The Players was incorporated early in January, 1888. Prominent persons in all the kindred professions were nominated as members. The house No. 16 Gramercy Park was pur-

chased by Booth, and at his expense it was almost entirely rebuilt, under the direction of Mr. Stanford White, one of the original Players. All the cost was borne by Booth, who furnished it from garret to cellar, gave it his books, his pictures, his own rich treasures of enormous histrionic interest and value. And on the first Founder's Night, the 31st of December, 1888, he transferred it all to the Association, a munificent gift, absolutely without parallel in its way. The pleasure it gave to Booth during the few remaining years of his life was very great. He made it his home. Next to his own immediate family it was his chief interest, care, and consolation. He nursed and petted it, as it nursed and petted and honored him. He died in it. And it is certainly his greatest monument.

As he passed away on that sad June night all the electric lamps in the clubhouse were suddenly extinguished. And we, at The Players, are still in darkness!

The sudden death of Lawrence Barrett was a great shock and a great surprise to Booth. His friend had recovered from the serious operation performed a year or two before, and he was, seemingly, in robust strength, likely long to outlive Booth, who was beginning to become conscious of his own physical decay. They were playing together a successful engagement in New York, when Barrett was taken ill and was obliged to leave the theatre before the close of the performance. The next night he did not appear, and the third night his name was taken out of the bill. Booth, who had no thought of anything serious, asked Mr. Bromley, the manager, to call at the Windsor Hotel and see how "Lawrence was getting on." An hour later Booth was sitting at his supper of bread and milk in the grill-room of The Players when Mr. Bromley entered and said, simply and seriously, "Mr. Barrett has gone." Booth, still suspecting nothing, asked, "Where to?" supposing that Mrs. Barrett had carried her husband off to their home in Boston. He was naturally very much depressed for some time. Indeed, he never fully recovered from the blow. He closed his theatre at once, although he continued the salaries of his company; and finally he played a short engagement in Brooklyn, which proved, as so many of his friends feared, his last. During this engagement a copy of the death-





LAWRENCE BARRETT AS CASSIUS.



mask of Barrett was sent to the Club. It came in as Booth was starting out for the theatre. He saw it in the hall, learned from whom it had come, and told the boy in charge to "carry it up stairs." The lad, not understanding the order, took it to Booth's own room, removed the wrappings, and placed it on a small table by Booth's bed. And there, when he went up stairs and turned on the electric lights, in all the ghastly whiteness of the fresh plaster, he found it. This was, if possible, a greater shock to him than was the death of Barrett itself.

Barrett was absolutely and entirely self-educated and self-made. He came of simple, plain, honest Irish parents, and he was never ashamed of them, or of the facts of his birth. He never pretended to be anything more than he was; and he was always ready to speak of his early struggles and disadvantages. A report that his real name was "Larry Brannigan" annoyed him beyond measure. How it originated he never knew, but it was constantly repeated in the newspapers all over the country, and no denial on his part could suppress the falsehood. When a History of the Albany Stage published the misstatement, he wrote to the author a dignified letter explaining the matter, and a correction and apology was made at once.

His father, as he often told me, was Patrick Barrett, an Irish immigrant, who never rose very high in the social scale. His mother was a hard-working woman, whom he never forgot, and of whom he always spoke with the greatest affection and regard. He was a seven months' child, with a preternaturally large head, which was so heavy that he could not walk until he was quite a lad. He often told his friends, and never with the slightest sentiment of shame, how his mother wiped the suds from her arms and left her wash-tub to carry him to the little school where he was taught his letters; coming back for him and carrying him home again when the proper time arrived.

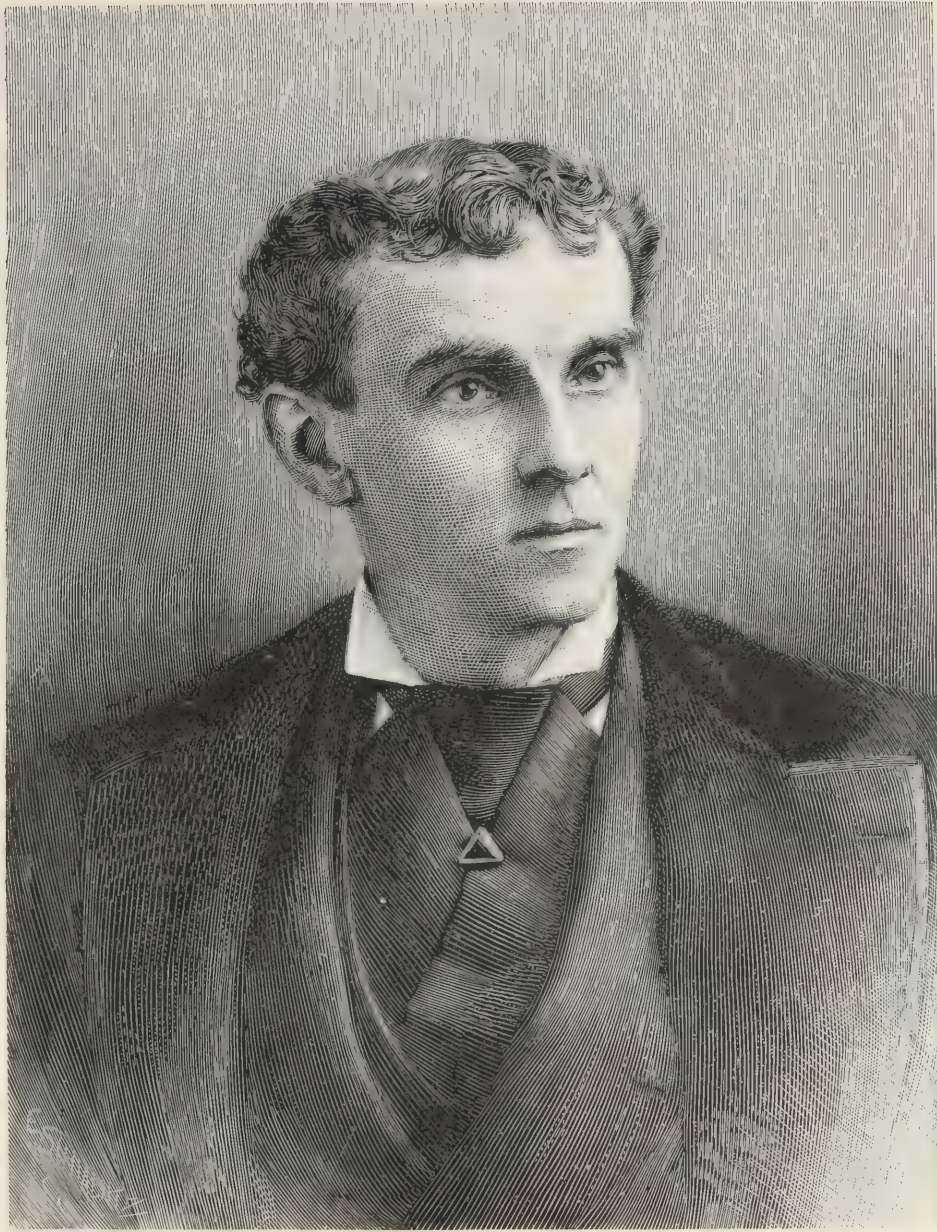
His father seems to have been unjustly severe with the boy; and when the lad was ten years old, very slight and frail, he ran away from home, concealing himself under the seat of the "buggy" of a travelling cattle-dealer, and not discovering himself until it was too late to send him back. He found employment in a hotel in a Western city, and later he be-

came call-boy in a Western theatre. Here he made friends with the property-man, who gave him the ends of the candles used in the house, which he took to his garret and stuck into nails driven in the floor, because the lights were too short to burn long enough in the bottles which were his only candelabra. By the uncertain flame of these "dips," lying on his stomach on the carpetless planks, he studied an old copy of Webster's Dictionary, which formed his entire library. I have heard him tell all this to a President of the United States in the White House, and in the presence of foreign ministers and Secretaries of State and their wives and daughters, as simply as if he were boasting of the claims of long descent. And to prove how familiar he was with his only book, I have heard him repeat and spell and define the many obsolete and obsolescent words which the very first page of that dictionary contains.

Barrett was sometimes imperious, hot-headed, impulsive, quick to anger, often unjust; but he was always ready to confess himself in the wrong and to make amends. For years I saw much of him in his own family circle and in mine, at home and abroad, in Paris, in London, in Cohasset, in Boston, and in New York, but I saw very little in him that I could not respect and admire.

I saw him on the Wednesday two days before his death, in his own room at the Windsor, where he was peculiarly happy and well. He was looking over the settings and designs for the costuming of a new play with Mr. Edward Hamilton Bell, a native of England. It chanced to be the 17th of March, St. Patrick's Day, and whenever a regiment of soldiers or a benevolent society passed under his window playing the "Wearing of the Green" or some other national Irish air, he would jump to his feet, clap his hands, and shout "Old Ireland forever!" or "Those are the boys to make England quail." He was taken ill that night at the theatre. When I called on the Friday evening to ask about him he was too ill for me to see him, and he passed away quietly on his wife's breast before morning. The object of my visit on that Wednesday had been to get him to ask permission from the family of General Sherman to add the death-mask of the old soldier to my collection of casts of distinguished men. The letter written to Father Sher-





LAWRENCE BARRETT.

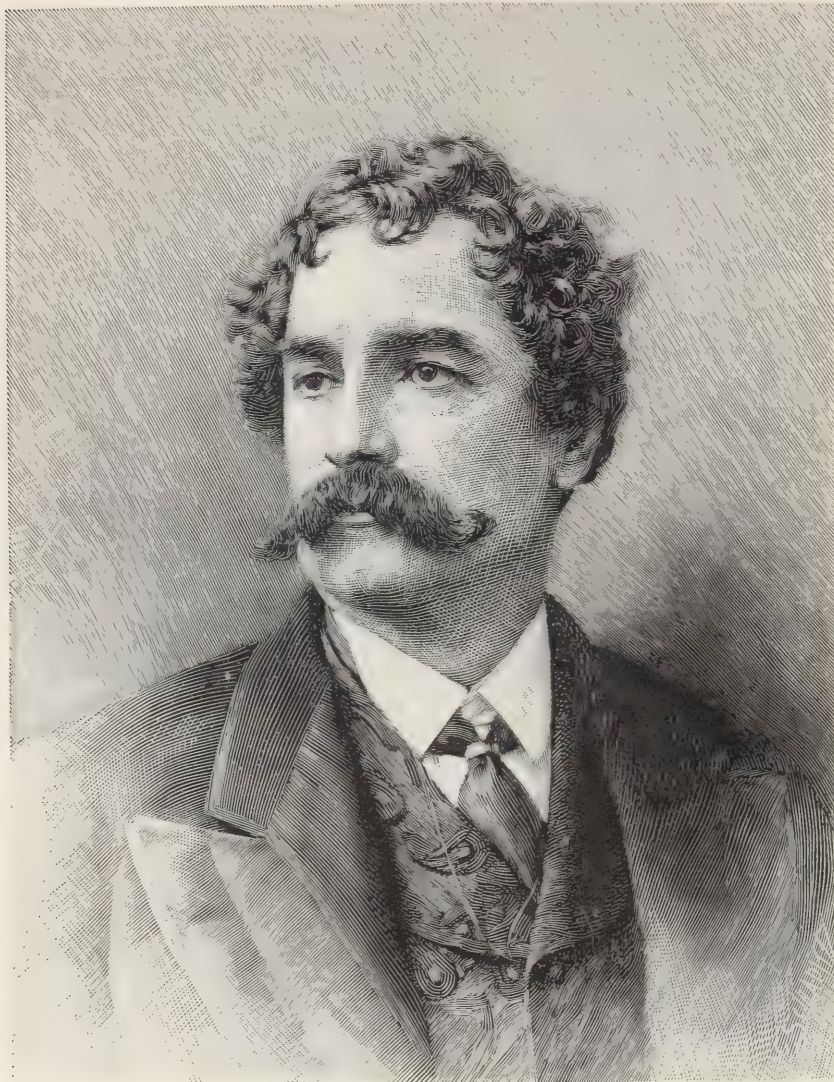
man was the last letter he ever wrote; and three nights later I had made a cast of his own dead face. Curiously enough, he was the recipient of the last letter ever written by General Sherman.

Barrett was a man of very warm and tender affection. Entire harmony existed between him and his family, and it was very beautiful to see them together.

With Barrett and James R. Osgood, the publisher, a dear friend to us both, I spent a very happy week at Maidenhead on the Thames. We engaged a sitting-room and three bedrooms in a pleasant little inn, and thoroughly enjoyed the rest and quiet. On the morning of our arrival our little parlor was invaded by a wild-eyed, queer-mannered personage, who played on our piano although he was

informed that the room was private, and who did other offensive and familiar things. Barrett finally ordered him out in his very severest tone, and rang the bell to complain to the landlord. The frightened and apologetic waiter informed us that the intruder *was* the landlord, who had had a sunstroke and was not responsible for his actions. Sorry for his brusqueness, Barrett and the rest of us went out upon the lawn after luncheon to make amends to the harmless creature whom we saw busily employed there. As we approached him we discovered that he was twirling around his head a long, heavy, sharp-pointed crowbar, with which, he told us, he was trying to see how near he could come to a certain rose-bush across the bit of grass. He asked us to





LESTER WALLACK.

join him in his cheerful game! But we scattered silently and as quickly as possible, and joined each other half an hour later on the bank of the Thames, half a mile away.

When Lester Wallack retired from the stage he was asked to write his reminiscences for a contemporary periodical, and he consented on the one condition that I should be his editor. The task was not to my liking and I hesitated for some time, finally consenting, at his own and his publisher's urgent request. The old actor took a little suite of apartments in Thirty-fourth Street, so as to be near me, and during the long winter I spent three nights a week in his room. It was discovered in the beginning that he had not put a word to paper, was too feeble to write, and that he had but a vague notion of what he was to say. A stenographer was employed to set down every-

thing that Wallack uttered. I prompted the old actor with a judicious question now and then; and his talk with an old and sympathetic play-goer was as entertaining as any to which I ever listened. But unluckily very much of it could not be transcribed, not because it was improper in any way, but because it could not be used as literature. After each evening Mr. Steele, the stenographer, and a clever one, read his notes and made a type-written copy of what I wished him to preserve. These notes, after I had gone through them, were sent to Wallack for final revision. He read and corrected the first article in proof, but he died before the second was printed. Fortunately he had dictated enough material for three papers in *Scribner's Magazine*.

These I prepared for the press, and printed them later in book form, with an introductory "Memoir." I very soon learned to like "The Governor," as he was called on his own stage and in his own family; and I am glad to think, from our personal intercourse and from the few letters he wrote, that the feeling was mutual.

His wife, and sometimes his sons and their wives, were present on these evenings; and Mrs. Wallack offered many useful and valuable suggestions as to what he should say concerning his experiences, early and late. He had a sincere affection and respect for his father's memory, and he told many stories of the elder Wallack's life, off the stage and on. His great trouble—or his editor's great trouble—was his love for lords; and he was too fond of dwelling on what his father had said to the Duke of Wellington or to the Marquis of Something, to the



exclusion of his father's conversation with Elliston or Kean or the nobility of the stage.

One night, I remember, he had sent us a card for his box at the old theatre, Broadway and Thirtieth Street, then "Palmer's," to see a revival of *London Assurance*. He had been present at a previous performance, and he spent the entire evening in telling how the older actors used to play their parts, giving admirable imitations of all the Dollies and Lady Gays and Sir Harcourts he had known or with whom he had played. Not a word of what he said, of course, could go into the book; but no better talk ever went up a chimney to be lost forever.

He had a sincere affection for Harry Montague, and they were much together. When Montague died in California, and suddenly, Wallack telegraphed to Mrs. Mann, in London, asking as to what disposition should be made of the body, then on its way to New York. Mrs. Mann—Montague's mother—cabled in reply, "You have been good to my boy in life, and I would like him to lie by your side in death." He was buried in the family plot of the elder Wallack, in Greenwood. Lester himself rests in Woodlawn.

Wallack's last letter to me is rather pathetic. It is dated April 28 [1888].

MY DEAR HUTTON,—If you can look in on me a couple of hours, before your luncheon-time tomorrow, we can go through regularly what is already done, with a view to the magazine articles. If you cannot come to me, I will limp to you.

Yours always,

LESTER WALLACK.

I went to him. But very often during those months, in his feeble way, he limped to us, always welcome and always cheerful and lovable. He died in his country home a few months later.

Henry J. Montague was a man of unusual personal charm, off the stage and on. He was sympathetic, gentle, and

"sweet," a womanly man in a way, without being at all unmanly; and he was as popular with men as with the other sex. One Sunday night at Delmonico's, then on the corner of Fifth Avenue and Fourteenth Street, during the first run of the *Shaughraun*, he bet dinners for the party that he would the next night



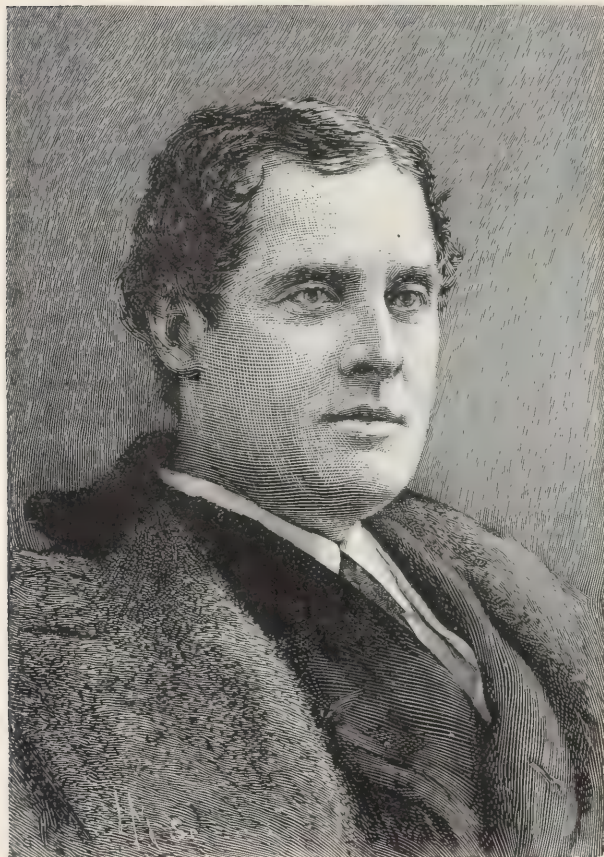
HENRY J. MONTAGUE.

whistle the then topical song of the day, "Captain Jenks, of the Horse-Marines," instead of "The British Grenadiers," which the part demanded. We all sat in front, and when the young officer crossed the stage at the proper time he gave us a queer little glance and whistled—"The British Grenadiers!" He confessed afterwards that he had lost his bet voluntarily, and for two reasons. In the first place, he wanted a chance to pay back some of the hospitality of which he had been the recipient here; and in the second



place, Mr. Wallack, his manager, had treated him with such uniform kindness and courtesy that he did not feel like taking even so small a liberty upon Mr. Wallack's stage. His last spoken words were curiously prophetic and suggestive: "Ring down the curtain!"

William J. Florence I knew very well and liked very much. Everybody liked "Billy" Florence. His handsome face and his winning smile were absolutely irresistible. In my *Plays and Players* and elsewhere in print I had written something about his dramatic career, and what I wrote was pleasant and gratifying to him. I remembered him from his earliest experiences as an actor. I had watched him closely; I had seen nearly everything he ever did; and as I said of



WILLIAM J. FLORENCE.

him at the time of his death, I know of no man on the English-speaking stage who did so many things so well. His versatility was very remarkable, and although he was in nothing great, he was in all things good.

Florence's last joke was one of his best, and was also peculiarly pathetic and prophetic. He came to New York from

Boston at the close of an engagement there, and was on his way to Philadelphia. At the Fifth Avenue Hotel, where he always stopped, he was told that the barber who had shaved him for many years had died that Sunday morning, and was to be buried the next afternoon. Florence's professional engagements would not permit him to attend the funeral, but he would like to do something to show his respect for Fritz, and his sympathy for Fritz's family. The boys in the shop had subscribed for a floral tribute and had raised twenty-three dollars for the purpose. "Here are twenty-seven more," said Florence; "make it something handsome!" As the largest contributor he was asked, before he left town, to suggest an appropriate motto to be fixed, in purple violets, across the enormous mass of white roses which had been ordered for the occasion—something which everybody would understand, and which Fritz himself would have liked. Without a moment's hesitation the actor said, "NEXT!" and the word was accepted and adopted.

"And alas!" said Mr. Jefferson, telling the story, "poor Billy himself was the next to answer the familiar call!"

He was taken ill at his hotel in Philadelphia at the end of that same week, and died there in the course of a few days. Mrs. Kendall, who was with him during his illness, has told in private many of the particulars of it. He had been in the habit of telegraphing to Mrs. Florence wherever he or she might be, if they chanced to be separated, on a Sunday. That last Sunday he worked himself into a fever over the cable message which was to be sent to his wife in London. He did not wish to alarm her, but he knew how ill he was, and he did not want to cable what was not true. He sank rapidly the next day, and his only desire was that she might reach him before he went into the Awful Future, alone. He prayed for her speedy arrival and for his own strength to wait; and Mrs. Kendall says that even until the end he lay with his hands folded in the attitude of prayer, crying almost inarticulately, "O God, keep me until she can come!" He died before she arrived in this country.

When Florence's body was removed from the hotel to the railway station in



Philadelphia, a party of working-men, in their Sunday clothes, asked permission to carry it through the streets. They were not known to anybody. They said, simply, that Mr. Florence had afforded them a great deal of pleasure and enjoyment, and that they wanted to do something for him in return. Of course their request was granted.

A startling coincidence is connected with Florence's death. I had written a hurried obituary notice of him for *Harper's Weekly*, to receive which the presses were stopped for a few hours. It was to be illustrated with a portrait, and with a *fac-simile* of his autograph, taken from a letter sent to Franklin Square for that purpose.

On the morning of the funeral, as I was leaving the house, the servant handed me, among other mail matter, an envelope which contained the note from Florence. It was signed "Yours affectionately"; it was written upon the paper of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, where he was then lying dead; and it bore the date of that very day! Of course it had been written in some previous year. But the shock, naturally, was very great.

Florence, like Booth, occasionally dropped into rhyme. In our Guest Book he wrote:

When in after-years you see  
The page I mutilate for thee,  
Let pearly tears flow fast in torrents  
At thought of yours, forever,

FLORENCE (W. J.)

The eyes which see it now are sometimes wet.

Florence was very much interested in *The Players* from the outset, and he was greatly pleased when he was placed on the Governing Board as successor to Lawrence Barrett. He attended but one meeting. He was so full of life and spirits, said so many funny and irrelevant things, that business was greatly interrupted. Booth, who presided, said, "These two boys [Florence and Mr. Jefferson] must be separated!" Florence never entered *The Players* again.

I put a nickel in the slot the other day, on the leading thoroughfare of a certain civilized city, to hear, in a phonograph, "The Ravings of John McCullough," so advertised in large letters, under an old lithograph of the dead tragedian. It was his voice, mad or feigning madness, quot-

ing scraps from *Virginus*, *Spartacus*, and *Brutus*, and ending each with that dreadful laugh, half insane, half idiotic, which was so distressing to those of us



JOHN McCULLOUGH.

who knew him when his mental infirmities were beginning to make themselves evident.

It was a brutal exhibition. But, startling as it was, it brought up memories of an unusually attractive personality; and it has made me think very often since, pleasantly rather than painfully, of a man of whom I saw not a little in a social way, at one time, and whom I greatly liked.

I had no knowledge of McCullough's failing physical and mental powers until I met him by chance one Sunday evening in Mr. F. D. Millet's studio in New York. McCullough had come in to discuss a costume for *Virginus*, which Mr. Millet was designing for him, and he talked like his own old self until we all walked out together, about ten o'clock. We started toward the Sixth Avenue, and when he stopped his car I said, "Good-night, John," and turned to go up the street with Mr. Millet, who had gone out



to exercise his collie-dog. John—poor John—who knew that it was not my way home, thought that I wanted to get rid of him, and burst into a torrent of tears. I went with him to his hotel, he holding my hand in the street car; I stopped with him for a while in his room; finally I put him to bed as if he was a baby, and held his hand until forgetfulness came.

There were no Ravings on that occasion. He spoke of his past life, professional and personal. Of what it had been, and of what it might have been. Told me something of his mother, and of his childish trials and troubles; he asked affectionately of my mother, forgetting that she was gone. And I *think* he breathed a little prayer before he went to sleep.

Some time before that I found him sitting with Florence at a small table in Delmonico's café. I joined them, when Florence said to him: "John, this boy is going to be married. His engagement is just announced." McCullough replied that he was glad, very glad, of it. He knew that I would select none but a good woman. And then he spoke, as a bishop might have spoken, of the ennobling influence upon any man of a good woman's love. Florence coincided with him in every point; and rarely has woman received a more touching tribute than was paid her by those two play-actors in a public restaurant.

Such are some of the Ravings of the men of the stage, who, in the eyes of the world, have no good in them!

## THE BLAZING HEN-COOP.

BY OCTAVE THANET.



HIS is not a story; it is a narrative, a narrative of fact, dedicated to any American man or woman who is considering the going into the "chicken business."

We have stood on the threshold of the "chicken business" for three years. The first year we leaned on Mother Nature and mother hens for our results; the last we tried an incubator, and depended more on art than on nature.

"I believe," said Jane, "that we could make money by raising chickens for market. Anyhow, we could have better chickens to eat!"

When one lives on a lonely Arkansas plantation, six miles from a railway, one takes to many pastimes. Hardly sharing Jane's hopeful view of the pecuniary possibilities of poultry-raising, it did seem to me the fitting and harmonious thing for country folk to do. When I am in the city I like to be urban and civilized, and pay my best respects to all the conventionalities; and when I am in the country I like to be rural and natural and primitive, and live close to the grass.

Therefore I proposed to invest some capital in the undertaking. By capital I said that I meant money. I did not mean experience, or manual labor, or sympathy, or advice. "I am willing," I said, kindly but firmly, "to lend a hand to most good works. I will cook, or paint in doors or out—you know how I risked my life, and very possibly my soul, I was so cross, prancing on a shaky scaffolding, painting the northeast corner of the south quarter-section of the dining-room ceiling. I will hang wall-paper, or put down carpets, or mend tin-ware, or run the lawn-mower, or lay bricks! Well do you know that I mended the library fireplace with these hands, with mortar made out of the river sand and lime, and hair that Steven carried off the horses, and clay to make it plastic; and I had to take the pancake-turner for a trowel! I am willing, in short, to make myself useful in any unpretending, toilsome way; but I draw the line at beasts. I will not wait on beasts!"

"They are not beasts," said Jane, a very gentle and literal person; "they are fowls."

"Let us call them 'the creatures,' then, like Alice in Wonderland. I will not wait on 'the creatures.'"

"You needn't," she interrupted.

Although her words and manner were all that is kind, I gathered that she did

not regard me as good for much outside the office.

The first thing that she herself did to promote our new undertaking, which (by suggestion of the ignorant partner) we were to begin on a small domestic scale, was to subscribe to all the poultry journals in sight. At the same time we bought books the merits of which had been revealed to us by these same journals. Jane read them, and reconciled their conflicts as well as she could. She had the ardor of a poultry bibliomaniac, disdaining not the humblest farthing candle of a *Farm and Fireside* column in the local press. She continued to read even after I had hunted down one of the editors, and found him to be a youth of twelve summers, with a capital of six months' neglecting of four hens and the boundless confidence of his years.

The first thing that we both did was to build a poultry-house—we call it a chicken-house in our country.

The plan contained not only our own thoughts on poultry conveniences, but all the choice ideas culled from our library and the press.

It is, on the whole, not strange that the carpenter (who had never worked from a plan before) was considerably bewildered. He said to a friend, a planter, to whom he appealed from "them ladies," in the comradeship of sex: "Cunnel, kin you make out this here little trick? It's the queerest contraption I ever did see."

The Colonel glances at the neat drawing in India-ink and red, over which a willing but uneducated architect (that is I myself) has been toiling several evenings. He is acquainted with plans and buildings, yet he has never seen anything quite like it himself; but he is not only a wise man, he has a kind heart. "Very pretty, very pretty," he says. "Yes, I see. Gates, that's all right, and I'll explain it to you if you'll come over this evening; all you need to do to-day about it, is to get out those four-by-sixes for the sills."

Thereupon the carpenter goes off satisfied, and the planter hies him nimbly over to the architect.

"Look-a-here," he says, "what do you all mean, anyhow, by this plan?"

"It is a very nice plan indeed," says the architect, calmly. "I made it. It's made on a scale."



"CUNNEL, KIN YOU MAKE OUT THIS HERE LITTLE TRICK?"

"They mostly are," remarks the planter, dryly.

"Mine are not; it's too much trouble; but I measured this one, so that Gates could use it for a working-plan. What's the matter with it?"

"It is very pretty, but I don't understand it. What's this closet for in the roosting-room?"

The architect looks, is puzzled herself, smiles again. "Oh, that isn't anything! I forgot to rub out the old lines when I changed the dimensions of that room. You see it isn't in ink. You mustn't pay any attention to anything that isn't in ink."

The Colonel's single comment is, "Got a rubber?" Provided with the rubber, he untidily erases the false lines. Then he continues: "What are these little rooms with doors opening upside down?"

"Those aren't rooms; they are nest-boxes and laying-boxes. The ones that open into the roosting-room are laying-boxes for them to lay their eggs, and the ones on the other side are for them to





BUILDING THE CHICKEN-HOUSE.

set. And those aren't doors; those are slides that lift up. I have tried to indicate their lifting up. We can close the slides when a hen is away, so the other hens can't get into her nest."

"You can if you're there."

"It's warmer for the hen. I don't know anything about them," concludes the architect, cheerfully deserting her absent friend; "but Jane found them in a book, and she says they are very valuable."

"They ought to be; they'll cost enough—finiky little things! What's this chimney in the middle of the house?"

"That isn't a chimney; that's a ventilator. It's to be in the roof; but it looks, of course, as if it was on the floor; but that's only so he sha'n't forget it; and it's marked '*Above*' in red ink, so he'll understand."

"And what that's red hand pointing down for?"

"That's so you'll look down in the corner of the paper for that drawing of the ventilator."

"Oh, yes, ma'am, that thing which looks like a dumpy church spire. I see. It's very plain after it is explained. I think I have it all now—except this piazza—"

"Feeding-trough," says the architect, briefly.

The Colonel professed satisfaction, and explained in his turn to Gates. As Gates was obliged to do some of our most ingenious and (according to the books) vital features of a poultry-house over once or twice, because his untutored mind distorted the ideas of gifted poultry-raisers, and as (owing to their originality) there was no buying our interior decorations ready-made, naturally the poultry-house cost considerably more than a modest dwelling. But hens are not so patient as native-born Arkansans; they have their own labor organization, and always win their strikes. We wanted eggs in winter; hens will not lay unless they have a warm, dry, clean house. I don't blame them. But a tight, warm house costs money. It was, however, rather dispiriting to have Jane say, "I think, if we were to build that poultry-house over again, I should do it very differ-

ently." It was positively more dispiriting for an architect to be convinced that Jane was quite right.

We did build another chicken-house—we built two or three; and the more we built, the simpler became our plans. The truth is, fowls prefer sunshine in winter, and air and shade in summer, to any conveniences. Again I don't blame them.

Then we bought our fowls. There are two ways of securing a high-bred chicken-yard—one may buy the fowls, or he may raise them from the egg. We have tried both ways, and we are only sure that whichever you try, you will wish that you had tried the other. What we should recommend depends entirely on what we are trying at the moment. If we are trying eggs, we are sure that it is better to pay ten dollars for a healthy, well-behaved trio of fowls than to take one's chances on eggs at three dollars a dozen, and possibly only have three or four out of the setting strong enough to break the shell. While, if we are trying fowls, we do not see the use of paying such prodigious sums for a white Plymouth Rock cock that has his spirit beaten out of him by a half-way game cockerel the first day of his arrival, and dies of a broken heart the

following summer! Our initial experience was with eggs. We sent for dark Brahmas and black-breasted Red Games. We (that is, the president of the corporation) set the eggs carefully under the choicest (in a moral point of view) hens that we had. We had no choice in the matter of lineage; they were all of the "barn-yard" tribe, the hens of the country—small, hardy, active little creatures, the fittest that have survived a corn diet, damp quarters, a fight for subsistence, and the ever-recurring massacres of cholera. We were saddened to discover that thirteen chickens are not usually hatched out of thirteen eggs. At least I was. Jane knew better than to expect so much; but she admitted that she had hoped that more than four would be hatched. It was also surprising to the secretary and treasurer to have the black-breasted Red Game appear as barred Plymouth Rocks. But as eleven out of the thirteen survived, we concluded that we liked Plymouth Rocks, and sent anew for the Games. Jane, who is always modest, felt that it was her fault that more eggs did not hatch; but further experience inclines us to believe that the average of eggs to the hatch which hatch is smaller than sanguine and trustful readers of the sellers' circulars would suppose. It was also borne in upon us, during years, that the sellers have a kind of cold-storage system about eggs that mars their usefulness. We seldom had an order for eggs filled under a month's time, during which our appointed hens tried to outwit us by having families of their very own, and gave us no end of vexation. We cannot feel, either, that eggs collected for a month, and jolted over hundreds of miles of railway and six miles of corduroy road, are fit to offer a conscientious hen. To corroborate this view of the imported egg, I may cite the fact that the eggs laid by our own fowls never failed to give a proportion of at least ten out of a setting which hatched, and several times the life-rate ran as high as thirteen out of thirteen. I should say that the fresher the egg the better the chance for the chicken. Simultaneously with our discoveries in regard to the



THE EGG-VENDER'S COLD STORAGE.

practices of egg-venders, we made some gloomy discoveries about the brutal clumsiness of the mother hen. Hardly a family of little chicks sees the sun that one or two or three will not be trampled, or smothered, or crowded out of the nest to freeze, or in some way done to death. After a while Jane learned the habits of the fowls so accurately that she was able to rescue the perishing many times—not always.

Thus pitiless experience brushed away our illusions about Nature. One is always hearing how wise Nature is, how ingenious, and how she is "cruel only to be kind!" But let any believer in Nature's great head go into the poultry business for one brief spring, and he will see that she bungles like the rest of us. The hen very literally makes a mess of it trying to hatch her brood. She doesn't even have instinct enough to push out the addled eggs; there seems to be no sense of smell in her bill. And she cannot be sure of her own children, but promptly mothers any little foundlings secretly introduced into her home the first night after hatching. She can't count, of course, and takes care of sixteen children instead of six without a murmur. I do recall,



however, an instance that makes a better case for the hen. A light Brahma hen, having seven or eight of her own white chickens, was given four more, three a cross between Brahmas and Game, and one a coal-black Langshang. She adopted the brown and white chickens without any visible question, but she picked the poor little colored child to death before we could save him. There are as great individual differences between hens—so Jane contends—as between human beings. Some hens' intellects rise above the low average plane of the race, and some (a good many of ours) sink below. It is interesting, even to one who despises the hen—for example, the present writer—to watch the individual temperaments of the fowls, not only speaking, now, of their mental powers—if such an expression be permitted—but more of their moral nature. There are, as we soon perceived, virtues and vices for hens as well as for the race that arrogantly claims a soul for itself alone. To be sure, there is an arti-

justly rather to be placed to the account of the poultry-keeper than of the hens. But there are also hen virtues that are like translations of human virtues. There are good and bad mothers among hens, there are generous and considerate providers among cocks, there are the brave and the cowardly, the rash and the cautious, ruffianly rovers and husbands of steady habits, who go off sedately every morning to their own range with their own wives and families. Most hens, however kindly affectioned towards their own little brood, will shamefully misuse any stray chicken that comes near them, often pecking its brains out with their bills; if it get away with its eyes in its head and its head unbroken it may thank its own agility, never their forbearance. But I have seen hens to which orphan chickens invariably attached themselves, hens that might safely be termed benevolent. And these hens, usually, were the promptest to do battle with the strong in defence of their charges as they were the most

forbearing to the weak. Like human beings, also, is the resemblance in moral and mental qualities between the members of one race. The Asiatics have gifts and good qualities of one sort, the Plymouth Rocks of another. There are some varieties, like the Langshangs, which have a mixed nature. These hens are commonly good mothers; but they are greedy and untidy. Those we had were quarrelsome, and Jane and I both think them great gossips. It is a brutal fancier's point of view to rank among their virtues that they are very good to eat. To be good to eat is not a virtue; it is merely a deplorable gift. However, the Langshangs *were* very toothsome. Perhaps in this respect they excel the worthy Brahmas and Plymouth Rocks, whose moral character is far superior.

Then there are the Games, splen-

did and graceful of aspect, brave to a degree, the best of mothers, and temperate for fowls, but too fond of picking a quarrel, and never giving up a feud. And, finally, there are the wicked races, such as the Malays, cruel bullies among the defenceless hens and chickens, but the most cow-



THE COLORED CHILD.

ficial code of morality, a scheme of the fanciers drawn for their own proper benefit, which makes, for instance, a cardinal vice of eating feathers, which in itself has no more moral quality than chewing gum, being merely an unpleasant habit, bred of idleness and over-feeding, and



ardly of fowls. This odious race has such a bad name that we did not adventure its maintenance; Games, Langshangs, white and barred Plymouth Rocks, and the Brahmas were the hens that we knew best. Jane was the one that knew them. She gave the most vigilant attention to every individual chicken, and later to every individual turkey. People who read the advertisements of incubators and the illustrated treatises on the art of making money with poultry may suppose that poultry-raising is an easy business, and may cite the fact that every old wife in the country can bring eggs and chickens to market. Do they know how many chickens die in the hit or miss barn-yards of our farmers? Have they ever pondered over cholera statistics? To get good results with poultry requires personal supervision. We have had the cholera raging all about us, but we never had any trouble with it so long as we were on the plantation. Once or twice it tried to gain a foothold in our yards, but Jane had an infallible medicine, the receipt for which she bought from an old farmer, and it and cleanliness and change of diet and isolating the sufferers always availed. But when we went away that summer the cholera came and made a clean sweep. We left over a hundred fine fowls, and there were not a dozen spared. I have a theory about the cholera, both chicken and hog. I shall not discard it, because I observed in the newspaper this morning that a professor in an agricultural college holds one like unto it. My theory is that cholera is simply a corn and dirt disease. Corn is an invaluable winter food. It is a heating and a fattening food; but weight is not the only thing to be desired in either poultry or swine. Every one knows that chickens may be too fat to be healthy; I believe the same thing is true about hogs. Hogs need fresh air, pure water, and exercise as much as any animal. Unfortunately the very portly do not crave exercise; they need it, they wax fatter and perish for the lack of it, but they slothfully dread it. Surely there is a touch of tragedy in the lot of the pig. 'Tis a beast that of its own notion would live cleanly. No beast loves better to bathe. See the poor creatures making desperately for any muddy pool. They bathe in muddy wa-

ter just as the people of St. Louis bathe in it, arguing that muddy water is better than no water at all! Yet this naturally clean brute is driven to dwell in a filthy pen or a cramped field, and compelled by the hunger that pursues him to feed on food so unclean that it has an opprobrious



THE BRAVE HEN.

name of its own. Does any sensible person suppose that he likes it? I cannot wonder that he dies easily under such circumstances. True, cholera does attack the wild hog, but it is commonly during the dry season when the pools are not so accessible; and wild hogs fall victims to base appetites, and feed on carrion in an inexplicable but not unpunished way. The fowls are like the beasts—they would be clean; they need dust instead of water, but they do not any more than pigs want dirt, especially dirt and water which is called mud. The condition of fowls in most barn-yards in the country is enough to excite a humane society. They are fed on corn and pickings, the pickings being whatever they can forage for themselves.



Their dishes are unwashed, their water stands and stews in the summer sun, they are permitted to drink out of muddy gutters through which all manner of sewage may be making its noisome way. And at night they go by force into a stifling poultry-house. Why shouldn't they have cholera?

I can't say that I ever grew attached to the chickens, or even to the turkeys, who are far more deserving of attachment. One wretched little survivor of an orphaned family of nine, deserted by their mother (Steve chopped her head off, and served her right), and promptly falling a victim to a "spell of weather" and the roup, I did adopt. Jane brought him into the house one day, saying, "He is making such a hard fight to live I thought I would help him." I acted as assistant nurse for the occasion, forswearing my principles. He was not a pleasant object. Most of his feathers were gone, and Jane, to cure his roup, had smeared him with vaseline. A chicken is not a pleasant object to me under any circumstances, but this chicken was so pitiful, his eager little eyes were so intelligent, that I actually came to dosing him and working over him instead of Jane. He had a night when he nearly died, and was critically ill for days, but his strong constitution pulled him through the swamp, and one day he was released. He ran straight to the coop which had been his home. All day long he hunted about the yards for his lost brothers and sisters. And we were obliged for days to catch him and put him in his coop, or he would have gone to his old home. He was a clever chicken, and when convinced that his brothers and sisters were lost beyond hope, he attached himself to us. He knew his name, and wherever I might be, within hearing distance, I had only to call, "Cedric! Cedric! Come to missus!" to have him scuttle, half flying, half walking, swiftly where I was. He would follow us like a dog, eat out of our hands, fly on to our shoulders, and deport himself like any bird pet. And when, switch in hand, I would give him a special portion, he would eat composedly while I switched his greedy comrades away, sure that he was safe, and no doubt enjoying the discomfiture of his tyrants. But it was well that he had private meals, for whenever the flock gathered, poor Cedric's bald head could be seen wistfully

cocked on one side, on the very edge of the crowd, and usually flying before the rush of a great hen or half-grown cock if he did secure a stray morsel.

Finally, however, Cedric of himself secured a friend. We sought him one night to coax him to his lonely but safe little home. He was not to be found. Then Jane called, and a chirp in Cedric's tones answered (he always chirped when called, he was so intelligent; it was as if he said "Here!"), and she followed the sound to the chicken-house. Behold! there on the roosting-bar, close to the master cock of the walk, sat Cedric, blinking his bright little eyes and canting his bald little head with a complacent air. He cheeped, but he did not stir, except to snuggle closer to his powerful friend. As plainly as words he said to us: "I'm all right. I've a push. See?"

Often after that we noticed the dignified cock, a worthy fowl that always gallantly waited for the hens before he took his dinner, and allowed no pecking of little chickens and no fights between ambitious young cocks—we noticed his Lordship standing guard while Cedric ate his scanty gleanings from the common dish.

Poor Cedric died of cholera in our absence. He was the only chicken that I ever loved. But I respected his Lordship; and I also respected a hen of the barn-yard species (his Lordship was nobly born, and came of high Cochin China ancestry, and his grandfather took a prize); she was only a plain hen, but she was a faithful wife, a devoted mother, and a hen that never killed the chickens of others. In all the relations of life she showed such a gentle, benevolent nature, and she had so much sense, that we named her Marcia Aurelia, in compliment to the great and good emperor.

Both Marcia and his Lordship died the same summer.

Before the summer we had made many steps forward in the raising of chickens—that is, Jane had. I had found it necessary to learn the carpenter's trade, so many hen-coops, wire runs, feeding troughs and boxes, fattening-coops, and other mechanical luxuries were required. By this time, also, we had bought so many machines—corn-sheller, green-bone cutter, meal and dry-bone mill, and the like, that if the Golden Fleece Poultry-Yards, Limited, expected to have any money left for its new houses, economy was de-

manded, so the secretary and treasurer turned carpenter—and spent enough in tools to hire a small poultry-house built. I do not grudge it. I feel that I owe much to those fowls. But for them I might never have known the keen pleasure that an artisan feels over a good job. It is more than satisfaction—any successful member of Congress can feel that. It is more than the joy of the artist in the first moments of creation, before the black fit comes. It is the artist's joy combined with an indescribable physical stimulus such as exercise of the muscles alone can give. It is content with an edge to it—and there is no black fit afterwards. There is, too, something very pleasant about all the processes of the carpenter's trade—the smell of the fresh crisp shavings, the lovely gloss that follows a sharp plane over a good bit of cypress or oak, even the ring of the hammer, and the drone of the saw eating steadily through the wood. And pleasantest of all is the fitting the pieces, measured apart, together, and beholding each fall into its appointed place trig and square and snug. Ah, I were an ingrate did I not give a pensive gratitude to the chicken-yard to which I owe my initiation into the first mysteries of an ancient and noble craft!

The gratitude is pensive for reasons to be explained presently.

We returned, then, to a mournful and silent chicken-yard. But Jane was not willing to give up the battle with the first defeat. The only concession that

she made to pestilence and financial depression was that she agreed to wait another year before trying to sell chickens or buying an incubator. Beginning in December, by June the yard was swarming with plebeian mothers and high-bred offspring; and the turkeys followed every petticoat

that appeared. That year elaborate arrangements for feeding the fowls were made, and thanks to them or to the season, although they had too much corn to eat, they weathered the summer. And

the president of the Golden Fleece, gazing proudly over the four yards, all full of eager young life, said, "Don't you think, now, we could have an incubator, and raise chickens for market?"



MARCIA AURELIA.

The other officers of the company said, "Do you think it will pay?" The president said that we had the land and the buildings—didn't we mean to use them? The president was of the opinion that there was money in broilers. "And why," demanded she, with cogent reasoning—"why are we a corporation, if not to make money?"

The conservative secretary and treasurer was not proof against this, and the incubator was ordered. It was "so beautiful in appearance that it would be an ornament to any parlor," and "so simple in mechanism that a child could run it"; and it was accustomed to hatch ninety per cent. of the eggs intrusted to its care. The boiler must be filled, the lamp trimmed and burning, once a day the trays of eggs needed to be turned, and later to be moistened to soften the shell; and really there was nothing for the happy possessor to do else, except to compose enthusiastic letters of gratitude to the firm. There was a thermostat inside which regulated the heat. It was made of rubber, and connected with an ingenious little device outside which raised and lowered the flame of the lamp, according to the temperature. The thermometer was never allowed to go higher than 105°, and never to fall lower than 101°, thus ensuring, as only machinery can ensure, an even and regular temperature.

The incubator came. We did not feel that its sphere was the parlor, but it certainly was neatly made. The substance



CEDRIC.





"DO YOU THINK IT WILL PAY?"

was polished cherry, and the appearance was in the likeness of a retired sewing-machine or a long-legged cabinet.

Yet there was a cloud in the sky. The night before it came Jane dreamed a dream. She dreamed of a blazing hen-coop; and she was sure that it was a dream of baleful omen. "I think the incubator will probably burn up," said she; "that is what is meant by the blazing hen-coop."

"The incubator isn't exactly a hen-coop," suggested Jane's mother, a sweet lady who always looks on the bright side.

"You can't expect dreams to be as exact as that," said Jane; "they both hold chickens."

"Eggs aren't *exactly* chickens," said her mother. But Jane did not smile. Nevertheless, when the incubator was un-

packed and the lamp was lighted and the entire dainty and ingenious mechanism was revealed and conned over, book in hand, she needs must be more cheerful. She said that we must fill the boiler, and heat the incubator chamber to a temperature of  $104^{\circ}$ . "You see, this is a hot-water machine," said she; "the hot-air machines sometimes burn up."

We were heartily glad that we did not have a hot-air incubator.

"It will take two or three hours to heat the incubator to  $104^{\circ}$ ," Jane continued, "so I will begin in the morning, and we can put the eggs in at night."

She made this remark at 10 A.M. At 1 P.M. she told us that the incubator thermometer had climbed up to  $80^{\circ}$ . Now in an incubator a temperature of  $80^{\circ}$  represents a chill. Jane turned up the flame of the lamp. She said it was a beautiful lamp. At 4 P.M. Jane reported, in answer to questions, that the thermometer had risen five degrees. At 7 P.M. it was  $90^{\circ}$ . At nine o'clock I felt a delicacy about asking Jane, who was sure it was a good incubator; therefore I stole into the dining-room, where the incubator

stood. I opened the door and saw for myself that the temperature was receding; the thermometer had fallen two degrees. I called Jane; I told her something was wrong with the incubator.

"It is because we have let the dining-room fire go out," said she.

"Do you suppose we shall have to keep up a fire for it?" I asked, anxiously. "I understood it regulated itself."

Jane hoped that it would regulate itself, did we once get that bulb of mercury high enough to put the eggs in the trays. She said that the eggs were like little stoves, and would keep the temperature up to the required  $103^{\circ}$ . The fire was started, and the maids were instructed to keep it going until they retired for the night. In consequence, by ten o'clock, the weather outside having moderated considerably, the

thermometer of the incubator marked 92°. But in the morning it had fallen to 75°. Seventy-five degrees represent an Alaskan atmosphere for chickens in the shell. We continued with abated hope but unabated determination to heat that boiler. At six o'clock we had the thermometer up to 101°. Then we put in the eggs. Jane supposed they would be killed by the cold. We were clearly told that they must not be put in the chamber until the temperature was 105°, or at least 104°; but she did not believe that they would be good for anything, anyhow, so if I wanted to risk it, very well.

Therefore the eggs went into the trays. Before we went to bed they were basking in a summer heat of 102°. We thought that our troubles were over, and expected the thermostat to attend to its part of the contract. The thermostat did nothing of the sort. Apparently it never stirred a finger. In the early morning we found the thermometer at 70° and the eggs cold to the touch.

"What I should like to ask about this incubator," said the secretary, "is, does the lamp heat it, or do we have to heat it with a stove?"

"There's some mistake," said Jane's mother; "write to the company."

I wrote—it is a secretary's business to write letters. I told him that their thermostat did not seem to realize its responsibility. As courteously as I could I begged them to tell me what was the matter. The answer could not reach us inside a week. Meanwhile we used to travel down stairs two or three times in the night to keep the fire going. There are pleasanter things than having a helpless incubator on your mind all night. I often used to wake up in a panic, sure that a hundred lives had been lost through my careless slumbers. I felt like a murderer with a job lot of victims. Then,

candle in hand, I would prowl through an icy hall, down stairs to the dark bulk with its one red eye glowing, and hear Jane or her mother exclaim within: "How you scared me! Didn't you know I had come down?"

At the week's end we were so nearly certain that the young lives in the shells had all gone out, frozen, that we broke an egg or two to see how they looked. They were alive. "It doesn't matter," said Jane; "they're doomed. You'll see." I will not repeat what we said about that incubator company—really innocent people, as we learned when their letter arrived. It seems that a wicked man in their employ, being angered with them, had re-

venge himself on their good name and their customers by not painting the tank and walls of the chamber. We were recommended to paint them ourselves with a mixture of lamp-black and turpentine. As to the thermostat, we were told there were two possibilities—it had lifted the flame to its highest point and could do no more, or the intense heat had warped the

rubber bar and destroyed its usefulness forever. In the latter case he should be willing to send us another incubator.

I may mention that this he did, in the most honorable manner.

We have no fault to find with this incubator. We painted the tank and the walls conscientiously, with the startling result that the temperature promptly jumped up to 110°. We began to think we had only added another peril to those menacing the young lives within. Before, they had plenty of risks of freezing, but there was no opportunity, day or night, for them to roast; now both heat and cold threatened them.

In fact the conduct of that thermometer excited the worst feelings in our nature.



THE BLAZING HEN-COOP.



It was not only that it was hardened beyond belief and ran a dizzy career of crime between  $70^{\circ}$ , which is sure death by cold, and  $115^{\circ}$ , where life is burned out of the egg; in addition, it was so marvelously rapid in its changes that we had very little sleep at night.

Many a time, with murder in my heart, have I prowled about the room, and had my candle blown out, and met all the furniture on my way to the matches, and then found the thermometer peacefully keeping watch over  $102^{\circ}$ ; and yet when Jane, half an hour later, has sought it, it would be sinking past the  $80$ 's.

Jane would turn up the lamp—not with the thermostat—with her finger and thumb, and go away; and if Jane's mother came down, she was as likely as

first damp day would make an end of them.

That is why we broke a number of shells to find out whether the chicks were still alive. They were, in those that we broke.

Then we felt sadder than ever, and Jane was so agitated by the reproaches of her conscience that she tilted the tray, and two rolled off. They too would have been promising chickens had they been allowed to see the sun. We naturally broke a few more when we came to test the eggs. I confess that I proposed that we should make an omelet of the whole hundred on the river-bank, since it was plain that we had done everything fatal that was mentioned in any of the books. But Jane's calmer counsels prevailed.

We watched the eggs, towards which by this time I felt a personal resentment, night and day. The last night of their imprisonment all three of us sat up. It was as bad as having a baby with colic in the house.

We had a brooder ready for them on the lawn, with its lamp trimmed and ready to burn. And to our amazement about fifty of those creatures had the audacity to live. These we transferred to the brooder, the companion of the incubator.

The chickens from the incubator and the chickens with hen mothers were all raised in the brooder. This may seem cruel. Jane said that she felt sorry for the bereaved hens; but we had seen so much suffering among the chickens in our poultry-yard other springs that for once we determined not to have their brains pecked out by pitiless hens

while their mothers were scratching and gossiping. I have calculated the hours a day which it took Jane and her mother, and I estimate that in the same time, had they chosen to hang wall-paper, they could have papered the entire mansion instead of paying large sums to an artist



"HOW YOU SCARED ME!"

not to find that the industrious little lamp had flogged the mercury up to its old place of  $110^{\circ}$ .

Of course these vicissitudes, Jane said, could have but one result—the chickens would all die in the shell; if any of them escaped, they would be so feeble that the

from a neighboring town. They could, also, have painted it from sills to roof-tree. Were they inclined to needle-work (in which they both excel), in the time devoted to those Brahma chickens they could have embroidered thirty-seven and a half squares and disks of linen used for the decking of the dining-table. And had they turned their attention to the cabinet-maker's art, they could have made screen doors and windows for the house, or made four tables (one with and three without drawers), a chest, three rustic benches to scatter over the lawn, a wash-bench, and a window for the laundry. These definite figures will show how exhaustive have been my calculations. If any one is reading the advertisements of incubators with the fond notion that the business requires little time, let him or her listen to the warning of one who has been there. There is no business that requires little time and little brain in this battle-hour of the century. Raising chickens is like every other profession or occupation; he will succeed who spends the most care on details, and saves in the corners, and avoids mistakes.

We watched our growing flock with an unremitting vigilance. We changed their food to suit their condition. We sorted out the weaklings, who might have been crushed in the struggle, and put them in separate homes. But still, although they thrived as I never knew chickens to thrive, and were the wonder of the neighborhood, Jane shook her head. "I can't help thinking of that dream!" said she.

It was Easter-Sunday that she ran into the house. She did not rush; she ran rapidly, but composedly—like a gentlewoman. She was not pale, she was not red; in Steven's graphic words, "she jest looked natchell"; and her voice was not pitched one note above its usual soft melody as she said: "Bring out some water, won't you? The brooder lamp has set the brooder afire!"



THE BROODER AFIRE.

We were on the scene in a second. The brooder was merely scorched. The lamp was on the ground at a distance.

"I threw it there," explained Jane, with her incomparable composure. "It was blazing up ready to explode, I thought, and so I threw it on the grass."

"But didn't you burn your hands?"

"I wrapped my skirt around them first," said Jane. And she cannot understand my admiration to this day.

"Jane," I exclaimed, later, after we had discovered that none of the chickens were asphyxiated—in fact, none were in the brooder at the time—"don't you see? This is the blazing hen-coop! Your dream has come true."

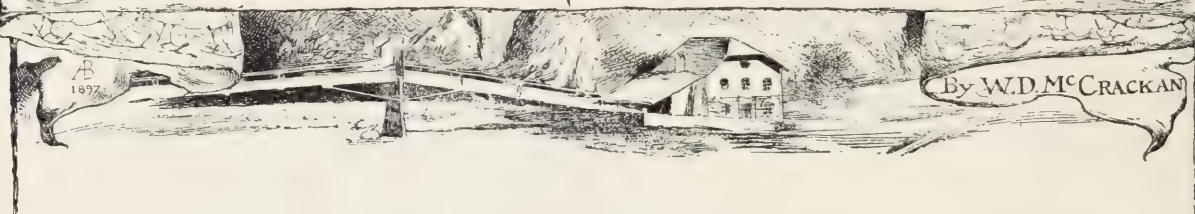
She shook her head. "No," she said, "not yet. Those chickens are doomed." I laughed then, so lightly do we face the future. But this day Jane received a letter from the purchaser of the forlorn remnant of a noble race, remitting the purchase-money for those fowls. There were thirty-one fowls. They were all that this summer's cholera had spared of hundreds. They sold for twenty-five cents apiece—those high-bred fowls! The total was \$7 75.

Under the circumstances, the Golden Fleece Poultry-Yards intend to go into voluntary liquidation.





## Frescoes of Runkelstein.



THE imperial castle of Runkelstein rises at the mouth of the ravinelike Sarnthal, in the Tirol, a short walk from Bozen. It is a solemn complex of stone and mortar, topped by roofs of dull red tiles, the whole seated on a pedestal of porphyry, sheer and brown. From the west the castle looks like a giant crystal, weather-stained, springing from the living rock. Around its base the Talfer curls noisily, while the mountains start up sharply to right and left, sparsely covered with soft brush. At the gate a cypress points a black finger over the battlements, to show the nearness of Italy.

By some strange fate the love-drama of Tristan and Isolde has found artistic expression here, in a spot unknown to the world of tourists, on the southern slopes of the Alps, in the borderland where the advance-guard of Teutonism has lain intrenched for centuries against the northward trend of Latin influences. Nowhere else (to my knowledge) will you find the theme of the master-musician treated by a mediæval painter.

You mount to the castle by a steep little path, cross a bridge that was once a draw, enter a gate surmounted by a half-effaced coat of arms, and stand within the castle

court, that distils feudal flavor on every hand. Just in front is the wing known as the Summer-House, where the priceless frescoes are preserved. It is with the kind permission of the Ferdinandeum at Innsbruck, the national museum of the Tirol, that the copies made by Ignaz Seelos in 1857 are here reproduced.

The outside walls are decorated with figures in groups, but the series of which we are in search will be found within the Summer-House. They cover the walls of one of the two rooms into which the house is divided. The outlines of the figures are painted in black on a greenish ground. Judging by the drawing and the fashions of the clothes, as well as by the history of the castle itself, we may say that the frescoes were done soon after 1385, an age when art, even in next-door Italy, was still in its infancy, and was marked by the stiffest of drawing and the most helpless perspective. The name of the painter is unknown.

Here the story of Tristan and Isolde is depicted according to the fragmentary version of Gottfried of Strasburg, which varies not a little from the more familiar one contained in Sir Thomas Malory's *Le Morte Darthur*.



Young Tristan (Tristram in the frescoes), an orphan, grows up at the court of his uncle, King Mark of Cornwall. Morold (Makolt), brother of Isolde, Queen of Ireland, comes to take a tribute of thirty youths from Cornwall; but Tristan, angered at the cowardice of the lords of the land, engages Morold in single combat, and slays him (first fresco).

A splinter from Tristan's sword remains in Morold's skull, and when the body is taken to Ireland it is discovered by King Gurmun, his wife Isolde, and their daughter of the same name. Now Tristan,

himself badly wounded, likewise sails for Ireland (second fresco), in order to be healed by Queen Isolde, who is skilled in medicine.

He disguises himself as a minstrel, and takes the name of Tantris. He is healed by Queen Isolde, and his playing on the harp gives so much pleasure that he is engaged to teach her daughter Isolde.

After a while Tristan returns to Cornwall. The lords of the land are envious of him, because King Mark makes him his heir, and refuses to marry. But Tristan, in order to allay this ill feeling, per-



THE SUMMER-HOUSE, FROM THE CASTLE COURT.





THE DEATH OF MOROLD. TRISTAN'S TWO JOURNEYS TO IRELAND. THE SLAYING OF THE DRAGON.

suades Mark to select young Isolde for wife, and offers to go in quest of the bride himself. For the second time Tristan sails for Ireland (third fresco).

At that time there dwelt a dragon in Ireland which did so much harm to land and people that King Gurmun had sworn to give his daughter as wife to him who should kill it. Tristan goes to the lair of the monster, and from afar sees some knights fleeing on horseback. He overcomes the dragon, and cuts out its tongue (fourth fresco); but then, exhausted by his exertions, falls in a deep faint.

Now one of the knights who had fled returns, finds the monster dead, and, not seeing Tristan, thrusts his spear into its jaws, and, going to the King's court, claims Isolde for wife. She, disconsolate thereat, goes next morning to the place of battle with her mother, her cousin Bragene, and a servant, finds Tristan there, still lying in a swoon, and calls him back to life (fifth fresco).

While Tristan is being refreshed by a bath in the King's castle, Isolde, the daughter, discovers that the splinter found in the skull of her uncle Morold fits into a notch in Tristan's sword (sixth fresco). Then Tristan states the object of his mission to Ireland: to secure young Isolde as bride for King Mark of Cornwall, and thus causes his slaying of Morold to be forgiven.

Before Isolde leaves home, her mother gives Bragene, who is to be her companion, a love-potion, which she is to hand to the bridal pair at the wedding-feast. But one day on the voyage Tristan, sitting by Isolde, asks for something to drink, and a little maid-servant brings him the love-potion, not knowing. Tris-

tan and Isolde both drink (seventh fresco), and love takes violent possession of them. When Tristan leads forth the bride to his uncle Mark (eighth fresco), on their arrival in Cornwall, she is no longer innocent.

Now Isolde, as Queen of Cornwall, fears that Bragene, who knows all, may betray her secret. So she sends her into the forest with two henchmen, who have orders to murder her. But the men take pity on their victim, and Isolde welcomes Bragene back (ninth fresco).

It may be of interest here to recall that in *Le Morte Darthur* Tristan's name is written Tristram or Trystram, and when the knight is in disguise, the syllables are reversed to make Tramtryst. Isolde appears as *la beale* Isoud or Isoulde; Bragene as Bragwayne or Brangwayne; and Morold or Makolt seems to be the same personage as Knight Marhaus of the Round Table.

At this point in the narrative two frescoes are missing, which were lost in 1868, when a part of the wall of the Summer-House broke away and fell into the depths below. Fortunately, however, they have been preserved in the copies made by Seelos in 1857. They and the following two depict the efforts made by King Mark, with the help of a knight, Marjodo, and a dwarf, Melot, to surprise the lovers at their stolen meetings.

Finally, Mark determines to prove the innocence or guilt of his wife by the ordeal of fire, and the last two frescoes show how Isolde contrives to undergo this test unscathed, and by a subterfuge is able to take hold of the red-hot iron without burning herself. With this the story comes to an end.

It is not exactly suited to warm the

heart of a Wagnerite. There is nothing of the glories of the death-scene, of that overwhelming *Liebestod*, which alone can reconcile us to the lovers as heroic figures.

The painter evidently held himself very closely to the version which he took as model, and in a truly naïve, literal, and mediæval fashion he sought to tell the truth about this pair of lovers, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, without wincing or mincing. Wagner has spiritualized this same theme into a tragedy of stupendous sadness, whose burden is almost past endurance.

The second room in the Summer-House contains nothing less than the complete legend of Garel, of the Blooming Valley, according to the version of a certain Pleier, a poet from Styria or Salzburg, who wrote about the middle of the thirteenth century, and whose manuscript is said to be preserved at Linz, in Austria.

Garel is probably the Gareth of *Le Morte Darthur*, there surnamed Beaumayns, or Fair Hands.

Towards the end of the series, in a fresco of surpassing interest, we see the

ogy, filtered through French and English sources, have found a German abiding-place.

On the outside walls of the Summer-House Tristan and Isolde are to be seen holding hands, and with them other figures of great value. These are arranged in groups of three, forming triads, which were a favorite subject for artists of the time.

First, the three greatest pagan heroes: Hector, Alexander the Great, and Julius Cæsar, clad in mediæval accoutrements. Then the three greatest heroes of Jewish history: Joshua, David, and Judas Macabæus; the best Christian kings: Arthur of England, Charlemagne, and Godfrey of Bouillon.

Curiously enough, William Caxton, in the Introduction to his first edition of Malory's *Le Morte Darthur*, enumerates these same groups of heroes as worthy of a writer's pen.

After this, the best knights of the Round Table: Parcival, bearing a shield with white anchor on red ground, Gawain, and Iwein (Percyual, Gawayn, and Ewayne). The three noblest pairs of lovers are rep-



TRISTAN RECOVERING FROM HIS SWOON. THE DISCOVERY OF THE NOTCH IN TRISTAN'S SWORD. THE DRINKING OF THE LOVE-POTION.

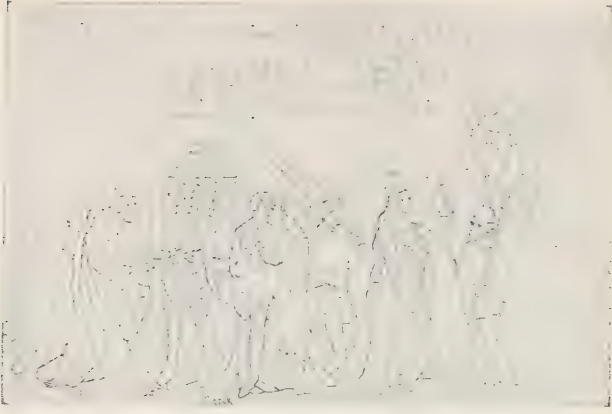
victorious Knights of the Round Table sitting at meat—King Arthur, Queen Guinevere, Sir Launcelot, and many another of the far-famed company.

In truth, Runkelstein is like an illustrated text-book of *Le Morte Darthur*. Here themes from a dim Celtic mythol-

resented by Duke William of Austria and his Aglei, Tristan and Isolde, and William of Orleans and Amelie.

To the right of the portal follow the three best swordsmen and their swords. The inscriptions read: *Ditterich vo Pern treit sachs* (Theodoric of Verona, sur-





MARK WELCOMES HIS BRIDE. ISOLDE WELCOMES BRAGENE BACK.

named the Great, bears Sachs, his favorite weapon). *Sivreit treit er palmung* (Siegfried bears the Balmung). *Dietleib von steyer treit belsung* (Dietlieb of Steier, a knight connected with the Rosengarten legend, bears Belsung or Welsung).

The triads are closed by three groups of the strongest giants, the most terrible giantesses, and the best dwarfs, whose names were doubtless familiar enough to the little boys of the fourteenth century, but need hardly be inflicted on the modern reader.

The main body of the castle, called the Pallas, can boast of five further rooms with frescoed walls; and the question naturally arises how came this extraor-



MARK'S EFFORTS TO SURPRISE THE LOVERS. ISOLDE ESCAPES THE ORDEAL OF FIRE.

dinary, and possibly unique, collection of frescoes to be painted at all, in a region now so remote from the great centres of the pulsing world?

The history of Runkelstein can be told in a few words.

In a document, dated February 10, 1237, Ulrich, Bishop of Trent, granted per-

mission to a certain Tirolese family, the Lords of Wanga, to build a castle upon the site of a former rude keep. After the extinction of the house of Wanga, the castle passed through the hands of many families of the local nobility, until, in 1385, it was bought by two merchants of Bozen, Nicholas and Franz Vintler.

It was Nicholas by whose orders the frescoes were painted and the castle enlarged. His rule marks the golden age of Runkelstein. His coat of arms, white bears' paws, appears most frequently over the doorways. He gathered about himself a group of artists, poets, and singers. A cousin of his, Hans Vintler, here laboriously turned into rhyme a work of the Italian Tommaso Leone, which, 10,172 verses strong, was printed in 1486, under the title of "*Pluemender Tugent*" (Flowers of Virtue). Here Heinz Sentlinger, the chaplain of Nicholas, wrote a marvellous chronicle, now much prized by antiquarians. Many valiant knights held their jousts in the castle court, and not a few Minnesänger sighed their couplets from the battlements.

Nicholas Vintler himself was a sufficiently curious character among the men of his day to deserve a few lines in the history of his castle.

As early as 1000 the family of Vintler made its appearance in Bozen, which was at that time an important trade station for the traffic passing between Verona and Innsbruck, over the Brenner Pass. The Vintlers of Bozen rose to be merchant princes, like others in Augsburg and Nuremberg. Even when ennobled, an unduly commercial trait clung to the family, which exposed its various members to many a sneer from contemporary critics. A Count of Wolkenstein intimated his opinion that "where no money is, there no Vintler may be found."

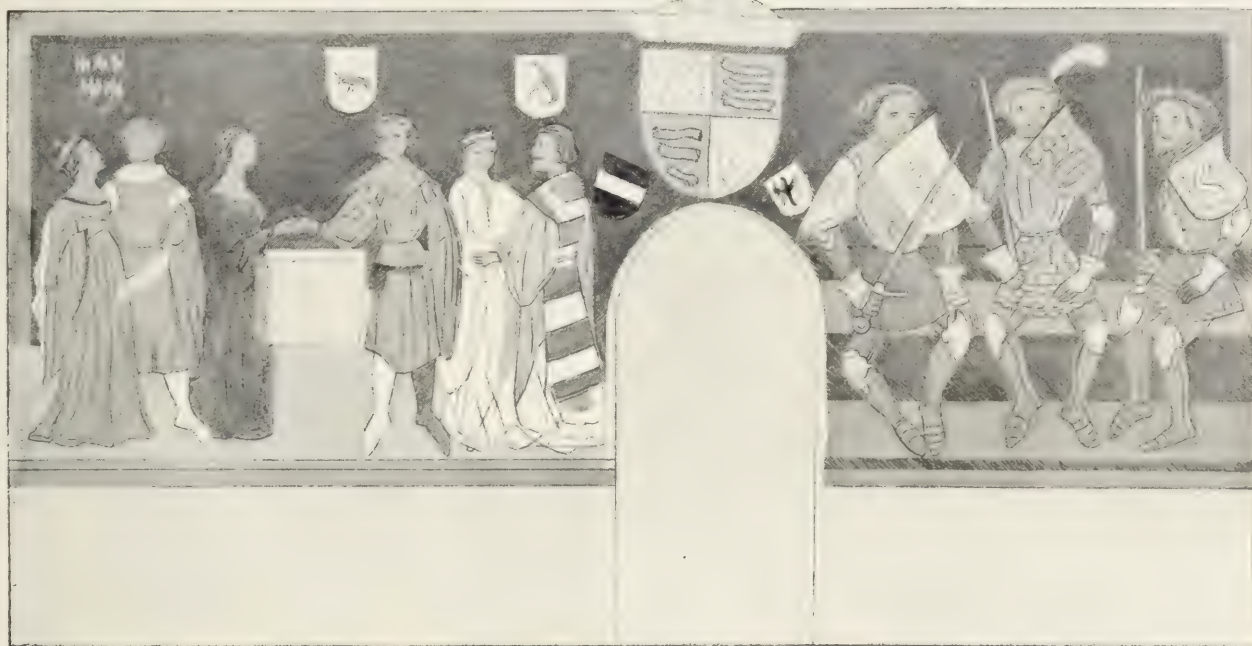
Acting always according to proved business methods, Nicholas, master of Runkelstein, became financial adviser to the Austrian Archduke of his day, court banker, general farmer of taxes, and holder of mortgages on many castles and estates. In fact, he grew to be the moneybags of the Tirol. Especially did he hold the purse-strings of that spendthrift Frederick of Austria, who went by the name of Fritz "with the empty pocket."

The rooms in the main body of the

castle are now dismantled as far as furniture is concerned, but their decorations are so remarkable that the Vintler period looms up as one of lavish luxury and astonishing magnificence.

On the first floor is an apartment with the original wainscoting still preserved.

beak-shaped shoes of the men and their beards; the sleeves and enormously long braids of the women. One admires, however, the rich flowered designs of the dresses. To the right of the chamber door a game of ball is being played, apparently with apples for missiles.



THE TRIADS OF LOVERS AND SWORDSMEN.

On the second floor is situated a richly painted bathing-room. Figures of men and women, in alcoves, lean over a balustrade hung with draperies. Above them a row of smaller figures makes the round of the room. In the embrasure of a window a young woman and a youth with a falcon on his wrist face each other—the latter a work of singular beauty.

The pictures on the third floor are perhaps the most valuable of all in Runkelstein, at least to students of the fashions and social customs of Vintler's period.

Upon entering the antechamber a large fresco is observed on the left hand, showing a court dance.

The knights and ladies move hand in hand, a crowned princess in front and at the rear two musicians, one playing the mandolin and the other a violin. The step appears stately and gliding, a sort of walk-around, and the figures are in affected stained-glass attitudes; the faces simpler; the bodies are attenuated, after the fashion of that day. Everything is exaggerated and runs to a point: the

The lady who is about to throw is said to be Margaretha Maultasch, while the man standing in front of her is Henry of Bohemia, her first husband. It is interesting to note that the artist has given the lady's arm that peculiarly helpless and ineffective position which even modern women's arms assume when they try to throw anything.

The line of the Counts of the Tirol terminated in this lady, about whom there are current many unsavory, but entirely unauthenticated, stories. In 1330 she married Prince Henry of Bohemia, who succeeded in making himself so obnoxious to her that one fine day she barred the doors of Castle Tirol against him, and as the people sided with Margaretha, he found himself obliged to go back to his native land. In 1342 she married, for a second husband, Louis of Bavaria; but the children sprung from this union died one by one. Margaretha outlived Louis, and bequeathed the Tirol to the Dukes of Habsburg, who hold it to this day, as Emperors of Austria.





THE TRIADS OF GIANTS AND OF GIANTESSSES.

Other frescoes in this antechamber depict a tournament wherein Vintler himself, judging by his coat of arms, is breaking a lance; or hunting scenes, showing the slaying of deer, bears, and wolves; here a party starts out from a castle of many towers towards the mountains in quest of chamois; there ladies and gentlemen are amusing themselves by the water-side, fishing with rod and net.

The rich decorations of the hall of armor resemble somewhat those of the bathing-room below, to which it corresponds.

As Nicholas Vintler died without direct issue, Runkelstein, after its golden age, passed from family to family, until it came into the possession of the imperial house of Austria itself.

Emperor Maximilian I. loved the place well, and had a wing built for his private use. More than all, he commissioned the painter Friedrich Lebenbacher, of Brixen, to touch up the frescoes, which was done between the years 1504 and 1508.

For the most part, however, the castle was placed in the charge of military caretakers, who prized it only for its strong position. The passing centuries left their mark. In 1520 a powder-magazine exploded in the cellar, destroying the whole of the southeastern corner of the castle. The frescoes were also scratched and scribbled upon by mischievous persons. As recently as 1868 the rock forming the foundation for the northern side suddenly collapsed, and carried down with it the

two frescoes of the Tristan and Isolde legend referred to before, as well as some of the Garel series.

It was not till 1884 that the thorough restoration of Runkelstein was begun, by order of the present Emperor. In 1893 he presented it in free gift to the citizens of Bozen, to have and to hold in safe-keeping for future generations, as a monument of Tirolese art and history.

The space under the arches of the Summer-House, decorated with portraits of German emperors, has been fitted up with little tables and chairs, where the caretaker dispenses the best vintages from the surrounding region.

"Ah," says the professor in the *Loden* mantle, "the view is so fine, let us have something to drink."

That is the last Teutonic touch.

Over a glass of the famous wine of Terlan or Kaltern, or, better still, over some rich red St. Magdalena, the talk hovers on the outskirts of King Arthur's realm; it returns again and again to the Tristan and Isolde of the frescoes and of Wagner's version; it hobnobs with the Knights of the Round Table, Percival, the Quest of the Holy Grail, Launcelot, and Queen Guinevere; it has a word for the statue of King Arthur in the court church at Innsbruck, watching beside the tomb of that Maximilian who loved Runkelstein and had the good taste to live there.

Tennyson, too, is remembered; and finally a toast of thanks is drunk to dear Victor Scheffel, who not only gave the world the *Trompeter von Säkkingen*,



THE GAME OF BALL.

but also, during his restless roving in this border-land, once mounted to the castle and sang a bacchanalian song of Runkelstein that has made the Germans love the place.

If the wine is too fiery, open the glazed window, set in lead, for the garden plain of Bozen lies to the south; over there,

beyond the blank blue Mendel Mountain, men speak Italian; the hot mountainsides are terraced and trellised; the Adige flows towards Trent and Verona.

Surely there never was such a land of castles, and such a setting for the mystic romances whose personages Wagner's genius has made real to us.

## MARGRAVE, BACHELOR.

BY CLARA MAYNARD PARKER.

**M**ANY of the qualities which unite to form the proverbial bachelor, that character in profile, met in Margrave, partly by inheritance, partly from environment. Numerous instances in his family history were to be found showing a matrimonial avoidance of the eternal feminine; indeed, on both sides of his house, as though Nature herself were insidiously arranging to keep Margrave from existing at all.

On second thoughts, however, she granted him the boon, handicapped by this doubly inherited instinct against matrimony.

The instinct was helped to survive by the unselfish devotion of his mother, who, marrying late in life and losing her husband soon after, centred her every thought and act about her boy. From his earliest childhood she had interposed between his mind and the possibility of its personal interpretation of the world a mental presence, a narrowing, obscuring con-

dition, which gave a certain obliqueness to his sight forever afterwards.

She never intended he should marry; he never intended to marry. Upon this point they were instinctively agreed. But in the divine economy of human nature, as no one character is ever quite allowed to appropriate and completely comprehend another, there were undiscovered countries of sensibility and possibility in Margrave never suspected by his doting mother.

These spots grew a rank vegetation of fantasy, through whose marvellous jungle of kinds and colors flocked singing-bird thoughts of the opposite sex with healing in their wings for this lonely man. Sometimes one thought more vibrant than its mates would radiate its heat in a telltale smile of such glowing effulgence that an observer might say of the thinker, as of a fire-fly, "Lo! he is here!" or, "Lo! he is there!" but Margrave took care to be alone in his woods when this special form



of molecular vibration was likely to appear on the surface.

Margrave was something over forty years of age when his mother died. The clear-cut beardless face, with its dark shy eyes, might have suggested a younger man, but the suspicion of stoop that the shoulders had, and a certain gravity of manner and carriage, made him appear older and less tall than he was. His dress was always scrupulously neat, and generally black, except for the vaguest encroachment upon the spectrum in the presence of a thread of dark blue or green in his trousers and cravat. This concession to outward expression and general taste would indicate, on Margrave's barometer of social sensibility, mere amiability; a thread of yellow or red, familiarity; a polka dot on his cravat, a loud guffaw or a rude clap of the hand on a neighbor's back.

After the death of his mother, finding himself alone in a large house, its owner concluded to rent or sell it. Never accustomed to use more of anything than he actually required, he arranged to adjust his conditions to this modicum of necessity. He needed a dining-room and kitchen, for he ate; he needed a bedroom, for he slept; he needed a living-room for his books, his pictures, his few objects of beauty, which he possessed from a necessity almost as strong as that from which he breathed, ate, or slept. So a small but convenient apartment became his home.

Although Margrave was terribly afraid of the actual woman, his respect for her showed itself in pretty ways. He would step down off the platform of a street car, for instance, that she might more easily effect an entrance, and if it rained, he would unobtrusively secure her umbrella, and raise it or close it as the emergency demanded. If he happened to be in a downtown elevator, used for the most part by men, and a chance woman entered, one hat would be removed. There were countless little favors bestowed unobserved which resulted in comfort to the receiver, if not always in her clear understanding of just what caused the sudden absence of a too strong draught of air, the better ventilation of a room, or the handy proximity of a street-car strap. Whether he allowed himself these little acts deliberately, or whether they were the unguarded expression of a chivalric spirit, cannot be known. It is observable in

such constitutions as Margrave represented that a lionlike quality of wilful determination can lie down in the midst of those traits usually symbolized by lambs. It might be that his spirit, living so much in the abstract, in ideal attitudes of his own creation, craved actual embodiment, and hovered earthward in these little shapes of courtesy in search of reality.

It seemed to him that a child's ways meant the very key to everything worth possessing on earth, and he had been told that of such were the Kingdom of Heaven. His ways turned no locks. If his charity elicited a "thank you," he did not often hear it. Perhaps, under the management of the contrariety in his nature, he preferred not to hear his own keys turning locks, and for this reason sent his contributions anonymously to charities.

A child's touch or smile can do so much. One day in a street car the bachelor sat facing a small boy and his mother. The mother was instantly classed with the type of women he most revered. It was a strong, sweet face; the manner quiet, sympathetic, and painstaking as it expressed itself towards the child. Her dress was fine in every particular—to the gold bonnet-comb, the dainty silver filigree of the purse, the handle of the umbrella. All the points over which Margrave instinctively cast his critical searchlight reflected the possession of an instinct for form and quality as exacting as his own.

The child might have been three or five years of age, and was kneeling looking out of the window. He wore leather leggings. The heels of the shoes at the back were worn down. "A sturdy little manikin," was Margrave's summing up.

A moment later the boy bent his firm little body backward, flung an arm around the neck of his mother, and abruptly imprinted a loud kiss on her cheek. The business done, the privileged purloiner pressed his face against the glass window once more, leaving his hand in caressing possession of the field of his late operation.

Margrave found himself three blocks beyond his destination. These were margins he allowed himself. He stopped the car and walked slowly back to his street, used the wrong key to the door, with philosophic patience found the right one, and ascended the stairs to his rooms.

Excursions into his unsuspected coun-





"STRANGE THESE WHEELS DO NOT GO ROUND."

try of love of childhood he made quite openly. He left the bars down, so to speak, provided there was no intimidating live-stock happening around by way of mothers and sisters. He would spend afternoons in the Park, sitting on the end of a bench near the swan-pond, conscious that he was a species of decoy-duck. He would pretend to be oblivious of the shy little men and maidens, who, catching sight of a quiet gentleman studying his watch, would draw up quite close to his knees after the manner of boldish sparrows after crumbs. Then he would say aloud, but softly, to himself, holding the bothersome watch to his ear, "Strange these wheels do not go round."

"Mebbe they do," chirped a venturesome sparrow close to his elbow; then, emboldened by a leader, three or four more sparrows would flutter close to him, and verily crowd between his knees in their greed for crumbs.

His pockets held many queer things, whose stories had to be told fast between the calls of the impatient French nurses, and the waiting relays of littler brothers and sisters, who, in the struggle "to see," were surviving as the non-fittest on the outside row, not to mention those out of

the race in baby-carriages, who intimated by ingratiating cooes and futile jumps rudimentary symptoms of coming proficiency in the art of social competition.

There had been a hiatus in Margrave's own order of mental development, an absence of middle ground. The moral of Silverhair of the fairy-book had not been realized in his case. Life had been presented to him in the form of a "little wee bear" of motherly indulgence and pettings, followed by a "great big bear" of personal loneliness and intellectual and abstract musings, but the "middle-sized bear" of comfortable and adjustable commonplace, so called, had been denied him. The first acquaintance he had made with its special bowl and chair, suited to the human, was in this touch with childhood, and he was beginning to think that something on earth fitted him, and he it.

Margrave took infinite delight in bringing his words and entertainment within the comprehension of his youthful audience. He had seen life as a child under some form of telescope, his foreground made up of distant objects too big for him to digest; here there should be perfect adjustment, perfect proportion.

The objects he showed them were in



miniature. The small magnifying-glass revealed a little city carved on a surface not larger than a silver dollar. It had a cathedral with a bell-tower close by, and there were pigeons in the square.

In a back pocket, off by himself, lived a hermit in monk's clothes. He wore a rope around his waist, and his head was bald. He was brown, and was two inches high. One day the monk had a little bronze relief of a dog with him. He said Giotto, a friend of his, gave it to him; that his friend had carved one like it on the tower in the square where the pigeons were.

One thing always sent shivers of delight to all those fortunately near enough to see it, and those who could not see it got a shock of something pleasant in the air.

In a little silver case, which, closed, had the appearance of two silver fifty-cent pieces laid together, was a little lady the size of a small steel pen. She was dressed in green—shining green. Her clothes shivered; she shivered all over when her house was touched ever so lightly; and, sad as it was, she had her head shaken off, and new ones shaken on. Sometimes she wore curls, and again she appeared suddenly in a bonnet.

She lived in a vest pocket, with a small shell paper-cutter whose edges were supported by a row of Grecian columns with varying capitals. Out of her case on a moonlight night she could have leaned on it as on a balustrade and watched the stars, the showman said. The reason she didn't was because she was afraid of somebody in the next pocket.

"What is in the next pocket?"

"Oh, nothing much; just a man with red eyes and long black hair. He has a sword, and his slippers turn up in sharp points."

"I wouldn't be afraid of him!"

"Nor I." "Nor I." "Nor I wouldn't."

Another good place for sparrows and crumbs was the toy-shop windows before Christmas. Toys were a source of great pleasure to Margrave. They gave him the most delightful sense of reality. Nothing seemed truer outside the world of animate nature than a tin express-wagon, painted red, with a white horse. Why, he could not have told you. The figures "forever fair" on Keats's Grecian urn had no more immediate joy for the poet than this white horse forever running had for the simple consciousness of this child-lover. Rocking-horses with

real hair, go-carts, drays heavily laden with methodically shaped packages, woolly sheep, and frightful bears snapping white teeth and showing blood-red jaws, gray donkeys nodding approval of any opinions one might express, always, for some unaccountable reason, made melody in the bachelor's heart, and once loud enough to be overheard; and thereby hangs our tale.

It was late one afternoon, a few days before Christmas. The bachelor found himself in a toy-shop, surrounded by everything that would gladden the thoughts of the best of mankind. It was, indeed, a veritable world in itself. How familiar its objects were! He heard the children's exclamations of delight; he saw the happy young fathers and mothers furtively consulting; the music-boxes were purling their miniature tunes; over all, through all, some universal impetus of love and charity was making its way. In a wave of indiscriminate self-indulgence, or pity, Margrave ordered one of the largest rocking-horses sent home, together with a box of good-sized wooden soldiers, and a cannon of robust proportions.

He stood by his guns bravely, and repeated the address to the dull clerk deliberately and very clearly, finally spelling his name for him—"Hubert Margrave."

It was not till he got well out of the neighborhood of the shops, into the quieter streets, that the grotesque side of his purchase occurred to him. He became nervously possessed with the idea that he was being pursued by the red-coated soldiers, the rocking-horse, and the cannon. He could almost hear the tramp, tramp, tramp, the progressive rocking of the horse, the booming of cannon at his heels. But there was a curtain between his inward dramas and the public. An even, cold manner, like the light fall of snow in one of Verestchagin's battle-pieces, did duty in allaying suspicion of the havoc beneath. An observer might note a familiar figure on the Avenue hastening a trifle more than was its wont; an acquaintance passing him might say that that man Margrave didn't grow more sociable with his years; but beyond this his manner gave no cause for speculation.

Hubert reached his apartment outwardly intact. By the time he had finished dressing for dinner, and recovered a nor-

mal mood by the perusal of a column of his evening paper, he was prepared to say to colored Anna, his faithful old family servant, that should a rocking-horse as big as a small pony arrive, she could tie it to the knob of the front door, or stand it on the dining-room table, or hang it out of the window, only taking care to give it a conspicuous place until further notice.

It was to arrive by the two-o'clock delivery the next day by agreement. Margrave made it convenient to be away from home. When he returned, later in the afternoon, he was met by Anna at the door with a wonderful story on her lips. "For de Lawd's sake, Massa Hub't, de curostest mistake—" But the most curious mistake was made by Anna, for her master, quietly ignoring her presence, strode past the open door of the dining-room without glancing to the right or left.

Anna made no mistake after this one. The rocking-horse, the object whose irrelevant entrance into the house had caused so much dismay and confusion in her mind, stood for many days where it had been first deposited, between the dining-room table and the window, its loose paper wrappings undisturbed.

It was a very inconvenient place, as Anna obtrusively indicated by noisily wedging her way past it to place the coffee-cup at her master's right hand. It was patent to both of them that the shorter way was by the left side of the table, but if she had seen fit to crawl under the obstacle or over it with a cup of coffee in each hand, to all appearances Margrave would not have noticed the process.

Christmas came and passed; the horse remained. Apparently its owner had forgotten it. Anna began to chuckle over the animal and to grow pleasantly familiar with it. "'Pears to me, honey, it looks like you come to stay, and stay right dar, jess where you is, trippin' up 'spectable colored folks." She gradually took off its wrappings, until one morning the magnificent charger stood with all his charms revealed.

Margrave made no comment, but after breakfast, when Anna had left the dining-room, he bestowed on the animal a prolonged bold stare, which gradually melted into a softer radiance of expression, and Margrave had withdrawn from the world

of sense into that dream-country from whose bourn no sane man, he thought, need wish to return.

Margrave's escapes into his dream-country were not always indicative of bravery or poetic inspiration. This time he needed more room for the horse, a rider, some few conditions which were missing in the reality. The situation also was lacking in logical cohesiveness, which bored him to the point where one generally throws the blame on a neighbor. Here there was no neighbor, not the slightest motive for this extraordinary departure into—must he confess it?—the ridiculous. He could connect the object with no thought or fact which would help his mind to digest it. His few relatives had no children; he knew no small boy well enough to present him with a present of such magnitude. He certainly could not class it with bric-à-brac. It would be no object to a museum. As it was, he had no room for it in the apartment; there was absolutely no place to put it, except on the top of an unused refrigerator in the small back hall. How would he get it up there? Fancy himself and Anna hoisting a prancing wooden horse, five feet long and three or four high, a distance of six or seven feet in the air! It could lie on its side under the dining-room table, and a long cover could be provided for the table. It would be pointless to hang it on the wall. If he could only do something with it! Make a fanciful cupboard of it, for instance, a unique receptacle for books, pamphlets, or even overshoes; call it a "Canterbury."

As it was, it seemed only fit for Anna to talk to, and it was fast making a gibbering idiot of her, this toy—this one utterly unrelated object in the universe.

The cold perspiration broke out on the man's brow—he took these baths nightly now—and wearily closing the covers of the unread periodical lying on his lap, he went to bed.

With Margrave the matter was getting serious. It was beginning to tell on his nerves, to some extent on his appetite. He wanted to order Anna to serve his dinner, at least his breakfast and luncheon, in another room. This he could not do. He dreaded now to turn the corner of his street. To-day it had amounted almost to pain, the inserting of his key into the lock of the door. As he did so a thought suddenly flashed a liberating pos-



sibility through his mind. "Go abroad for a while," it said. Closing the door with a frank click that Anna was welcome to hear, he took half a dozen buoyant steps along the hall—and a Europe lay before him!

Astride the rocking-horse, swinging at the rate of sixty rocks a minute, sat a rider of most daring intrepidity. Such breathless energy, such simple, absolute control of a spirited animal, Margrave had never witnessed. The easy appropriation by a four-year-old of the latent possibilities of an object about to wreck the comfort of a man caused one of Hubert's smiles. The boy saw it and began riding all the faster.

The rider must have foreseen this rough ride, for he wore leather leggings. These, with his black velvet cap, produced a familiar impression on the bachelor's mind; and that sturdy square back, where had he seen it? The horse was suddenly brought to a standstill.

"Pr'aps I oughtn't to be riding your horse. Is this your horse, sir? Mebbe it's your little boy's. Have you a little boy? Mebbe he wouldn't like me to be riding his horse. If you had a little boy, and this was his horse, would he let me ride it all the same?"

"I think he would," Margrave quietly replied, stepping into the dining-room as Anna made her exit by another door. He sat down near the table and slowly drew off his gloves. Suddenly he began to examine the ends of their fingers as though he saw something he did not altogether like.

The stratagem succeeded. The bird confidently hopped down from its perch and lit at the man's side. Instantly absorbed in the situation, he thrust his small nose physically into the object of investigation, to the total extinction of Margrave's chance to see anything but the back of a small head "running over with curls."

"Yes, sir! there's a hole coming, sure pop! You'll have to turn it wrong side out when you mend it—like this; this is the way my mother does."

The process of turning the long finger of the glove wrong side out to its tip took some time, and was not so easy as the boy supposed. Margrave did not interfere with the process; he preferred to delay the restless pressure of the warm little form against his own—this live bit of hard-breathing humanity. What a vital

summing up of world forces the tiny creature represented! and how simply and spontaneously the eternal messages were announcing themselves in these miniature ways, "as if his whole vocation were endless imitation" of "those truths which we are toiling all our lives to find"! How immediate his sympathy was! How trustful his spirit showed itself in an unfamiliar presence! How prodigal with his strength and service, even to his last breath! But

Full soon thy soul shall have her earthly freight,  
And custom lie upon thee with a weight  
Heavy as frost and deep almost as life!

Margrave roused himself from his reverie to find himself in turn an object of quiet, respectful observation.

"I think I must go. You see, they don't know where I am."

"Did they send you out on some errand?"

The boy looked up quickly from the gloves which he was pensively stroking as they lay on Margrave's knee, but encountering nothing suspicious in his host's expression, gave his attention again to the gloves, stealing a glance at the horse.

"No. You see, they don't send me out that way—yet." A long pause, in which mysterious underground currents were uniting these two, was broken by the boy's sudden question. "Do you want to see me just jump on that horse while it's going fast?"

"I should like to see you very much indeed."

A second's hesitation, and two arms were flung around Margrave's neck. A flash of memory, and the scene in the car made him understand the sense of familiarity with which he had been regarding his new friend.

Hubert took care not to extract all the sweets from the half-timid impulse, lest he visit its spirit too roughly and lose thereby the ground he had gained. He suppressed the longing to fold the boy close to his heart.

The scene that followed was certainly one to be viewed with bated breath.

The dining-room table stood against the wall of the room, leaving free space for the rider's venturesome spring. Margrave held the horse by the head, vainly trying to quiet him. His efforts only exasperated the animal, inciting him to madder and madder resistance. The

mighty form, with eyes glaring, mane streaming, tail flying, rears its length again and again in the air, only to dash its feet in unspent energy to the floor. A moment of preparation—and

I saw young Harry....  
Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury,  
And vaulted with such ease into his seat,  
As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds,  
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,  
And witch the world with noble horsemanship.

"Bravo, sir! bravo! bravo! well done! I believe you are the only man I know who could control a horse like that. How should you like to own him?"

The boy slipped suddenly from the horse and tugged at his cap.

"I think I must go now. You know, they don't know *zactly* where I am. I guess mamma thinks I went out with Sarah, or Sarah thinks I am with mamma. You see, I wanted to see how high this house was. I saw your Anna—I asked her what her name was—hanging up clothes on the roof, and she said she would show me something nice. I must go now. We live right under you. Now I must—"

"One moment. You have not answered my question. Will you not let me give you this horse?"

"Then what will your own little boy have? I wish I could bring— Oh, *there's* my mamma now! She's ringing your bell—it sounds just like ours. She'll be awful worried about me. Can I run and call to her, and open the door? Yes! yes! Mamma, I'm in here!"

Margrave followed the boy quickly to the door, with no time for uneasy misgivings over the possible awkwardness of the coming encounter.

A low, anxious voice addressed him simply and immediately, "I beg pardon, but has my little boy strayed in here?"

At present there was nothing to meet but the anxious question of a mother, and to witness something in the nature of the street-car episode.

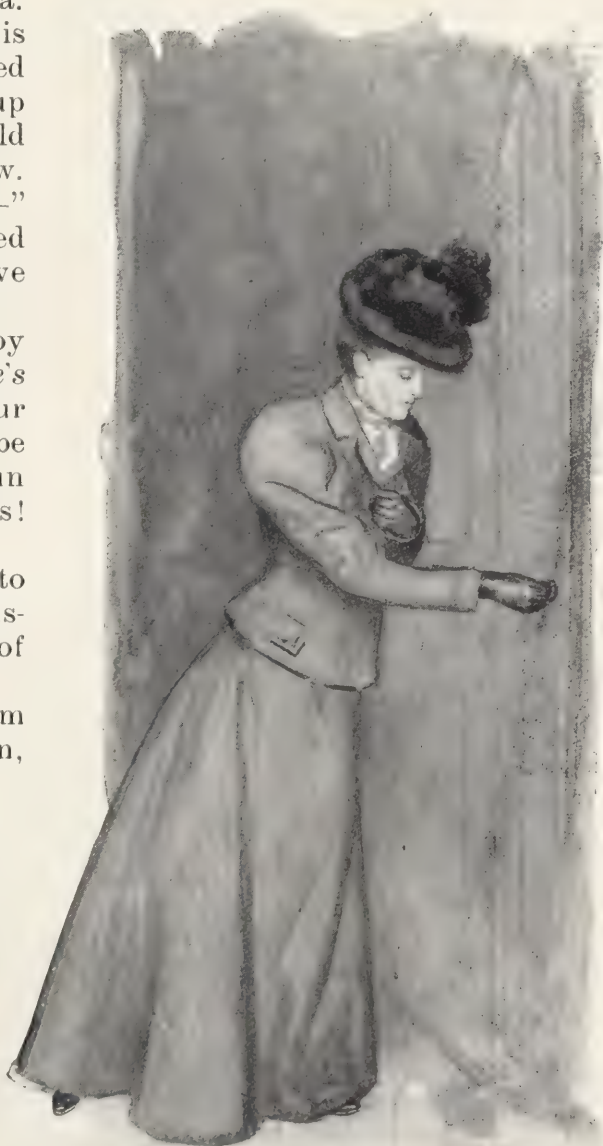
"Oh, *can* my mamma see that horse—*your* horse, I mean?"

Was it the simple directness of the child's insistence that made what followed so simple an affair? Can a child, by the mere pulling at a skirt, drag two people into a perfectly unheard-of social relation, and make it appear as natural and spontaneous as a family gathering? It might be the native simplicity of the woman, or

was it her perfect breeding that caused Margrave to feel so at his ease? He had no philosophy to account for the influence that was fast converting the occasion and the horse into soothing relations with his past and present.

They were standing close to the object of his recent misgivings, which might be construed now as an altar, so peaceful, so elevated was Margrave's new sense. Under its sway he was ready to kneel and lay upon the saddle, as upon a holy place, a flower, a blooming bough, a golden fruit, in recognition of the divine favor he felt descending upon him.

Under the magic of the boy priest's prattle every tiniest buckle and strap was made to connect and fasten a set of spiritual forces which bade fair to make this



"THERE'S MY MAMMA NOW."



"one utterly unrelated object in the universe" the connecting link between earth and a possible heaven; but of this Margrave was not aware. His immediate concern was with the boy, who, reassured by the familiar presence of his mother, was making up for lost time by a bevy of questions which, sparrowlike, would alight on an object to leave it, retiring only to come again. This movement without progress affected Margrave pleasantly. The secret response of his soul to the repressing touch of the mother's hand as it laid its dainty whiteness on the boy's shoulder was the wish that the investigation might extend itself to each hair in the mane and tail.

Once, as Margrave stooped down to show the real nails in the horse's shoes, the boy's mother asked herself why the profile was so familiar at this particular angle, and why it was associated with a feeling of admiration and confidence.

The impression ripened into a defined memory of a stormy evening in the late autumn when the rain, freezing as it fell, made it difficult for the pedestrian to keep his footing. She remembered that just as she was about to enter her door she heard an exclamation of alarm. Turning in its direction, she saw the form of a woman fall heavily to the pavement.

The street light revealed the face of one past middle age and belonging to the working class. Instantly a gentleman reached the side of the unfortunate soul and gently raised her to her feet. He listened patiently to what she was sobbingly trying to explain, and then stooped down and began to grope about the pavement, searching for the pennies that she had dropped. Securing them finally, he restored them to her benumbed fingers tied up in a fresh handkerchief. He hailed a passing cab, and helped her with some difficulty into it; a little more conversation, a direction given to the cabman, and the gentleman took the empty seat next to his charge, closed the door, and the cab drove away.

The knight-errant was Margrave.

He rose from his stooping posture, and confronted a face consciously blushing.

He took the hand that she frankly extended to him, and at her request to know to whom she was indebted for the pleasure her boy had received, gave his name.

"I hope that you will permit him to give me the pleasure again," Margrave

answered. "I can assure you nothing so simply delightful has happened to me for many years. The boy for whom the toy was bought I found had outgrown such things, and what was to have been a fine horse for him seems to have resolved into a white elephant for me."

"Yes, I'll come again. Won't we, mamma? Lots and lots of times!"

The boy kept his word.

Anna soon learned to know "Massa Sunshine's tappin's on de do' like dey wuz de sun a-crackin' de winter's ice." Her visitor usually came late in the afternoon when she was to be found in the dining-room, seated on a low Quaker chair, sewing. She would continue to sew between her trips, for she never travelled so far without leaving her seat, nor in so many different ways. Sometimes the rocking-chair was a carriage, and she was driven to a party, but only when she had on a bandanna. Once she wore a black turban, and in consequence was driven around the back streets in a wagon.

"I make no inquirements, honey, but dese hansom trips wid de reins comin' up behind, liftin' off folk's specs and kerchiefs, I 'low 's a little restless." One day, when the rocking-chair did duty as a train pushed from behind by the extemporized engine, she came very near going over on her face. "'Pears to me dat's mighty dangerous kind o' travellin', honey. I's too ole for dose elevatin' trips from behind."

In time the sunshine was to meet Margrave, and soon his days were all aflower. The light had lingered longer than usual one afternoon. It had flickered its pretty ways and joyous distraction over Anna's spare hour, and now stole across the threshold of the study door.

"Come in, my little man."

The boy ran up to the bachelor's knee and stood there. "You are good to let me come and play with your horse just whenever I like. Don't I?"

"Yes, dear boy," and Margrave lifted him to his knee. "How long do you suppose you could sit like that?" and Margrave took from the depths of his pocket a little ivory Hindoo god who had his legs crossed. "It is rather odd, you know, this little chap has a favorite tree named the Bo-tree. He likes to sit under that, but here he has been sitting for years under my bunch of keys. I suppose he has been wondering what has

been rubbing and jingling around his head in the dark."

"I bet he thinks it is the leaves rustling. What does he do under his tree?"

"Oh, he likes to think and think and think. I'll put him on the table. Wait a moment; we will twist a little tree for him out of this bit of paper—so! Now we will watch him think. Do you think he looks sleepy? Perhaps he will stretch his legs out."

The room was very quiet. The little Buddha began stretching his legs out, first only a little way, and then farther and farther, until his feet were lost to view. The boy was asleep. From his relaxed hand fell a crumpled card, "*Mrs. Horace Prescott, Wednesdays in —.*" "This is a part of my dream, too," thought Margrave, as he realized the boy's errand.

Gathering his burden more carefully in his arms, he passed with it out of the room, descended the stairs, rang the bell at the hall door beneath his own, and gave the child to the maid.

A week after, Margrave received the following note:

"DEAR MR. MARGRAVE,—Will you be so good as to come and see my little boy? Since he last saw you he has been confined to his bed, and after an anxious week for me has become reassuringly exacting in his demands, and insists upon seeing you. If you can find it convenient to come between four and five o'clock this afternoon, we shall be glad to see you.

Sincerely yours,

MARY PRESCOTT."

After this Margrave took no more walks alone in the Park. It was spring-time when the boy first began to be his daily companion; it was early summer when the mother joined them.

All the fine consciousness of this new experience, this sense of perfect living, might have impressed Margrave as unfamiliar, had the re-

ality not corresponded with one of his manhood's earliest and most persistent dreams. There was a strange naturalness in finding himself strolling quietly through wooded vistas in the early evenings of June with this woman, and the child playing about their footsteps was simply a part of the old picture. As he could talk to the companion of his dreams, so in time could he talk to this one.

Margrave's mental habit of escaping from a fact into the idea it might symbolize had free play in the intercourse, but was attended with widely different results for himself. His Pegasus, instead of soaring off into the air with its rider, suffered itself to be bridled by the practical interpretation of the woman's mind.

Perhaps if the winged steed had caught sight of the golden bridle of Minerva ear-



"SHE WAS DRIVEN TO A PARTY WHEN SHE HAD ON A BANDANNA."



lier in its career, Margrave might never have had to return to his native element on the back of a rocking-horse.

Intellectually, the new direction given to his thoughts, this sense of a presence at his head, gave him vivid delight. He had so long detached himself from persons, life had so long worn a dream aspect to him, that there was a pleasure almost physical in the exchange of ideas with another. He found himself wilfully plunging into the speculative empyrean in order to realize anew the pull of the imagined hand at the bridle. With the historical lover, he would "be plucked back again, so loving-jealous of his liberty" was he becoming.

Appreciating perfectly the unusual circumstances attending their intercourse, it distressed his sense of delicate chivalry to find himself speculating as to her possible personal feeling for him. He meant to appropriate what the companionship held for him disinterestedly, keeping it high in the air; the impression that he was feeling after it with both hands was not agreeable to him. The hand she had laid for a second on his arm yesterday was only to attract his attention hastily to a passing object she wanted him to see; this he knew; but it lay there yet, radiating a bright light—a warm, living thing. It was not so much the thoughts that she expressed as the warm little facts in which they clothed themselves, that staid by him—a certain smile; a tormenting far-off expression that the eyes wore at times; then a loving, sympathetic expression of the face—why need it include the whole race in its solicitude?

It was natural that the sunlight of his new experience should touch the land of his personal needs first. Their coast-line extended farther into the unexplored sea of the life about him than Margrave suspected. He had no idea of the extent of the exposure of his port of human sympathy, or of its harboring capacity. If his mother knew, she had kept him in ignorance regarding it, perhaps had hung out the danger-signal, to be seen from the sea as well as shore, and so prevented the landing of stray passengers with inconvenient tidings of the beauty and variety of the world outside.

Margrave, however, was approaching his new birth in many directions; his circuit was to be as comprehensive as it was personal. The light which began by

closing around himself gradually expanded its beneficent, illuminating power until all humanity came under its protection, as if it, like the sun, owed a fulfilment of a promise to every living thing.

They were standing late one afternoon before the beauty and luxuriant growth of a wistaria-vine, which, empurpling the broad spaces beneath two tall trees, ascended with its pendulous glories higher and higher to the heights beyond, like a voice that soars and will not be stilled.

"How perfectly that vine tells me the difference between us!" Margrave said to her. "Before you soar you enrich the spaces below; your sense of debt to mankind and to yourself began duty the moment it saw the light; whereas I must have been selfishly flowering in mid-air. The world of the human, you know, practically has never existed for me."

"I am not so sure of that," she replied, recalling the incident she had witnessed on the rainy cold night when he had cared for the poor old woman.

"That case was sporadic. She existed for me a half-hour, and then did not exist. No; every living thing seems to have more life for me than individuals. I am amazed, in a crowd of people, to find how instinctively they resolve into automations, mere walking machines. I always feel if I could reach half a dozen bottom motives, and press them as one does an electric button, all these people would do exactly the same thing; and the one spring actuating all is self-interest."

They walked on in silence for a little while after this.

"When you have been up in the air, what have you made of the earth beneath?" she asked.

"Imagined outlines and figures which you are gradually teaching me to believe conform to nothing in any known terrestrial or psychical geography. My descents to earth, I must allow, have not been attended with comfort, except as children, animals, and flowers have beckoned me. I seem to become perfectly direct, simple, and normal at such times, and live a kind of sublimated existence, purely objective, purely delightful. I shall talk too much, too far, unless you interrupt me."

"I shall not interrupt you."

"Well, then, I have been living on the heights, or in these dear, simple valleys, in a pure state of starvation. I starve

when I am too high; I starve when I come down to earth; each state emphasizes a void in my heart, a void that leaves me helpless and hopeless. I seemed a creature made for neither land nor sky—pity me, for you think it all shows weakness—until I met you; when I met you—you see, I talk too far—I—you might as well know the shabby truth—I wanted rest, or—oblivion, and I was beginning to think there were but two ways of reaching them—with Buddha, to think myself into them, become more isolated and useless than ever; or with Hamlet, to take arms against the sea of troubles and end them!

“Knowing you, learning new values from you, restored to life by you, I realized that the presence of death in my life was caused by the absence of the human interest in it. For the last month, for the first time in my life, I live. I think you will realize the fulness of the vitality your thought and influence have for me, and appreciate the quality of it, when I confess to you that despite the fact that I see but one door of happiness for me—the abiding presence of yourself in my life—I would forego realizing this priceless boon sooner than the desire and determination you have formed within me, to consecrate the remainder of my life to the cause of humanity. I awake, but as a statue might awake, knowing not how to adapt itself to the new reality.

“I have eyes now that can see. I have ears that hear. My heart yearns, but how to make these heart-beats tell, how to begin living from this new-found centre, I know not. I only know there must be no more cloud-land—no more of that fatal self-distrust.”

They had reached the bridge, and stood overlooking the pond and the western heavens. A broad belt of clear sky lay like a placid brow over the horizon and the irregular features of the landscape,



“THEY STOOD OVERLOOKING THE WESTERN HEAVENS.”

Above it, as though banished from a paradise, soft dark clouds were drawing themselves reluctantly away, leaving great reaches of peaceful space on every side.

If the man felt his heart expanding to admit all humanity into its love and care, the woman, as she regarded the thoughtful face above her illuminated into positive beauty by the humanized spiritual light that possessed it, felt hers contract to the point of pain around the realization of what this one life and its happiness had become to her.

“He has gained the impersonal peace,” she thought; “the spaces of his future life await the dawn of new interests; while I, like the clouds, am banished. The very light I longed to have him see has become my night.”

Vowed to his new purpose, his spirit free at last to hear other calls than those of his own heart, Margrave turns with radiant, far-seeing eyes to look into those he loves, to seek there a no more personal assurance than that of interested sympathy in the work of the new life about to open before him. He would take her hands to find in their answering pressure only an expression of faith in him. He takes them to find but a listless response to his hope; the eyes reflect poorly the



white light of general sympathy his ask. The woman heart, before so brave, so capable of leading and sustaining, succumbs openly to the conflicting forces suddenly raging within its walls. Lest her trembling hands betray her, she would withdraw them from the tightening grasp; the sweet face averted would hide its tell-tale color.

"Mary!" He fastens her hands in a close grasp, and gently draws her figure around to face his. "What is this you have for me in your heart, dear—look me in the eyes, nay, give them to me bravely—is it more or less than I ask?"

"Oh, Hubert, more—you must know! How foolish, how weak I am!" The eyes lower their glance, but the hands lie quietly in his.

Margrave lifted the lovely face up between his hands, while the soul in his eyes visited slowly every line of its sweet make.

"Must know," he mused, repeating her words, "how long I've prayed for one little sign of that weakness which meant, it seemed to me, the one vivifying spark of life by which I was to live! But you gave me not the slightest assurance of any more personal salvation at your hands than you had for the rest of the race of mankind. Mary, Mary, how could you lead me so far afield when I was so tired, longed so to stop just once, to have one little draught of personal tenderness at your hands? Now, dear soul, tell me—all this time how has it fared with your wings? Did they never tire of their endless flight? Not once asked to be folded down like this?"

"Ah, Hubert," she replied, "sometimes a lonely woman's surest peace is in sustained flight. It keeps the hunger out. I could not rest except—"

He finished the sentence for her his way.

## MASSAI'S CROOKED TRAIL.

BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.



THIS is a bold person who will dare to say that a wilder savage ever lived than an Apache Indian, and in this respect no Apache can rival Massai.

He was a *bronco* Chiricahua whose *tequa* tracks were so long and devious that all of them can never be accounted for. Three regiments of cavalry, all the scouts—both white and black—and Mexicans galore had their hack, but the ghostly presence appeared and disappeared from the Colorado to the Yaqui. No one can tell how Massai's face looks, or looked, though hundreds know the shape of his footprint.

The Seventh made some little killings, but they fear that Massai was not among the game. There surely is or was such a person as Massai. He developed himself slowly, as I will show by the Sherlock Holmes methods of the chief of scouts, though even he only got so far, after all. Massai manifested himself like the dust-

storm or the morning mist—a shiver in the air, and gone. The chief walked his horse slowly back on the lost trail in disgust, while the scouts bobbed along behind perplexed. It was always so. Time has passed, and Massai, indeed, seems gone, since he appears no more. The hope in the breasts of countless men is nearly blighted; they no longer expect to see Massai's head brought into camp done up in an old shirt and dropped triumphantly on the ground in front of the chief of scouts' tent, so it is time to preserve what trail we can.

Three troops of the Tenth had gone into camp for the night, and the ghostly Montana landscape hummed with the murmur of many men. Supper was over, and I got the old Apache chief of scouts behind his own ducking, and demanded what he knew of an Apache Indian down in Arizona named Massai. He knew all or nearly all that any white man will ever know.

"All right," said the chief, as he lit a cigar and tipped his sombrero over his left eye, "but let me get it straight. Massai's trail was so crooked, I had to study nights to keep it arranged in my



THE ARREST OF THE SCOTT.



head. He didn't leave much more trail than a buzzard, anyhow, and it took years to unravel it. But I am anticipating.

"I was chief of scouts at Apache in the fall of '90, when word was brought in that an Indian girl named Natastale had disappeared, and that her mother was found under a walnut-tree with a bullet through her body. I immediately sent Indian scouts to take the trail. They found the tracks of a mare and colt going by the spot, and thinking it would bring them to the girl, they followed it. Shortly they found a moccasin track where a man had dismounted from the mare, and without paying more attention to the horse track, they followed it. They ran down one of my own scouts in a *tiswin*\* camp, where he was carousing with other drinkers. They sprang on him, got him by the hair, disarmed and bound

\* An intoxicating beverage made of corn.

him. Then they asked him what he had done with the girl, and why he had killed the mother, to which he replied that 'he did not know.' When he was brought to me, about dark, there was intense excitement among the Indians, who crowded around demanding Indian justice on the head of the murderer and ravisher of the women. In order to save his life I took him from the Indians and lodged him in the post guard-house. On the following morning, in order to satisfy myself positively that this man had committed the murder, I sent my first sergeant, the famous Mickey Free, with a picked party of trail-ers, back to the walnut-tree, with orders to go carefully over the trail and run down the mare and colt, or find the girl, dead or alive, wherever they might.

In two hours word was sent to me that the trail was running to the north. They had found the body of the colt with its throat cut, and were following the mare. The trail showed that a man afoot was driving the mare, and the scouts thought the girl was on the mare. This proved that we had the wrong man in custody. I therefore turned him loose, telling him he was all right. In return he told me that he owned the mare and colt, and that when he passed the tree the girl was up in its branches, shaking down nuts which her old mother was gathering. He had ridden along, and about an hour afterwards had heard a shot. He turned his mare loose, and proceeded on foot to the *tiswin* camp, where he heard later that the old woman had been shot and the girl 'lifted.' When arrested, he knew that the other scouts had trailed him from the walnut-tree; he saw the circumstances against him, and was afraid.

"On the night of the second day Mickey Free's party returned, having run the trail to within a few hundred yards of the camp of Alcashay in the Forestdale country, between whose band and the band to which the girl belonged there was a blood feud. They concluded that the murderer belonged to Alcashay's camp, and were afraid to engage him.

"I sent for Alcashay to come in immediately, which he did, and I demanded that he trail the man and deliver him up to me, or I would take my scout corps, go to his camp, and arrest all suspicious characters. He stoutly denied that the



THE CHIEF OF SCOUTS.

man was in his camp, promised to do as I directed, and, to further allay any suspicions, he asked for my picked trailers to help run the trail. With this body of men he proceeded on the track, and they found that it ran right around his camp, then turned sharply to the east, ran within two hundred yards of a stage-ranch, thence into some rough mountain country, where it twisted and turned for forty miles. At this point they found the first camp the man had made. He had tied the girl to

a tree by the feet, which permitted her to sleep on her back; the mare had been killed, some steaks taken out, and some meat 'jerked.' From thence on they could find no trail which they could follow. At long intervals they found his moccasin mark between rocks, but after circling for miles they gave it up. In this camp they found and brought to me a fire-stick—the first and only one I had ever seen—and they told me that the fire-stick had not been used by Apaches for many years. There were only a few old men in my camp who were familiar with its use, though one managed to light his cigarette with it. They reasoned from this that the man was a bronco Indian who had been so long 'out' that he could not procure matches, and also that he was a much wilder one than any of the Indians then known to be outlawed.

"In about a week there was another Indian girl stolen from one of my hay-camps, and many scouts thought it was the same Indian, who they decided was one of the well-known outlaws; but older and better men did not agree with them; so there the matter rested for some months.

"In the spring the first missing girl rode into Fort Apache on a fine horse, which was loaded down with buckskins and other Indian finery. Two cowboys followed her shortly and claimed the pony,



NATASTALE.

which bore a C C C brand, and I gave it up to them. I took the girl into my office, for she was so tired that she could hardly stand up, while she was haggard and worn to the last degree. When she had sufficiently recovered she told me her story. She said she was up in the walnut-tree when an Indian shot her mother, and coming up, forced her to go with him. He trailed and picked up the mare, bound her on its back, and drove it along. The colt whinnied, whereupon he cut its throat. He made straight for Alcashay's camp, which he circled, and then turned sharply to the east, where he made the big twisting through the mountains which my scouts found. After going all night and the next day, he made the first camp. After killing and cooking the mare, he gave her something to eat, tied her up by the feet, and standing over her, told her that he was getting to be an old man, was tired of making his own fires, and wanted a woman. If she was a good girl he would not kill her, but would treat her well and always have venison hanging up. He continued that he was going away for a few hours, and would come back and kill her if she tried to undo the cords; but she fell asleep while he was talking. After daylight he returned, untied her, made her climb on his back, and thus carried her for a long





SCOUTS.



distance. Occasionally he made her alight where the ground was hard, telling her if she made any 'sign' he would kill her, which made her careful of her steps.

"After some miles of this blinding of the trail they came upon a white horse that was tied to a tree. They mounted double, and rode all day as fast as he could lash the pony, until, near nightfall, it fell from exhaustion, whereupon he killed it and cooked some of the carcass. The *bronco* Indian took himself off for a couple of hours, and when he returned, brought another horse, which they mounted, and sped onward through the moonlight all night long. On that morning they were in the high mountains, the poor pony suffering the same fate as the others.

"They staid here two days, he tying her up whenever he went hunting, she being so exhausted after the long flight that she lay comatose in her bonds. From thence they journeyed south slowly, keeping to the high mountains, and only once did he speak, when he told her that a certain mountain pass was the home of the Chiricahuas. From the girl's account she must have gone far south into the Sierra Madre of Old Mexico, though of course she was long since lost.

"He killed game easily, she tanned the hides, and they lived as man and wife. Day by day they threaded their way through the deep canyons and over the Blue Mountain ranges. By this time he had become fond of the White Mountain girl, and told her that he was Massai, a Chiricahua warrior; that he had been arrested after the Geronimo war and sent East on the railroad over two years since, but had escaped one night from the train, and had made his way alone back to his native deserts. Since then it is known that an Indian did turn up missing, but it was a big band of prisoners, and some births had occurred, which made the checking off come straight. He was not missed at the time. From what the girl said, he must have got off east of Kansas City and travelled south and then west, till at last he came to the lands of the Mescalero Apaches, where he staid for some time. He was over a year making this journey, and told the girl that no human eye ever saw him once in that time. This is all he ever

told the girl Natastale, and she was afraid to ask him more. Beyond these mere facts, it is still a midnight prowling of a human coyote through a settled country for twelve hundred miles, the hardihood of the undertaking being equalled only by the instinct which took him home.

"Once only while the girl was with him did they see sign of other Indians, and straightway Massai turned away—his wild nature shunning even the society of his kind.

"At times 'his heart was bad,' and once he sat brooding for a whole day, finally telling her that he was going into a bad country to kill Mexicans, that women were a burden on a warrior, and that he had made up his mind to kill her. All through her narrative he seemed at times to be overcome with this blood-thirst, which took the form of a homicidal melancholia. She begged so hard for her life that he relented; so he left her in the wild tangle of mountains while he raided on the Mexican settlements. He came back with horses and powder and lead. This last was in Winchester bullets, which he melted up and recast into .50-calibre balls made in moulds of cactus sticks. He did not tell how many murders he had committed during these raids, but doubtless many.

"They lived that winter through in the Sierras, and in the spring started north, crossing the railroad twice, which meant the Guaymas and the Southern Pacific. They sat all one day on a high mountain and watched the trains of cars go by; but 'his heart got bad' at the sight of them, and again he concluded to kill the girl. Again she begged off, and they continued up the range of the Mogollons. He was unhappy in his mind during all this journey, saying men were scarce up here, that he must go back to Mexico and kill some one.

"He was tired of the woman, and did not want her to go back with him, so, after sitting all day on a rock while she besought him, the old wolf told her to go home in peace. But the girl was lost, and told him that either the Mexicans or Americans would kill her if she departed from him; so his mood softened, and telling her to come on, he began the homeward journey. They passed through a small American town in the middle of the night—he having previous-



ly taken off the Indian rawhide shoes from the ponies. They crossed the Gila near the Nau Taw Mountains. Here he stole two fresh horses, and loading one with all the buckskins, he put her on and headed her down the Eagle Trail to Black River. She now knew where she was, but was nearly dying from the exhaustion of his fly-by-night expeditions. He halted her, told her to 'tell the white officer that she was a pretty good girl, better than San Carlos woman, and that he would come again and get another.' He struck her horse and was gone.

"Massai then became a problem to successive chiefs of scouts, a bugbear to the reservation Indians, and a terror to Arizona. If a man was killed or a woman missed, the Indians came galloping and the scouts lay on his trail. If he met a woman in the defiles, he stretched her dead if she did not please his errant fancy. He took pot-shots at the men ploughing in their little fields, and knocked the Mexican bull-drivers on the head as they plodded through the blinding dust of the Globe Road. He even sat like a vulture on the rim rock and signalled the Indians to come out and talk. When two Indians thus accosted did go out, they found themselves looking down Massai's .50-calibre, and were tempted to do his bidding. He sent one in for sugar and coffee, holding the brother, for such he happened to be, as a hostage till the sugar and coffee came. Then he told them that he was going behind a rock to lie down, cautioning them not to move for an hour. That was an unnecessary bluff, for they did not wink an eye till sundown. Later than this he stole a girl in broad daylight in the face of a San Carlos camp and dragged her up the rocks. Here he was attacked by fifteen or twenty bucks, whom he stood off until darkness. When they reached

his lair in the morning, there lay the dead girl, but Massai was gone.

"I never saw Massai but once, and then it was only a piece of his G string flickering in the brush. We had followed his trail half the night, and just at daylight, as we ascended a steep part of the mountains, I caught sight of a pony's head looking over a bush. We advanced rapidly, only to find the horse grunting from a stab wound in the belly, and the little camp scattered around about him. The shirt tail flickering in the brush was all of Massai. We followed on, but he had gone down a steep bluff. We went down too, thus exposing ourselves to draw his fire so that we could locate him, but he was not tempted.

"The late Lieutenant Clark had much the same view of this mountain outlaw, and since those days two young men of the Seventh Cavalry, Rice and Averill, have on separate occasions crawled on his camp at the break of day, only to see Massai go out of sight in the brush like a blue quail.

"Lieutenant Averill, after a forced march of eighty-six miles, reached a hostile camp near morning, after climbing his detachment, since midnight, up the almost inaccessible rocks, in hopes of surprising the camp. He divided his force into three parts, and tried, as well as possible, to close every avenue of escape, but as the camp was on a high rocky hill at the junction of four deep canyons, this was found impracticable. At daylight the savages came out together, running like deer, and making for the canyons. The soldiers fired, killing a buck and accidentally wounded a squaw, but Massai simply disappeared.

"That's the story of Massai. It is not as long as his trail," said the chief of scouts.

## FORGIVENESS.

BY FRANCIS STERNE PALMER.

HER woman's eyes are keen to see  
 A man's dull ways in luckless me:  
 Luckless—till her woman's heart,  
 All-forgiving, takes my part.

## THE SIXTH SENSE.

BY MARGARET SUTTON BRISCOE.

"DON'T take it so, Helen. You were prepared for this, my dear; it might be so much worse."

"Worse! Oh, mother, this is the worst!"

"Oh, no, no, dear—no! You aren't a mother yourself, or you'd feel at once what I mean. The last six months of doubts nearly maddened me. Now that we know that he is dead, it is we only who suffer; but alive—he might be enduring everything."

Helen shuddered rebelliously, lifting her head from her mother's knee and wiping away her tears.

"Mamma, I can't look at things the way you do. You only allow a choice between Jack horribly maimed or dead. I can't think of him as anything but alive and well, and so strong and big, and loving us so."

"Don't, don't, dear," cried the mother, sharply. She broke into sudden violent weeping. "I can't stand this. Let me bear it my own way."

The two women clung together again, the ruthless young lips that had beaten down the mother's hard-won philosophy showering repentant kisses.

"Do you think," Helen whispered, softly, "that it would hurt you too much to tell me a little more now?"

"I should like to," said Mrs. Duain, simply. "It always helps me, to talk things over. The young fellow was very kind. He said he would have come to see us before, but he was wounded himself at Gettysburg—not an hour after he left our boy dead on the field—and ill in hospital for a long time. And then he didn't know that we had no news of Jack. It was the merest chance goodness of heart, a kindness for a dead comrade, that made him come to us. He thought we might like to know what Jack's last words were. He saw the last breath leave his lips; his knee was under Jack's head as he passed away, just as mine is under yours, Helen."

"Oh, mamma!" groaned the girl, protesting involuntarily.

"I won't tell you more if it distresses you, dear. I preferred to hear all my-

self, though I felt it impossible to bear at first, just as you do."

"Don't tell me any more, mamma—later perhaps. But just one thing—what were his last words?"

"Of us, dear: 'Mother—Helen—my love.' That was what his comrade came to bring us."

The mother's lips quivered as she gave the message, but she would not give way. Helen sobbed uncontrollably.

"Oh, Jack! Dear, dearest Jack! To remember me too—to send us his love—"

Mrs. Duain laid her hand comfortingly on the bowed head.

"I have something more to tell you, something that ought to comfort you. It has me," she said, softly. "Those last words were not all for you and me. They seemed to be only a message to us; even his messenger thought they were; but it was not just your name and mine and his love to us that Jack meant, Helen. Those last two words, 'My Love,' were not as a message to us at all, but as a *name* to him. He has left us a legacy."

Helen sat upright on the floor at her mother's feet, pushing back the hair from her wet face and looking up in wonder.

"Something very extraordinary and very beautiful has happened. I have lost a son and gained a daughter in the same hour. Did you know that Jack was engaged to be married?"

Helen did not reply in words. Motionless listening answered for her ignorance.

"It's quite true, dear; she has just told me herself. She came in to call formally—a formal call from her seems strange to think of now; she was shown into this room just as Jack's comrade left me. I was utterly overcome. You were away, and I needed some one. Poor child! she was needing care herself. And there was I, blind thing, crying and sobbing and blurting out the news of my loss to her. I might have gone on forever if I hadn't heard something in her voice that made me look up suddenly, and then I saw her poor face; but the voice was enough. Do you remember the story of the old friend who wrote to a widow



when her husband died just two words — 'Oh, Madam!' That story always touched me so. All this poor child said was, 'Oh, Mrs. Duain!' and it was like a tortured cry."

Helen caught her mother's hands eagerly—so much hung on a word, a name.

"But, mamma, you haven't told me—you haven't once said—"

"Hush!" whispered Mrs. Duain, quickly; "here she is. Did you suppose I could part with her at once? Don't let her know that I have told you, Helen. It is important, remember."

She had as well spoken warningly to the shifting winds. Every line of her daughter's expressive face was always as speakingly telltale as the mother's. As she now turned with intense eagerness toward the opening door, the woman who appeared on the threshold had only to give one glance at her before she paused, shrinking into the sheltering curtain and crying out, in a breathless reproach,

"Oh, Mrs. Duain, you said you would tell no one!"

Mrs. Duain hurried forward, but not so quickly as Helen. The young girl, with charming impulsiveness, sprang to the doorway and twined her arms about the reluctant figure thus hovering as it were on the outskirts of their family life. She drew her into the room with a large and generous motion of her strong young arms, that seemed to say this was but a symbol of what her heart was doing.

"Mamma couldn't help telling me. Wouldn't it have been cruel not to tell me? I shall love you so dearly. And you will love me, won't you, An—Annita?" She stumbled a little over the name, and laughed, half embarrassed, half tearful. "That's your name, isn't it? It seems absurd that I shouldn't be quite sure, but, you see, I haven't known you so very well—though I always liked you; and now shall you be able to love me?"

Annita Andrews—for that was her name—looked silently and wistfully from one to the other, her eyes lingering last on the eager young face pressing near hers. In appearance she was as unlike the mother and daughter, with their clever irregular features and vivid faces, as it was possible to be. There could never have been a woman born into the Duain family with so delicately regular or so sealed a face. Beauty of feature and a certain charm of contrasting coloring she

had, for the brown eyes were clear and soft, the contour of the face was beautiful and finely cut, the brow under the fair hair was shapely and low; but, with so much said, there was still to be ardently desired something that was missing. The face was uninteresting, lacking wholly change and charm of expression. There was no proof of that delightful perceptiveness and receptiveness which can render the plainest face womanly and attractive. An occasional wistfulness in the too shallow brown of the eyes, a slightly appealing droop of the mouth, were the only claims to expression made by features that might have been extremely lovely if but a little less sealed. This was the woman who was vainly striving to reply to Helen Duain's impetuous approach, vainly seeking a voice which it seemed she could not force to obey her. Twice she tried to answer, but her words died away as they came; and at last, with a glance of appealing reproach toward Mrs. Duain, she turned aside, burying her face in her hands.

"You have frightened her, dear. Give her to me," said Mrs. Duain, compassionately; but Helen, with a stir at her breast, thought she felt the girl she still held in her arms move toward her, though ever so slightly, and drew her closer possessively. To take one to her, Mrs. Duain had to take both; but of this her motherly arms were capable.

"I'm a hopelessly leaky old woman, my dear," she said. "You must try to forgive me, Annita. But, you see, Helen came in *just* after you had told me, and it seemed as if I had to tell her. If you hadn't *just* told me—"

She broke off with the implication that under other circumstances she would surely have guarded the secret jealously, which she doubtless believed, but none the less it was far from the truth, for Mrs. Duain was quite right when she described herself as hopelessly leaky. Her sympathy was too sweet and real to lose at any price, so her friends went on confiding in her, even though knowing in the very moments of confidence that the price must be betrayal at some date, late or early, and betrayal at once so naïve and inevitable that no one could complain very bitterly. Nor did Annita complain now, beyond that first reproachful glance.

"My two daughters!" said Mrs. Duain, with feeling, drawing the two heads down, one on either shoulder.



"Of course I love you, because you're a part of Jack," whispered Helen, across her mother's bosom. "If only Jack could see us now!"

"He does!" cried Mrs. Duain, fervently, glancing up; "he does!"

Quick tears fell from her lashes down on the face of the girl she held so closely for that son's sake; and as they fell, Annita looked up with a struggling, gasping breath. She spoke as if with an agony of effort.

"I—I can't stand this. I—"

"What are we thinking of?" cried Mrs. Duain. "Of course this is too much for her." With her usual quickness of motion she thrust Helen from her and passed her hand over the new daughter's quivering features, closing down the eyelids soothingly. "Rest there, my dear child. Stop thinking for a moment. No, don't try to talk." She stopped the quivering lips with her soft motherly touch. The girl's face lay heavily on her shoulder. "Helen," cried Mrs. Duain, suddenly, "come quickly; she has fainted. Help me to the couch. Oh, poor, poor child!"

If Annita Andrews had been capable of thinking out a deliberate plan by which to steal her way most quickly into the hearts of Jack Duain's mother and sister, she could have fallen on no more subtle and instant method than this very real illness. It seemed at once to differentiate her grief from theirs, and set it apart as something more peculiarly sacred. Mrs. Duain knew that she still had one child, and Helen that she still had her mother; but both knew that Annita Andrews had nothing more of a home and family life than a room in an aunt's house—a home already complete in family and interests long before her entrance. In a vague, motherly way Mrs. Duain had often pitied the shy, undemonstrative girl, though that pity had never gone so far as to reach the point of interest. Annita Andrews had always seemed to her to lack place and background as a personal inheritance, and had never been able to conquer these for herself. Something of all this Mrs. Duain murmured in pitying accents to Helen across the unconscious figure, and Helen was thinking it all over as she sat by the side of the couch, gently chafing Annita's hands, and applying such home remedies as her mother's experience supplied. When the physician they had summoned came hurrying in he made no

change in the treatment, pronouncing the attack harmless. It was, in fact, already beginning to yield. It seemed to Helen that she could see the swoon breaking under their efforts as still water breaks when a stone is flung into it. Signs of consciousness formed and broke and formed again in the white face, always in wider and wider circles. Now the eyelids quivered, and again the lips moved.

"Had she a fall?" the physician asked. He was an old family friend as well. "Did she have a fall or a blow?"

And Mrs. Duain assented: "A very heavy blow. My dear friend, we have just heard with certainty of my boy's death."

The physician forgot his patient and looked up quickly. "At last! And what we all feared. Any news is better than none, dear madam, believe me. So he is really gone, and only last night we were talking of him."

"Where?" asked Mrs. Duain, with that eagerness for hearing praise of the dead which belongs to all who have lost by death—as our one poor hope of their earthly immortality. The old friend understood and humored the mother's wish.

"At a little dinner party. I wish you could have been there, only no ladies were present. Some one chanced to speak your boy's name, and there was instant silence. Then some one else said, out loud, 'How that man is remembered!' I sat next our host. I could see the water rise in his eyes as he got to his feet. '*Jack Duain*,' was all he said. We rose up to drink without another word. Nobody wanted to speak. That's the man he was. A son to miss indeed; a friend to lament. Do you mean me to understand that my patient here—" He paused.

"Yes," said Mrs. Duain, choking and wiping her eyes. "Oh yes, poor child. If he had lived she would have been his wife."

"Poor child indeed?" said the physician, with more than professional pity.

"Be quiet," cried Helen; "she hears us. I think she has heard you both all the time."

She had seen the last confining circle breaking. The color was rising in Annita's face; she opened her eyes and looked up at them. The physician approached gently, but his patient turned away sharply from his pitying gaze and again



closed her eyes. He respected her implied wish.

"Her pulse is stronger," he said to Mrs. Duain. "She will do very well now, only I should advise entire quiet for a week at least. There has been a severe shock. I wish her aunt's house were a little less gay, a little less full of young people. Hers is anything but a quiet home."

"How much quieter could ours be!" said Mrs. Duain, quickly—"only Helen and me, and our house now one of mourning."

"Ah!" said the physician, bowing himself out from the room and from this story; "I understand. She is safer with you than with me, I see. You are still a good mother to your son, my dear Mrs. Duain."

Mrs. Duain sat down by the other side of the couch from Helen. "You heard, my dear," she said, quietly; "will you stay with us for a time and let us care for you?"

Annita looked up at her with a dazed expression. She struggled to sit up on the couch. "Let you care for me?" she repeated. "Oh, yes, yes; but I can't stay here. I can't stay here."

Both words and manner were feverishly distressed.

"Why not?" said Mrs. Duain, soothingly. "Now, my child, be reasonable. You are ill, but not too ill for me to talk a little plain sense to you. You know, we all know, that your aunt's house is not exactly a home to you. Indeed, it is not a home to any of them. They have never seemed to me to pause long enough to know each other—to love each other and show it. Why, caresses are as natural to Helen and me as breathing and living. Oh yes, I know they are all kind to you, but—is it like this?" And she stooped and gathered the girl into her arms.

"Don't refuse us," pleaded Helen, on the other side. "Don't, dear Annita. Pray, pray stay with us."

"Let us say only for this one week, then," urged Mrs. Duain, quick to yield part where she saw it wise.

Annita, her head languidly resting on Mrs. Duain's motherly shoulder, looked still, as if dazzled, from one eloquent face to the other, each saying quite as much in silence as when their lips spoke.

"I never saw love like this before," she faltered. Her lips quivered, her face

flushed, and her eyes and mouth grew as self-pitiful as a lost child's. Mrs. Duain thought she had never seen her so near great beauty.

"I can only just remember my parents," the girl went on, brokenly, "and then came boarding-school, and then my aunt's home, and—yes, they are kind there, but it's not like this. No, I never saw love like this."

"Except from Jack," corrected Helen.

The crimson shot up over the white face in a blush so painful that Mrs. Duain, startled by the change, laid her finger on her lips, glancing silencingly at Helen. But in her heart she was exulting in the sight of a love that held its privacy so sacred. Death seemed less a separation when a girl's cheek blushed hotly for him who was gone from them forever. With a quick womanly motion she stooped and hid the flushed face against her own protectingly. She could feel that Annita lay more and more closely in her warm embrace; her hand was timidly returning the clasp of Helen's hand. Suddenly she lifted her head strongly and withdrew from them both; but it was only to hold out her hands anew, with a motion as if offering herself freely to each of them. There was so little of native impulsiveness about her that the gesture carried more meaning than from another less reserved and shy.

"You will stay!" cried Helen, joyfully.

"I must," she answered. "I can't—no, I can't turn away love like this. I must take it, if only for this week." She paused to steady her voice. When she spoke again the effort made it seem almost hard. "Only for this week," she repeated, firmly.

It was rather an anxious week they spent together, as it could hardly fail to be with the conditions given. In the first place, little complications began at once to arise that ought to have been readily foretold, but that were evidently unforeseen by Annita, whose shrinking wish to keep her secret was the cause of trouble. The mere fact of her presence in the house at this time was, as Mrs. Duain well knew it must be, fair ground for comment; and there, too, were the girl's relations to be considered. After due thought, Mrs. Duain, who had her own rather imperial methods of adjusting affairs, made up her mind as to her



course of action, and Annita's as well. The engagement was to be announced, not formally, but by a word spoken here and there. She meant to take no action without Annita's permission, but that permission she intended to have.

Annita Andrews, and indeed all of her family, though with as desirable a social standing as her own, had never interested Mrs. Duain particularly, and therefore they had never been allowed to know her except as an impersonal and delightful acquaintance. She knew now with shrewd intuition that through her circle of personal friends, a rather unconventional and wholly delightful coterie that haunted her house familiarly, Annita Andrews would learn to know her far better and more rapidly than by the most intimate personal relations. For this reason, among others, she would not wholly close her home as one of mourning. Outside, with its folded shutters and storm-doors bowed, the house wore that strangely human look of sad dignity which belongs to a closed home when death has touched the lintel; but within life went on almost as it had before the coming of definite news of loss. It had been a house of doubt and semi-mourning for months. Now it was only certainty of grief. Friends came and went, bringing their messages of affection and sympathy, and all were received by Mrs. Duain, and to all she presented Annita Andrews with a quiet dignity which forbade questions, and yet with so careful recognition of her place as a member of the family that her manner could not fail to make its due impression. Very evidently what the girl herself longed for was to be let alone and allowed to look on in silence at this revealed family life, full of love and real friendships—plainly very different from anything to which she was accustomed. She tried always to sit a little apart, rather pale and with puzzled eyes, looking out from over her clasped hands, which she constantly held against her face, hiding lips that seemed to Helen's pitying eyes to be always quivering slightly. But this remoteness and silence was what Mrs. Duain would not allow. No one could have doubted her adoration of her son, but an unwholesome mourning in her house by herself or any one else was what she would not tolerate. She talked of her son constantly and to every one, as often with laughter as with tears; for

there was much in Jack Duain's short and merry life to recall with laughter. Helen expostulated with her mother in vain. To the younger woman there was a species of cruelty in the constant rousing of Annita from her dazed and dream-like condition, in the forcing her to meet new friends at this time. But Mrs. Duain had decided otherwise.

"We must rouse her," she insisted. "Don't you see this is our chance to reach her now, while she is stirred? It's just as important for us to know her as for her to know us; and do you know her at all? I don't, yet half our week has gone. Hers is a very sealed nature. No, you must let me follow my own instinct."

But despite her theories, Mrs. Duain began to yield to an uncomfortable wonder if they ever could know Annita Andrews much better. She knew that some women were born to blow open wide as roses—she herself was one of these—while others were born to live tightly closed as button-flowers, and with the latter she began to classify Annita Andrews. There was something baffling, something inexpressibly trying, to her in the very docility and gentleness of this intimate yet stranger guest. Even the meeting-ground of a common grief had been practically closed from the first, for each effort to draw Annita to speech concerning her lover caused such evident suffering that Mrs. Duain had not the heart to persist too far in that direction. Yet something, she felt, must be done, for the girl's shyness and silence seemed to be increasing rather than decreasing, and the week of her promised stay was passing. It was then that the elder woman decided on a serious step, and only waited for the best opportunity to take it safely. That chance seemed to her to open most fairly on the night when the mourning-bonnets came home—those last details of costume. On that evening Mrs. Duain, more full of thought than she showed, walked up the stairs to bed, a veil-draped bonnet in either hand, and another on her head. Having no free hand with which to hold her skirts away from her feet, she walked up the stairs with extreme difficulty, escaping her petticoats only by stepping in a pigeon-toed way, as do all women caught in like case. She was laughing like a girl at her own awkwardness, but seemed to be enjoying the exercise, for she refused aid, and at the upper landing



turned to look smilingly down on the two girls following her.

"I did it," she said, merrily. "And look up at me, girls! Isn't this Madame Milliner going to bed?"

Helen, her hand still on the balustrade, stopped, and laughing naturally, looked up at the black-draped figure; but the mother glanced beyond her and keenly at Annita. As the light from the high hall lamp fell full upon the girl's upraised face, Mrs. Duain thought she found there a fresher look and a less forced smile than had before met her jesting on such subjects—appropriate or inappropriate, as one received it. Most of us talk of our weeds and try them on with faces in accord with their coloring. Mrs. Duain did neither. As her eyes now met Annita's, the girl's lips parted in a distinct smile, sweet and natural and shyly affectionate. Her brown eyes (so pretty in color, but monotonous somehow to Mrs. Duain, used to her daughter's vivid face, and indeed to her own changing features as shown in her mirror) were shining a little. The light hair, too, seemed to lie more loosely, and therefore more acceptably to the older woman, who in her rich ripeness hated sleekness of any kind. They had passed a long evening alone together family-wise, and after it as Annita stood there on the stair she seemed more one of them. There was a subtle loosening, not of the hair only, but of her whole being. Mrs. Duain decided quickly that the hour for action had at last come.

"We don't want to go to bed yet, do we, Helen?" she said. "Come in here with us, my dear; let's have a real hair-brushing talk. I never feel that I know a woman until I once brush my hair with her."

"But ought I to keep you, Mrs. Duain? Look at the clock."

The old hall timepiece was pointing to a late hour, yet Annita's hesitation was plainly more wistful than real.

"Oh, I did look at that old thing, and I looked right away again," said Mrs. Duain, waving both time and the reverend clock aside. "I don't want to remember how late it is. Go get your brush and combs and wrapper and slippers, and we will have a real old-fashioned hair-brushing."

But with all her perfectly spontaneous and almost girlish charm of manner, Mrs. Duain was a determined woman of the

world, with an object in view to attain and a resolute will to attain it within the hour. She was not thinking seriously of clocks, nor of dressing-gowns and slippers, and she showed that she was not when Annita returned burdened with toilet articles.

"Come here, my dear," she said. "Throw those things down on the bed and come here. Do you mind trying this on for me? I don't seem to be able to fit it on my own head"—which was not unnatural, as it was not for her head that Mrs. Duain had ordered the veiled bonnet. It fitted Annita admirably, as if it had been made for her, as indeed it had been, with her own stolen bonnet as model.

"And now," went on Mrs. Duain, as one absorbed in her subject, "will you mind slipping this on?"

This was one of Helen's gowns, for which Annita had once stood as block, the girls' figures being sufficiently alike to allow this saving of Helen's overtaxed strength. A few moments later the cheval-glass reflected Annita's figure dressed in a full costume of perfectly fitting mourning, at which Mrs. Duain gazed with affectionate approval, half sad, half satisfied. Helen stood by, looking on with eyes wherein some mischief lurked. Her mother's careful schemes always amused the daughter. The two faces were reflected in the glass, one over each of Annita's shoulders, and as she chanced to glance from one to the other she stared for a moment, started, and then wheeled around with a little cry, half dismay, half question.

"My dear," said Mrs. Duain, soothingly—"my dear, why shouldn't you? Did you suppose I was ordering all these gowns and all these bonnets just for Helen and me? Aren't you my daughter too? Won't you be one of us, dear? We were a little family of three. Let us keep that number."

But Annita had sunk down on the side of the bed, leaning against the foot-board for support, her eyes dilating and fixed on Mrs. Duain, who went on with an unwonted nervousness under that insistent questioning look. She had not believed those light brown eyes capable of expressing such demand.

"I think it really best, really wisest, Annita, as—as you have already staid with us this week. Of course it is for

you to decide, but I think it far wisest." Annita looked down at the black gown, and her face seemed to close with a seal. Whether she wished to throw the gown by or not, Mrs. Duain could not at the moment tell, and for the thousandth time she wished the girl's face were more flexible. If it had been Jack or Helen, she could have unerringly read their inmost feelings in a moment. "Of course it is for you to decide," she repeated.

"Is it left for me to decide?" The question, the glance that went with it, were quick, almost stern, and Mrs. Duain, unaccustomed to sternness from any one, was too surprised to reply. Annita went on in set tones: "I heard you tell the doctor everything. I supposed you had to tell him, but have you told any one else?"

Mrs. Duain actually stammered a little as she tried to reply. She was thinking that this was not in the least what she had expected of the passive girl she had been watching through the week. Whatever else she lacked, there was plainly no shortage of courage. When cornered she would fight. But Mrs. Duain herself was a brave woman, and when she finally rose to the occasion it was to face fully the consequences of her acts.

"I am afraid I have made a dreadful mistake," she said, gravely. "My dear Annita, I am not, and I never have been, a very trustworthy woman in keeping a secret. I don't mean to break confidence, but I know I do. Now I shall have to ask a great faith of you when I say that until this moment I honestly did not know I was telling your secret. I meant to gain your permission first, but as I sit here and see you look at me in this way, I know that I have done and said things that were just the same as speaking outright. I am so distressed. I ask your forgiveness most humbly. I am shamed to the quick; but that doesn't undo anything."

Helen's daughterly impulse was to run to her mother and forcibly stop her humiliating herself before Annita Andrews. And yet, except for that intense gaze, Annita was not accepting the confession offensively. She seemed, in fact, to be scarcely hearing it. She was now looking down and stroking the folds of crape on the wrist of the unfortunate gown.

"Mrs. Duain," she said, more gently, "did the woman who made this dress know?"

Mrs. Duain flushed. "I—I am afraid so. I should have said 'no, of course not,' an hour ago, but now—yes, my dear, I do remember intimating that you might be the one to wear it."

"Then that was why she told me her lover was killed in the war?"

"I suppose so," said Mrs. Duain, miserably. "I suppose she thought you could understand better than any one else. She didn't mean to be impertinent, I am sure."

"Oh no, I didn't think so. But she must have thought me very cold. I never dreamed she knew, and people haven't told me such things as a rule." She paused again in the same absent way, stroking the crape. "And my aunt?" she asked, finally, with another searching glance.

Mrs. Duain flushed at the question. Her lip quivered. She was not used to being catechised, but she still answered with a meekness that flushed her daughter's face: "Yes, my dear, there I did speak almost openly. You must have known I would have to give her some explanation of your staying here."

"Then, I suppose, that was why she told me all about losing her first lover. I knew my grandfather sent some one away before my uncle came. And when my uncle came he told me all about his first wife's death. I wondered why at the time. I never was told these things before. Do you suppose it's because I"—she looked up questioningly—"because they think I'll understand now?"

"Oh yes, dear," cried Mrs. Duain, eagerly—"yes; that's one of the compensations for letting others know of our sufferings. Nobody wants to tell anything to happy young things who can't really understand. You'll find all the suffering world open to you if you will only let it know that you have suffered."

Annita sat gazing into space. Her eyes had lost the stern look that questioned Mrs. Duain, and seemed to be ardently questioning all life.

"As I think of it, it seems to me everybody I have seen this week has told me something. Is that a sign they all knew?" She turned her eyes full on Mrs. Duain again. "Even your friends, people I never knew before, have talked with me. They wouldn't if they hadn't known all. I feel they wouldn't. Has every one who came near me been told—every one in the



house, even the servants? Susan told me yesterday she was soon to marry the coachman."

"Oh, Annita," cried Helen, with deep offence, "how can you berate mamma so? I won't allow it. If she has done wrong, she's told you she's sorry."

"Being sorry doesn't put the wine back in the bottle, Helen," said Mrs. Duain, her voice quivering. "I have spilled Annita's secret, and she has the right to be angry."

Annita started as if waking from a dream.

"Angry! But I'm not angry." Her eyes filled with quick tears; her face flushed distressfully; she spoke hurriedly, with the pain of one utterly misunderstood. "Sometimes I think I must have frozen water in my veins instead of blood. I can't thaw quickly. I don't know how. I don't know what to say now—only—I do know I want to wear this—this dress, if you'll both let me."

She rose, trembling with excitement, and with both hands appealingly outstretched. Her changed attitude, the influence of the accepted mourning garb that draped her standing figure, the timid entreaty of her hands and voice, all drew Mrs. Duain and Helen fluttering to her with an entirely new sense of womanly relation. The breath of a strengthening sentiment blew them together as the little whirlwinds draw up feathers; and like soft feathered things, and with the prettiest nestlings, the two women, to whom caresses were the natural expression of feeling, drew near the one they were teaching to be like themselves. It seemed to Mrs. Duain that she could actually feel the girl changing and softening in her hands. She had a theory of her own that all womankind properly belonged to the dove-cote, and should wear their softness outside; and though some, by a mischance, might come to wear their feathers inside, as a heavy casing confines a soft pillow, a little slit in the cover or a hard thrust would invariably discover that there were normal contents enclosed. Annita had received both slits and thrusts in this week, and the last experience of the hour had been a hard one. While she clung to them with a shy happiness and timidly gave loving touch for touch, she showed the strain she had suffered in the pallor that followed her excitement; and Mrs. Duain, with tenderest motherly solici-

tude, carried her off to her room at last, not leaving her until she had seen her laid in her bed with her weary head on the pillow. As she bent over the girl for a last kiss, Annita flung her arm suddenly around her neck, drawing the kind face down to hers.

"Oh," she whispered, softly, "you don't know what you have done for me. I only began to live one week ago to-day, when you first took me in your arms."

It was more than a year and a half after Gettysburg, and therefore after peace was declared, when a warm summer morning found Jack Duain, as one risen from the dead, entering his native town. He walked slowly and nervously down the well-known platform, waving aside the whips of the same old drivers he had left there when he went away with his regiment. He knew every one of them, but not one recognized him, and, a little dazed at their blindness, he walked, still as if disguised, into the streets, with feet familiar to every stone that had stubbed his bare toes when, as an obstinate and hardy boy, he would distress his mother by running barefooted through the town. There was something uncanny to him in the way those he knew as he knew himself looked him over carelessly as a passing stranger; but after the first shock of surprise what he began to dread was that he should at last meet some one who would know him and tell him news that he longed for yet feared to learn. When at last he reached his own house his courage failed utterly on the doorstep, and he turned off without ringing the bell, but only to make his way to the wicket-gate that closed in the garden at the side of the house. Once in the garden, he slipped from bush to bush as cautiously as when he and Helen had played hide-and-seek there together as children, stealing from behind the tulip-tree to the snow-ball-bush, from the sweet-smelling shrub-bush to the sweeter magnolia-tree. These old familiar odors spoke to him of the past, and the old childish haunts pulled at his heart-strings. Even the air, kind and sunny, seemed the weather he best remembered, and all combined to quicken his imagination and make his heart beat with foreboding. Human changes might be waiting for him beyond this unaltered nature and within the unchanged stone and mortar of the old house that rose be-

fore him. Were strangers in the home? At last he paused under the jutting bay-window of the low room where in the old days he knew his mother and Helen would have been sitting at this hour. Here, crouched down like a thief, he listened, holding his breath.

"My dear," came a clear rich voice floating out from the open window above him into the warm air, "I beg of you, don't open that umbrella in the house. I'm not exactly superstitious, but then—"

"Everybody knows it's too unlucky to open umbrellas in the house," said a lighter, because younger, laughing voice, like an echo of the older one.

"Open the umbrella out of the window, Annita, and mend it that way."

There was girlish laughter within, and then out came the closed umbrella from the smilax-covered window-frame. A woman's white hand followed, pressing the catch open and shaking and unfurling the silk. It was all so foolish, so simple and homelike and sweet, to the hungry ears outside. A great thanksgiving swelled in Jack Duain's heart. They were not gone, not dead, nor even changed. How often had he been warned by that same loved voice as to the unnecessary recklessness of opening an umbrella in the house! It was the old house, the old habits, the dear old superstitions. He had come back from the dead to find them all unchanged—all just as he left them, those he loved and those who loved him. They were not too broken either by his supposed loss, for they could still laugh and jest as of old. For this last he had no resentment. He was in a moment like a boy again, and moved to surprise them as a thoughtless boy might. He rose softly to his feet, shielded by the wide-open umbrella. The waving ferule seemed to him to be poking at him jocosely as the mender jerked it awkwardly back and forth. He caught it, and thrusting his shield above his head, was face to face with Annita Andrews.

There was an instant outcry in the room, a rushing to and fro, a tumultuous excitement, but the mother's voice was piercing to his ears through and above all. The appealing cry of a child on the mother's ear is most insisted upon, but there is a mother's cry as well, and whether he was dragged into the room or somehow scrambled in to where he might fall at his mother's feet and

reach the mother's arms, the son could not have told. He only knew that he was there, and the long days and suffering nights were now as far in the past as all troubles had seemed when as a child he had cried out in the dark and waked to feel those same warm arms about him. He opened his eyes after a little and looked up to laugh at himself and at her, but tenderly.

"Don't look down on me like that, mammy dear; I'm all right now, and I was all right weeks ago, only I was afraid to come home. I didn't know what I might find here. When I stood outside there and heard your voices—well, I always thought they were sweet voices, but I didn't know how sweet. Don't you want to know where I've been and what I've been doing? I've died twice since I saw you, mammy dear."

He showed it all, Mrs. Duain thought, touching his face with gentle finger-tips, as if she scarcely believed it real. It was Helen who listened to the quick, dramatic account of the awakening from that first death on the battle-field, the chance succor by the enemy, the unconscious days, the months in a prison-hospital, the half-recovery, and then the long, hopeless days of prison life that followed. On these last he would not dwell. Through all ran the strain of a desperate, unremitting effort to get news of home, to send home news of himself—efforts which they knew too well had all miscarried. Last of all, half due to the prison life, half to his own beating at the bars, came a fever that seemed to kill again. Waking to life for the second time, it was to ask his own name, and as memory came slowly back he learned that the war was over, peace declared, and he himself, though free to go where he would, had been only a troublesome prisoner and a hospital number for so long a space of time that after these troubled days a return to life and home and family needed first the question asked and answered, Is there home and family left to receive the lost one? This question he had come himself to ask, waiting beyond the time when his bodily strength was sufficient, because he dreaded the possible test on sick brain and weakened nerve if the answers were fatally wrong. All this Helen learned, partly with tender questioning, partly by listening with loving interruptions and exclamations of



sympathy; but Mrs. Duain could only listen vaguely, having actual brain-room for no more than this joy of restitution. Yet, being above all a practical woman, if a mother, she began gradually to grasp the wonderful fact that her son had come back to her, even more, not less, than when he left. By the time her knees had ceased to tremble under the sweet pressure of his head, her keen eyes had noted the stronger and nobler lines of the irregular features, the firmer fold of the lips, and the quiet strength of the steady hands that had been so restless with life. He was thin, he was worn and weak, but the vigorous life was all there yet—there was nothing lost of the Jack Duain that had been, and much gained. He had left her a jocund boyish man, and he had come back jocund still, she hoped, but with a developed manhood. Her motherly pride swelled her heart. She had mourned him bravely as a hero dying for his country; there was a stifling joy in having him a hero still, yet alive, grown into this ripe manhood, and more than ever all her own. Then she was suddenly and for a moment sickeningly reminded that there were more ways of losing a son than those supplied by battle and sudden death.

"Didn't I see some one else here when I broke in?" asked Duain, and after a shock of quick recollection and a little struggle with herself, his mother stooped and kissed him, whispering:

"How selfish I have been! But I could only think of you at first. She must have run away. Helen—"

"Just one moment, mamma," begged the sister—"just one moment more all to ourselves. I want to tell Jack something, myself." She was standing before her brother with her hands clasped tightly, and with the prettiest air of embarrassment, both mother and brother thought.

"Don't you remember, when you thought you were dying on that dreadful field and you sent us that dear message by one of your comrades—Mr. Griffin?"

"Griffin, was it? I didn't remember which one I sent."

"Well—well—" Helen halted, plainly dashed by this extraordinary forgetfulness. Mrs. Duain assisted her, smiling:

"The message was four words in all, wasn't it, and one to Helen? It's taken Mr. Griffin a great many hours to deliver Helen's part of it to her, Jack. Yes, he's taking her away from us."

"He's doing no such thing, mamma. He will settle here; near you; he said so. And, besides—"

"A son's a son till he gets him a wife; But a daughter's a daughter all the days of her life."

She smiled significantly at her brother, whose surprised and sincere pleasure in her news flushed her face happily. She listened greedily to all he could say in praise of the lover, whom he now vowed he had sent to her for no other purpose than the one he had accomplished.

"You didn't!" asserted Helen. "You said just now you'd forgotten whom you sent;" and they wrangled over the matter as they had always laughingly wrangled together. It was all so natural, all music to Mrs. Duain. She could have listened for hours, but her conscience was now awake, and her duty to another pressed upon her.

"Helen, you are not being kind, dear," she said. "You, of all people, ought to remember that some one wants Jack now, and Jack must be craving the sight of some one more than he wants us."

Jack Duain wheeled round from his sister's side, facing his mother.

"What!" he exclaimed.

Helen shook her finger at him with a little *moue*. "Oh, you needn't pretend any longer; and as I told you my secret, I do think it's mean of you—"

"Helen," broke in Mrs. Duain, "go and order some luncheon for your brother. He must need it."

"I don't," said the son, laughing. "But, if you want, Helen will go and look for that white horse you used to send us to look for when you wanted to talk with father. Won't you, Helen? That's what mother means. How good it is to be home and hear all the old songs!"

He was laughing, and so was Helen, but Mrs. Duain could only force a smile. She might have agreed with Helen in thinking Jack only desirous of concealing his love-affair from them, but that her quick ear had caught a sincerity of surprise in his hasty exclamation. She gave an earnest signal to Helen, who left them, at once sobered by the gravity of her mother's face. Mrs. Duain joined her son at the window towards which he had moved. He was looking down the street in a direction which a little relieved her anxious forebodings. It

seemed to her as if one finger loosened of a hand that was clutching her heart.

"Yes," she said, softly, almost pleadingly, "that is where you used to find her. But now, dear, she is here more than there. Don't try to keep anything back from me. I know it all—and from herself."

She looked into her son's face as he turned it to her, and the finger that had loosened closed down again and tightened on her heart. They stood gazing at each other until the mounting terror in her mind spoke in Mrs. Duain's eyes so plainly that her son answered it.

"Now look here, mother; I'm not crazy. I didn't come home, and I wouldn't, until I was sure I was all right, after the fever. But there's something all wrong here somewhere. I pledge you my honor I haven't the least idea of what you are talking about; but I don't think you are crazy for that reason, and you mustn't think I am."

He looked at her with a frank eye as sane as her own. Though he spoke humorously, the new and more serious strength of manhood which she had recognized in his face was in his manner, and so convincingly that Mrs. Duain put her hands to her head, distrusting her own senses.

"Then who is crazy," she said, despairingly—"you, or I, or Annita Andrews?"

"Annita Andrews!" repeated Duain.

"Annita Andrews!" There was now not so much bewilderment in his tone as indignation at the name suggested. "Why, I never so much as looked at her seriously. She never interested me in the slightest degree."

Mrs. Duain deliberately turned and sat down again in her chair before she could reply. There was something here for discussion that could not be entered into in any casual way. Her son drew nearer to her and laid his hand on her shoulder.

"What is it, mother?" he said, kindly. "Why are you so troubled?" In his voice and touch Mrs. Duain felt instantly that there was something stronger than either death or marriage which might again take her son from her—his individuality. Before he left her he had been charmingly independent of all but herself, manly and original to a fault, but the last word of influence had always lain with her. That, she now knew, was

over forever. He had never been kind to her before. It had been his to be devoted, hers to be kind. As her quick brain leaped to these conclusions, she knew at the same time that, whatever fatal mistake lay behind this complication, it was too late for her to give up the girl who seemed to be its victim.

"What is it, mother?" said Duain, again.

And then, in a kind of despair, she opened her lips and told him everything, from the day of Annita's entrance into the house to the moment when he saw her under the umbrella at the window. As the threads of the story reeled off, Duain listened at first with evident astonishment, then more and more blankly. At last he rose, brushing his hands across his face as if wiping away cobwebs of belief that clung despite him.

"Wearing mourning for me! Living as my widow! Upon my word, I never heard of such a thing in my life! Don't tell me any more, mother. I shall begin to believe in it all myself. It's the most curious sensation! My widow! Can she be deranged?"

"No, she is not. None of us is deranged," said Mrs. Duain. A theory was forming in her own mind, which she was not yet prepared to advance, but every moment she believed in it the more. "There is a horrible mistake somewhere. What can you do?"

"Do! There is nothing for me to do that I can see. It's a most terrible complication, and the publicity makes it doubly hard to deal with. Of course I'll do all I can to make it easy for her; but, after all, the mistake—if we choose to call it so—has been entirely hers. I think the undoing ought to be hers also, don't you? What could have been her motive?"

Mrs. Duain's reply was indirect: "Then you wouldn't consider letting things stand as they are?" Her tone was wistful.

"Marry her! Why, my dear mother—" Duain checked his amazement at the suggestion, evidently preposterous to him, and went on more quietly, half smiling: "I confess that solution had not for an instant occurred to me. The affair is befuddling enough for a man of any imagination, but I never cared anything for the girl. Until now I never had any reason whatever to think she



cared for me." He blushed as he spoke, then laughed at himself. "I'm sure I don't see why I should blush over it. Annita Andrews was not the kind of girl to stir my blood, as I remember her; but, as I say, it's a befuddling affair."

"She has changed very much," said Mrs. Duain, quickly. "And you didn't dislike her before. You visited there constantly."

"As every one visits everywhere constantly in a little place like this. But none of us were ever in love with Annita Andrews. You know that."

"I don't know why you shouldn't have been," Mrs. Duain replied, warmly.

"Neither do I. But none of us ever were. I don't believe she ever had a lover. For myself, I never cared to be with any girl in my salad days (they seem years back), unless I was sure several other men wanted to get her away from me. I don't think I was a very nice boy. And there was nothing of the siren about Annita Andrews. That at once prevented her being my type of woman. Why, mother, you know the girl was dry and silent as—not a mouse: mousy women have their attraction—she was more like an oyster. She was monotonous in her very good looks."

"She's more than good-looking. She has a lovely face."

"Oh no, she hasn't, mother dear; you are looking at her now with your own reflection thrown on her. She never had a lovely face at all. It was a handsome and totally blank countenance, and that's all. I've stood on her door-step time and again bored to death at the thought that I knew just how pretty she was going to be when I got in. There's no variety about her. I don't mind a woman being downright ugly, if only she'll look handsome at times. There's some excitement about her then. You can stand on the door-step and wonder whether she's to look a fright or a brilliant beauty. There are girls like that."

"I shouldn't say your salad days were entirely over," said Mrs. Duain, dryly. "You've been dropping very naturally into the present tense."

Duain laughed.

"Well, all the old blood didn't run out on the field, I suppose. I thought it had. But, you know yourself, if a girl has the looks and the position in life that Annita

Andrews had, and still never a lover, there must be something extremely wrong with her."

"No, there is nothing wrong with her," said Mrs. Duain, rising to the challenge. "She was wrong without something, I'll admit. But, Jack, you may not believe me until you see her again, yet she's gained that—that something—whatever it was that you missed. How do you remember her?"

"Oh, very well indeed—as a girl who ought to have been extremely beautiful and charming, and who wasn't either in the slightest degree. She missed both by an inch, for some queer reason. She reminded me of an Indian baby, somehow. I always believed she could swim if anybody would throw her into the water; but nobody wanted to take that trouble."

Mrs. Duain's eyes shone; she leaned forward in her chair.

"That's just what has happened. She has been thrown into the water, and she can swim now. You call it swimming; I call it gaining the *sixth sense*. Annita has been here constantly with us, and I have introduced her into the heart of our own little circle of friends. You know what they are—very different from anything she was accustomed to, and calculated to develop any girl. She has been a great favorite with them, very much admired, and brought out of herself. I can see all the time that she grows more and more attractive; and not to men only."

"Men!" repeated Duain, with a laugh. "Then my widow is not inconsolable."

"She has been carefulness itself," corrected Mrs. Duain, instantly. "I never saw any young woman in her position more delicate or showing more feeling."

Duain looked at his mother, half laughing, half horrified.

"Mother! You are speaking exactly as if she had a real position to maintain and be careful of. Has the girl bewitched you? What do you expect me to do? How can I possibly think anything of the delicacy of a woman who comes to my mother and pretends I am engaged to her after I am supposed to be incapable of contradicting the story? I let you run on because I could hardly collect my own senses before this and think it all over. But I must tell you now, nothing would induce me to marry any woman, no matter what endearing qualities she has since shown, who could have once had the

amazing effrontery to claim me as her promised husband, when I never promised her anything of the kind. I can solemnly swear to you that there was never any engagement whatever between Annita Andrews and me, and I think I can safely add that there never will be."

But Mrs. Duain shook her head slightly, as one not utterly convinced.

"I have seen the girl day in and day out for more than a year now," she said, slowly, "and I have never discovered this indelicacy and effrontery you talk about. She has matured and ripened into lovely womanhood, and she has endeared herself to me—endeared herself very tenderly, Jack—and I tell you plainly it hurts me and makes me indignant to hear you speak of her in this way, exactly as it would to hear one of my own children falsely accused. As you say yourself, you were not a very nice boy. I never thought you were, in those matters, and if you remember, I often told you so. And it's all very easy for you now to speak of yourself as a boy when you went away; but you weren't a boy. You were, or ought to have been, as much a man in a responsible sense as you are to-day, though you were not the fine, developed, self-contained man I see in you now."

The mother's pride rose above all other and newer ties, and perhaps her courage failed a little. "Oh, my dear, I am so proud of you; so proud of your courage, your sufferings, and the way you have risen upon them to be what you are!"

"I am a very unhappy man at the present moment, mother," said Duain, gravely. "Won't you go on and tell me what you mean when you say I was not a nice boy?"

"Those were your own words," said Mrs. Duain, evasively.

"They sounded stronger in my mother's mouth. I know you can't think me capable of having been engaged to Annita Andrews and now denying it to you, but you must be thinking something not very different, unless I entirely misunderstand you."

"I never said she spoke to me of a formal engagement," replied Mrs. Duain, half reluctantly. "I said she confessed to me that you had told her you loved her, and that she loved you."

She bent her eyes on her son's face; but it was not her questioning gaze alone that sent the blood flying up over his fore-

head. After that first flush and the start that accompanied it, Duain sat quiet, with knitted brows, thinking deeply, and evidently self-questioning. He turned a grave face to Mrs. Duain at last, and met her still questioning gaze with a shake of his head and a worried shrug of the shoulders.

"You are entirely right, mother. If I were on the witness-stand to-morrow I could not possibly swear that I never told Annita Andrews I loved her; and the fact that I couldn't swear I hadn't said it as amorously to every other woman with whom I spent a considerable time wouldn't help me, I suppose. When a man's saying good-by and thinking he may never come back, he says a great deal he would never say under any other less melting and irresponsible conditions. Not that I mean to excuse myself. Do you suppose she could have been so innocent as to take some such foolish trifling in earnest?"

He was speaking whimsically, but there could be no doubt of his sincerity; and when he added, "Of course if that has been the case, there is but one course open to me," Mrs. Duain's courage suddenly and wholly failed her.

Her son was her son, after all, and there is nothing the natural mother craves more for her children than that they shall have whatever they want.

"We know Annita never had any serious lovers to teach her what serious love-making was," she said, "and we know you generally do pretty thoroughly whatever you do at all. But I don't really see that we are called upon to totally sacrifice you to Annita Andrews's ignorance of the amenities that pass between young men and maidens."

Jack Duain sat looking at his mother with amused eyes. She reddened under his look.

"Amenities is a neat word," he said. "No, mother mine, it won't do. You know as well as I all that rings with hollow sophistries. You could hardly get through it. If I said enough to an innocent girl to let her think of herself as my widow all this time, she ought to have the fair chance of being my widow in earnest. If she's grown as attractive as you say, I suppose I can stand it; and it isn't as if I cared for any one else—that I can have."

Mrs. Duain sank slowly back in her



chair, her face growing white. Her eyes were full of a frightened consternation, and her lips set in a distressed curve. Her son looked at her and smiled.

"Did you think getting new wounds was a sure cure for old ones, mother?"

"I thought," stammered the unhappy mother—"I thought— Oh, Jack! I don't know what I was about to say I thought. I only wanted to gain time. This is all growing too tragic. I had forgotten all about her. I ought to tell you she is free again. Her husband died not long after you left us."

Jack Duain's face had turned suddenly as white as his mother's. He rose quickly and walked away from her to the window, where he stood looking out. His mother watched him miserably. When he came back to her she tried to read his face, but his quieted expression and manner were impenetrable.

"You never liked her, mother," he said, calmly—"chiefly because she had the shocking taste to prefer a better man to me, I think. I fancy her choice justified itself. But all this is apart just now. We won't speak of it again. I must find out, if I can, how much I am responsible for Annita Andrews's position, and pay what I owe her. That's task enough for the time. I can't arouse her suspicions and—" He laughed as if he could not help himself, not because he was amused.

"How on earth am I to meet her? If I remembered how I parted with her it would be easier, wouldn't it? But there were so many partings, variously harrowing. I am afraid you and I were right, mother: I was not a nice boy. Isn't this a commentary on me as I was, and a lesson for the bachelor future, if I am to have one? Now, mammy, cheer up. You can't look tragedies into this, or dignify my end of it. You have a sense of humor, even if you are my mother. On my side it's only utterly ridiculous. And I am certainly deserving any suffering or deprivations I may get out of it. Any and all—I am not excepting *anything*."

He spoke the last word significantly, and Mrs. Duain understood him.

"And then remember," he added, "I don't intend to accept any consequences that I didn't bring on myself. I shall test that fact somehow, and very thoroughly. I don't know how—but I shall do it. It seems to me now that I am not

playing the very ardent lover. Didn't you say Miss Andrews was in the house?"

Mrs. Duain rose with a sigh.

"I suppose I ought to go and prepare Annita for something—I don't know what," she said, with a tearful laugh. "Oh, Jack, isn't all this dreadful? You've just come back to me, and we've done nothing but talk of some one else."

Then they laid their necessarily imperfect plans. Mrs. Duain was to find Annita, and in half an hour send her to Jack, who would wait for her where he was, alone, and thinking out his best course of action.

"Go say your prayers for me, mammy," said Jack, opening the door for her. "Gettysburg was play to this."

"I don't know what to pray for," returned Mrs. Duain from the doorway, with that touch of naïve humor which nothing could quite subdue. "I don't know what I want for you or anybody else, now. I am so confused."

And then she left him alone.

Confused! If she was confused, it was nothing to his mental state, her son thought, as he tried to decide what line of action he should take. Half an hour became as a thin thread of time between him and the necessity for a decision. In a kind of nervous despair he resolved that he would best economize moments by considering one possibility at a time, and the first episode must be, of course, the meeting. How was he to meet her?

A door at the distant end of the room opened, the curtain before it lifted, and there under the lifted curtain stood Annita Andrews looking in at him.

Duain's first thoughts, passing like lightning in his brain, were as purposeless and weak as our impulsive thoughts are humiliatingly prone to be. Yes, it was just as he had said. She stood there looking as handsome as he had known she must look, impassive as she always had looked, and the half-hour which he was to have had was unfairly denied to him.

Whether he or she moved first he did not know. He only knew that the curtain fell at last over the door, closing them in together; that they met near the centre of the room, and he was holding her hand as an acquaintance might—as he then felt morally assured he must have held it in their parting—no more, no less. Something outside of himself checked

him from going further, and as she spoke he knew it was she that held him back, not his own indecision.

"Then you don't know? They have not told you?"

Her eyes, with a quick glance, had questioned his face before she spoke, and she was already breathing deeply, as if with relief, before his slow reply came in words.

"Told me what?" asked Duain, with that curious reluctance of an honorable man to tell in exact words the lie which he is fully prepared to act to the limit. She seemed to accept this question as denial, as he meant she should.

"Then I have the chance to tell you myself first—and explain—no, I can't ever hope to explain it."

She was trembling so violently that common humanity alone might have moved him to support her with his arm, but he could only stand motionless and silent, waiting for her to speak further. Her hand still rested in his, but he knew that she left it there for needed support, and for no other reason. He felt himself brutally judicial, thus waiting for her defence. Yet there was nothing else for him to do. As her attitude seemed to ask physical support of him, that he gave her, strongly and kindly, as his nature would have prompted him to give it to any woman. He even shifted his arm a little, so that her weight hung upon his hand more heavily, and he saw that she felt the kindly motion, for her face flushed hotly.

"Don't be kind," she cried, sharply; "you don't know what I have done." Her voice broke off as if it were impossible to say more; but after an effort she went on, in low, rapid tones, which he had to bend his head to hear. "First—may I see you alone, quite alone, for a few moments? I have been hiding in there, in the next room, like the thief I am. I hoped you would all forget me. I crept in here to see you as soon as I heard them both go. Can you spare me ten minutes now—and alone?" She glanced back again at the door of the room, as if dreading interruption.

"We are quite alone," said Duain, gravely. "No one will interrupt us. What have you to say to me?"

He saw her lips move, but not a word came. Her face flushed from brow to chin; her eyelids lay heavily over her eyes. Duain had not seen her eyes fair-

ly since she entered the room. He looked now at the curved lashes lying on her flushed cheeks, and wondered how it was possible that overwhelming shame could so find expression in two slender lines. Her eyelids fluttered painfully, as if trying vainly to rise. The words came at last with a quick rush; but they came, and the courage of the effort, the set will behind it, appealed powerfully to the young soldier. He remembered Gettysburg again, and thought this girl's white face might have been that of some stripling near him in the last forlorn charge. That silent appeal to his own soldierly instincts was the plea best fitted to soften Duain as a judge.

"I—I am wearing this mourning I have on for you—and—I have been letting every one think that you were my—my lover—you who never spoke a word of love to me in my life!"

As she ended she drew away from him, as if a spasm of self-scorn gave her strength; but still she could not face him; her face was buried in her shaking hands. Duain stood near her, as confused in mind as before her entrance. His position, though entirely different, was scarcely less intolerable. He felt, and gratefully, that a great weight was shifted from him. He had thought a delicate and difficult task, an almost impossible test of a woman and of himself, lay before him, and now he saw that none of all this was to be. He was fully exonerated. He had, after all, done nothing whatever to be ashamed of; but this shame under which another, and that a woman, cringed before him was almost as distressing to his generous nature. He was helpless to aid her. How could he, of all men, speak to her? What could he say? The burden he had lost was on the proper, if the weaker, shoulders, yet he somehow felt that he himself must have imposed it there. Now that he was in no way bound, he could afford to be generous, and surely there was nothing to hate or turn from in this stricken figure of humiliation hiding an ashamed woman's face from him. After all, she was a woman, and had proved herself a brave woman; both facts meant much to Jack Duain. He forgot his own wrongs in his pity. That they had played together as children added its argument of mercy, and moved outside of personal feeling he did what was probably the only possible thing to do under



the circumstances. With one step he moved back from the awkward present to the past, to the simple manner, even the name, of their childish days of play together.

"Now don't be foolish, Annita," he said, practically; "you never used to be a crying girl. Come, dry your eyes, and let's talk it all over. Upon my honor, I can't see what it's all about, or how any of it happened; but I know you can explain at least some of it. You must know I want to help you—for old sake's sake if nothing else." He drew nearer, and taking her hands as he might have taken Helen's, forced them gently from her face. "What have you been up to?" he asked, kindly and quizzically. "I never have thought of you before as a tricky girl." He looked down at her, smiling, and went yet a step further. "Not that you weren't perfectly welcome to use me as you pleased, alive or dead; but why am I claimed when dead and so vigorously repudiated when alive? That's what rather offends me."

Then she looked up at him, but only as one too desperately degraded to hide longer. The acute suffering that pinched her features made Duain catch his breath and look at her again, as the eye is sometimes caught by a look of suffering on a strange face held for a moment eye to eye in the accidental press of a crowded street. Annita had been, in spirit at least, little more than a stranger to him in the casual intimacy of their young past. She seemed to recognize his impulsive sympathy in his glance, and it braced her to self-control.

"I was not crying," she said, with a set quiet. "When a woman is ashamed as I am she doesn't cry. This is all very good of you, Jack, very kind and very like you, but—no, you can't help me. Nobody can. I have done a terrible thing, and I've got to suffer for it all the rest of my life. I don't want to shirk my punishment, but I do want you to know how strong the temptation was, and that I never, of course, never for a moment, dreamed my fraud could involve you. It never occurred to me that you could possibly be alive."

Duain broke in, half laughing, half expostulating: "Are you sorry I am, then? Was that what you were thinking of an old friend as you looked out at me under that umbrella? Why, Annita, this is little less than brutal."

Her eyes lifted reflectingly, and he saw them fully for the first time since their meeting, and saw, too, that he had made one mistake. Either she had never been so near to him in the past, or she had changed from what he remembered, in one respect at least. When she looked up, the whole face was lighted by her eyes. They were serious, thoughtful eyes, deeper and darker than he had recollected them, and extremely beautiful. They looked fully, yet as if unseeingly, into his as she replied, with that direct truth which comes sometimes with distress:

"I don't know. I think I hardly realize that you are really alive. I keep thinking of you as I have for the past year. You seem two people to me, one dead and one alive."

There was the possibility of a confession in her words, and Duain was but human. What lay at the bottom of this mystery he had not yet fathomed, and a not illegitimate curiosity awoke, urging him on.

"How have you been thinking of me for the past year, Annita?" he asked, and then something of softness in his own tone made him flush uncomfortably and filled him with dismay. As she saw his color rise, hers flooded her face in a blush of womanly resentment, so different from the flush of self-scorn he had seen there when they first met that Duain cried out, aloud, in self-abasement:

"No, no—don't think that. I'm not a conceited ass. I never thought you—that you cared for me at all." And yet he knew that he had been thinking something not very different.

"You mustn't apologize for anything," she said, with the dignity of real humility. "You have a right to think anything of me, but that one thing wouldn't be true. No, I never cared in the least for you in the way you mean. I hadn't even that excuse."

"I didn't consciously mean anything of that sort," corrected Duain, hotly.

He felt it a double grievance that he had let himself harbor such a self-conscious thought, and that it had been detected by Annita Andrews, who had not been too quick to read subtle shadings in the past. He began to feel of her as she had spoken of feeling towards him, as if she were two people—one, the shy, silent girl he had known; and the other, this new and inexplicable woman,

palpitating, flushing, and quivering before him, yet always self-controlled. She went on with the same quiet dignity, turning away from that side of the subject, and forcing herself to tell the whole of her story, though it could buy her nothing.

"And then, too, I knew that I was only wronging you — the dead, as I thought; by doing this, I knew that—" Her voice sank, she looked down at her hands, twisting her fingers together hesitatingly. "I knew that there was no other woman who might be wronged by it, because—"

Her soft voice broke off, she glanced up at him appealingly, and he finished the sentence for her with gravity and no disguise.

"Because you knew her well, and she told you that I had loved her?"

"Yes." She did not look at him, and spoke in hushed tones, as if intruding on some sanctuary. "You mustn't think she ever told me anything more; you mustn't think that. She only told of the bare fact and her distress that it was so. Did you know—" She looked up again, quickly, and he read plainly her first impulse to be a messenger of new hopes to him, and then the more delicate impulse of present restraint.

"I knew that she was free again," he said, with equal gravity.

This seemed to him also no place or time for discussion of her. But was this the Annita Andrews he had known as utterly devoid of impulses of any kind? His mother had said she was changed, and she was right. Experience had greatly changed and softened her. He caught himself up with an effort, remembering that Annita Andrews had passed through no experience. The dead lover she had stolen, and mourned in pretence, now stood by her in the life, confessedly loving another woman, and to that woman's side she was almost sending him, apparently without a pang, indeed with ill-concealed eagerness. Duain would stand it no longer.

"I know you will think me unkind," he said, abruptly; "I don't mean to be, and I can't feel myself that I am; but we can't go on in this way, Annita. I feel like a man in a dream, and nothing is growing plain to me. I have been very ill, and perhaps that helps to confuse me, but I must ask of you some kind of explanation."

He stooped and took one of her hands between both of his, with kindly reverence, but no gallantry.

"I want to tell you first," he said, earnestly, "that I forgive you here and now everything, so far as I am concerned, sins confessed and unconfessed. But I do want to understand it all. Do you call that unnatural, Annita? It will be better for us both as things are, it seems to me. Come, sit here and try to remember how long we have known each other—forever. We went to school together, didn't we?" He drew her to a chair as he spoke, and stood by her with his hand on the back of another, as if waiting her permission to sit near her; but seeing that, despite his gentleness, she was again too agitated to take the initiative, he sat opposite to her, now plainly determined to probe the matter to the bottom, yet not unkind in his manner of insistence.

"You haven't left me a chance to flatter myself in any regard, you know," he said, encouragingly. "I begin to see that I was only a kind of peg for you to hang something on, and I want you to tell me what it was."

She looked up at him instantly, with a quick gleam of something like gratification in the dark eyes he found so wonderfully changed and softened.

"That was it," she cried, more naturally than she had spoken. "You have understood it yourself, as I didn't think I should ever be able to make you understand it; but you don't know, and I can't ever hope to make you know, how much hung on all this for me. You have always had affection, so you can't value it as I did. Every one cared for you. This whole town is mourning for you to-day as when you first—"

"First died," suggested Duain, with a laugh. But it was a laugh that only served to show he was strongly moved. "It's worth having died twice to know that," he added, with feeling.

"Would you be willing to live and suffer all the rest of your life as I must for having had one year of something like it?"

Duain turned sharply from his own emotion and faced the speaker, as if looking at some one never met before. Yet it was the same Annita Andrews. This woman too had monotonous fair hair, and features too regular for what he called beauty. She too was colorless, until she



raised her eyes; but those deepened, changing eyes altered and illumined the whole face, and the quivering mouth was as sensitive as a lovely flower. Her low voice, vibrating with passion and womanly longing, fell on Duain's amazed ears, stirring him profoundly. Bewildered, he looked once more for the brown eyes he remembered as shallow and uninteresting, and again he met something so different, so like a soul's revelation, that his look fell before hers. He remembered suddenly, and with a strange vividness, how as a boy he had once wandered alone into an unlit church, and sat looking at the cold altar, at the rigid chancel outlines, wondering with boyish intolerance at the rapt devotion of those who knelt about him, straying in to drop a prayer before this cold shrine. Then a little door in the chancel had opened, and a white-robed acolyte crept in with a lighted taper in his hand. He touched the little flame here and there about the altar, and instantly a soft radiance sprang into life. The rigid outlines grew into mystic holy places. The cold altar had a being of its own, a strange sweet power to call and claim, and, overtaken by the subtle spell of the transformation, the boy's receptive spirit had grown awe-struck and melted. He remembered that he had involuntarily bent his knees for the moment; then, quickly ashamed of this act of worship, so apart from the faith of his own people, he had risen hurriedly and run from the church. This emotion of long ago was what he now recalled, as he saw the soul of a woman rise and light Annita Andrews's eyes. In that moment he knew what the girl he had known had lacked, and what had been gained by this woman who now was. That indefinable something, that flame of life which he could not name, but without which a woman was no woman to him, had, by some strange alchemy of life, been added to a seemingly sealed nature. The sixth sense of womanhood, his mother had called it, but the name mattered little to Duain. Whatever this gain was, with all its subtle charm and elusive beauty, he knew it was now Annita Andrews's possession, and he felt its power. As his quick imaginative brain worked to this end, Duain knew as instantly that a hitherto unsuspected danger lurked here for him. He was with a woman roused by himself, or at least through him, to a new and bewildering

charm and claim of womanhood. In this bare fact lay enough to fire a colder nature, and he knew where his own weakness lay too well to trust himself. As in his boyish rush from the church, so now he felt—safety for him lay in immediate flight. He had stirred in his chair to rise and leave her, when Annita spoke again, and what she said made Duain sink back quickly, with the boyish flush of a self-detected coxcombry again coloring his cheek. Annita seemed either to have forgotten his existence as a part of the problem, or else she was speaking with deliberate intent to reassure him. Her excitement had gone, and she was again more like herself as he knew her first and best.

"I have never cared at all, not at all, for any man in the world. Perhaps it is because no man in the world ever cared for me. But how would you like to think, and have all your world know, that no one had ever felt it would be a happiness to spend the rest of life with you?"

She turned to him with the first smile of their interview, and for the first time her manner became that of the old childish familiarity, as his to her.

"You never suffered under anything like that. I always wondered why you weren't spoiled, Jack, but you never were conceited about women."

She spoke appreciatively and simply, and with a pretty grace of womanliness far removed from coquetry. Duain felt like hanging his head and confessing how nearly spoiled he had been about to prove himself regarding her. Plainly he need have no fear of capture here.

"Annita," he said, with a little laughing hesitation, "is it true that no man ever spoke a word of love to you? Are you really so virgin a forest?"

She laughed also, with no offence or embarrassment, but with little mirth.

"If any one had told me a half-hour ago that I could be laughing here with you, I couldn't have believed it. You must have been very kind indeed, and good. I don't seem to be telling you all you wanted me to tell you, but all we are saying is bearing on it more than you know. And perhaps this is the easiest way, after all. No, I have never had a lover, nor a word of real love spoken to me, and I don't remember ever wanting either very much. You can't understand that, can you?"



She glanced at him with a little smile in her deep eyes, and, looking at her again, Duain repeated, with a wonder that was real:

"You never had a lover? But why not?"

Though the passing flame of passion that lit her face was gone, and with it the intensity which had startled him, he knew that he could never again look at her without a stir of memory, without seeing the possibility of that flame's again lighting her features, just as the sight of a cold altar still invariably recalled to him the living vision of the one he had seen light to sudden radiance.

"Why not?" he repeated, as she did not reply.

She shook her head, with the same half-smile on her sensitive lips and in her eyes.

"You wouldn't have said 'why not?' a year ago. I have changed in this year. I know it. I see it in the mirror of every one's manner to me; even yours. I can't explain it, but it is so, and—oh, it has been such a happy year! I never wanted lovers, but I always wanted, passionately, to have what I have now. I mean I wanted to be able to attract and to hold people the way other girls did; not to hold men only, but women. You don't know what a shy, unattractive woman suffers, or how lonely it is, shut up in yourself. I was pitifully, desperately lonely. Not a soul ever cared to stay with me. I shall be more than lonely now. That is the price I must pay for one year of this. The price I must pay!"

Her voice broke sharply in a sudden sobbing breath. Her face flushed and her eyes lifted exactly as Duain had seen a sudden physical pang flush the face and lift the bravest eye. She struggled for self-control, but the sob in her throat was followed by another and another. With a cry of helpless distress she broke down and covered her face with her hands. Duain bent forward and laid his hand on her shoulder.

"Don't cry so, Annita—don't," he said, helplessly. He had thought earlier it would have been easier for him if she had thus broken down. The courage and self-control he had admired had, he felt, hampered him, because it compelled his tolerance; but this was tenfold harder. He had no stand-point left of the past or present from which to comfort her. With an impulse which he could not deny and

did not stop to analyze, he bent nearer, and, with a quick motion, caught her and held her to him as if defending her.

"There is no price," he said, speaking rapidly. "Why should there be? No one need ever know anything. I don't know all that has happened myself, and you need never tell me. I trust you. There has been some mistake somewhere, and I am willing to abide by it. Are you, Annita?"

She raised her head and stared at him, her tears driven away by her amazement. Though she did not move to withdraw from his arms, he knew it was only because speech and motion were alike paralyzed. He spoke again, with more feeling, as his eyes met hers. "The price is too heavy for you to bear, far too heavy. There will be none to pay if you marry me, Annita."

"I? Don't you understand anything I have said? There was no mistake. I can't pay too heavy a price for what I did. I went to your own mother and I *lied* to her." She put her hand to her throat as if the words actually choked her, but went on firmly, her face set. "She thought I said you were my lover, and I let her think I did say so, and I let every one think the same. I've stolen all the sweets of a loved woman, reaped all her privileges. You have no reason to pity me, Jack, no reason to sacrifice yourself to me."

Despite the sternness of her effort, she spoke with a simpleness, a sweetness and gratitude, that touched Duain deeply, and the soldier in him stirred again at her courage.

"There would be no sacrifice. I can see that now very plainly, and I could make you happy, I think. If you love me—"

She withdrew from him strongly, taking the leadership for the first time.

"I do not," she said, with spirit—"I do not love you. I thought I made that plain from the first. I tried to make it plain. I had no such excuse as loving you. And while I owe you a great deal of reparation, you owe me nothing—nothing at all—least of all yourself. Now I beg of you—won't you listen to me a moment? I will try to speak firmly and as shortly as I can, and then go away forever. This talk has been too long already. I came in upon your mother just as she heard of your supposed death, when she was suf-



fering most. I don't know what made me act as I did. I was not apt to do impulsive things then. She must have begun to influence me from that moment. I have never been so influenced by any one as by her. I never shall be again. I cried there with her tears, and I trembled as she trembled, until at last she turned on me suddenly and asked me if—if I had better and deeper reason for such grief than she. And she said it so searchingly, with such clinging caresses, such tenderness, that—I can never explain it—but when I found my voice after the first shock, that did stun me, I could no more bring my tongue to say the word that would separate us than I could have struck her. Oh, you know how lovely she is!—what it means to be loved by her! While I waited—” She paused, the great pain and difficulty of speech returning. “It grew too late. Silence was consent to her. Before I knew it I was in her arms, on her heart. I have been there ever since. You are her son. You know all it means. At first I tried again and again to tell her, to confess to her, but that first day I was so frightened, so dismayed, at what I had done—I fainted; and before I could undo anything, she had told, not only dear Helen, but the doctor. You know she is not very secret. And then others knew it—and then—I—I quite gave up trying to alter anything. Sometimes I suffered horribly. I was always afraid, but I was happier than ever in my life. I even let your mother think you had given me this ring—my grandmother's wedding-ring.” She flushed deeply as she touched a ring on her hand, and went on less fixedly, more restlessly, flushing and paling by turns. “I don't know why these little lies humiliate me more than the great one, but they do, and that's why I want to tell you of them. I loathed myself each time, but not for long—I was so happy. I had never been with loving people, you know, and somehow every one was at once different to me. Helen told me first of her love-story. I was her lover's confidante all through. No one ever told me anything before. They all seemed to feel that I would understand them because I had loved. And I did understand, but not for that reason. I could always have understood. It was what I was starving for, though I didn't know it. It was like a beautiful new birth. I never lived at

all before this year. I was only a kind of sexless thing. You don't know what being a woman may mean to a woman. I never knew the privileges of real womanhood. I can't discuss or describe them, only they make a wonderful world to itself—and I'm glad—yes, I am glad I have lived in it. I know my way to it was a lie—and such a disgraceful lie!—and it only opened the door to me for one year, but—”

She paused, her tense voice quivering, and shivered slightly, as if in the chill of a reaction. Her words came slowly; her face was so white that Duain, watching her intently, stirred and quivering himself, was frightened at her pallor.

“I can never go back to just what I was. No one will confide in me—or ever respect me again—but I shall still be a woman—a woman, and always ashamed.”

She rose and stood. Duain rose also, standing and looking at her as speechless as when they first met. He knew she was right. There was no deeper shame in the world than that of a woman shamed in her own sight and in the sight of other women. Men might forgive her this fatal mistake—he himself saw her temptation, her great and peculiar gain, ill-gotten though it was, and forgave her freely; but women, he knew, would never again receive her on equal terms. She seemed to have fully realized and faced this fact, and accepted it as her just punishment.

“I think I ought to give these to you,” she said, quietly. “Your mother won't want to speak of them or to me when you tell her all I have told you. She has given me some things—treasures to her—that had belonged to you. Here they are. Will you take them to her?”

She drew out from her bosom a thin gold chain that held a miniature painted on ivory, a boyish likeness of Duain. Tied with it was a small gold pencil, which Duain also recognized as one he had always worn on his watch-chain. He still stood watching her, in a kind of horrified dismay, as she detached both tokens from the chain about her neck and laid them on the table near his hand. She seemed to attach no especial force to this part of her confession, though Duain did not move to take the tokens, but stood as before, his eyes intent upon her face. That a few moments back he should have gone so far as to be definitely de-

nied by her had filled him with amazement. He had been conscious of a sense of deep gratitude to her for the generosity of that denial. He had brushed near a danger, and escaped it by no good offices of his own, and yet recognition of the danger escaped could not restrain in him an unaccountable and overpowering desire to right her in his own mind at any risk. Something in the motion of her hand as she laid the tokens down forced a redeeming conviction upon him.

"You do care!" he cried, suddenly and warmly. "You couldn't have worn those on your heart for a year if you hadn't cared for them. It would have been horrible! Don't you see, it would be horrible; worse than all! If you don't care for them, if you don't care for me, why is your hand still lying there by them? Why don't you turn them aside as if they were common things?"

If he could have recalled the hasty words he would have done so almost as they were spoken, for she lifted her hand with a start, as if the tokens scorched her, and laid it on her heart. It was no motion of melodrama. He could see her suffering, see her breast heaving under her palm as she pressed it down, as though trying to hold her body quiet by force while she thought. Her dark eyes began to stare at him pitifully, growing wider as with fright. At last, trembling and weak, she made one faltering step to fly, but her strength failed, and, with a little moaning cry of helplessness, she sank on her knees by the table, dragging the tokens desperately towards her, and hiding her face with them in her arms.

Duain stood looking down at what he had done, aghast and frightened. He dared not touch her or speak to her. He could interpret her emotion but one way, and he, and he alone, had done this much at least. But for him she would have gone out of his life quietly, and it might have been unconsciously as to her heart's secret. He had betrayed her to herself and before him.

How long he stood looking down at the motionless figure he never knew. If it were moments or if it were hours that framed his resolution he could not have told. He only knew at last that he blindly followed a struggling impulse, stronger than he dared resist, when he knelt down by her side and touched her hair softly, rousing her.

"Annita," he asked, gently, "was I right? You do care?"

She raised the whitest face, the most wretched eyes, he had ever seen. Emotion seemed exhausted in her, but his heart beat fast and thick as he again saw her face lit with the repressed passion of despair, but even so lit again to a beauty that caught his breath. It was more than the siren charm he had demanded of all women in his past. It was the charm of a delicate womanhood matured by living, suffering, sinning perhaps, but growing always into something finer, more uplifted, more forceful and possessive of life—like the wind-flower that in the spring sends up its pure frail blossoms to be swayed by every wind of the earth, while below are the vivid time-colored leaves of last summer's growth. She had changed as he now knew he had changed, both watered by tears of blood, but she had put forth delicate blossoms under that wintry rain.

Had he?

Another face rose before him—the sweet siren face that had gayly ruled his youth and haunted his soldier days, and with the rising vision a great tumult began for him, a great inward dismay and distress. Strive as he might, the light of that sweet, long-loved face was only as the petty candles of a gay booth by the deeper lights, the altarlike radiance, the white passion, of this despairing face, to which he had turned, he believed, only in pity and generous compassion. Was this new sense of reverence his blossom of new growth?

He stood speechless, and she pushed the tokens from her, not looking again at them or at him.

"Oh, why did you teach me this? Wasn't my punishment enough? I might never have known!"

"You must have known it sooner or later; and isn't it better to think that you were not playing a part all this year? Haven't you less shame, knowing that?"

"Yes," she answered. She rose, refusing his aid. "Yes, it is less ugly this way, and I don't suppose I shall suffer much more than I must have suffered."

Again she paused, and again the low voice, deep with the effort of speech, painfully sweet with feeling, stirred his heart bewilderingly.

"I would rather have you know that I never wore those on—on my heart un-



til I felt a real tenderness for them. I thought I felt it because we talked of you so constantly, and I thought it was only a vague hero-worship. Oh, why should I try to make you understand, when I don't understand myself! I only know that I never, never for one instant, wore them thinking of you as alive, or associated any such feeling with you as a living man, until— Oh, believe that much, won't you?"

She lifted her hand, which had fallen to the table, and without that support stood unsteadily.

"I don't think I can talk any more, just yet. If you could get me to my room without seeing any one, and then—home. I want a place to hide. When I am a little stronger I will write to Mrs. Duain. I can never see your mother again."

Her mouth quivered with the last words.

"You will see her often," said Duain, gravely. He went on slowly, as if feeling for words, or letting that same sure slow-moving impulse prompt him:

"This can't end so, Annita. Don't you see it is impossible? Can I forget you after this? Can you forget me? When I spoke before it was under excitement. I know I only half meant it. But now—if you love me—as you love me—"

"Don't!" she cried, throwing out her hands and shrinking back. "I can't stand this. Not your pity—it stung before, and now—"

She stood trembling from head to foot before him, and with a quick motion he took her strongly, almost by force, into his arms. He drew her head upon his breast, holding it where he could look down on her face. In it, in the deep startled eyes, in the quivering question of her sensitive mouth, in the exquisite flush of her unbelief, he seemed to be reading the key to his own conduct, his own assured impulse—explicable only in that moment to himself.

"But now—" he repeated slowly, almost as if thinking aloud. "No, no, this is not pity—not pity at all. It is reverence—love."

## A REMINDER.

BY LOUISE BETTS EDWARDS.

O PLAINING heart!

The balm was never grown to heal thy smart;  
But others sigh the same: up, sow for these,  
And grow the herb of grace to give them ease—  
"And heal my own wound also?" Haply so;  
Or—haply never; that I do not know:  
'Tis not for that we sow!

O lonely soul!

Perchance the other half that makes thy whole  
Was broken in the mould; but all around  
Such maimed and useless fragments may be found.  
Go, show them how one grand mosaic plan  
May form itself of broken lives of man.  
"And the One Friend among them find?" Perchance;  
Yet, whether Fate that gift denies or grants,  
Still look not thou askance.

O dreaming brain!

Thou never shalt possess thy plot in Spain;  
But in thy languid hand lies power to do  
Deeds whereby dreams of others shall come true:  
"And see fulfilled my own fond visions?" Nay,  
It is not promised. Still—what seer can say?  
There lies no nearer way!



OLD HOUSES IN THE MARKET-PLACE.

## STUTTGART.

BY ELISE J. ALLEN.

### I.

#### THE ANCIENT CITY.

SUABIAN men develop the most singular psychological phases, and the chronicles of Suabian villages reveal the most unexpected hereditary civic individualities. Among the mouldy records of Stuttgart, the heart of the fairest of Suabian provinces, there are annals which read like continuous folk-songs. Except in its beauty and the tenacity with which it clings to long-transmitted customs, the present Stuttgart differs little from the other capitals of modern Europe; but its history in the days of its armored knights and peruked clergy is full of a quaint and half-pathetic interest.

The city lies nearly in the middle of Suabia, and midway between the high and low lands of Württemberg. As early as the sixteenth century its lovely situation and the peaceful charm of its surroundings made Ulrich von Hutten exclaim, "Surely Stuttgart is the paradise of the earth!" and this designation it has ever since retained. The Stuttgart valley and hills are seen in their full grace and beauty from the summit of the Hasenberg, one of the surrounding hills, which rises to a height of 1374 feet above the level of the sea. In the foreground are the vineyards, with their amphitheatrical walls and stately villas; in the back-

ground are stretches of luxuriant orchard-lands; and that line of dark, billowy foliage in the distance is the edge of the Black Forest, in whose shadowy depths has been born many a tale of prowess and enchantment.

The sloping hill opposite is the "Schiller Heights," and the hard white road at its base winds down into Italy. The hill is named in memory of the poet Schiller, who kept many a tryst with his Muse amid its shadowy coolness. His beautiful poem the "Spaziergang" is said to have received its pastoral motive as he made his way on foot over this height to Hohenheim. A growing monument in the form of a stately young oak-tree—"The Schiller Oak"—adorns the hill. To the left of the Hasenberg is the valley of Cannstadt, a modern Garden of Hesperides, well beloved by the wise Romans, whose fortress remains in this region are still preserved as landmarks for the Suabian historian, and every hero-worshipping pedestrian may, if he wish, walk over the very spot upon which Cæsar once pitched his tent. Flashing with a silvery light through the beautiful meadow-land of the Cannstadt valley winds the river Neckar, the central vein of the Suabian land. At the base of the hill, snugly nestled within its circular wall of vine-covered hills, is Stuttgart; and if it be an hour when vaporous clouds have gathered over the valley,





CANNSTADT.

and the setting sun, glimmering down, has lent them an opaline glow, the city is seen beneath a covering of dense and palpitating light.

We read that in the year 952 a certain Luitolf established a "stud-garden twenty paces from the present Stiftskirche in Stuttgart." The arms of Stuttgart appear to confirm this account of its origin. Near the Stiftskirche stand two very old stone houses. The one behind the church is said to be the original *Stutenhaus*, and until 1467 belonged to the government. The origin of the name of the country round about is similarly interesting. One of the local noblemen, Ulrich, in gratitude towards his wife, who had brought him a rich dowry, named the castle on the Rothenberg "*Wirteneberg*," or *Württemberg*—the castle of the lady or mistress, for formerly "*Wirthin*" and "*Herrin*" were interchangeable words.

The city was strongly fortified at an early date, and in 1286 it sustained a siege of seven weeks by the Emperor Rudolph. During this siege the inhabitants threw themselves into the breaches which had been made in their walls by the battering-rams of the enemy, declaring, with Spartan-like valor, that the Counts could have no better walls than their subjects. Rudolph pitched his tent upon the present Wagonburg, near the Kanonenweg, and when he withdrew, the walls of Stuttgart had fallen, and the seven proud castles that had protected the city lay in ruins.

The destruction of these fastnesses was undoubtedly fortunate for Stuttgart, for many noble families that had been grouped about the castles now came into the town to find shelter behind the walls, which had been quickly rebuilt by Eberhard the Illustrious. In 1520 Eberhard removed the family cemetery of the Counts from Beutelsbach to Stuttgart, and made the latter city his capital, as it already was the central city of all his possessions. Since this time Stuttgart has maintained its supremacy, notwithstanding the various efforts that have been made to establish the seat of government elsewhere.

It was originally intended that the city should have twelve special gates, each of which was to be adorned with the statue of an apostle, but only two such gates were completed—the *Seethor*, with the Apostle Paul; and the present *Königsthor*, which appears in the chronicles under the successive names of Apostelthor, Siechenthor, Ludwigsburgerthor, and finally (1810), *Königsthor*. The Esslingerthor is first mentioned in 1350, and stood in the present Marktplatz; the Kanzleithor first appears in the city records in 1393, and was at the entrance of the Prinzenbau, the present palace of Prince Frederick. The Upper Gate, also known



THE MAIN STREET, CANNSTADT.

in 1393, was in the present Breitestrasse, the Schulthörlein stood in the present Schulstrasse, and other gates were subsequently added. In the Schulthörlein lived the "Thurmbläser," whose duty it was to announce, by designated signals, all in-coming and out-going riders, and here were spent the last days of convicts that had been condemned to death. The

city walls and trenches followed the course of the present Königs- and Eberhard streets. Remains of the old wall are still to be seen in the Hirsch and Graben streets. Overlooking the Hirschstrasse

is the "Hotel zum Hirsch," a comfortable-looking house that has given its name to the dingy little street in which it stands. Many a generation has passed away since the gable-roofed building took its place in the modest street, and since then many men of strange costumes and strange tongues have filled its rooms. There have sat in glittering armor groups of knights that have come from afar to witness the marriage of Count Ulrich with the Princess Sabina of Bavaria; there have smoked and chatted aspiring young merchants, who in their journeyings to see the world have not ignored the young Stuttgart. In the great dining-hall have resounded the songs and toasts of roaming students, who paid for a night's lodging here half a farthing; and by their side, perhaps, have sat tired wayfarers whose lodging was to cost only twice the amount paid by their revelling neighbors. In the days of the Reformation and the Thirty Years' War men with grave faces and foreign manners sat in council around the huge oaken table, and merriment for a long while ceased to be a guest in the "Hotel zum Hirsch."

Ancient Stuttgart was divided into three sections, a church forming the nucleus of each section. The oldest division was the *Altstadt*, whose oval shape is still discernible on the earlier maps. In the midst of the gloomy, shapeless houses of

the Altstadt stood the St. Urban's Chapel, afterward known as the Stiftskirche. The two remaining sections were called *suburbs*. The "Turnieracker" suburb, so called because the tournaments were held within its limits, was bounded by the present Gartenstrasse on the left and Kanzleistrasse on the right, and contained within its circle the Hospital Kirche.

The Esslinger suburb was bounded by the present Wilhelmplatz and Catharinenstrasse. In its centre stood the quaint St. Leonhard's Church.

The external boundaries of these sections were no more distinctly marked than the social lines

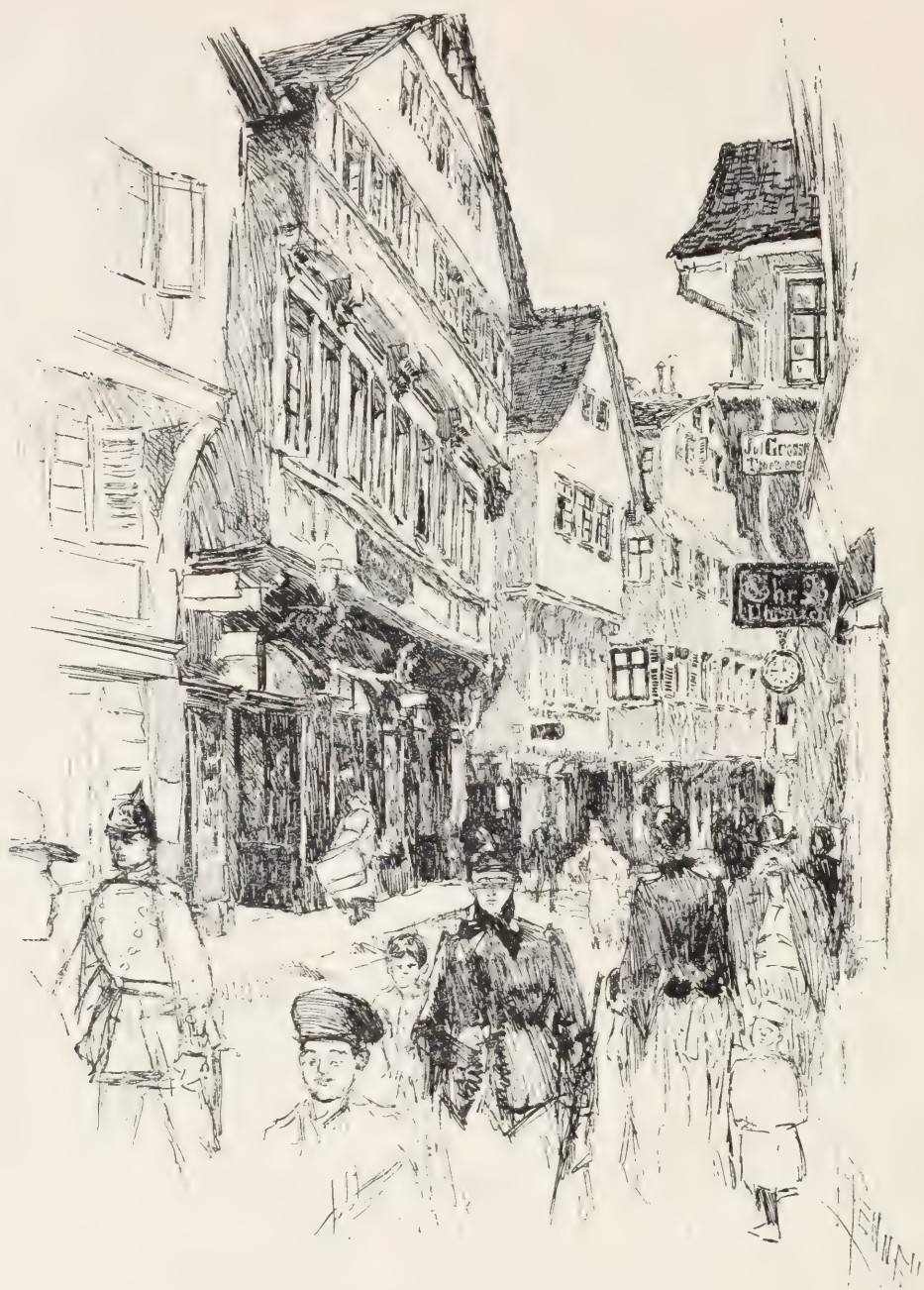
that had been drawn within them. About the Altstadt, within whose circle were the castle, the Stiftskirche, the Council-Chamber, and the House of Lords, were naturally gathered the nobility and officials; in the Esslinger suburb were Jews, vintagers, traders, and tavern-keepers; in the "Turnieracker" suburb lived also people of lesser rank, but about the year 1615 the character of this suburb began to change, and gradually it became designated as the "wealthy suburb," and here were found the most cheerful streets, the finest houses, and the richest people. The present Calwerstrasse became the most elegant street of the city; and the boyhood home of the philosopher Hegel, which stands in the Langestrasse, is pointed out as a typical house of the fortunate suburb.

Within the limits of the Turnieracker stood the *Landhaus*, or House of Deputies. This rambling old building, now in the Langestrasse, is used as the "Stuttgart Conservatory for Music." The house has remained almost unchanged since the Reformer Brenz, in 1547, took refuge in it when he was persecuted by the Emperor of Germany. For several days Brenz lay concealed among the beams of the loft,



CANNSTADT FROM THE RIVER.





HOTEL ZUM HIRSCH.

having during this time no other nourishment than the broken bits of a single loaf of bread and the egg which a hen daily laid in the loft. At midnight, when the city was dark and silent, he was accustomed to creep down the narrow stairway and quench his thirst at the fountain which flowed beside the building. At the command of the Emperor, the imperial troops entered Stuttgart and searched every house and cellar, thrusting their spears, as they went, into every crevice, chest, and closet, in the hope to discover the condemned preacher. Finally they found their way into the Landhaus. Up the narrow staircase they crowded into the loft, but Brenz crouched back into

the darkest corner, close to the roof, where he lay through the long search, hearing after each futile sword-thrust the imprecations of the baffled soldiers, until at last the command was given to withdraw, and the company marched down the stairs and mounted their waiting steeds to bear the tidings to the Emperor that his victim had once more escaped.

In the Turnieracker, on the site of the present Cult-Ministerium, stood the old post-building. The post relations of ancient Stuttgart were unpretentious. The two maid-servants of the postmaster distributed through the city the daily letters, which they carried in the same basket with the family marketing.

Letters were carried out of the city by postilions. There was a number of

couriers, and as a surety against mistakes there hung in the post-office, beside the curious mail-bags, a huge whip, with which, when the commission had been given to the courier, a powerful blow for the strengthening of his memory was dealt him.

The accommodations for travel were as primitive as those for the post. The coaches and post-wagons were innocent of any suggestion of comfort—a high, clumsy wooden box was secured by thick leathern straps, and in the cavernous bottom were confined together packages and passengers. Up and down hill, over ruts and rocks, the cumbrous vehicle rattled on its way, the hapless travellers be-



ing ever on the defensive against the assaults of tumbling boxes and bundles. And then the weary slowness of the way! Formerly the journey from Stuttgart to Tübingen was made in twelve hours; the same journey is now made in four hours. The postilions alighted to take refreshments when it pleased them, and one traveller has left a dismal record of a journey that he once made, during which the driver took the horses from the carriage and attached them to a hay-wagon that had been left mired in the mud. The man drove the wagon into the next village, and when there he joined the grateful neighbors in a carousal, while the tired passengers languished on the dusty country road.

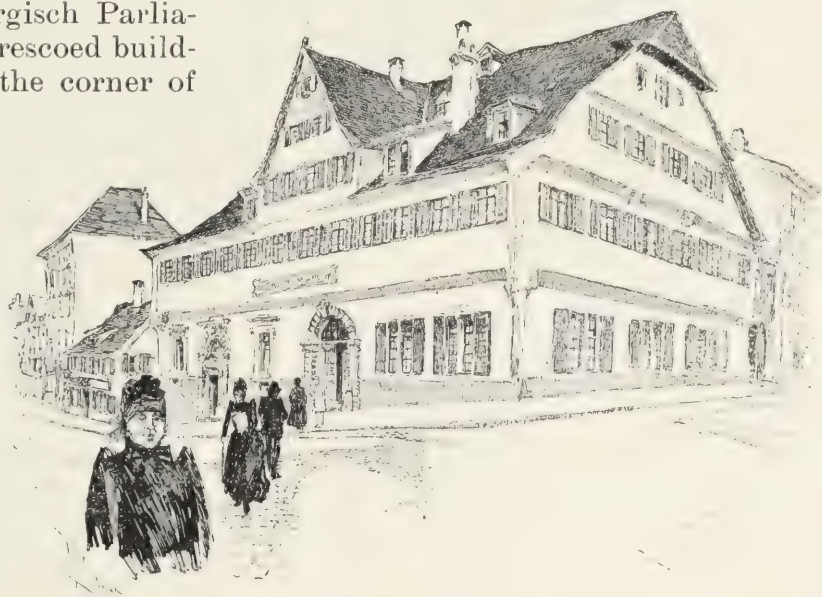
Also within the limits of the Turnieracker was the Württembergisch Parliament, a large and brightly frescoed building, which now stands on the corner of the Kronprinz and Linden streets. Devout disciples of St. Urban were the members of this dignified house, as may be seen from the records, which show that they yearly drank 5600 gallons of wine.

In the Altstadt the streets are narrow, gloomy, and irregular. The houses are built close together, and each story projects over the other until the distance between the upper stories is so small that friendly neighbors can stand within their own rooms and from their respective windows kiss each other across the street. Formerly the roofs were partly thatched with straw and projected beyond the buildings, and the rain-troughs merrily emptied their contents into the middle of the street. Before the doors of the houses were heaps of refuse matter; oxen and cows drank from the street fountains, and moved about among the citizens with the quiet that distinguishes well-bred cattle.

In this division of the city the Market Square was then, as it is now, an important point. The old fountain still gurgles and splashes as was its wont in the days of peruked councilmen and armored knights, and the two stately burgher-houses with the projecting balconies, the

gable roofs, and the stone image of a saint under a Gothic canopy remain as worthy witnesses of a long-vanished time. In the Market Square stood, until 1820, the House of Lords, in which sentences of execution were pronounced. Behind this building, in a sombre alley, stood the "Hotel zum Adler"; and here, after his ten long years of political imprisonment in the Asperg, the poet Schubart was wont every evening to join his former drinking-companions and delight them with his wit and songs. The "Adler" is spending a solitary old age amid its changed surroundings.

Also appearing forlornly to look into the present as if it mourned for a vanished time stands the Rathhaus, or Council-



THE MUSIC SCHOOL.

Chamber, robbed by pitiless time of all its *alterthümlich* ornaments. When ancient Stuttgart was in its prime there were merry doings in the citizens' hall of the Rathhaus. Within this room, besides the silver horse which had been named by the city "Welcome," were fifty silver drinking-vessels that had been accumulating since the year 1492, each newly appointed high-magistrate having been required to dedicate his beaker to this room. Sumptuous dinners were sometimes served in the Rathhaus. An old chronicle preserves a bill of fare for a Council dinner in the year 1592. For the first course there were capons, steamed beef, and old hens, black game prepared with vinegar; second course, steamed carp served with spiced sauce, sauerkraut with mutton, and pastry; third



course, roast veal, birds, fried fish, cheese, fruit, nuts, chestnuts, and wafers. The wine and game were furnished by the court; the host received fifteen farthings from each person.



AN OLD POSTING HOUSE

Among the historical incidents connected with the Rathhaus is one relating to an old judge who laughed himself to death. One sultry day, reads the record, during a recess of the Council, the members were leaning from the windows of the Rathhaus, in the hope to catch any stray wind. It was the period of hoops and voluminous skirts, and maid shared with mistress the mania for distended attire. On this pulseless summer day a pretty servant-girl in a wide hooped skirt and a gay bodice made her way through the loitering groups up to the fountain. She filled her tub and lifted it to her head, but in this movement, lo, the wonderful skirt was wrested from its fastenings, and it dropped to the ground. The judge had seen the maid approach the fountain like a ship under full sail, and

when he now beheld her, collapsed and abashed, he was filled with such humor that upon the spot he laughed himself to death.

The splendor of the Altstadt centred in its castle. With its bold arches, its sloping gables, its friendly balconies, its spacious tournament-hall, its mighty towers and huge cellar, in which were stored four hundred colossal casks of wine, this sombre building now looms up above its modern neighbors, a worthy monument of mediæval days.

The rooms above the tournament-hall are reached by a spiral stairway that rests upon cross arches. The knights were wont to ascend the steps upon horseback, and ride out to a pillared balcony which was within this part of the castle. The great stone steps are plainly marked with the prints of the horses' hoofs. The principal part of the castle is the oldest. In 1553 and 1570 it was enlarged by Duke Christoph. He also ordered Jacob von Carmis, of Cologne, to come to Stuttgart and ornament twenty-two rooms in the palace with Gobelins, which represented Old Testament scenes, and amounted in all to 4630. Life-size figures from Netherlandish history were afterward added. The castle has three round side-towers; the fourth corner tower is lacking, it is not known why. Duke Christoph used the great tournament-hall as a dining-hall for subordinate officers and court servants, who from the highest to the lowest were clothed and fed by him. In the hall there were usually fifty tables, at which were seated four hundred and fifty servants. The latter were divided into three classes. At the four upper tables were seated the subordinate officials and guests of the middle classes that had come to Stuttgart upon business. These were allowed to remain at table one hour and a quarter, and received six articles of food, cheese, and two glasses of honor-wine. After these came the people that were to eat from tin dishes, that received five articles of food, one glass of honor-



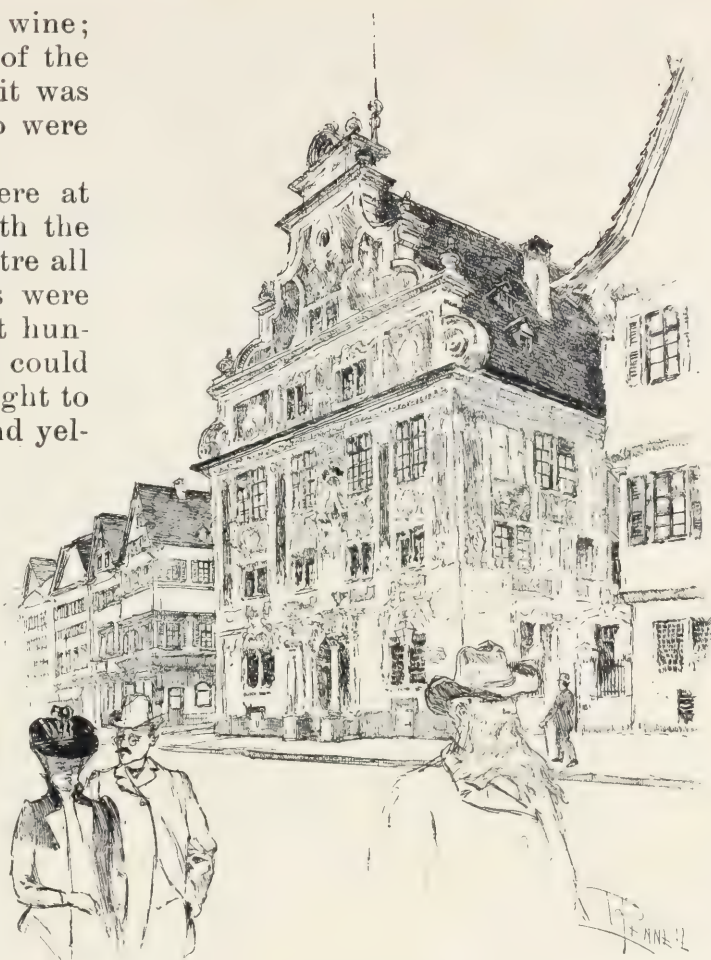
NEAR THE MARKET-PLACE



wine, and one glass of wormwood wine; and below these sat the members of the royal household, whose privilege it was to eat from wooden dishes, and who were served with four kinds of food.

The banquet which was held here at the marriage of Count Ulrich with the Bavarian princess Sabina has a lustre all its own. Seven thousand guests were present, and for their serving, eight hundred of the handsomest people that could be found in all the land were brought to the castle and costumed in red and yellow cloth, and in the fourteen colossal kitchens were serving day and night nearly the same number of cooks. The feast continued one week, and during this time there were consumed 136 oxen, 1800 calves, 570 capons, 1200 chickens, 2759 fieldfares, 11 tons of salmon, 90 tons of herrings, 120 pounds of cloves, 40 pounds of saffron, 200,000 eggs, 3000 sacks of flour, and 1,760,000 gallons of wine. For eight days and nights a public wine-fountain poured uninterruptedly through eight tubes red and white wine for all that wished to drink. But these fête-giving times have long vanished. Silent and sombre stands the old castle, its draw-bridge torn away, its moats filled up, its protecting walls broken down, and through its halls echo only the footsteps of the busy court officials of a modern capital.

Near the castle stands the Stiftskirche, and around no building in Stuttgart do so many romantic historical associations cluster as about this quaint old church. Its very stones seem to breathe the pietism and superstition of the Suabian folk. A modest little one-towered wooden church formerly stood on the site of the present church. It was erected by order of a lord of Altenburg on the Neckar, and dedicated to St. Urban, the patron saint of vintagers. It was said that St. Urban had set up the first cross on the spot where the Lord of Altenburg erected his church. On the Urban chapel was the inscription, "It is by the blessing of St. Urban that we have in Stuttgart more wine than water." One day in 1419, while the vesper bells were ringing, a part of the original building fell in, and one-half of the church remained in ruins until 1432. In 1421 Ulrich of Württemberg brought



THE OLD PARLIAMENT HOUSE.

the bones of his ancestors to Stuttgart, and placed them in the vault of the Urban chapel. From this time the church was called the Stift, or cathedral. The sarcophagus which held the bones of the Württembergisch Counts is still to be seen.

Ulrich at once began to improve the church, and in 1436, on the 5th of May, the Catholic festival of the Discovery of the Holy Cross, the corner-stone was laid, and an appeal was made to persons of all conditions to give assistance in the building of the new church. Every citizen worked two half-days in the week on the building, but of these, hundreds never lived to behold the fruits of their labors. Only one citizen, a tailor named Hans Peter Sachs, an uncle of the Nuremberg shoemaker and Meistersinger, Hans Sachs, stood, when a boy of six years (1419), on the ruins of the fallen choir of the chapel, and in 1513 was carried up to the top of the new tower, from which he looked down upon his native city, blessed it, and added the wish that he could be allowed to live another century to serve the Lord day and night in His temple.

The original plan of the church pro-



vided for three towers, but only two were built. The slender tower on the west side received the image of St. Urban. From the falling of the choir until 1432 the image had remained buried under



A COVERED STREET

the débris. In this year it was discovered by some workmen who were preparing the foundation for several new houses near the church walls. Great was the joy of the vintagers over the recovery of the lost image; but when they proposed to place it in the church, the city Council raised a great remonstrance against the placing of any images in the church except those of the family of Ulrich, the founder. "It was not our intention," said the good Council, "that this holy Catholic church should become a pagan temple." The strife lasted three years. In the mean time the vintagers refused to work on the church. Otto, Bishop of Constance, lent his powerful influence to conciliate them. Pope Pius II. issued in 1463 a bull in which he granted pardon for all sins to those that should work twelve days on the building, but the insulted vintagers remained implacable. Finally Ulrich declared that the contested question must be settled by granting the wish of the vintagers. The image was placed in the tower; the whole association of wine-growers joyfully shouldered their axes and shovels, and were soon working on the slowly rising building as cheerily as if the three years of bitter strife had been but a dream. But when the tower in which Urban stands had reached the

height of the church, it was covered with a roof, and remains so to this day.

The Urban chapel is ascended by a narrow spiral stone stairway. In a little alcove beneath the chapel hangs the original grotesque painted image of the saint, which looks down from its sheltered niche as from a little grape-house. The still uncompleted church was dedicated in 1495. The event was signalized by a great celebration in Stuttgart. But the work progressed slowly, and finally a general indifference about its completion appeared to prevail among the people. About 1513 two bells were placed above the principal tower, in order that at the striking of every hour the people might be reminded that "this splendid work which had been begun to the honor of God the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost" was not yet completed. To this day, alas, the bells toll in vain above the unfinished church.

The oldest bell above the tower was cast in 1285, and was brought from the Stiftskirche at Beutelsbach, where it was supposed to be a charm against winds, tempests, and the Evil One. A general wail of woe arose when the good people were robbed of their protecting friend, and many, with wife and children, followed the bell to Stuttgart. The histories of the various bells of the church reveal a quaint and childlike simplicity, and a



A COVERED STREET.

pious adherence to long-established forms that are peculiarly Suabian. When St. Urban was established in his chapel the joyful vintagers placed there an oblatory



box, into which every one that passed was expected to throw a penny. In 1510 the sum amounted to 2000 guldens, and with this money the vintagers bought a bell, which they named the "Gallusglocke," and hung in his tower. The "Salve-bell" hangs in the little tower, and is rung in the afternoons. The "Gulden bell" was bought by the city, and dedicated to the "Mother of God and her sufferings." The "Dreiglocke" — three-o'clock bell — was founded in 1324 by a grateful burgher named Hans Unge-richt, in memory of kindnesses which he had received when a foundling boy. The ringing of this bell was to be the signal for the giving of bread, which he had provided for poor children, at three o'clock every day, and the children's cry, "Mother, give me my three-o'clock bread!" is yet heard in Stuttgart. The "Silberglocke" was cast about the year 1348, and perpetuates the sad fate of the lost Lady of Weissenburg. From the date of its founding, the "Silberglocke" has been rung every night at midnight. In 1507 the "Herr-segne-uns Glöcklein" was hung in the small tower in the place of the "Primglöcklein." Its founder was one Peter Roser, surnamed "Bomstark," who, when a penniless lad, received his mother's "God bless you!" After many years he returned to Stuttgart a rich man, and replaced the small bell by a larger one which should perpetuate the memory of his pious mother.

Among the various funds of the Stiftskirche is one for trombone music. Every day during the year, be the weather foul or fair, the players mount the high tower of the church three times—at six o'clock in the morning, at noon, and at six o'clock in the evening—and the cus-

tom will never grow so old that the hearts of many people will not each time, day after day, throb with mournful surprise as the first sad slow tones of the trombones vibrate through the air above the gray old church.

There is a great number of memorials in the cathedral, among them a figure in red marble of a man in armor, a sword girt to his side, a plumed hat on his head, and the dragon at his feet. In life this man was a doctor of theology and first dean of the Stiftskirche, and known as "the mild George." He seemed to be an embodiment of Suabian humor. He was educated at Tübingen, but liking the sword better than the pul-

pit, he bought a suit of armor from an old knight, and went out against the Infidels. He won great renown in the Holy Land, but in 1499 he returned and entered the service of Eberhard. After the death of this Duke he fought in the service of many foreign princes, and became master of many foreign languages. Once more he turned his face homeward, and near the limits of Bohemia he was attacked by six highwaymen, who were armed with swords, spears, and clubs. The "mild George" made a valiant defence, and soon the six men were lying dead at his feet. He cut off their heads, and carried their ears to the city court of Olmütz. During the strife his servant, who had ignominiously deserted him, leaving his donkey to the robbers, watched the progress of the fight from his hiding-place. When the servant disappeared, one of the men sprang forward to seize the deserted donkey; but the animal gave him a kick in the breast that sent him reeling, senseless, to the ground. When the bloody work was ended, the servant appeared before his master with the most flattering speeches



THE RATHHAUS.





THE MARKET.

concerning the skill and prowess of the latter.

"You are a worthless scoundrel," replied the master, "and now I shall make an end of *you*, as you deserve!" and therewith he raised his sword.

"In God's name, have mercy upon me, most noble man!" shrieked the servant. "The good Lord never gave me the blood of a hero; I am willing to confess it."

The master laughed, and granted the fellow his life upon the condition that he would never again forsake him, and that he would do whatever he should command him. To all this the trembling knave readily consented. As the two approached the castle of Lindenfels, in the Odenwald, Hartsesser ordered his servant to dismount from his donkey and to transfer the baggage which the animal was carrying to his own back. When this was done, Hartsesser took the bridle from the animal's neck, threw it over the head of the servant, and led him to the gate. The singular cortège was soon followed by a motley crowd of people, who made themselves merry over the proceeding. Duke Eberhard II. was at that time a prisoner at Lindenfels. Looking from a window, he saw the procession, and sent his servant to ask the meaning of such buffoonery. Hartsesser answered: "Say to the quondam Duke of Württemberg that George Hartsesser is returning from foreign lands, and is rewarding the faithfulness of two donkeys. In his necessity

the smooth-skinned donkey ran away from him, but the hairy one courageously struck one of his enemies dead; therefore the four-footed one that chivalrously fought has been relieved of his burdens, and these have been given to the one that made an actual donkey of himself, and to whom life instead of death has been granted. If the Duke had thus acted toward his advisers and flatterers, he would quickly have discovered the donkeys that have deserved the bridle much more than his 'Long-Ears,' as he is said to have named his subjects. He would have found, also, that the latter would not have forsaken him in his need."

"He has spoken the truth to me as no one else ever has done," said the Duke, when this answer was repeated to him. "Invite Hartsesser to dine with me." The soldier came, and was kindly received. "I have a favor to ask of you," said the Duke. "I beg that you will go into Stuttgart as you came to Lindenfels, in order that the young Duke Ulrich himself may witness this comment upon the government;" and Hartsesser really led his servant and donkey into Stuttgart. When Ulrich understood the scene, he wrote to Hartsesser, "If you can make your donkeys become men, as I have heard, I shall be very glad if you will accept the deanery here"; and the next Sunday, the fourth Sunday after Easter, 1499, Hartsesser preached in the Stiftskirche.

Quite near to the old castle and the

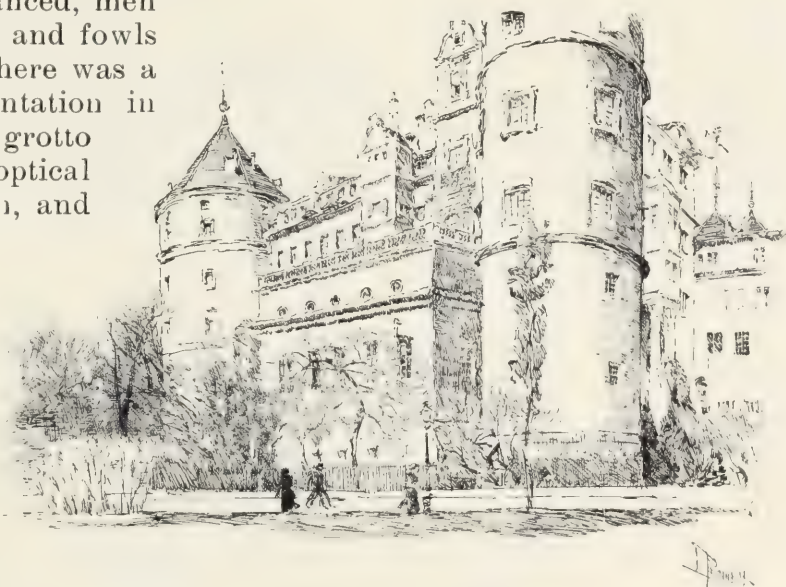


Stiftskirche, on the site of the present Planie, stretched the beautiful "Lustgarten." Here, in 1552, Duke Christoph laid out the first orangerie that was known in Germany, and here he transplanted the rare flowers and tropical fruit trees which he had brought from their native countries. From the Countess Palatine he obtained the *Zwetsche*, a delicious plum, which can be forgotten by no one that has spent a summer in Württemberg. Silk-worms were fed in the garden, and in 1658 there bloomed there a century-plant which bore twelve thousand flowers. In 1736 twenty thousand oranges and citrons were gathered in the garden and taken to the court. Among the ornamentations there was a labyrinth in whose mazes grew, in many-colored flowers, the weapons of Württemberg; there was immense water-machinery, under the pressure of which peasants danced, men blew hunting-horns, and birds and fowls sang and drank as if alive; there was a huge water-organ; a representation in bronze of an entire chase; a grotto which was resplendent with optical illusions of flowers, mist, rain, and rainbows. A wall with four towers surrounded the garden. On the south corner was the Tower of Jerusalem, in which, by optical illusion, the Holy City was seen in all its details. During the Thirty Years' War the garden was robbed of many beauties, and the remainder were carried off by Carl Eugen when he removed his court to Ludwigsburg.

On the site of the present theatre stood the "Lusthaus," or Pleasure-house. The architectural beauties of this building have been renowned throughout Europe. It was erected by order of Duke Ludwig, who with his own hands drove in the first of the seventeen hundred oaken stakes on which the foundation rested. The building cost three tons of gold, and the workmen were engaged upon it for seventeen years. It was the crown of the Württembergish Renaissance. State-ly and free, like the German mind, this beautiful structure stood in the heart of the old city, and received the homage of layman and artist. Lübke has called it "the noblest jewel of the whole German Renaissance"; but it fell a sacrifice to

Carl Eugen's thirst for new creations. In the year 1745, incredible as it may appear, it was torn down to make way for the inartistic theatre, which the Stuttgarters say is so execrable that nothing evil will ever happen to it. The only relic of the splendid Lusthaus is the old weather-witch that swings above the new building as it once swung above the old.

In the streets of the ancient city an idyllic peacefulness reigned. Loitering about the "Thorweg" were usually a number of city soldiers, who belonged to the City Guard, and were obliged to do service at the gates during the absence of the court. When strangers appeared, a subordinate officer in a blue roquelaure, with red cuffs, white gaiters, a cocked hat, and a long ribbon-bedecked cue, dignifiedly advanced toward each visitor, and wrote



THE OLD PALACE.

his name on the strangers' list, which each day was delivered to the chief of the guard. At night when the tattoo sounded the city gates creakingly turned upon their hinges, the locks clicked, and the citizens went to their slumbers in conscious peacefulness and security. During the night patrols went, two by two, through the streets, cudgelling night-prowlers, and marching every one that they met after ten o'clock without a lantern to the guard-house. There were also sergeants whose duty it was to keep watch over beggars, and eight policemen who went about in blue uniforms with yellow cuffs, and broad belts from which was suspended a great sword. There were twelve night-watchmen who paraded



the streets with horns and clubs; three tower-watchmen, who from the Stifts and Hospital churches hourly answered the calls of the night-watchmen; and finally the wind-watchmen, who, as they walked on stormy nights, rattled their iron-mounted clubs for the reassurance of the sleepy citizens.

The question of the nightly illumination of the old city was always a contested one, and fiercely waged the warfare between the Dukes and the town authorities. It was Eberhard Ludwig who finally defied the doughty magistrates and ordered that a number of lanterns should be supplied. The lanterns were provided, but the magistrates would not allow them to be lighted. A hot contest followed between the Duke and the chief magistrate. The latter had but one response for all the angry remonstrances of the Duke—"When people should be brought into full view before the eyes of lurking night-thieves, how easy it would be for these wretches to drag their victims to a dark place, plunder, and kill them!" Eberhard was obliged to give up his project. Duke Carl insisted that the streets should be lighted, and carried his point; but no sooner had he removed his residence to Ludwigsburg than complete darkness once more nightly settled over the streets of Stuttgart. Iron pillars, to which shallow pans were attached, were stationed at regular intervals along the streets. When, on extraordinary occasions, illumination was allowed, resin and pitch were lighted in these pans, and the flickering flames only added weirdness to the darkness that they were intended to dissipate.

As late as 1770 lanterns hung in the places designated by Duke Carl, but they burned not—the security of the citizens was above all else!

Simplicity in dress does not appear to have been a prominent excellence of the ancient Stuttgarters. In the year 1586, Lucas Osiander, the bold and caustic

court-preacher, delivered a sermon upon the "ostentatious and graceless dress of men and women," which gives a graphic but probably exaggerated picture of the costumes of the day. "Everything," he says, "that comes to Germany from France, Italy, or from other haughty-minded nations is imitated, and Italian traders take from us our solid gold, and give us in return silk and velvet trumpe-

ry. The women wear velvet hats which are so small that they set like apples upon their heads, their frizzled hair resembles a hedge, and some even paint their faces. The men have shaggy hair which stands out in front, as if Satan had drawn them backward through a bridle. They wear hats bespangled with gold and silver, and wound about with a woman's girdle, to indicate that they allow their wives to govern them. . . . Generally, as soon as we see anything new from foreign countries we become



ENTRANCE TO THE OLD PALACE.

monkeys. This is a great frivolity which belittles us Germans among other nations." Nicolai has recorded that in Stuttgart there was a tailor to every seventy-two men, while in Berlin there was only one tailor to every one hundred and two men.

At a Christmas fair in 1656 a French trader appeared with some new hats called *à la Montgolfier*. The Duke, wishing to know what they were like, ordered that one should be brought to him. But when his servant reached the fair, behold, all the hats were already sold! The Duke fell into a great passion, because his subjects seemed to have lost all prudence, and recklessly followed every new fashion, whether their means would allow them to do it or not. He at once issued a general costume ordinance, which provided for the taxing of all luxurious articles of apparel. The only marked result of the ordinance was that the mantle remained until the last century the chief article of the toilette; without it even the gymnasts were not allowed to attend school or church. The wearing of the sword was



general, and became restricted only about two centuries ago.

Among social pleasures, the carnival long took precedence of all other forms of entertainment. Venetian masks were introduced into Württemberg by the court in 1610. The "Gassatum Gehen," a procession with music, mummary, and dancing, was an imitation among the burghers of the masquerades of the nobles. In 1715, in imitation of Parisian pleasures, masks were introduced into the carnival. According to a ducal command, all resident and strolling musicians were obliged to be present and play during these fêtes.

The clergy made a great outcry against these pastimes, and the Protestants did the same when, in 1775, Duke Carl combined a Venetian fair with the annual May Fair.

But despite these merrymakings there was also time for serious things, and it is recorded that in the year 1770, 1040 sermons were preached in Stuttgart.

Among the social habits of the ancient Stuttgarters drinking was the most conspicuous. A half-gallon of wine was always set before a ducal nobleman, and his goblet, measuring one foot in height, was drained at one draught. Wine was the general drink, beer being held in ill repute, as unfavorable to the culture of the grape. In 1630 the prejudice against beer was so great that not one drop of it was to be found in Stuttgart, and the first brewery, which was established soon afterward, was suppressed by law. The "drinking-houses" were cherished above all other places of resort, and no guild was without its drinking-room. The pride of the

Crossbow and Rifle Guard was its festive drinking-hall; and the Vintagers regarded their hall with scarcely less reverence than that with which they beheld the image of their patron saint. The ancient "shooting-festivals" have brilliant prestige. In 1510 the Rifle Guard held a banquet, at which the distance for the crossbow was marked at 315 paces, that for the rifle at 660 paces. Great numbers of marksmen were present from France, the Tirol, Switzerland, Bavaria, and the Rhenish provinces. Götz von Berlichingen, the Knight of the Iron Hand,\* was one of the guests, and has left a spirited

\* The iron hand of this knight is now in the possession of Count Frederick von Berlichingen, Carlsruhe.



THE TOWER OF THE STIFTSKIRCHE.



account of the great contest. Duke Ulrich and his courtiers joined in the sport.

The popular customs of ancient Stuttgart were more peculiar than numerous. Formerly, when infants were presented for baptism, they were announced before the door of the Stiftskirche by the church-tower-keepers and the town musicians; public weddings were preceded to the church by musicians who played upon trumpets and fifes, and a musical reception before the church door awaited the bride. These noisy accompaniments of wedding processions gradually grew so excessive that the preacher could not be heard, and the musical offenders were finally threatened with the mad-house.

At funerals there was much ceremony, and these occasions began and ended with long-continued condolences. The "men and women wailers," consisting of the nearest relatives, were at such times important accessories. Over the mouths of the men wailers were fastened cloths which reached above the nose; the faces and forms of the women were enveloped in crape and black cloth, and this practice, from a consequent exclusion of air, often occasioned swoonings. The funerals of distinguished persons were attended by the preceptors and gymnasts; the funerals of ordinary persons were preceded by the schoolmasters and their scholars, who, as they walked, sang appropriate songs. Night funerals were of frequent occurrence.

Many ancient anniversary customs ceased after the Reformation. Formerly St. John's day was always celebrated by the citizens. Fires were lighted in the evening, and it is said that during the

whole day—twelve hours—women were accustomed to sit in the Johannis Baths.

During the Christmas festival the preceptors and musicians of the Stiftskirche sang before the city houses, and as late as 1725 permission was accorded to poor women to sing during the same festival spiritual songs before the doors of dwelling-houses.

The spirit of the ancient Stuttgart was in harmony with the age in which they lived. Scenes that would fill the people of this century with horror were complacently witnessed by them as assurance of their civil security.

Among the historical relics of the city was a famous sword called "Bickel," that had been used during one hundred and fourteen years by four Stuttgart executioners of the same family, named Bickel, during which period it had seen service in the beheading of eight

hundred men; and besides this number eight hundred and ninety-eight men had been beheaded with other swords by the same executioners in the same period.

The father taking his Sunday walk with his son would point to the great scaffold that adorned the Ludwigsburgstrasse with a proud consciousness that the law would protect the righteous against the wicked. They believed in witchcraft, and the archives contain some frightful accounts of the burning of old women who were accused of collusion with the Evil One. About the Kriegsberg cluster some cruel witchcraft traditions, which seem all the more cruel to the rambler as he stoops, in his wanderings, over this same old hill, to make acquaintance with the forget-me-nots and dainty mountain flowers that now turn their tender faces upward to the light.



THE STIFTSKIRCHE.

## BETWEEN THE LINES AT STONE RIVER.

BY F. A. MITCHEL.

### I.—BEFORE THE FIGHT.

THE Army of the Cumberland was forming in line of battle. Columns of men were pouring down the pikes, and on reaching their respective positions turned to the right and to the left; some through the cedar woods, some in the open, all marching at will, which means every fellow for himself, to take the pick of the mud. There was a confused clatter of horses' hoofs and cavalymen's sabres, a spiteful crack of rifles, a creaking of gun-carriages, the word of command, while an occasional boom deeper in tone was like the accompanying beat of a bass-drum.

I, an aide-de-camp on the staff of a general of division, was flying here and there with orders; advancing a battery, closing up a brigade to the troops on its right, moving a regiment from a hollow to a rise in the ground, bringing forward ammunition-wagons—indeed, executing the emanations of my general's quick-working brain in getting our part of the army ready for the coming battle, destined to be one of the most famous of the civil war—the battle of Stone River.

Towards evening the men of our division were in position and standing under arms in one unbroken front. I was directed by the general to ride the picket-line and see that it was well established. Beginning at the right, I inspected the posts in succession, retiring some that were too far to the front, advancing others, filling unprotected spaces, till at last I rode up to a post commanding a turn-pike leading into Murfreesboro.

The sun, which had for several days been hidden by rain-clouds, broke through a rift, a small round wintry disk, far to the south, for it was the 30th of December, the last day but one of the year 1862. Before me stretched the white line of the pike. Between our pickets and those of the enemy was a space—half a mile, perhaps—which knew no law save that of the bullet, acknowledged no authority save that of Death. From the right flank, where the lines were nearer together, came the crackle of picket-firing, but in the strip of deadlock territory before me was absolute quiet—a quiet that

precedes a storm. For any human being who might have the temerity to show even the faintest outline, thousands of rifles were ready and waiting. Glancing at the approaches, I saw that they lay over open ground, so that there could be no surprise, and turned to speak a word of caution to the officer of the picket. When I looked southward again, there in the pike, walking hastily towards us, was a young girl.

I sat stock-still on my horse, my eyes fixed in wonder that any one, least of all a girl, should have the temerity to traverse this section of pike within range of the rifles of two armies. She came on, looking anxiously to the right and to the left, as though well aware of the danger of her position. The picket in the road cocked his piece, brought it to his shoulder, lowered it, and looked curiously at the approaching figure. As the girl drew nearer she quickened her pace almost to a run, at last stopping a few paces from me in the middle of the road.

"Are you aware," I asked, "that you have been walking between two armies about to fight?"

"Yes."

"What were you doing out there?"

"I have been to Murfreesboro to get some medicine for my mother, who is very ill. I started this morning, and your men have come up and passed beyond our plantation since I left."

"How did you get through the Confederate lines?"

"The officer of the picket let me come. His regiment was made up from about here. They all know me. I told them mother was very ill."

"And they let you take this risk?"

"They tried to dissuade me, but, you see, I had to come. The medicine was needed. The doctor said it was mamma's only hope. I must take it home at once."

"Where do you live?"

"About a mile further up the road."

I could not bear the thought of this young girl trying to make her way alone through an army. Indeed, as she had come from the enemy, it was my duty to take her to headquarters. Dismounting, and leading my horse by the bridle rein,





"HOW DID YOU GET THROUGH THE CONFEDERATE LINES?"



I walked beside her towards the rear. I confess that the duty was very agreeable to me. To be intrusted with a delicate girl amid my grim surroundings—rough, bearded men, bristling bayonets, frowning cannon—was like picking a flower among stones. Besides, we were at an age when acquaintance and confidence come easily. She told me her name—Virginia Reeves—that her father, a retired planter, was colonel of a Confederate regiment, her brother a private in the army confronting us. All her sympathies were naturally with the people of the South, among whom she had always lived. She was very much distressed about her mother, who was at death's-door, and had gone herself to Murfreesboro for the medicine because she dared not trust any one else in a matter of life and death. All this I listened to attentively, answered a few questions she asked me about myself, and by the time we reached headquarters we had become excellent friends.

I found the general very busy—too busy for me to approach on any ordinary matter. He was standing on a little rise in the ground, issuing orders, receiving officers who were constantly coming and going, occasionally raising his field-glass to his eyes, or listening for firing on our flanks. I left the girl at a little distance, and approaching him saluted, and reported that the picket-line seemed to be properly posted; then returning to my charge I led her away to the chief of staff, who was disposing of a group of citizens caught in our advance like fish in a seine, giving passes to those who wanted to go north, and ordering the rest to the rear. While we were waiting I was contemplating my companion. I judged her to be between fifteen and sixteen years of age. She scarcely looked that, but there was a thoughtfulness, a serious, resolute expression in her face which might have caused some to think her older. While I had been conducting her from the picket-line she had seemed intent only on getting home to her sick mother as quickly as possible, but as soon as we joined the group about the chief of staff she appeared to be seized with a new anxiety. I studied her face hoping to discover the cause, but she gave no sign.

At last all the citizens were disposed of except one young man about my own age—a year younger, perhaps—he might

have been eighteen—with a soft downy beard that had not long been with him. He appeared to take no notice of me or of the girl in my charge, nor she of him, both being intent on the chief of staff and what he would do with them.

"Where do you live?" asked the captain of the young man.

"Over there," pointing.

"Union or Confederate?"

"Confederate."

"Have you been in town—to Murfreesboro—lately?"

"Yes. I came from there yesterday."

"General Bragg in command?"

"Yes."

"What other generals?"

"There's General Polk and General Cheatham."

"Any others?"

"General Breckenridge."

"Any more?"

"I don't remember."

"How many men?"

"I decline to answer that question."

"You will answer it or—" The captain laid his hand on his revolver and looked threateningly at the youngster, who returned his gaze without flinching. I glanced at the girl; she was white as a sheet.

"Answer my question," said the captain, "or go to the guard, whichever you like."

The young man for the first time looked uneasy; he evidently did not relish detention.

"Decide."

"I'll go to the guard."

"Orderly, take this man to the guard and keep him till he is ready to tell what he knows."

As the prisoner was led away the captain looked after him suspiciously.

"There's something wrong about that fellow," he said, "or that boy—for he's nothing more than a boy. He's above his clothes. Did you notice how he whitened when I ordered him under guard?"

"Oh, you frightened him. This girl wants to go home. She came in from Murfreesboro, right between the lines."

"What?"

"Between the lines! She's no coward."

He looked at her in amazement. "I should think not. How many men have they on the other side?" he asked her.

"Come, captain," I interposed, "don't bother the poor girl; let her go home."



At this moment an orderly came up, and summoned the captain to the general. "Do what you like with her," he said, as he hurried away.

"You may go home," I said. "I'll see you on your way. Come."

I led her past two lines of troops, but there were more behind; and not daring to go far from headquarters at such a time, I was obliged to let her go on alone.

"I can't go any further with you," I said; "I am needed at my post. You won't have any difficulty, but you had better have a pass in case any one should stop you."

Fortunately I had a pencil in my pocket, and on the back of an old letter scribbled a pass for her to her home on the Nashville pike, and signed it by order of the general.

"There's the pike," I said, pointing as I handed her the pass.

"You are very good to me. I didn't expect—"

"You didn't expect an 'invader' to have any sympathy. Will you do something to please me?"

She looked up eagerly, expecting that she would have an opportunity to make a return for what I had done for her.

"Yes; what is it?"

"Don't go between the lines again. I shudder to think of the risk you have run."

She seemed disappointed. Then her expression of disappointment gave way to a wistful look.

"I wish you could do something for me," she said.

"I will."

"You can't."

"Try me."

She shook her head.

"I am a Yankee, but I have a heart," I added, persuasively.

She turned her expressive eyes upon me with a look that told plainer than words how she longed to give me her confidence. Many an older person would have betrayed the secret and invoked my aid; Virginia Reeves knew too well that this would be the very worst course she could pursue.

She started to go, paused, and, with her face turned from me, put her hand back shyly for me to grasp—her only expression of gratitude—then started rapidly towards the pike. I stood looking after her as she passed over the crackling dead

leaves, between the naked trunks of the trees, threading her way among men, horses, cannon, wagons, till her lithe figure faded into the twilight.

All the preparations had now been made to receive or make an attack, I did not know which; I did not care; I knew there was to be fighting, and suffered that dread most men feel before going into battle. The general told me I had better snatch a little sleep, as I would doubtless stand in need of it the next day. Going to a fence near by I selected two flat rails, laid them side by side, one end resting on the lowest rail of the fence, and stretched my weary limbs on this improvised couch. The last object I saw before falling asleep was the innocent, earnest face of Virginia Reeves.

At midnight I felt a rough hand shaking me, and getting my eyes open, saw the chief of staff bending over me.

"Get up," he said; "that fellow I sent to the guard has escaped. Take a few men and search for him."

"What do you want with him?"

"Want with him? He is after information. I suspected there was something wrong about him; now I know it. Our camps are full of spies."

I got up and went to the guard. I found that not having been allowed to light a fire on account of the proximity of the enemy, and fearing to lose their prisoner in the darkness, they had deputed one of their members to watch him. The man sat down with his back against a log, his face towards the prisoner, and went to sleep. Of course the prisoner stole away. One thing surprised me, the watcher was in a stupor. I started a part of the guard on a hunt for the prisoner, and looked about myself. On the ground, not far from the log on which the watcher had leaned, I saw something white. I picked it up, and could feel—it was too dark to see—a wee bit of cambric. Lighting a match, I saw that it was an embroidered handkerchief. Detecting what I at first thought a peculiar perfume, I put the handkerchief to my nostrils. It had been saturated with chloroform. There was another feature about it that sent a cold chill over me: In a corner were the initials "V. E. R." It must belong to Virginia Reeves. She was interested in the prisoner, and had drugged the guard in order to afford an opportunity for his escape. Undoubtedly they

were spies. If caught, they would be hanged.

I know not whether I was more depressed at the deceit which the girl had practised or at the consequences of her act in case she should be confronted with this conclusive evidence of guilt. I thought of her honest face, her bravery, and could not but admire her loyalty to the young man she had assisted. The bit of cambric was the only evidence against her, and I confess I was sorely tempted to touch a match to it. But I had no right to regard my individual sympathies in preference to the welfare of the army; I went to the general and told him the whole story. He listened to it without comment, for he was intent upon matters of more immediate importance. Going back to my rails I lay down and went to sleep.

I dreamed that a great wind was coming, at first faint and far, but growing louder and louder, till it became a mighty roar. Then reality took the place of dream. It was not a wind I heard, but the Confederate General Hardee hurling two divisions against our right.

## II.—A RUINED HOME.

I got up from my rail couch, and running a short distance to an opening in the trees, stood staring down on the field where a cyclone of war had struck our flank. It was not yet broad day, and everything was indistinct, but through the gloom and smoke I caught glimpses of a Confederate line pushing rapidly forward, a sharp picket-firing from our side, the enemy tearing away our skirmish-line like cobweb. They broke our battle-front by sheer weight; swept through our encampments, over rises, depressions, fences, pouring volley after volley at our men, who were flying like leaves before a tempest.

I heard a call, and turning, saw the general and staff mounted, and an orderly holding my horse, waiting for me. Before I could mount they were off, I following, and we were soon riding along the line of our division, a cheer following the general from right to left. Then we took position on a rise in the ground, and waited for orders from the commander-in-chief.

Presently missiles began to fly in our direction. One of the enemy's batteries seemed to have gotten our range, for shell

after shell, in quick succession, curved shrieking towards us, and burst directly over our heads. I don't know whether I was more frightened at the danger or anxious lest I should disgrace myself before my comrades. It was sitting still, with plenty of time to think, and fancying that the next shell might burst in our midst, that was undermining my courage. At last the fight, widening, reached us, and the general sent me galloping with an order, causing me to forget my fright by giving me something to do. After this the hot blood of strife came on to lift me above a sense of danger, and I became an individual portion of that terrible machine, an army in battle.

When the fight was at the hottest there came a lull in the firing on our front. Children are often in most mischief when making the least noise, and it is so with an enemy. Our general grew anxious, and cast about for some elevated point from which to get a view of what the Confederates were doing. In the centre of a plantation not far from where we were was a large house. It was several stories high, and each story was surrounded by a porch, or, as they call it in the South, a gallery. It occurred to the general to go to the topmost gallery of this house, where he would doubtless get the view he needed. Spurring his horse into the enclosure and up to the front door, he dismounted and entered. It happened that I was the only one of the staff with him, all the rest being away on some duty. I followed him into the hall, and directing me to remain below, he climbed the old-fashioned winding staircase.

I supposed the house was deserted. It had been in the line of the Confederate fire, and light had been let in through the walls by their shells. The decorations were torn and the furniture was broken. In one room the walls were hung with family portraits, some of which had been perforated by the missiles. One picture especially arrested my attention—the portrait of a little girl about ten years of age. It reminded me of Virginia Reeves—at least of Virginia as she might have been six or seven years before. The features were hers, and there was the same earnest look in her eyes. It was the most serious face I ever saw in a child; and if a child is capable of heroic acts, the one pictured there surely was. In one hand she held



a magnolia flower, in the other a rose, the two indicating the mingling hues of her complexion. There was one thing about the portrait that was painful to me—a bullet had gone straight through the heart.

I was startled by a sound from an adjoining room—a low moan. I stood still and listened. Perhaps some wounded man had crawled in there to die. The moan was repeated. It did not come from a man, but a woman. To me, standing in this desolate mansion, it seemed like a wail from some of the former occupants who had been there when there was peace, when the inmates were a happy family. Picking my way over broken tables, sofas, chairs, in the direction from which the sounds proceeded, I opened a door and looked into the adjoining apartment. Lying on a sofa, stiff and stark, in Confederate uniform, besmeared with dirt and blood, was our prisoner of the day before. Beside him, weeping as though her heart would break, was Virginia Reeves.

She looked up and saw me standing in the doorway. There was no surprise; she was too engrossed for that; but she gave me a look of agony, holding out her hand to me for sympathy as a drowning person will catch at a straw. I took it in both of mine.

“Poor little enemy!”

Alas, these few words were all the sympathy I was able to express. I heard firing without, and the general came hurrying down the staircase. Glancing through a window, I saw a line of men in gray, with a battle-flag in its centre, emerging from a wood across the pike. I dropped the hand I held and darted away.

Then I followed the general into the fight again, among hurrying columns, dismounted guns, broken wagons, scattered arms, dead, wounded—every variety of wreck and horror that goes to make up a battle. Yet during all that pandemonium I was unable to banish the singular scene I had witnessed. Through the gloom and the turmoil I was constantly catching mental glimpses of Virginia weeping beside her dead.

Night came down upon us and stopped the fighting. The general went to the headquarters of the commander-in-chief—a log house beside the Nashville pike—to attend a council of war. This left me

an opportunity to get a little rest. I threw myself down on the wet ground, with my head on the root of a tree, and fell into a troubled slumber. But not for long; for though I was exhausted, my mind was too disturbed for sleep. I awoke to see the moon shining in the heavens as peacefully as if there had been no battle. The wounded out on the field were crying for help. No one dared venture in the moonlight to their assistance for fear of being picked off by the enemy's sharpshooters. I could not sleep with those heart-rending calls sounding in my ears, and I longed for something to do. It occurred to me that I was but a short distance from the Reeves plantation, and I might ride over there with a view to seeing what had become of Virginia. The morning would be a better time, but where would I be in the morning? The fight would probably reopen, and by the end of another day, if I were still unhurt, the tide of battle might have borne me far from Virginia. I looked at my watch; it was only nine o'clock. I resolved to go.

Before I reached the house I could see that it was occupied. There were several lights on the ground-floor, one in the room where I had seen the portraits, and one in the room back of it, where I had seen Virginia with her pale soldier. Dismounting, I went up on to the gallery. I was met by an old negro who was keeping watch.

“Wha' yo' want, mars'r?”

“Where is Miss Reeves?”

“Missie Ginnie? Wha' yo' know 'bout Missie Ginnie?”

“Is she here?”

“Yo' can't see Missie Ginnie, Missie Ginnie busy with her ma. Her ma powerful sick.”

I pushed by him into the room where the portraits hung. A kerosene-lamp stood on the table, its faint light struggling with the moonbeams pouring in through the window. I paused before the picture of the little girl which I had noticed a few hours before, and which I now knew must be a likeness of Virginia as a child. The earnest eyes looked at me, it seemed reproachfully, as if to forbid my trespassing. What right had I to come to this house and force my way into any room I pleased? I was wondering if, after all, I would not better go away, when suddenly the door to the rear

room opened and I stood face to face with Virginia.

Now that I had found her I scarcely knew what to say to her.

"I have come," I stammered, "to see if I can be of any service to you. Besides, I would like a solution of this mystery."

"What mystery?"

"What are you doing here?"

"I am with my sick mother."

"Mother? In this house?"

"We were caught here when the battle opened; she was too ill to be moved; indeed, we hadn't time."

"Here? In all that firing?"

"We took her to the cellar."

"Where is she now?"

"In that room."

"What! with the body of—?"

"No, no, no!"

"When you appeared at our lines you begged me to let you go home, telling me a story about your mother. I permitted you to do so. Then you assisted a man to escape who I have every reason to believe was a spy."

She clasped her hands and turned deadly pale. "How do you know?"

I drew her handkerchief from my pocket and held it before her. "You see these initials. They are V. E. R.—Virginia E. Reeves."

She stood staring alternately at me and at the handkerchief.

"Do you know the penalty for that act?" I went on. "Had that young man been recaptured, and sufficient proof of his identity been forth-coming, he would have been hanged at once; and you—"

"He," she gasped—"he would have been—?"

"Hanged—with the proofs, yes. There is proof enough. I know that he was a Confederate soldier, for I saw him lying dead."

"Dead?"

"Yes. He lay there in that room; perhaps he is there now."

There was terror in every feature of her face, in her staring eyes, her parted, drawn lips, through which the quick breath came, in her clutching fingers, her shrinking figure. I advanced to enter the room. Virginia grasped the knob of the door, partly to sustain herself, for her limbs were sinking under her, and partly to bar my way, putting her back against the door.

"Oh, go away."

Her look was so beseeching that had I a heart of stone I would have been moved.

"Who is in that room?" I asked, more gently.

"My mother."

"Any one else?"

"My mother; if you go in there you will kill her."

"Why should my presence affect her?"

"Oh, please go away."

I stood looking at her, her eyes fixed in an agony of suspense on mine. What should I do? The spy was dead. I had seen him lying stiff and stark. The girl had been accessory, but I did not know that she was a spy herself. Besides, a woman, or rather child, charged with such an offence would be a very unwelcome prisoner to the general, who had no taste for visiting punishment on men, much less on children, and I did not care to run the risk of snapping the slight thread by which her mother's life hung.

"Virginia," I said, "if I followed the strict line of my duty, I would know who is in that chamber. I would call a guard and put you under arrest. I shall do neither. I am going away without forcing your secret. But I beg of you," I added, my voice indicating the pain I felt, "if you are engaged in any work contrary to the laws of war, desist. Don't put me in a position where I may be obliged to hand you over to be dealt with for a crime punishable with death."

Without stopping for a reply I started towards the hall, but had not gone far before I felt a hand grasp mine. Turning, there was Virginia, crouching, looking up at me. She tried to speak but could not.

"My poor child," I said, softly, "go back to your mother. I hope that she may outlive these horrors and be with you for many a long year, that you may be repaid for your devotion."

I broke from her, and mounting, galloped away. There was the moon again, up in the sky, its silent face looking down upon me in contrast with my disturbed feelings, in contrast with the maimed horses, wounded men, and corpses on which its pale rays fell. I reached camp just as the general returned from the council of war. His face wore a serious look, and I knew that there was to be more fighting, trouble, suffering, death.



## III.—THE MYSTERIOUS HORSEMAN.

We all clustered about the general to learn of the situation, and he gave us a brief description of the historic scene in the lowly log cabin, the headquarters of the general-in-chief. There was Rosecrans in command; Garfield, chief of staff, destined to be President of the United States; Thomas, his massive, firm-set features giving token of his future great work at Chickamauga; Sheridan, with his diminutive figure and those magnetic eyes that were to be so serviceable in rallying his men at Winchester. Alas! some of those who should have been there had passed to the Eternal rest. The general-in-chief asked his subordinates for their opinion: should they stand and fight and starve—for the enemy had cut us off from our wagons—or should they retreat. The men of whom counsel was asked were young and without experience—many of them had that day fought their first battle—and they maintained a respectful silence. The general-in-chief decided to stand and fight. Then the council broke up.

The next day the armies faced one another like two crouching lions, neither daring to spring, but the following morning there was cannonading and hot skirmishing that bade fair to develop into a general engagement. I was busy every moment, flying about with messages. Yet, notwithstanding my anxiety and the excitement about me, I did not forget Virginia. Whether I was writing a despatch at the general's dictation, or galloping with an order, hunting for something to eat, or dodging a shell, that sweet troubled face would come up before me without so much as "by your leave," and no duty or danger was absorbing enough to banish it. In one of my message-bearing trips to the rear my path lay directly past the Reeves plantation. I thought of stopping to see Virginia—if she were still there—and warn her to go away before the fight reopened, but my presence had thus far distressed her, and I did not care to thrust myself upon her again, so I rode on. Two or three cannon-shots that shook the air just then shook my resolution as well; I turned, rode back, and entering the grounds, galloped up to the house.

The negro who had opposed my entrance the day before met me at the door, and this time consented to go and tell his

young mistress that I wished to see her. In a few moments she came to me in the hall, a shrinking, childish figure, in singular contrast with the heroism that enabled her to stand at her perilous post.

"Why will you insist on staying in a house that is liable at any moment to be again riddled?"

"I *must* stay here."

"Why?"

She hesitated. "My mother—I can't take her away."

The disagreeable part in which Virginia had been involved came up and stood between us like an evil spirit. I recalled her appearance at our front, telling me that she carried medicine to her sick mother; her assisting in the escape of the young citizen; her weeping at the side of this same person—a Confederate soldier. The remembrance irritated me.

"Your mother! Do you wish me to take this story of your sick mother literally?"

She did not understand me.

"I mean," I added, "that it may have been necessary for you to make it all up."

The look she gave me brought me to my senses. Had I struck her with my sabre I could not have so wounded her. She cast a half-indignant, half-injured glance at me, then her eyes filled with tears.

There was that in each of us which, though born and budded within two days, needed nothing more than a tear to develop. I went to her, and without a word put my arm about her, and she rested her head against my sleeve and sobbed. During all the severe strain through which she had passed, this was the first moment that she had found any one to lean upon.

"Virginia, sweetheart."

There was no need to speak in plainer language what had so suddenly flashed between us. We did not consider what it involved. We took no thought that we might in another moment be whirled apart by a current as wild as that which had brought us together. We forgot that we were enemies. She looked up at me through her tears, and though she did not speak, I understood her, and she understood me.

We were recalled to the presence of war by a quick word of command, a brisk tramping without, and looking

through a window, I saw a regiment cross the pike at double-quick.

"Come!" I said, starting; "we must get your mother from here at once."

"No, no, no!"

"Hear that? That's on the left. There's going to be trouble down there across the river before long."

"Why so?" she asked, blanching.

"Our general says our men are in an exposed position, and the line is too thin. I'll get an ambulance for your mother, and start you both off; then you'll have to get on without me, for I must be at my post."

"No, no; if the battle opens, we will go to the cellar."

I could not stand there arguing with her. I must act, and at once. I started to go to her mother's room, but she held me. There was the same terrified look on her face that I had seen when I proposed to enter that room before.

"I want this house for a hospital!" cried a stentorian voice in the hall.

In another moment a large, black-whiskered man, who from his green sash I knew to be a surgeon, came stalking into the room where we were.

"How many rooms on this floor?" he asked.

He did not seem to care whether any one answered him or not, for he strode hurriedly towards the door in the rear. Virginia appeared to lose all hope of keeping him out of the forbidden room, following him as one who must endure a calamity that cannot be averted, and I followed her into the chamber which had caused me so much wonder. There, on the couch on which I had seen the Confederate, was a woman, evidently a lady of refinement, whose wan cheeks and great flaring eyes seemed to protest against our intrusion.

Virginia's story was confirmed. I turned to her, wondering why she had so long kept me from the room. The distressed look she had worn had vanished. In its place was a relieved expression.

"What's this?" asked the surgeon, noticing the invalid, and apparently irritated that he should be deprived of any room for his wounded soldiers.

"My mother," said Virginia. "She is very ill."

"She must be removed."

"Where to?" I asked.

"Anywhere."

"Doctor," I protested, "this is her home. She is a woman; would you turn her out for men?"

"No; let her stay. Hello, there! run up that hospital flag."

"Good!" I exclaimed, turning to Virginia. "You will be as safe here as anywhere; safer, for while that flag flies there will be no firing on this house."

Oh, the lovely smile that lighted her features, the first that I had seen on that serious face. With only a look for an adieu, I bounded to the door and on to my horse.

I had spent so much time with Virginia—probably five minutes, but amid such important events five minutes are worth five hours at other times—that I spurred lustily on my way to deliver my message. Just ahead of me was a man riding in the same direction as myself. He had apparently left the house a few moments before me. I dashed after him, intending to overtake him and ask him what he had been doing there, but when he reached the pike he turned southward, while I was bound northward. I was in too much of a hurry to follow him, and kept on till I had reached my destination, where I delivered my message and returned to headquarters.

I had scarcely rejoined the staff when the general sent me to hunt up ammunition for a regiment which sorely needed it, and whose commanding officer seemed unable to get it. Then came a message that there was a gap between two brigades, and I must go and tell which line to close up on the other. Next there was a brisk fire on the skirmish-line, and the general wanted to know if support was needed. Amid all these pressing duties I had no time to dream upon that sweet something which had come up between me and Virginia.

In the afternoon bodies of the enemy were seen marching past our front, eastward, and I was directed to go across the river to our extreme left wing and warn the general commanding there. I was hurrying along when I was stopped by a mounted man, who looked very like the one I had seen leave the Reeves plantation. He asked me the way to the front.

"Whose front?"

"General—General Crittenden's," he replied, hesitating.

The man puzzled me. I could not make



out his rank because he wore an overcoat—a private's, and buttoned tightly over his uniform. I noticed the blue cord of the infantry on his trousers, and as he was on horseback I inferred that he must be a field-officer—colonel, lieutenant-colonel, or major—for only such in the infantry are mounted—but his saddle was a common McClellan tree, such as was usually used by privates, and his horse was branded "U. S." I could not see much of his face, which was begrimed with powder, or something very like it, for he wore a felt hat drawn down over his eyes, and his overcoat was buttoned high about his chin, the collar turned up. He was either too young to grow a beard or was close-shaven.

"Are you hunting for your regiment?" I asked.

"Yes."

"What regiment is it?"

"Oh, never mind; I see you are in a hurry," and he galloped away.

"There's only one thing about that man I am sure of," I muttered. "I have heard his voice before."

I rode on towards the river and across, for it was so shallow that I could easily ford it, and passing over a rise in the ground covered with timber, descended the slope on the other side. Peering forward through the trees to get a view of our advanced line, I could see mounted officers moving about, but no men. I pushed on, and at last discovered the men lying on the ground. Beyond were open fields, then another wood, the two woods enclosing a space about six hundred yards wide. In the timber opposite was the enemy.

I rode along behind the men till I espied the general in command, surrounded by his staff, and approaching him, saluted and delivered my information. I had scarcely done so when, suddenly, from the wood opposite, where the enemy were concealed, there came distinctly the words:

"Forward! double-quick! guide centre; march!"

A cold horror ran through me. I knew only too well what was coming. Thrice the order was repeated, when from the edge of the opposite wood a line of dusty-brown men emerged, then another and another, till six lines of assault came, swift, steady, silent, to the attack. No thunder-cloud I have ever seen had so

ugly a look. Our men sprang from the ground and gave them a volley, checking them for a moment, then they came on as steadily as before. A pandemonium of noise, a mingling of explosives, groans, yells. Our line was too thin to withstand this well-prepared movement, and gave way. I was borne backward with the rest, all driven over the crest and down the declivity towards the river, a cheering mass of Confederates close on our heels.

Looking ahead, I saw a man on horseback, riding directly towards me against the current. At first I thought him some officer of high rank, trying to rally the men, but he paid no attention to any one, rode at a furious rate, not stopping to pick his way, looking neither to the right nor to the left, bearing straight for the front. His horse had become unmanageable and was making frightful leaps. The rim of his hat was blown back by the wind; his overcoat was unbuttoned, the skirts flying. Despite the blue uniform he wore, despite the smoothly shaven chin, his face blackened to appear as if begrimed with powder, I recognized him. He was the young man who had escaped from our guard the night before the first day's battle, whom I had seen the next day lying stiff and stark beside Virginia, who had asked me questions not half an hour before.

But this was no time to solve a mystery. I pushed on, and fording the river, climbed the opposite bank, where a welcome sight met my eyes. Battery after battery of our artillery was dashing up to the elevated bank and swinging around into position. Turning towards the enemy, I had a full view of the field, covered with our flying men, pursued by the Confederates. There, too, riding into the Confederate lines, was the man I had met, his hands raised above his head in token of surrender, while with one of them he was excitedly waving his hat.

"That spy," I muttered, "has got away from us again."

At that moment the long line of guns beside me—fifty-eight cannon—opened fire on the advancing Confederates. I sat on my horse watching the effect. A hundred shells a minute crashed through the branches of the trees upon the devoted men in gray. Great limbs were torn off, and falling, pinned them to the ground, while every bursting shell scat-

tered its fragments. Though the gaps in the ranks were closed up from the lines in rear, the men could not long endure such a terrific cannonade. Suddenly the whole mass broke, like a glass bottle struck by a stone, and in a twinkling the advancing Confederates disappeared from the field. The cheer that went up from our men, for whom a crushing defeat had been turned into victory, was almost as deafening as the roaring guns.

#### IV.—A QUESTION OF DUTY.

Night and rain and gloom came down on us. The general took up a new position, near the spot where our artillery had made the famous cannonade during the afternoon. I walked to the edge of the bank overhanging the river, and looked out on the battle-field. What a difference between that field a few hours before, alive with the conflict, and the same field now enshrouded in gloom! Lights were moving about, indicating that people were caring for the wounded. I could hear an occasional call, a creaking of an ambulance, a groan. Where, I thought, is the gala attire of war? Where the inspiring music? the glittering arms? the bright colors of the flags? One wail from this dark battle-field puts to flight all their charms.

A desire came over me to go down there and be of service. I thought that if I could give a little comfort to some man lying on the ground, with the rain pouring down on him, it would help me throw off some of the gloom that was weighing upon me. I applied to the general for permission, and he gave a reluctant consent. Groping my way down to the margin of the river, I crossed and walked forward to that part of the field where first our men, then the Confederates, had suffered most. Surgeons, hospital stewards, citizens, were at work among the wounded, and I set about assisting them.

While I was at work I heard, not far from me, a plaintive cry. Seizing a torch, moving in the direction whence the sound came, stopping occasionally to listen that I might go aright, I at last came upon a man lying upon his back, and held my torch so that it sent its red glare directly in his face.

I started back. Before me was the man I had first seen as a citizen, then apparent-

ly a dead Confederate, then riding into the Confederate lines.

"You here?" I exclaimed.

"Water."

I put a canteen to his lips, and for the moment he forgot me and the whole world. Enemies, friends, were nothing to him while he quenched that terrible thirst consequent on the loss of blood. When he had finished, the canteen fell on the ground beside him. I picked it up and started away.

"Are you going?" he asked. His tone was so melancholy, he looked at me so wistfully, dreading to be left out on that dark field alone, even by an enemy, that I paused.

"What can I do for you?"

"My sister."

"Virginia Reeves?"

"Yes."

"I thought so."

"Send for her."

The net-work of mystery which had been weaving about me during the past few exciting days now seemed to have hopelessly entangled me. This boy, who had been repeatedly turning up in my path under such contrasting circumstances, always flitting between me and Virginia, causing her distress, and me pain that she was distressed, was her brother. He was lying out in the mud and rain, wounded. He wore the blue, though I knew him to be a Confederate. There could be but one ending to all these unfortunate meetings. It would be my duty to bring Virginia's brother to the halter.

Yet I had a right to be humane. I could grant him any request that might bring him immediate comfort. Noting the spot where he lay, so that I would know it again, I went to seek a messenger. Some of the citizens on the field were accompanied by negroes, who assisted in the work. Approaching one of these parties, I caught a negro boy by the arm, showed him a "greenback," and offered it to him if he would do my errand.

"Go as quickly as you can," I said.

"to the Reeves plantation—up there, not more than a mile from here—and tell Miss Reeves that her brother lies wounded on this field. Do you understand?"

"Yes, mars'r."

"Do you know where the plantation is?"

"Yes, mars'r; eberybody knows de Reeves plantation 'bout hyar."



"Go."

While the negro was absent I continued my work among the wounded. I would have preferred to go to my legitimate post, for I dreaded Virginia's coming, well knowing what would be her distress when she met her brother, and saw that his attempts to leave our lines had resulted in so lamentable a failure.

It was half an hour, perhaps, before there was any sign that the message had been delivered; then I heard a negro's voice, saying:

"Don't worry, Missie Ginnie. Mars'r Harry's all right. Reckon he ain't hurted berry bad. Trust in de Lawd, and don' fret, honey."

Then I saw my messenger groping his way towards the place where I had left young Reeves, while behind him came the old family servant who had stood at his post on the plantation during the battle, followed by Virginia. She sank beside her brother and wound him lovingly in her arms, I holding a torch so that brother and sister could see each other.

Virginia did not long give way to grief. With her quick sense of the requirements of others, she soon set about reassuring and comforting her brother, telling him that she would take him home and he would soon be well. I stood waiting for a lull in her caresses. When it came, I said, softly,

"Virginia."

She started, turned towards me, and recognized me. The look of terror that came into her face distressed me beyond measure.

"Shall I arrange to have your brother taken home?" I asked.

Getting up from the ground, she came to me, laid her hand on my arm, and said, excitedly, though in a whisper:

"Oh, no, no; not there. Leave us. I will help him towards our boys, and he can crawl over to them."

"Virginia," I said, in a husky voice, "I have no right to let your brother go."

She wrung her hands. "He will die!" she cried, "in the rain and cold, on the wet ground; and if he lives, you will—Oh, let him go. You are the only one who knows him. Say nothing, and they will think he is one of your men."

"He is a spy."

"He is not."

"Why do you say that when he is in our uniform?"

"He came to see mamma. He knew that your army was coming, so he dressed in the clothes of a citizen because he didn't want you to know he was a soldier. Then your army came before he could get away. When I met him asking for a pass he was trying to go to our men."

"You did not recognize him."

"No, I didn't think it best I should."

"You aided him to escape."

"I did; I would do that again."

"I don't blame you, sweetheart."

"Then," she went on, still talking rapidly, "he got through to our side and was in the battle. A shell burst near him and stunned him—paralyzed him. Then our men were driven back and he was left in your lines. Martin found him and brought him home."

"When I saw him on the couch I thought him dead."

"No, unconscious; he had just been brought in. We put mamma in that room; we thought the Yankees could be kept from her, and that would keep them from discovering him. Then, when he got well, he wanted to go. He is so reckless I dared not let him: your men were all about us. A wounded officer came to the house and we put him to bed upstairs. Martin gave Harry his uniform, and Harry just got out as you came in, and the house was taken for a hospital." She was looking into my face eagerly, watching for some sign. I shook my head. "Why will you not believe me?"

"I do believe you, dear heart. I am sure you think your brother innocent, but with the evidence against him I have no right to let him go." She covered her face with her hands. "Virginia, tell me, would you have me do a wrong?"

"No," she moaned.

"Then what shall I do? If I let your brother go I shall live my life feeling that I have betrayed a trust. If I do my duty, I fear that should he recover he must pay the penalty for his act on the scaffold."

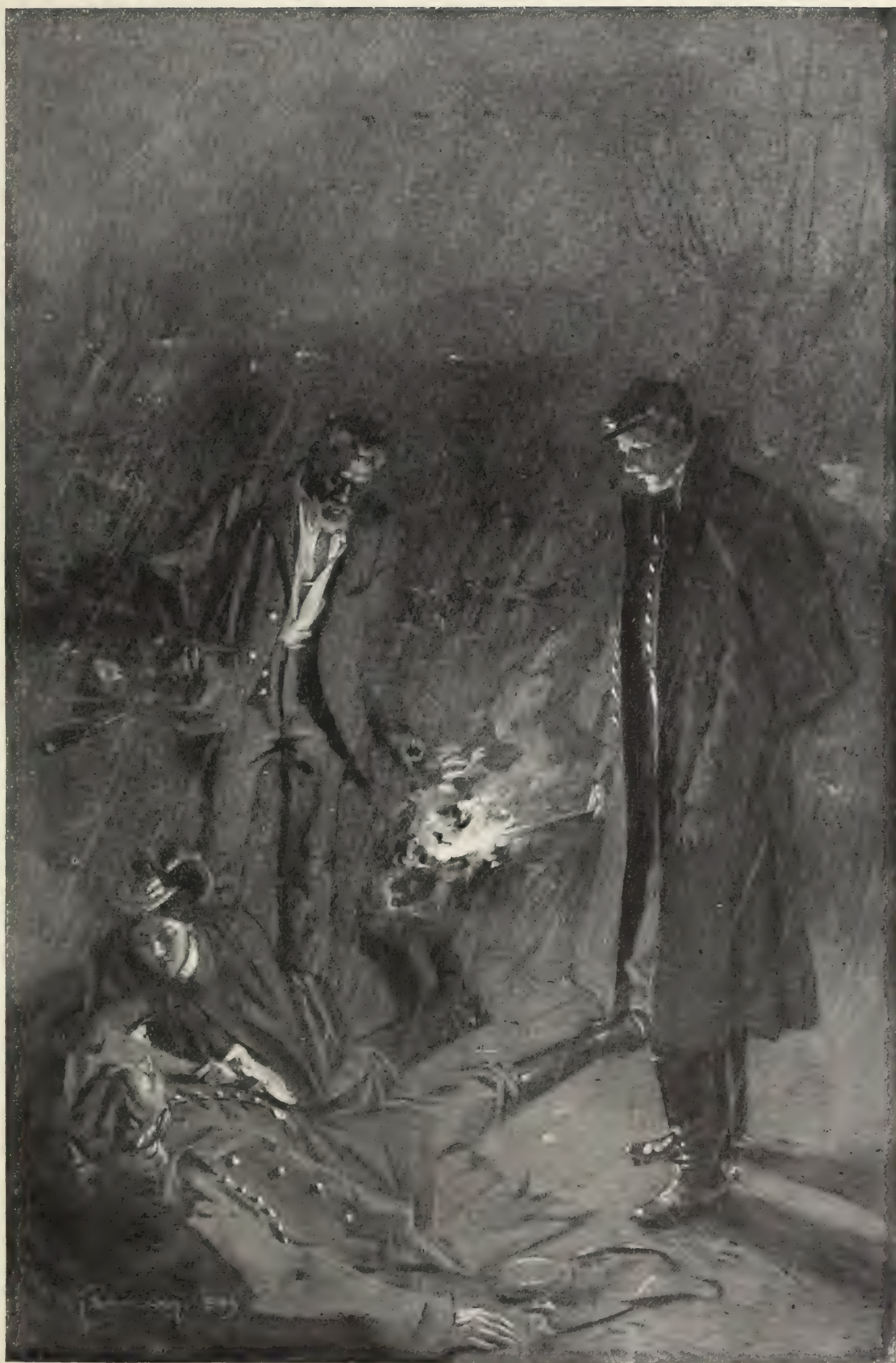
There was no answer, only sobs.

I went to her, put my arm about her, and gently drew her hands from her face. A storm-cloud had passed over it and left it comparatively serene.

"Do what you feel is right," she moaned.

The strain was too much for her; had I not tightened my hold, she would have fallen.





" I STOOD WAITING."



There is nothing that will call forth so great a reverence as standing by a right that involves some great sacrifice. It seemed to me that I held something sacred, something that it was a profanation for an ordinary being like myself to touch. I bent down and placed my lips on her forehead in token of reverence, of submission; then carefully placing her in the arms of old Martin, who, though her slave, worshipped her as I did, I went to find some means of removing Henry Reeves.

When I returned, Virginia was bending over her brother, weeping. I had secured a stretcher. Martin took up one end, and the colored boy I had used for a messenger the other. Picking our way through the darkness, over the soft fields, around huge limbs that had been cut off by shot, across the river, past the earth-works erected after the first day's battle, we bore the burden to the plantation. Virginia wished to walk beside her brother, holding his hand, and at first I permitted her to do so, but seeing that she was unequal to the task, I drew her away. Before we reached her home I saw that she must be carried, and taking her up, I bore her the rest of the way in my arms.

We carried Henry Reeves to a room in an upper story—the only one left vacant now that the house had been taken for a hospital—and he at once received the attention of a surgeon. I had been absent from headquarters for several hours, and felt it necessary to hasten away. Virginia, who had insisted on going up with her brother, followed me down stairs, and we stood for a moment before parting in the room where hung the portraits.

"Virginia," I said, "you have to-day won a battle that both these armies fighting together could never win. In conquering yourself you have conquered me. You and I have another battle to fight. We must save your brother. Somehow I feel that we must win, not so much by a display of valor, of energy, as by right. The right is with you, and that makes you the leader. I am your army. To gain success the army should love its general. I love you better than my life. Keep up a good heart. We shall win."

We were standing directly before her portrait. I had drawn her head down against my blue blouse and was stroking her hair, my eyes resting on the face in the painting. I looked upon Virginia at

seven; I held Virginia at fifteen. It occurred to me that our feeling for each other was like this double being—this composite of child and girl. That subtle something which had come between us was not such as we would have experienced at maturity. It was the twilight of love.

#### V.—A LIFE AT STAKE.

The disaster to the Confederates on our left ended the battle of Stone River. General Bragg withdrew to Tullahoma, some thirty-five miles southward, and on the first Sunday in the new year the Army of the Cumberland occupied Murfreesboro. Winter passed into spring, and spring into summer, while the two chieftains remained behind breast-works, neither inclined to sally forth and offer battle.

I reported the case of Henry Reeves, and a guard was placed about the house where he lay hanging between life and death. The presence of sentinels continually pacing in the yard produced a distressing effect upon Virginia, being a perpetual reminder that should her brother recover from his wound, he would be in danger of the gallows. Her mother was not yet in condition to be told of Henry's unhappy situation, and Virginia was forced to keep the secret, bearing the whole burden of the terrible tragedy that threatened the family. Too young to understand the nature of evidence, she naturally regarded the trial of one who had responded to the call of a sick mother as a crying injustice. Her health broke down under the strain. I asked the medical director of our staff to see her, and he responded that the only cure for her would be a removal of the halter that dangled over her brother.

I rode out to the plantation frequently to see Virginia and carry her what scraps of comfort I was able to gather. I usually found her in a wicker invalid-chair in a corner of the gallery, shaded by surrounding trees, and so situated as to catch the breeze. When she saw me coming she would brighten, looking anxiously for news, and when I had given her what meagre bits I had for her she would relapse into her former languid condition. I tried to interest her in other matters, but could awaken no interest in anything except that which occupied her whole mind.

The trial came on. The prisoner was brought into court, pale from the effects of his wound and confinement. When he stood up and answered to the charge "not guilty," his apparent honesty and his youth favorably impressed the court. Our chief of staff first gave his evidence; then I was called. The prosecution, knowing of my predisposition in the prisoner's favor, would not permit me to give any evidence save a bare narration of the facts—a narration which, unexplained, was necessarily very damaging to the accused.

Virginia was next called. I had supposed that she would be carried into court, but she came in leaning on the arm of a gentleman who was a friend of her father. From the moment of her appearance every eye was fixed upon her, and a hush came over the court. No one could help sympathizing with this delicate girl, so stricken, so frail, yet such a picture of patient endurance. Her eye sought her brother and a look passed between them—a look of tenderness, of dread, of pity—then she sank languidly into a chair that had been placed for her, and her examination proceeded. The counsel for the defence asked her to begin at the beginning and tell her story her own way.

She told of her mother's illness; the coming of our army foreshadowed by flying citizens and Confederate vedettes; the distressing effect on her mother; that mother's desire to see her son once more; the arrival of our troops; the din of battle. She said not one word of her own noble stand at her post, yet there was not a person present who did not realize it and wonder. When she came to that part of her story where she had begged me to conceal my knowledge of her brother's identity, then had assented that I should do my duty, I stood breathless, waiting for the effect of her sacrifice on the court. What was my surprise and chagrin to hear her accord me credit for standing by my duty, making no reference to her own part in my doing so. I could scarcely refrain from calling out, "Mr. President, it was her own adherence to the right that prevented her brother's going free!"

When she had finished, though she had not brought forth a scrap of proof, I believe that had a vote been taken, every member of the court would have voted for acquittal. But the argument for the

prosecution and the argument for the defence were in order, and before they were finished the court had been enveloped in a mass of conflicting testimony that obscured the pure light of Virginia's story.

Meanwhile a circumstance occurred that was most unfortunate for the prisoner. Two Confederate officers came into our lines at Franklin, Tennessee, in Federal uniform, pretending to be inspectors sent out from Washington to report on the condition of the Army of the Cumberland. They were suspected, arrested, and it was proved beyond a doubt that they were spies. The case was reported to the commander-in-chief, who telegraphed an order to hang them at once. The officer who had captured them, not relishing the duties of an execution, begged to be permitted to send them to headquarters. The request was peremptorily denied. The spies were hanged the morning of their capture.

The court charged with the trial of Henry Reeves finished its work on the very day these spies were executed, and his case, which had looked so hopeful at the close of Virginia's testimony, was badly prejudiced. The verdict was in accordance with the evidence—that the accused was guilty; but the court threw the responsibility of his execution on the general-in-chief, by recommending him for mercy.

The case at Franklin stood in the way of this recommendation. The officers there who had been obliged to superintend an execution had not been permitted to shift the odious duty to headquarters. Would headquarters interfere in the case of Henry Reeves? It was decided that justice must take its course at Murfreesboro as well as at Franklin.

When I heard that the sentence of the court would be carried out I was stunned. A life, perhaps two lives, were to be sacrificed for a crime that had never been committed, and one of these had become a part of my own. I had gone myself to inform Virginia of the verdict, and though I felt some uncertainty as to the ultimate result, I assured her that the recommendation would have great weight. I could not now go and tell her that the worst had come. I sat down on a campstool, and covering my face with my hands, shook like a leaf.

Looking up, I saw my general standing over me with a kindly expression.



"General," I cried, "I implore you to save this man: he is innocent!"

"How?"

"Go with me to headquarters. I will tell the general-in-chief of facts that did not come out in the trial."

"Orderly," called the general to a cavalryman standing near, "bring the horses."

In a few minutes we were galloping away, I continually getting ahead of the general, behind whom military etiquette required me to keep. He was a brave man, and bravery is usually allied to kindness. Far from reproving me, he spurred his own horse the faster. Reaching the house in which was the headquarters of the Army of the Cumberland, we dismounted, and I dashed up the steps, followed by the general. We were received by an aide in an anteroom, and in a few minutes—it seemed an hour to me—were ushered into the presence of the general-in-chief.

"General," said my chief, "I bring my aide-de-camp, who wishes to plead for the life of the spy sentenced to-day."

The commander's brow darkened. "These spies," he said, "think they can come and go as they please. There was never a more barefaced attempt known in war than that of the two men taken at Franklin."

"But, general," I interposed, "the several acts which make up the proof against young Reeves passed directly under my eyes, and I believe with my whole soul that he is innocent."

"Why?"

"Because," I said, grasping for the reason that was uppermost in my heart, "no one could be a spy and the brother of Virginia."

The words were scarcely spoken when I realized that I had only made it appear that my heart was warping my judgment. The two generals exchanged glances.

"Who is Virginia?" asked the commander.

"I will tell you, general. On the night of the repulse of the enemy on our left I visited the battle-field. There I found Henry Reeves, the condemned, wounded. He begged me to send for his sister, who lived a mile or two up the Nashville pike, not far from the cabin in which were your headquarters. I did so, and she came. She begged me to shut

my eyes—to permit her to assist him to the Confederate lines. If I granted the request—"

"You would have deserved to be shot," interrupted the commander.

"You are right, general; and who saved me from deserving to be shot? Virginia. When she begged me to spare her brother, I told her that if I did so I would break a trust—be a disgraced man for life. Then I left the decision with her."

Leaning forward, the general rested his arm on a table before him, his whole appearance indicating eager attention.

"What did she decide?"

"That I should do my duty."

The general leaned back again. "General," he said to his chief of staff, a large man, with black whiskers and a partially bald head, "take a pen and I will give you an endorsement for the papers in the case of Private Reeves of the Confederate army:

"The mercy recommended by the court is granted. The life of Private Reeves is given to his sister, who, under the severest temptation that can come to a human being to benefit by a wrong committed by one who loved her—"

"Loved her, general?" I exclaimed, red and white by turns.

"Yes, sir, loved her. I believe you are too good a soldier to hesitate in a question of duty except through love." Then he proceeded with his dictation, concluding with the words, "'Private Reeves will be sent under flag of truce to the Confederate lines.'"

The room swam about me. The officers, the furniture, windows, everything were in a whirl. Then recovering myself, without stopping to thank either general for the part he had taken in bringing about the happy result, I dashed from the room, and mounting my horse, galloped away to the plantation. As I neared the house I looked to the familiar corner in the gallery where Virginia was used to lie. She was not there. Spurring up to the front door I leaped from my horse, leaving him unhitched, and rushed up the steps. I was met by Martin, whose appearance betokened trouble.

"I'm 'feared de little missie is goen, Mars'r," he said.

"Going! What do you mean?"

"She hearn Mars'r Harry's goen to be hunged."

"Take me to her, quick."

He led me to the room in which I had seen Virginia sitting beside her brother when I supposed him dead. She was lying on the same couch, surrounded by a crowd of weeping servants. Pushing my way through them, I kneeled beside her, and put my arms about her. She was so frail, and I so strong, that I feared to crush her.

"Virginia, dear heart, I have good news."

She turned her eyes upon me, their intelligence contrasting with her wasted form. I did not dare to tell her at once all I had to tell.

"Your brother's trouble is indefinitely postponed."

I rested my cheek against hers and remained silent for a few moments, then:

"He will go free. The general-in-chief has given his life to you as a recompense for your standing so nobly by the right."

She started up.

"Free?"

"He will be sent under a flag of truce to the Confederate lines."

As I feared, she fell back unconscious. But not for long; when she revived and saw our anxious faces and knew the truth, it seemed that all the love that had for months been pent up in her brother was suddenly turned into its natural channels.

One by one the servants left us till we were alone. It was a long while before either spoke, then it was I who said:

"Promise me that when you are older I may come back here, and you and I will never part again. I know you are very young, but you need not fear that I will hold you to your promise if you wish to be released."

She put her thin arms around my neck and looked up at me with eyes which bespoke the fulness of her heart.

"I will never wish to be released."

Preparations had been making for a movement of the Army of the Cumberland, and fears were entertained of an attack. It was ordered that every morning before daylight the men should be under arms. Each morning the general sent out one of his aides to see that the order was obeyed. The morning after Henry Reeves had been reprieved this duty fell to me. I rode the line, and when I returned to camp there was no camp to be seen. Every tent had been struck. Before sunrise we were off on that which is known to history as the Tullahoma Campaign, and led up to the battle of Chickamauga.

When the war ended, two years later, I returned to Murfreesboro. I met a reunited family. The father and brother had returned, and the mother had recovered her health. Virginia was still so young that I was not permitted to take her away. The next year I went again. I found her a splendid woman of eighteen. I made her a wife.

## THE NEW NORTHWEST.

BY J. A. WHEELLOCK.

### I.—STEAM AND IMMIGRATION.

THE steam-engine and the United States of America came into being about the same time. It was a fortunate conjunction of nativities which put this infant Hercules at the service of the young republic, whose mission it was to subdue a continent to civilization. Washington was the contemporary of Watt. Franklin was a friend of his partner, Boulton. American and English mechanics had successfully employed steam-power in the propulsion of water craft and of carriages on public roads. Robert Fulton was building his first steamboat

on the Seine, and Trevithick, in England, was engaged in his first crude experiments in steam locomotion on rails, when in 1803 President Jefferson, under authority of an act of Congress, passed at his instance, sent Lewis and Clark to "explore the Missouri River and such principal stream as by its course and communication with the waters of the Pacific Ocean might offer the most direct and practicable water communication across the continent for the purposes of commerce."

Whether or not the far-seeing statesman fully credited the bold prophecy of the American inventor of steam propul-



sion, Oliver Evans, that eventually it would enable vessels to stem the current of the Mississippi, and carriages to "fly with birdlike speed at the rate of ten or eleven miles an hour," he may well have hoped that, when its machinery had been perfected, it would become a useful aid in making accessible to civilized occupancy the remote, unknown region whose veil of mystery he was about to lift. But by no stretch of prophetic imagination could he have divined the possibility that, long before the close of the century, the thirteen colonies would have expanded to forty-five States, containing 70,000,000 people, and filling the whole breadth of the continent between the two oceans; that in 1890 the region west of the Mississippi would contain more than three times the population of the original thirteen States in 1800; that the inland commerce of the country would be carried on chiefly by means of steam-engines hauling trains of cars on tracks of steel rails running in every direction all over the land, with an aggregate length of 183,000 miles, and carrying 540,000,000 passengers and 775,000,000 tons of freight yearly. Nor, if an angel had told him, would the philosophic sceptic have believed that these steam-drawn coaches would transport passengers from New York to the Falls of St. Anthony in two days, and in three days more to the Pacific Ocean, through the mountain region where Lewis and Clark were to seek in vain for a practicable water communication across the continent.

When these daring explorers received their commission, the Mississippi River was the western boundary of the United States; but before they had fairly set out on their journey, news was received that France had accepted the offer of Jefferson for the purchase of Louisiana, and thus all the vast territory west of the Mississippi to the Pacific Ocean was added to the national domain. Subsequent treaties with Great Britain fixed the northern boundary of this acquisition at the 49th parallel, and its southern limits were about the same time extended by treaties with Mexico and Spain, and by the annexation of Texas; but to Jefferson belongs the honor of having taken the first step in the extension of the dominion of the new republic from ocean to ocean. These treaties expanded the original area of the United States from

820,680 to 3,600,000 square miles—an area greater than that of the whole of Europe, and surpassing that of the Roman Empire in the period of its highest grandeur. If this imperial domain has been the theatre of the most stupendous achievements of material progress ever recorded in the history of mankind, it is not alone because its unrivalled wealth and diversity of resources, and the beneficent freedom of its institutions opened a new field of opportunity to the energetic and industrious people of all lands.

More than half the area of the United States is occupied by the vast interior plain formed chiefly by the contiguous basins of the Mississippi, the St. Lawrence and the Winnipeg, and the Gulf region. Its nearly uniform surface opens an unobstructed path to the railroad in every direction. The Great Lakes on its northern border, and the broad current of the Mississippi and its tributaries, with 47,000 miles of shore line, carry steamboats everywhere all through this great plain to the heart of the continent. The grooved wheel and block are not more expressly contrived for the work of the pulley than the broad plains and the rivers of this continent are made for the railroad and the steamboat. Such is the completeness of reciprocal adaptation between the physical conditions and the mechanical instrument that the steam-engine seems almost a part of the plan of the continent—the complement of its physical system. These simple but grand facts of physical structure have exercised a supreme influence in the extraordinary progress of the Northwest.

## II.—THE OLD NORTHWEST.

When the first census of the United States was taken in 1790, 95 per cent. of its population of 3,929,216 was distributed along the Atlantic seaboard from Maine to Georgia, within an average distance of 255 miles of the coast. The other five per cent. was clustered in isolated groups in southwestern Pennsylvania and eastern Kentucky. The triumph of the Revolution and the acquisition of the vast new territory of the West rekindled among the colonists the spirit of emigration which had brought their forebears over the sea. The physical laws which determine the distribution of plants in climatic zones are hardly more persistent than the tendency of emigration to follow the isother-



mal lines of its original homes with their associated flora. Thus it was that the States south of the Ohio were peopled almost wholly from the old slave States of the Atlantic slope, who carried with them their peculiar institution, and doomed that region for three-quarters of a century to the blight of slavery.

Fortunately for American civilization, the region acquired from Great Britain north of the Ohio, known as the Northwest Territory, was dedicated to free institutions by that immortal instrument, the ordinance of 1787. Thus political conditions concurred with climatic affinities and the courses of the great interior waterways to mark out the Northwest as the congenial theatre of colonization for the people of the North Atlantic States. The men from the East who laid the foundations of the five great States which occupy the old Northwest Territory were farmers and artisans—poor in purse, but rich in the elements of character. They carried with them the patient energy which makes farms and cities, and the love of orderly liberty which builds commonwealths.

It was by slow and painful steps that the first immigrants made their way through the dense forests and mountains of Pennsylvania, until they reached the Monongahela or the Alleghany, and abandoned their wagons for the rude craft which bore them down the Ohio to plant their first settlements along its shores. Thus it was that for nearly thirty years Ohio received the whole volume of emigration, so that in 1810 it counted a population of 230,760—six times that of all the rest of the Northwest.

Then came the steamboat in 1811 on the Ohio, four years after Fulton had launched the *Clermont* on the Hudson, and in 1815 on Lake Erie. For nearly fifty years, and for a longer period on the upper Mississippi and the Missouri, the steamboat held undisputed sway throughout all the vast reaches of navigable waters which penetrate the great interior plain as the monarch of inland commerce. It pushed the lines of littoral colonization all along the Mississippi and its tributaries from New Orleans to the Falls of St. Anthony, and from Buffalo to Chicago and Duluth around the shores of the Great Lakes. It planted the germs of a hundred cities along these waterways. Thanks to its aid, the population

of Ohio leaped from 581,934 in 1820 to 1,980,329 in 1850; Indiana, from 147,188 to 988,146; Illinois, from 55,261 to 851,470; while Michigan, with only 4762 in 1820, rose to 397,654 in 1850; and Wisconsin, wholly unsettled thirty years before, showed a population of 305,391.

Then came the railroad to open up the interior spaces to settlement; to link together lake and river and intermediate plain in a net-work of quick transit lines by land and water; and to form, with the natural water-lines, a vast system of interior ducts and arteries, ramifying through the whole body of the continent, and uniting all their diverse districts of production and marts of trade in one complete commercial organism; and then, leaping the Western mountains, to bind ocean to ocean, and to open through every zone an iron pathway across the continent for the commerce of the world. Steam-power on land and water, working together or in competition, has been the chief agency in the stupendous development of the Northwest. From the conjunction of these different modes of the same giant force has sprung the mighty brood of Western cities.

The decade between 1850 and 1860 may be regarded as the beginning of the era of Western railroad development, because up to 1850 there were only a few local and disconnected lines, aggregating 1335 miles, all told, west of the Alleghanies. But in 1860 the five States of the old Northwest contained 9715 miles of railroad. Several great trunk lines had been built to connect the Eastern seaboard with Chicago and other points, and half a dozen lines reached the Mississippi north of the Ohio. In 1895 the railroad mileage of the old Northwest reached 39,393—more than a fifth of the entire railroad mileage of the country. How mighty the impulse it gave to the growth of these States is shown by the fact that their total population advanced from 4,522,660 in 1850 to 13,381,840 in 1890, and their railroad tonnage from an insignificant figure to 204,659,671 tons.

Such briefly is the story of the growth of the old Northwest under the stimulus of these mighty agencies.

### III.—THE NEW NORTHWEST.

The Northwest of the fathers of the republic has long ceased to be that of their sons. With the advancing horizon of



Western development, the farthest frontiers of the old Northwest Territory, on the Upper Mississippi and Lake Superior, have become the eastern base of a new Northwest, whose western limits dip into the Pacific Ocean. It is a continuation, under the same title, of the same wonderful story of progress; the same drama repeated on another stage, with different actors and different scenery, but exhibiting the play of the same mighty forces. The term Northwest is a vaguely relative one whose meaning shifts with the point of view, but in one of its popular senses it is taken to include the group of States classified as "Northwestern" in Poor's Manual in recent years, and which embraces Iowa, Nebraska, Minnesota, North Dakota, South Dakota, Wyoming, and Montana. But this grouping, although recognizing the westward expansion of the New Northwest, as far at least as the Rocky Mountains, is an arbitrary one, based on no natural lines of cleavage in the differentiation of the physical conditions which influence the movements of trade and the course of railroad business and construction, and bind communities by the tie of common interests. Regard being had to these, the railroad systems of the trans-Mississippi region, north of the line of cotton cultivation, fall naturally into two broad divisions, corresponding locally to marked differences of climate and productions, and in a larger way determined by their geographical relations to the great continental lines of rail and water transit. Corn, hogs, and winter wheat form the characteristic productions of that great zone of the central West which extends from Ohio westward, and includes the States of Iowa, Missouri, Kansas, and Nebraska. They form the chief elements of the traffic of the railroads which traverse them, and which have their chief terminal emporia at Chicago and St. Louis. North of the 44th parallel lies the fertile prairie region, whose chief agricultural staple is that hard spring wheat which modern milling processes have placed at the head of the bread cereals, and made Minneapolis the seat of the greatest milling industry in the world. It owes its superior nutritious qualities to a law which governs the whole procession of commercial flora, of which it is the leading representative—that the cultivated plants reach their highest perfection in food qualities near the northern-

most limits of their growth—a law to which the bright summer sun, the clear dry atmosphere, and the pure waters of this inland region lend additional force. The cattle which become skeletons on the plains of Texas are driven north to grow fat on the grasses of the Montana and Dakota ranges, or the pastures of Minnesota, twice as rich in albuminoids as even those of Illinois. The fruits of these northern latitudes are juicier, the potatoes more farinaceous, the melons more luscious. The strawberries, the tomatoes, the butter, the whole series of field, garden, and dairy products, tell the same story. This hard wheat belt, following the curves of mean summer temperature, extends far north of the international boundary, through Manitoba and the Canadian Northwest, traversed by the Canadian Pacific and tapped by several American lines. Within the United States it embraces the broad prairies of Minnesota and the two Dakotas. It commands a distinct system of Eastern trade outlets, on which is based a distinct system of local and transcontinental railways. Traversing the whole belt of States from Lake Superior and the Upper Mississippi to the Pacific Ocean, they mark it out as an independent district of commerce and production. It is this chain of northern border States, with its broad divisions of prairie and mountain and Pacific States, to which the name is given of the New Northwest. No other transcontinental belt is so rich in the diversity of its physical districts and in the wealth and variety of its productive resources.

#### IV.—THE HEART OF THE NEW NORTHWEST.

Of its three prairie States, Minnesota stands first in historical order, in population and wealth, and in geographical and commercial importance. Although it contains no mountains, and no elevation which is more than 1680 feet above the ocean, it embraces in its undulating surface the summits of the coterminous basins of the St. Lawrence, the Mississippi, and the Winnipeg. The head-waters of the latter two almost blend in the pine forests of northern Minnesota. On its eastern border it holds the termini of the two great converging lines of inland water transit, and in its southern and western prairie slopes the open entrances to the fertile plains which stretch to the Rocky Mountains.



Of the two mighty arms of the American Mediterranean, one—Lake Michigan—dips down to the heart of the corn belt, in latitude  $42^{\circ}$ , to unite with its great continental system of railroads in making Chicago the queen of inland commerce; the other, Lake Superior, stretches inland, with the 47th parallel as its axis, more than seven degrees of longitude west of the meridian of Chicago, to carry deep-water navigation from Buffalo to the doors of the great northern granary of the world. Duluth is thus from five hundred to six hundred miles nearer the wheat-farms of northwestern Minnesota and North Dakota than Chicago; and South Dakota, western Iowa, and Nebraska are nearer Lake Superior than Lake Michigan. Mindful of these things, men wiser than their generation laid out town sites in the early fifties on the shores of St. Louis Bay, in anticipation of the big city that was to rise there with the first Minnesota railroad. But a land grant made for this purpose in 1856 was invalidated by a clerical fraud, and it was fourteen years thereafter before a railroad reached Duluth.

Minnesota was a favored beneficiary of that Congressional land-grant policy which, commencing with the Illinois Central in 1850, did so much to stimulate the building of railroads throughout the trans-Mississippi West, and to make them the advance-agents of settlement. In 1857, the year before its admission to the Union, the inchoate State received a splendid dowry of land grants for six lines of railroads, having a total length of 1300 miles, which were parcelled out among five companies. At that time the head of steamboat navigation on the Mississippi was much more important than that on Lake Superior, so that St. Paul, the chief commercial point above St. Louis, and its sister city, Minneapolis, the seat of a great water-power and of a growing lumber industry, were appropriately made the termini of most of these early land grants. The generous bounty of Congress, followed by the State in liberal grants of swamp-lands, was subsequently extended to other lines, most of which also terminated in St. Paul and Minneapolis. With the extension of these roads westward, and the growth of population along their lines, the Twin Cities rapidly grew in commercial importance. Minneapolis was the first American city to

adopt, in 1872, the Hungarian process in grinding wheat. By extracting the nutritious qualities of the hull, which had previously gone into the bran, it gave a new value to the hard spring wheat of Minnesota and Dakota, and with still more improved processes and the expanding development of the hard-wheat belt, its flour-milling industry soon outgrew that of any other city in the world. The financial collapse of 1857 and other causes postponed railroad construction in Minnesota until after the close of the war. Eventually all these land-grant lines south of the latitude of St. Paul, and traversing the oldest and most populous counties of the State, came into the control of two Chicago corporations, the Milwaukee and St. Paul, and the Chicago and Northwestern, which extended their two east and west roads from Winona and La Crosse into South Dakota. They naturally sought to operate all these lines in the interest of their long haul to Chicago, except the Omaha. Its lines, running from St. Paul southwest to South Dakota and Nebraska, and northeast to Lake Superior, form naturally a part of the distinctively Northwest system, whose main trunks are the Great Northern and the Northern Pacific.

This situation indicates the supreme importance to the Twin Cities and their tributary railroad systems of their close proximity to the western terminus of lake navigation, and of their short-distance rail connections with this cheaper channel of water transit. The first of these was the St. Paul and Duluth Railroad, 150 miles long, completed in 1870, which thus early furnished the Twin Cities with a direct and independent outlet upon such lake navigation as then existed. The other lines to the head of Lake Superior are the débouchures of extensive tributary systems of railroads, the Great Northern, the Northern Pacific, and the Omaha. The effect of these Lake Superior outlets of the Northwestern system of railroads, when supplemented by lines of lake transportation independent of Chicago control, was to emancipate the two cities and the railroads of the New Northwest from dependence on the Chicago roads, and to enable the lines commanding these shorter hauls to fix the rates to Chicago and New York. So that, powerful a factor as is this northern water route in determining the direction



of the trade currents of the Northwest, it is still more powerful as a regulator of freight rates between the entire West and the seaboard. Its influence is felt in Kansas and Nebraska as well as in Minnesota and the Dakotas, in New York and Boston as well as in San Francisco and Seattle. It is at St. Paul and Minneapolis where these competing railroad systems of Lake Superior and Lake Michigan come most directly and actively into play. Four railroads from 150 to 185 miles long connect the two cities with Lake Superior. Seven railroads running to Chicago, with an average length of 400 miles, compete for their business. The Twin Cities thus stand at the parting of the ways, with all the commercial advantages resulting from their command of these rival routes to the seaboard. Another regulative factor which contributes in no small degree to the commercial autonomy of the New Northwest is the "Soo" road, an extension of the Canadian Pacific across northern Michigan and Wisconsin to St. Paul and Minneapolis, and reaching out through North Dakota to a junction with the Canadian Pacific in the valley of the Saskatchewan. It furnishes, especially in winter, when navigation in Lake Superior is closed by ice, a competing route to the seaboard independent of the Chicago lines.

With these commanding advantages of position with reference to Eastern outlets, and with nineteen lines of railroad, including two great continental systems, radiating in every direction throughout the immense region which is directly or partially tributary to their trade, the Twin Cities have an established and rapidly growing importance as a commercial centre. St. Paul, the terminal headquarters of the Great Northern, the Northern Pacific, the Omaha, and other lines, possesses in common with its neighbor an extensive and flourishing jobbing trade, and promises, with the growth of a yet young packing industry, and with the rapid increase of hog and cattle production in this Northern zone of nutritious animal foods, to become co-extensively important as a live-stock market.

Minneapolis, as an incident of its great flour industry, has become the leading wheat-market of the West. Its output of flour in 1896 was 12,874,000 barrels—more than twice its product in 1889. Fifteen years ago Chicago was the great

central wheat-market of the West. Even as late as four years ago its wheat receipts were over 50,000,000 bushels. But in 1896 they had declined to 19,101,152 bushels; while the wheat receipts of Minneapolis were 69,568,870 bushels, and those of Duluth and Superior 56,607,397—the total of the two cities being 126,176,267 bushels, or six times and a half the Chicago receipts. These figures tell their own story of the shifting of the trade currents of the Northwest to their natural channels, and go far to explain the remarkable growth of St. Paul and Minneapolis from a population of 33,000 in 1870 to more than ten times that number in 1897.

#### V.—RAILROAD DEVELOPMENT.

The only one of the five original land-grant companies of Minnesota which escaped the domination of Chicago was at first prophetically named the St. Paul and Pacific, whose two important lines, 660 miles in length, extended through the central and northwestern parts of the State to the Red River. It was destined to play a leading part in the development of the Northwest. Its construction was pushed far ahead of population or business. Hence, while still uncompleted, it fell, covered with mortgages, into the hands of a receiver. It was while in this condition of insolvency that James J. Hill, an enterprising merchant of St. Paul, conceived the idea of purchasing the discredited bonds of the company, held chiefly in Amsterdam. With the aid of leading Montreal capitalists, whose co-operation he enlisted, he succeeded in purchasing all the outstanding bonds of the company at low figures. In 1879 the company was reorganized under the name of the St. Paul, Minneapolis, and Manitoba. In a few years, under the aggressive policy of its president, Mr. Hill, it covered the wheat-lands of Northwestern Minnesota, the Red River Valley, and North Dakota with a net-work of lines so wisely planned that for years it has carried to Minneapolis and Duluth much the larger part of the hard-wheat crop of Minnesota and Dakota, while opening up a new region to the trade of the Twin Cities.

In the summer of 1883, St. Paul and Minneapolis were the scenes of parades and festivities in celebration of the substantial completion of the Northern Pa-



cific, and in honor of its president, Henry Villard, then riding on the top wave of the prosperity which was at high tide all over the land. Ten years later another popular ovation, attended with still more brilliant pageantry, was given by the citizens of St. Paul to their fellow-townsmen Mr. J. J. Hill, in celebration of the completion of the Great Northern Railway to the Pacific coast. A few weeks afterward the Northern Pacific went down before the financial storm which strewn the country with the wrecks of great enterprises. A history with a moral was summed up in the dramatic antithesis of these two events.

The project of the Northern Pacific Railroad had been agitated, and exploited in Congress, for twenty-five years before the work of building it was begun. But it did not take a practical shape until J. Gregory Smith, president of the Vermont Central—who had succeeded to the presidency of Josiah Perham's New England Company—provided it in 1867 with a directory of leading railroad magnates. The official surveys made in 1853-4 by Governor Isaac D. Stevens for the route of a Pacific railroad from St. Paul to Puget Sound had demonstrated its great superiority over the central and southern routes simultaneously explored under the direction of Jefferson Davis, Secretary of War. The former presented a nearly unbroken stretch of cultivable land from St. Paul to Seattle. The latter traversed immense deserts. But the outbreak of the civil war, which precipitated the construction of the first Pacific railroad, gave resistless force to the political considerations which determined its location on the route of the Union and Central Pacific to San Francisco. In the temper of Congress at that time it was easy for their projectors to secure not only large land grants but enormous money subsidies in aid of their construction. The efforts made by the promoters of the Northern Pacific to secure a like recognition resulted in failure, so far as a money subsidy was concerned. The utmost they could obtain was a land grant of twenty alternate sections per mile in Minnesota, and of forty sections per mile in the territory west of this boundary. With only this land grant, and the power to issue bonds and mortgages, but with Jay Cooke as its financial agent, the Northern Pacific undertook to bridge with iron rails—when iron rails

cost \$100 a ton—the vast voids of wilderness which then stretched from the head of Lake Superior to Puget Sound. The herculean task before it was not only to build 2300 miles of railroad with borrowed money, but to build it by leaps and bounds far in advance of settlement, to drag population in the track of the locomotive, and to develop, through the agency of the railroad itself, the traffic which was to pay the expected returns on the investment. After the disastrous experience of other land-grant roads, it is a remarkable proof of the faith of American and foreign investors in this great enterprise that, in spite of the adverse conditions under which it was prosecuted, its promoters were able to command the immense sums of money required for its accomplishment. Construction commenced in 1870, and in the three following years 450 miles were completed from Duluth to Bismarck, on the Missouri River, and 80 miles at the Pacific end. Then came the downfall of Jay Cooke and the financial crash of 1873, followed by the first failure of the company, from which it was rescued in 1875 by Henry W. Billings, through a friendly foreclosure and the issuance of \$51,000,000 of preferred stock to take up \$42,000,000 of bonds and other outstanding obligations. The work of construction was suspended for seven years, when money was found to resume it. Arrangements had been made by President Billings in 1880 for a loan of \$50,000,000, deemed sufficient to complete the line, when Henry Villard appeared upon the scene, and by a brilliant stock operation acquired control of the property. The dramatic celebration of the completion of the line in 1883 was followed by his retirement for two years, when, with C. F. Oakes as president, he resumed and retained control of its policy and finances until the panic of 1893 plunged the company a second time into bankruptcy. When he became its ruling power the Northern Pacific had only about 800 miles of track. When he turned it over to receivers in 1893, it was operating nearly 4500 miles of main and branch lines, besides a leased line from St. Paul to Chicago, with an aggregate capitalization of \$248,000,000, of which \$85,000,000 was preferred and common stock and \$163,000,000 interest-bearing bonds. It had more than realized the dreams of its projectors. It had conquered an em-



pire to industry and commerce, but at the cost of immense sacrifices to its builders. This magnificent monument of their energy and courage rested on foundations too strong and broad to be more than temporarily injured by a storm which wrecked so many other railroads. Under its recent reorganization it has a capitalization of \$311,151,000, of which only \$156,000,000 represents bonds, or \$35,581 per mile, the interest on which has been reduced from about \$10,000,000 to \$6,000,000 per year. Thus relieved of its overload of fixed charges, it has entered upon a career of solid and enduring prosperity.

Its failure in 1893 was nearly coincident with the completion of the Great Northern to Puget Sound. When Mr. Hill took charge of this enterprise, in 1879, it had about the same length of track, 600 miles, as the Northern Pacific at that time. It was not until he had ribbed the richest wheat districts of Minnesota and North Dakota with lateral feeders that, in 1886, without any land grant beyond the limits of Minnesota, he pushed his main line westward over the route surveyed by Governor Stevens thirty years before, reaching Great Falls in 1887, where he established a connection with Helena and Butte through his Montana Central Division. It was not until 1890-92 that, from a junction point on this line, northeast of Great Falls, he built the Pacific extension of the Great Northern to Puget Sound upon a route considerably north of the Northern Pacific, carefully selected for its low grades and natural resources. The Great Northern system embraces a total length of 4610 miles. It represents a total capitalization of less than \$29,450 per mile, and a bonded debt of but \$24,230, while all other Pacific railroads have cost from \$50,000 to \$80,000 per mile. Its construction at this low cost was a notable achievement, but not remarkable for a management which during the eighteen years of its control has never failed to pay a six per cent. annual dividend on its stock, even during the disastrous period following 1893—an exceptional experience even among the strongest American railroads. The remarkable thing is that its ample revenues are derived from a lower rate of taxation on the business of the country it serves—or a less freight rate per ton per mile—than most of the great railroads running west from Chicago with a much greater tonnage. Re-

sults like these would not be extraordinary for the old railroads which serve the densely peopled States of the central West east of the Mississippi, where the average density of population per square mile is from 31 in Wisconsin to 90 in Ohio; but for a young railroad, running for thousands of miles through new and sparsely settled States whose average density of population in 1890 was less than four persons per square mile, they imply unique economies in construction and operation. The explanation, in part, is simple. The Great Northern has been singularly fortunate in an unbroken unity of control during these eighteen years by a man of great ability, and in the further advantage that its affairs have been directed from St. Paul instead of New York—an advantage which the commanding general in the field, with all his forces under his eye and operated under his immediate direction, has over a general managing a campaign from his closet in a distant capital. The financial vicissitudes of other railroads have often made them the prey of the stock-jobber and the promoter, but the Great Northern has been inaccessible to the intrigues of Wall Street. There is, perhaps, no other extensive system of railroads so completely identified with the personality of its president. And if prominence is given to his name in this review of the growth of the New Northwest it is because, as a railroad builder and ruler, he has been for years the most positive and influential personal force in shaping the course of its development.

But it was the early builders of the Northern Pacific who were the founders of this new commercial empire. To them belong the honors as well as the harder lot of the pioneer. This great enterprise was ten years in advance of its younger rival in carrying settlement along its route in Dakota and through the valleys and ranges of the foot-hills and mountains beyond. Although, under the pressure of financial and other considerations, it devoted its attention chiefly to the region west of the Missouri, which it has peopled with prosperous communities along its line, it has not entirely neglected its opportunities for expansion over the rich wheat-lands of northern Minnesota and North Dakota, where it has 1500 of its 4300 miles of railroad. The Great Northern has 2500 miles of railroad spread over this prairie region, connected with Lake Su-



perior by two outlets from St. Cloud and the Twin Cities. The two roads carry most of the product of the hard-wheat belt to Minneapolis and Duluth.

#### VI.—ARTERIES TO THE ATLANTIC AND THE PACIFIC.

To handle the enormous grain tonnage which pours lakeward through these channels, the docks of Duluth and Superior are equipped with eighteen mammoth elevators, with a total capacity of 24,650,000 bushels, governed by a system of inspection established by the State of Minnesota, so rigid that its grades are accepted without question in every market in the country. Of the wheat of this Northwestern region, about 57,000,000 bushels are ground into flour at the mills in Minneapolis, whose brands are household words throughout America and Europe. A large proportion of this flour, with an additional output at Duluth and Superior of 8,000,000 barrels a year, is shipped by the lake route. But grain and flour are not the only cargoes of the large fleet of steamboats now employed in the traffic from the head of Lake Superior. The output of iron ore from the mines of St. Louis County, Minnesota, of which Duluth is the capital, has grown from 880,000 tons in 1890 to 3,990,169 in 1896, while that of this year is estimated at 5,500,000 tons. The vessels laden with grain and iron ore bring back at low rates cargoes of coal and merchandise for the distributing centres of the Northwest. The rapid and enormous growth of this traffic is indicated by the statement that in 1881 the total freight which passed through the Sault Ste. Marie Canal was 1,567,741 tons, and that in 1896 it had risen to 16,239,601 tons during 222 days of navigation, which is nearly twice the tonnage which passed through the Suez Canal in 1895 in 365 days of unobstructed navigation. Among the items which made up this total were 63,256,463 bushels of wheat and 8,882,858 barrels of flour, all from the fields and mills of Minnesota and the Dakotas. Prior to 1888 all the traffic of Lake Superior was controlled by the Eastern trunk lines and by Chicago companies, which owned and controlled all lake transportation, including that on Lake Superior. Rates on east and west bound freight were made in the interest of the Chicago system of railroads. In that year the Great Northern established the Northern Steamship Company, with

six modern steel steamers of 3000 tons each, operating from West Superior to Buffalo. It was thus instrumental in emancipating the northern trade route from the control of these opposing interests, and in bringing about the large reduction of freight rates which has resulted from the competition of the two systems, from the increasing volume of business, and the enlarged and improved lake shipping. The schedule rates on first-class freights, such as dry-goods from New York to St. Paul, have fallen during the last ten years from 101 to 75 cents, but in fact to much lower rates. Grain rates from Duluth to New York have declined during the same time from 12 to 5½ cents per bushel, and to even less at certain seasons. The enlargement of the Sault Ste. Marie Canal, completed in 1896, will be followed by improvements in the carrying capacity and character of the Lake Superior shipping which will tend to diminish still more the cost of lake transportation. A still further reduction of through grain rates will result from the recent construction by the Great Northern of a great steel elevator of 3,500,000 bushels' capacity at Buffalo. It has already broken down the elevator pool at that point, which has levied heavy tolls on all Western grain shipments. It will reduce the elevator charges, and protect the hard spring wheat of Minnesota and Dakota from being deteriorated by mixture with inferior grades of other districts, thus preserving its value for milling purposes until it reaches the Eastern or European miller.

Not content with these improvements in the traffic conditions of the northern lake route, the Great Northern has converted the cool expanse of the long stretch of inland sea from Duluth to Buffalo into a favorite route of summer pleasure travel by putting on two magnificent passenger-steamships, equal in architecture and equipment to the finest of the first-class Atlantic steamships. It is a fitting complement of the transportation service on a water route which terminates in beautiful Minnesota, whose seven thousand lakes abound in pleasant summer resorts, and whose railroad systems traverse the picturesque mountain scenery of Montana and Washington, and lead to that most wonderful of wonderlands, Yellowstone Park.

From 1880 to 1895 the railroad mileage



of this group of Northwestern States increased from 5278 to 18,704 miles, of which the Great Northern and Northern Pacific furnish nearly one-half. As territorially distributed, 11,580 miles of this total belong to the three prairie States, 6117 miles being in Minnesota. A brief citation of statistical data will suffice to show how the growth of these six States of the New Northwest has been stimulated by railroads. From 1880 to 1890 their population increased from 1,237,615 to 2,693,054. It is significant of the headship of Minnesota in this rail-bound federation of States that it contains nearly half the population of the entire group and two-thirds of its urban population, the greater part of which latter is concentrated at the termini of its railway systems in St. Paul, Minneapolis, and Duluth.

#### VII.—OTHER STATES OF THE NORTHWEST.

In 1870, when the plough had scarcely broken the virgin soil of Dakota, Minnesota contained 46,500 farms, with an improved acreage of 2,322,000, mostly in wheat. In 1890 the number of farms in Minnesota and the two Dakotas had grown to 194,620, with 22,745,000 acres improved. Of this area, 13,223,993 acres were in cereals, two-thirds being in wheat. Although the cereal area of the three States was but 9.44 per cent. of that of the United States, its wheat acreage was 25 per cent. of the total for the Union. In North Dakota, where wheat reigns with almost undivided sway, it occupies 83.74 per cent. of the total area; in South Dakota, where it divides its ascendancy with Indian corn, 61 per cent.; in Minnesota it has fallen to 53.56 per cent. For experience has cured the farmers of the older portions of the State of that exclusive reliance on this single staple which, for a hundred years, has characterized the earlier stages of agricultural settlement in the Northwest in its advance from the valley of the Genesee, in New York, to that of the Red River of the North, and even to the far-away fields of the Palouse country in Washington. The most prosperous agricultural districts of Minnesota are the southern counties, where mixed farming prevails, and where the products of the dairy form the leading staple; but armed with the labor-saving machinery which enables one man on these level prairie farms to do what was

the work of four thirty years ago, wheat will long remain the ruling crop of this hard-wheat belt, in spite of the low prices resulting from the reduced cost of production and the competition of the new and widening sources of supply which have been opened to the markets of the world by improved means of transportation. But the improvident system of exclusive wheat-culture in northern Minnesota and North Dakota is rapidly giving way to more intelligent and profitable methods of farming. Stock-raising has already become an important branch of agricultural industry in these districts, and to this result the president of the Great Northern has signally contributed by the free distribution, years ago, among the farmers on his lines, of the best breeds of cattle, raised on his own farm near St. Paul.

Montana, rich in mineral treasures, has but a limited tilled area, but immense herds of cattle and flocks of sheep are supported chiefly by the wild grass of its ranges. Oregon and Washington have a considerable agricultural development, counting, in 1890, 43,586 farms with 2,170,000 acres of improved land, largely devoted to wheat, of which the yield is far in excess of that of the prairie States. The mineral wealth of the Northwest is distributed throughout the entire group. Within the last fifteen years large bodies of the most valuable iron ore have been discovered and developed in northeastern Minnesota, near Duluth, and their output this year will exceed half a million tons. Dakota possesses immense bodies of lignite, which furnishes the farmers with cheap fuel, and the gold product of her Black Hills mines now exceeds \$7,000,000 per year. Montana in her dividend-paying mines of metal is the foremost of the mining States. In its gold and silver product it is second in rank, but its copper output exceeds that of all the other States. In Idaho, Oregon, and Washington mining operations are as yet limited, but their products of silver, lead, iron, and coal indicate a large development in the future. The great pine forests of northern Wisconsin stretch through northern Minnesota to the sources of the Mississippi, and with 60,000,000,000 feet of pine timber yet uncut, furnish 4,300,000,000 feet of lumber per year for consumption in the Mississippi Valley States. Immense forests of pine, fir, and



cedar form one of the chief resources of Washington and Oregon, whose thriving lumber industry, now supported chiefly by a large ocean and local trade, already finds a considerable market east of the Rockies, and when the prices of lumber rise with the diminishing supply of Eastern pine, must command an extensive market in the prairie States. There is no other transcontinental belt so strong in the elements of productive industry.

#### VIII.—RECOVERY OF PROSPERITY.

The speculative activity which prevailed throughout the country in 1880 to 1893 received an extraordinary impetus throughout these six Northwestern States by the enormous expenditures involved in the construction during that period of 13,000 miles of railroad; by the heavy tide of immigration that flowed upon their tracks; by the opening of 108,000 new farms and the building up of cities along their routes. The chief centres of this speculative excitement were the cities of Minnesota at the eastern and of Washington at the western termini of the two great transcontinental railways. The population of St. Paul and Minneapolis quadrupled in ten years, their joint population in 1890 being 300,000. Duluth grew from a village to a city of 33,000 inhabitants. It has now 60,000. Tacoma, the terminus of the Northern Pacific, and a score of other rival cities, sprang up on Puget Sound to dispute the established importance of Seattle. The depression following this speculative strain of excitement was more severely felt in this Northwestern belt than elsewhere. The general collapse of inflated real-estate values wiped out a number of premature or prospective terminal cities on Puget Sound, and many millions of fictitious wealth in suburban town lots in St. Paul, Minneapolis, and Duluth. The three Minnesota cities have passed through this crucial period of liquidation, purged of what was forced and fictitious in their marvellous growth, and stronger than before in their relative commercial importance among the cities of the West.

Contrary to the prevailing impression, these four years of prostration and disaster were but little felt by the farmers of the Northwest. The decline in real-estate values has been almost wholly confined to the cities. There has been no sensible fall in the price of farm-lands. In south-

ern Minnesota, where mixed farming prevails, the farmers have been prosperous through all the hard times, and although pinched by the low prices of their chief product for several years, the wheat farmers as a class have more than held their own. They have been enormously better off than the industrial classes in the cities. The foreclosures which have strewn the cities with wrecks of former fortunes have been very rare in the country. With the return, at least temporarily, of higher prices for their products, the farmers of the Northwest are enjoying a period of prosperity which is reflected in the cities.

A careful estimate places the market value of the crops just harvested in the three prairie States approximately as follows:

Minnesota .....	\$105,000,000
North Dakota .....	60,000,000
South Dakota .....	40,000,000
Total.....	\$205,000,000

which is equal to an average of about \$900 for each farm in the three States, without counting the revenues from hogs, cattle, sheep, butter, milk, eggs, etc.

#### IX.—FUTURE OF THE NEW NORTHWEST.

It is a safe prediction that, of whatever prosperity is in store for the United States, a large relative share will fall to this New Northwest; for it is yet in its infancy of development. In 1890 the total acreage of Minnesota farms, improved and unimproved, was 18,603,654, leaving at least 20,000,000 acres of fertile soil still unoccupied. The farms of the two Dakotas, including their unimproved acreage, embrace only 19,000,000 of the 90,000,000 acres in these States, most of which is arable. Not a tithe of the mineral wealth of the mountain States has been developed. Alaska, reached by numerous steamship lines from Seattle, Tacoma, and Portland, with its boundless wealth of auriferous rivers and mountains, is an outpost of this Northwest belt. Large areas of fertile but arid land in Montana, Washington, and northwestern Dakota, now useful only as pastures for cattle and sheep, may easily be converted into fruitful fields by a scientific system of irrigation, for which nature affords abundant facilities in the mountain streams and in the Artesian basins which underlie the Dakota plains. The areas adapted



to agriculture in other sections of the United States are so largely occupied that immigration will be turned perforce to these broad expanses of fertile plain and valley in the New Northwest. And he would not be a too sanguine prophet who, taking into view all the progressive forces in operation in this field, should estimate its probable population at 10,000,000 in 1910. Hereafter, as heretofore, the railroad locomotive will furnish the "pillar of cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night" which is to guide the great exodus of the poor from the crowded communities of the Old World and the New into this promised land.

In aid of this upbuilding of the New Northwest, new commercial forces are in process of evolution. For it lies within that natural track of interoceanic commerce which is determined by the shorter and quicker lines of land and ocean transit in high north latitudes, and by the direction of our inland deep waterways. There is no serious obstacle in the way of the scheme now being agitated, and which is receiving the attention of Congress, for ship-canals which will extend deep-water navigation from New York and Montreal to the head of Lake Superior.

It is among the possibilities of a not very distant future that the ships which carry the wheat and cattle of the Northwest to Liverpool will load at Duluth instead of at New York. But events are not waiting on this remote achievement. The foreign trade of this country is insignificant by contrast with the stupendous proportions of its inland commerce, which forms nine-tenths of the whole; and the same facilities of cheap and speedy transit to which it owes its enormous magnitude tend to make its interior cities the chief centres of its distribution. Even foreign imports run in widening volumes past the seaboard cities in bond to the interior custom-houses. So the teas of China and Japan tend to seek their central markets in the leading Western cities, reached by the Pacific railroads. This circumstance marks the probable future course of Asiatic trade. That trade is destined to reach proportions not now calculable. The Northern Pacific and the Great Northern, as well as the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company, have formed close alliances with trans-Pacific steamship lines for traffic

connections with Asiatic ports, and are looking forward to the completion of the Siberian Railway for the extension of their passenger service to this new route of travel around the globe. Seattle, Tacoma, and Portland have a distinct advantage over San Francisco as entrepôts of this Asiatic trade, in that they are several hundred miles nearer the seaports of China, Japan, and Siberia. But Asiatic enterprise is running ahead of American in the development of proper trade relations between the two continents. Within the brief period since Minnesota became a State, Japan has broken her ancient shell of semi-barbaric isolation, has adopted the instruments and methods of European civilization, and become an important maritime power. The Japan Mail Steamship Company, known as the Nippon Yusen Kaisha, operates a fleet of 83 steamships, besides hundreds of coasters and junks, its tonnage exceeding that of any other company in the world except one. Its lines extend to all the ports of China and Japan, to the Russian Vladivostok, to Australia, Honolulu, Calcutta, and Seattle. With this great Oriental steamship company the Great Northern has entered into a contract for its freight and passenger service. The heavy subsidies it receives and the small wages paid to Japanese sailors enable this company to carry cargoes at rates so low as to open for the first time prospects of a large exportation of cereals and other products of the Pacific slope to China and Japan. Considerable cargoes of flour have already been shipped to these countries from Washington and Oregon, and a recent order for 500,000 barrels from Hong-kong indicates a rapid expansion of the trade. A very limited consumption of wheat per capita by the immense seaboard population of the Asiatic Orient would absorb the entire surplus of the Pacific States. This new market, once opened, will be capable of immense extension. China, too, since the drubbing she recently received from her island neighbor, shows new evidences of awakening from her sleep of centuries; and when she shall join hands with Japan in her forward march along the ways of modern civilization, no section of the United States will profit more from the opening of this new field to American trade and enterprise than the New Northwest.



## A HOLIDAY EPISODE.

BY JOHN C. OCHILTREE.

SAMMY PRAGUE—a fine, dignified surname, undeniably. The “Sammy” part of it was a corruption of the Scriptural designation which in the ancient days would have compelled reverence. The liberty thus taken with the lad’s high christening was due mainly to what the scientists call “environment.” Had he been born in the midst of luxury, he might have carried the prophet’s title with all its sonorousness from his baptism to his funeral.

But Sammy Prague was born in a tenement-house, third floor, on Babb Street, in the Poor Quarter. Ask for Babb Street of any uptown resident, and he would probably shake his head and say: “I don’t recall it. Try the directory.”

And yet Babb Street was named and populated when Monument Place and the Arcade were a part of the unimproved common. The newer city grew away from the Poor Quarter, as a thrifty young tree grows away from the brambly thicket and the shadows.

But Sammy was not responsible for the rickety plank walks and weather-beaten shacks of Babb Street; no more for its general squalor, its low human denizens, or its bad sanitation. His father was a theoretical mechanic, a practical loafer, and a beer-guzzler to the extent of his means. The mother was a feeble body who had seen better days—not so very long ago either, though already half-forgotten by her, owing to the peculiarly numbing influence of her surroundings.

Eleven years of married poverty and domestic monotony had brought her five children, and recalled three of them—victims of local epidemics and insufficient care. The two that were “spared” were Sammy and Betty, the first aged six, and the other four. The mother had just enough of the light of self-consciousness left to sometimes feel a twinge of bitterness at the thought of these two having been spared for any special or beneficent purpose. But she had grown too callous to brood much even over that.

The girl baby had been named Betty off-hand. To have called her Elizabeth would have sounded like mockery, and the mother—for the moment made tender by physical suffering—could not see why

the poor little innocent should be made the handle of a communistic satire. So they waived the sarcasm of entering the wee figure in the register of “God’s heritage,” and called her plain Betty.

The father impotently spelled his name “Tomas Prag”—only three times, however, in as many years. Twice he had signed contracts to do work; the other time he transferred a little home in the suburbs to John Dye, the beer-seller. Prague’s early schooling had been deficient, and his habits were never such as to bring him in contact with books or thoughtful associates. On the contrary, they tended to make him indolent and socialistic.

Neither of the parental Pragues had enough spirit to show much temper. Perhaps this was in one sense a mercy to the children. Their tender bodies were hardly ever subject to painful inflictions.

There was in consequence a sort of humdrum tranquillity in the Prague household, which might be explained either as domestic concord or moral stagnation, according to the philanthropic point of view. Anyway, Tom Prague was regarded by his acquaintances as a mere cipher, and although the pair were not necessarily ill-mated, the combination could hardly be called “happy” enough to amount to a case of conjugal unity.

All this may seem to be a waste of attention upon a family of so little note. The Christian theorist, however, might justify some such prelude on the ground that any four souls are entitled, in the eye of God, to as much concern as any other four souls. Put it in that way, then, and let us follow these four for a little while.

It was the day before Christmas in the Prague apartment, third floor, tenement-house, Babb Street. “At home,” the mother and her two children.

Sammy could distinctly recall two of the past Christmases, but Betty could only remember one. They talked the matter over, these two, that evening. Sammy had been uptown, and had seen a thousand inaccessible gifts and treasures. He had coveted them all in a general way, and some of them in a very particular way. Not that he wanted to possess



them dishonestly; for, strange as it may seem, the poor child had learned long since to regard all rare and beautiful things as unattainable—so far as he and Betty were concerned. So his coveting extended no further than fancying how glorious it would be to possess certain desirable and needed things. Beyond this the lad looked at the matter in a kind of philosophic way—as did even little Betty. And if there is any man or woman in this Christian land who could have heard without shedding tears these two children, with their pinched bodies and hungry souls, that Christmas eve, revelling gleefully in the prospective enrichment of other children—without a shadow of a hope of participating in such happiness themselves—could have seen them and heard them, I say, without betraying any feeling, then that man or woman must have been very stony-hearted indeed.

Yet there was one—and a woman!—who sat near enough to hear it all, with eyes as dry as dust, and a soul as heedless as a miser's pity. It was the children's mother. Perhaps it was because she was so busy stitching that she failed to catch the drift of their talk. Still, when Betty ran to her and joyously attempted to reproduce a portion of Sammy's descriptions, she merely said, without a quiver of emotion in her tone:

"La, yes, deary; I know all about it. Now go let Sammy tell you some more, and don't pester me; I'm busy."

She was trying to stitch up a big rent in Betty's shoe with a common needle and a piece of coarse linen thread that she had pulled from an old garment. Not a glimmer of moisture dimmed her eye. Her heart had grown tougher than the leather in the little old shoe. She too had learned to look at such things "philosophically."

A little later in the evening the father came slouching in. The weather had been so fine for a month or so that it really looked as if God had "tempered the wind to the shorn lambs." But a cold wave had struck the city, and was to-night spreading consternation in the tenement quarters.

Sammy and Betty noticed that their father carried something large and heavy, wrapped in a newspaper. He sat down on a squeaky fragment of a chair near the cheerless little "cannon" stove and

rested his burden on his knees. The children ran to him and looked wonderingly and expectantly at the bundle. They marvelled if it might be a for-sure Christmas gift, and were consumed with curiosity to see for themselves.

Prague enjoyed their bewilderment, and placing his big red hands protectingly on the parcel, sat grinning in a half-imbecile way, and gazing silently at the stove. The woman was still trying to stitch at the shoe, although it was growing so dark that she had to feel her way partly. Noticing her husband's actions, and feeling some curiosity herself, she dropped her hands in her lap and said:

"Well, where's the use o' foolin' the children? Tell 'em what you got in that paper, and be done with it."

"Is it somep'n to eat?" queried Sammy, whose gnawing hunger made him for the time forget his still-born Christmas anticipations. Betty's quick attention showed that her brother's question had stirred a responsive pang in her empty little stomach.

Tom Prague, with a beery and otherwise expressionless smile, began slowly to unroll the bundle. Presently the liberated object lay before them. It was only a big lump of soft coal. The children laughed, in a sickly, disappointed way. The father, with a weak and silly attempt to look merry, proceeded to rekindle the dead fire. A faint shadow flitted over the wan face of the mother as she said,

"Are we to have any supper?"

"Funny question for the cook to ask," said Tom Prague, evasively.

"The cook can't make a meal out of a lump of soft coal," was the wife's retort.

The "provider" had nothing more to add. He finally managed to start the fire, and breaking up the lump of coal, threw part of it on the blaze. Then there was silence in the room for several minutes. The four were thinking—each after his own fashion. At last the stillness was broken by some one quietly sobbing. It was Betty. The father turned to her rather sharply and asked what was the matter.

"I'm—I'm—hungry," said the child.

Tom Prague got up and went out. There was half an hour of vacillating between suspense and hope, during which Sammy resumed his account of the lovely Christmas things in the shop windows

and on the counters; though he had seen comparatively little of the latter, owing to the vigilance of the door-tenders, the special police, and the "spotters," a part of whose joint duty it was to keep out the street waifs and make them "move on."

Little Betty actually dried her tears under the spell of Sammy's childish eloquence and enthusiasm. Hungry, destitute, and hopeless, and yet cheered by the thought of what would bring happiness to others!

Prague came in with a loaf of bread and half a baked chicken. He had a dogged look on his face that was unusual with him. The wife and mother noticed it, and speculated on it vaguely. But the children were too full of glee to notice anything but the bread and the rich brown prospect of cold chicken. Five minutes later, when the four were seated around the small, weak-legged table, ready to begin munching, a shuffle of heavy footsteps sounded on the stairs.

The woman instinctively glanced at her husband. His face was mottled with white and livid spots, and he looked strangely worried. The children, too, were startled—more by the conduct of their father than by the steps outside. Both of them looked at the chicken, as if they feared it would hop away on its solitary drumstick.

The next moment there was a loud knock at the door.

"Come in," said Prague, whose face had again settled into a dogged expression.

The door opened and a policeman entered, followed closely by chubby Joe Flick, the baker and restaurateur.

"There's the stuff now," exclaimed Flick, disregarding the usual polite forms of greeting, and pointing at the things on the table.

Prague rose, and holding up one hand deprecatingly, said,

"Say no more, Flick; I'll go with you."

He put on his hat, and telling the officer he was ready, tried to stop further babble by making nervous gestures and grimaces.

"I want my goods," said the blunt little tradesman, as he walked to the table and reached for the chicken and bread. Betty began to cry, and Sammy bristled up, fork in hand, as if to resist the intrusion. The mother sat motionless and silent, a picture of sullen despair.

The policeman, though accustomed to

harrowing scenes, began to remonstrate with Flick.

"It's mine, ain't it?" protested the baker.

"What if it is?" said the officer. "Look at them hungry kids."

"I've got hungry kids o' my own to look after an' feed," said Flick.

"Leave the stuff, I say, and I'll pay for it," ordered the policeman.

"All right, if you'll stand good," agreed the man of business, as he replaced the articles on the table. The three then went out together, leaving the mother and her little ones to feast on the pilfered supper.

Christmas morning came, with its manifold blessings and its inscrutable dispensations; with its crisp sunshine and its merry bells; its gifts and its deprivations; its realized dreams and its bitter awakenings; its joyous laughter and its hopeless tears; its fulfilled expectations and its yearnings; its surfeited happiness and its recurring sorrows—sorrows now intensified by the yule-tide's vivid and mocking contrasts!

The Babb Street patrolman had reported the case of the Prague family to the Friendly Mission. And about the time when the well-fed justice on Dogberry Row was giving Tom Prague his work-house sentence, the Mission representatives entered the third-floor tenement, and found two shivering children breaking their fast on the meagre residue of the stolen supper. Both the little souls were crying bitterly. The fire was out, and the mother lay stark and cold in the wretched bed, having died in the bleak midnight of "heart failure."

I record one of the most beautiful and touching incidents in all human experience in the fact that when these two sorrowing little souls were being driven along Broad Street that Christmas forenoon, on their way to the Orphans' Home, the thing that came nearest mitigating their woes was the sight of hundreds of happy children showing one another their holiday treasures and exchanging congratulations.

Of course none of that joyous throng had a thought of the two little tear-stained faces that beamed through an unspeakable sorrow out upon them from the cab windows. Let us believe that if they had only known it their innocent jubilation would have been chastened by a sentiment quite as exalting.



# THE MERCHANT PRINCESS.

BY RICHARD S. SPOFFORD.

## I.

**O** BABY fair, what visions rare, with mingled pride and hope,  
Affection builds, while fancy gilds thy future's horoscope!  
What histories, what mysteries, with brimming smiles and tears,  
On paths of fate thy steps await within the circling years!

Thy life at spring, no sweeter thing the boastful earth can show,  
Whose skies serene above us lean, whose flowers bloom below;  
Nor gentler sense of innocence was in their raptured eyes  
Whose feet once trod the hills of God and walked in paradise.

Ah, child, with thine what fortunes twine, while yet upon her knee  
Thy mother smiles, and so beguiles thy speechless infancy!  
What varied hands of many lands—though now 'tis but a span—  
Their labor give that thou mayst live thy life's appointed plan!

## II.

On prospering gales a vessel sails: his watch the sailor keeps  
With homesick dreams as starlight streams along the solemn deeps;  
The wealth she boasts of Indian coasts for thee 'twas sought and won,  
For thine and thee, that thou mayst see no shade 'neath fortune's sun.

Where rough waves roar on Labrador as treacherous fog-banks rise,  
And wet and wan the fisherman his patient calling plies  
(While sweet dreams still thy slumbers fill—sweet be they evermore!),  
There all for thee the bounteous sea gives up its shining store.

That thou mayst wear stuffs rich and rare with Orient colors wrought,  
And fabrics fine of strange design in Persian markets bought,  
Swart Arabs rein the camel train from sun-steeped Ispahan,  
And Cairo waits at all her gates the sumptuous caravan.

His island deeps the diver sweeps for pearls to braid thy hair,  
And tawny hands search torrid sands for gems which thou shalt wear;  
No bride e'er sate in richer state with outland wonders wed  
When argosies from distant seas Venetian captains led.

## III.

To deck thy breast, at love's behest, with bud and blossom rare,  
When years are flown, and thou art grown with girlhood's graces fair,  
Boon Summer smiles in all her isles, and 'mid the mountain snows  
By glaciers set, ungathered yet, the Alpine violet blows.

His cradled sleep good angels keep whose manhood's breast shall thrill  
With love's excess thy days to bless, and love's sweet fate fulfil!  
Though far it lies in sweet surmise, the future all unknown,  
Yet shall he come to lead thee home and claim thee for his own.

Nor wind that blows, nor wave that flows, where'er the sailors haunt,  
By tropic strand, or austral land, or coasts of the Levant,  
But owns the truth that thou, in sooth, now lapped in dimpled ease,  
Rulest serene a sceptred queen, the Mistress of the Seas!

## A FABLE FOR YOUTHS.

BY ALICE DUER.

MANY years since there was a country by the sea where the fields were always green and the sky was always blue, and only the water varied from blue to green. Once countless shepherds and shepherdesses had tended their flocks on the gentle slopes, but gradually they had grown fewer and fewer, for, like every other, this country had one serious objection.

A short distance from the shore there was a rock, and here, whenever the moon shone, a mermaid sat and sang. So charming was she that almost all the shepherds, sooner or later, wished to visit the rock. Many were drowned in the attempt, while those who reached it seldom cared to return, so the shepherdesses thought very little of the beautiful pastures, but urged the men away, until only two of all the host were left—a shepherd and a shepherdess.

She staid because she loved him, and he because he was the victim of one absorbing idea—to find the woman who could make him happy.

It was all very well in his youth to spend the evenings playing upon pipes with the other shepherds on the hill, but he worried a great deal about his old age, and he felt he ought to settle down. For this reason he was seeking the woman who could make him happy.

He had been so much occupied in searching for her among the shepherdesses that he had had no time to think about the mermaid; but now, although he was almost convinced that the shepherdess who loved him was in every way suited to him, he thought it would be safer to interview the mermaid once before he made up his mind definitely.

Perhaps he would never have gone to the rock at all, for he found himself growing very fond of the little shepherdess when he was left alone with her, if she had not had the misfortune to lose one of her sheep. She was a careful little soul, and the loss preyed upon her mind. All the day she went about looking very sad, and described in detail again and again exactly where she had last seen the woolly wanderer.

In the evening they were idling by the shore. The moon was full, and made a

wide white way straight to the rock where the mermaid was sitting singing; and this is the song that she sang:

Pleasant to sit and sing  
In the midst of a rippling sea,  
To a tune that the breezes bring,  
To a time that the waves decree.  
'Tis a song that the fish approve,  
And the sea-birds take a part,  
But therein is never a word of love,  
For a mermaid has no heart.

The swing of the song was still in his ears when he heard the little shepherdess saying:

"I should know it anywhere. It had a blue ribbon round its neck, and I saw it where the woods meet the fields, and . . ."

With an exclamation he sprang to his feet and plunged into the sea, swimming straight and strong up the moonlight.

"May I sit on the rock too?" he asked, shaking the water out of his hair.

The mermaid looked at him and smiled.

"I don't think you may," she said.

"You look as if you would be troublesome and want me to love you."

"Indeed you need not be afraid of that," answered the shepherd, with some asperity. "I don't think you even so marvellously pretty."

"That's such an old, old game," said the mermaid; and then, seeing that he looked annoyed, she added, insinuatingly, "but you play it better than most people."

"Perhaps because I care about it less," returned the shepherd, whose methods, though crude, had a certain ability.

"You will care more by-and-by," said the mermaid, who was evidently a bold person.

"I don't think I shall," said he. "I love a little shepherdess who lives on the shore."

"Then why did you leave her to come here?" asked the mermaid.

He felt that the lady had the best of the argument, but he answered: "I am fond of swimming. I am going back to her now."

"Good-night!" said the mermaid. "I hope for your sake she has found her sheep."

He had scarcely slid into the water when she called him back. She made



him swim round the rock until his back was to the moon, and the light shone full on her face. Then she looked at him for a whole minute.

"Don't you think me at all pretty?" she said, plaintively.

The shepherd's answer is not recorded.

He went back and told the little shepherdess all about it. He said that the mermaid was an amusing person, but not calculated to make any man happy. Yet the next evening found him at the rock.

And now followed a period of great anxiety for him. With the exception of making up his mind, nothing was so distressing to him as to unmake it; yet when he was with the shepherdess he found she had ceased to enthrall him, and when he was with the mermaid he could not but feel that she was lacking in those qualities likely to soothe his declining years. Besides this, he had continual and disagreeable scenes with the little shepherdess, who seemed to feel that he was treating her badly, and was apparently incapable of understanding that he was acting from the highest motives.

At last one day she burst into tears.

"This can't go on any longer," she said.

"No one can feel it more than I do," he returned; for he was very much harassed.

"You love the mermaid better than me."

He feared she was right, but not being quite sure, he answered nothing.

"I sha'n't stay here any longer," sobbed the shepherdess. "I shall go and join the others beyond the woods."

The shepherd sighed. "I believe it would be the best thing you could do," he said. "I really am not worth your affection," which speech was a combination of a noble sentiment and a short-cut to freedom that he may have been the first, but certainly was not the last, to make use of.

He went with her as far as the woods, and kissed her good-by with real regret. He felt so depressed after she had gone that he said to himself that he had no heart to go to the rock. Yet he went.

As he approached, the mermaid called out to him: "You have come just in time to say good-by to me. I am going off for a frolic with the dolphins."

"Oh, you must not do that," said he, climbing up on the rock. "I want you to settle down with me. I think you could make me happy."

"You must be mad, you pretty boy," cried the mermaid, laughing. She was in high spirits. "As if I could settle down with any one! The shepherdess is the person for you."

"She has gone away," he answered, sadly; "and, anyhow, I love you."

"Why could not you have said so that first evening? I liked you then," she said, plaintively. "Ah, there are the dolphins! Good-by!"

"But what shall I do when I'm old?" cried the shepherd, almost frenzied.

"When you get old enough you'll die," laughed the mermaid, springing into the sea. "I never grow old."

And so, the dolphins leaping round her, she swam away.

## EDITOR'S STUDY.

### I.

GOOD historical novels are so rare that the appearance of one becomes an event of importance. And when that appearance is in the United States the joyful welcome it receives is accompanied by some surprise. This surprise is scarcely less because we have been for a long time predicting it. We knew that the material existed—just as the Scotch knew that it lay in the Highlands before

Walter Scott began to write. We were conscious of it long before Thackeray wrote *The Virginians*. No one has read Parkman without being impressed by the rich store in our colonial and national career of material for the writer of historical and romantic fiction. We who are so fortunate as to have heard the stories of those stirring times from our grandparents, who repeated the fireside tales of their youth, have always known

that our short history contains all the elements needed in the novel of the first rank. The crossed swords over the fireplace and the flint-lock musket in the corner, in the old colonial house, the remnants of luxury in brocades, laces, and velvets, which imparted a certain tone of refinement to a frontier era, the blending of aristocratic manners with democratic conditions—in all these things we have felt the existence of a heroic and picturesque age. Nor is any age richer in the contrasts of character and social state; the British soldier and noble, the Puritan, the Dutch, the Indian, the negro, the Quaker, the French, the Scotch, and the Irish, and the slowly evolved American—all these figures are woven into the picturesque historic tapestry.

Stories we have had in abundance of the colonial and Revolutionary days, scenes and characters out of the old life, but for the most part they have been mere stories, lacking the true historic perspective, and above all the essential literary form. The great exceptions of course are the romances of Hawthorne, which are incomparably our best literary productions in fiction. In them is the flavor of the Puritan time. And then there is Cooper's *Spy*, a downright historic novel, a good story, but something lacking in literary handling and in breadth. And many other excellent and more recent studies might be mentioned which are genuine in their way and entitled to good rank.

This is not the place to even open such a large subject, and I only refer to it generally in order to express an opinion that the *Hugh Wynne* of Dr. S. Weir Mitchell has certain notable qualities that distinguish it from anything we have had before. In its manner and in its historic perspective it may almost be called a pioneer in its field. The scene is mainly in Philadelphia, and it may be said briefly that Dr. Mitchell has done for his own town what no other novelist has done for any other in this country. The field is open for other novelists to do the same service for New York, Baltimore, New Orleans, and Boston. The story is told by the hero, ingeniously aided by the diary of an intimate comrade in society and war. It is wholly contemporary in spirit and in understanding. The unities are perfectly preserved. The actors know as much of what they are doing and the significance

of it as actors usually do, and not what is known by their posterity. The opinions as to events and characters, the events of society and war, and such historic characters as Washington and Dr. Rush and André and the Quakers and the aristocracy of Philadelphia, are the opinions of their contemporaries and not of Dr. Weir Mitchell. This restraint on the part of the writer, in not using subsequent knowledge to explain or comment on this life he describes, is a stroke of genius. It is very interesting, for instance, to observe how the character of Washington gradually emerges to contemporary recognition.

If one were reviewing the novel much might be said of the distinctness with which each character is limned, and the variety presented on what is, after all, a local canvas. No more interesting and vivid personality has been given to American fiction than the aunt of the hero, Mistress Wynne, and none so sweet and fascinating as his mother, with her French ways and speech. But this analysis would take us too far.

The novel does not lack exciting scenes, but its calm is never disturbed, nor does it ever degenerate into sensationalism. The heroic achievements are not advertised. This manner gives a wonderful air of reality to the whole story. I am not sure but the novel would make a good acting drama, and yet there is not a single theatrical stroke in it. And there is something besides this calm, and that is the leisureliness of the book. This is the highest attainment for any writer, so far as manner goes. It is this quality, and also its absolute contemporariness (not a verbal imitation of language, but a preservation of the spirit and manner of the period), that has caused *Hugh Wynne* to be likened to *Henry Esmond*. The background of *Esmond* is larger than we can yet furnish for fiction in this country, but *Wynne* is as fundamentally American as *Esmond* is English.

Another strong feature of the book is its sense of the value of tradition, of "society," of old usages and manners, and this is in a way distinct from its admirable historic perspective—that is, the art to place things as they were in their day. This air of tradition, of the reality of a past society, so picturesque, so refined, and so rude, according to modern standards, gives uncommon vividness and viril-



ity to the picture. And with it invariably goes along in every page the well-bred tone which is, notwithstanding what the "naturalists" say, the proper garment of good literature.

It is needless to say, after this, that the story is wholly simple and unexaggerated in language. It flows lucidly and agreeably. But it may be added that it has that indefinable thing called "charm." This is both in the style and the manner and in the refined spirit. Perhaps I shall be understood if I say that a lady who was reading it often looked up from the page and exclaimed, "How delicious this is!"

## II.

### DIALOGUE BETWEEN CRÆSUS AND DIOGENES.

*Cræsus.* Good-morning, my good man.

*Diogenes.* Good-morning, my poor fellow.

*Cræsus.* Why, Diogenes, do you call me poor?

*Diogenes.* For the same reason, Cræsus, that you call me good: it is a way of speaking.

*Cræsus.* Then you do not really think me poor or good?

*Diogenes.* As good as a man can be who is as rich as you.

*Cræsus.* Then you do not measure a man's goodness by his riches, comparing them either way?

*Diogenes.* Oh no, I measure his poverty by his riches.

*Cræsus.* How is that?

*Diogenes.* Why, Cræsus, do you not see that your riches make a background against which your poverty is conspicuous?

*Cræsus.* And what makes your poverty conspicuous?

*Diogenes.* I have not said I am poor. You called me so.

*Cræsus.* Then you are rich?

*Diogenes.* I did not say so, Cræsus.

*Cræsus.* But you admit that I am rich, and if I am rich you must be poor.

*Diogenes.* I admit that you make the mistake of thinking yourself rich. I make no mistake of thinking myself poor.

*Cræsus.* I don't understand. When do you consider a man rich?

*Diogenes.* No man is rich, Cræsus, who wants more than he has. You are not so well satisfied with what you have as you were with what you had ten years ago. Therefore you are not yet rich.

*Cræsus.* And by the same reasoning you are not poor? I'll bet a talent, Diogenes, that you do not know how you will get your supper. And you want supper.

*Diogenes.* Not now, Cræsus; I have just dined.

*Cræsus.* Come, that is a fetch. Tell me why you think yourself richer than Cræsus. Is it because you want less?

*Diogenes.* Not altogether. I do not feel so poor as you feel. I will give you a test. If you were forced to give up half your riches, it would be like taking your heart out of you. I could give up half I have cheerfully.

*Cræsus.* The cases are not parallel. Half of nothing is still nothing. See, now, Diogenes, suppose I should offer to give you half my riches?

*Diogenes.* I would not take it if I were obliged to take with it half your desires and half your disposition. That would make me as poor as a rat.

*Cræsus.* Then you think you are richer than I?

*Diogenes.* Cræsus, tell me, in what are you rich?

*Cræsus.* What a question! In money, in lands, here and in Africa, and in Spain, in slaves, in ships.

*Diogenes.* I thought so. A general revolution would sweep them all away from you. You would then only have left your desires.

*Cræsus.* Well, what have you?

*Diogenes.* Sunshine.

*Cræsus.* I have that also.

*Diogenes.* You never have time to enjoy it. You never in your life passed such a happy morning as I have had sitting here.

*Cræsus.* Anything else?

*Diogenes.* Friends.

*Cræsus.* Bah! I have troops of friends.

*Diogenes.* But not a single one. If you lost all your money to-day you would not have a friend to-morrow. They are friends of your money. My friends are personal.

*Cræsus.* Huh! There is something in that. Anything else?

*Diogenes.* Philosophy. The company of all the great minds who ever lived. Cræsus, there is a world you never entered. And it is the only enduring thing for the soul.

*Cræsus.* If you had less philosophy, Diogenes, you would have more clothes.

*Diogenes.* And if the philosophers were to see you, Cræsus, they would perceive that you are as naked as a savage.

*Cræsus.* You are pleased to be complimentary. Have you any other possessions?

*Diogenes.* Yes. Contentment. I don't suppose you know what that means.

*Cræsus.* Unless it is to be what you are.

*Diogenes.* It is too late in life, Cræsus, for you to attain that. Come, now, are you content to-day?

*Cræsus.* That depends upon the news I get from Carthage.

*Diogenes.* And to-morrow, whether you hear that your caravan has got safe to the coast from Babylon? Just so. Do you think you will be content when you get rich?

*Cræsus.* I know I should not be if I were in your condition.

*Diogenes.* Right you are, Cræsus. The best gifts of the gods are given only to those who can appreciate them. The things of the spirit are hidden from you, my poor fellow.

*Cræsus.* Well, I've wasted enough time on you. I must to the market.

*Diogenes.* So long, Cræsus. And on the way you'd better step into the Temple and pray the gods to give you some sense.

### III.

It has become evident that Alfred Tennyson, Alfred, Lord Tennyson, was a very great man. As the stirring and absorbing events of the century now past fall into their proper historic perspective, and the actors in them fall back into the line where stature and capacity and achievement must ultimately be measured, it appears that he was the largest-sized Man of his era, the personality already the most conspicuous. It has been an era of mighty action, of wars for freedom, of movements of peoples, of doubt and of conquest in the realm of mind, of discoveries, of extraordinary heroisms, of the evolution of characters that stand, without apology or explanation, with the heroes of the world. It is a shining record, that of the nineteenth century, but it has a distinction of its own. The conspicuous figures in it are not kings. They are the men who have ruled in the minds of the people; among them, to be sure, great captains and great statesmen, who have changed the maps of countries, but more

conspicuous those who have enlarged the domains of knowledge and freed the human mind.

Already Tennyson looms up very large in this era, and looms up as the man who represented his age. He has come slowly into this position. There was in his case no sudden burst into notoriety. He grew into appreciation almost as slowly as an oak grows. A shy country poet, not forward to proclaim himself, nor swift to be apprehended. He seemed to shrink from print and publicity. The poems in manuscript which were passed about from friend to friend, or were repeated in confidence, gave delight to a select circle who lived in the spirit and in the world of ideas, were not immediately accepted when they were published. A new note was struck, a new interpreter had come, and the critics, many of them, sneered or laughed, ridiculed or parodied, while those who run and read did not at first catch the strains of immortal music in the verse. Still more slowly was the poet's personality revealed. The public did not know that this home-keeping country gentleman was a Norseman in stature, broad of shoulder and big of limb, with a Homeric head. A stranger who saw him by chance said, "That might be the author of the Iliad!" His friends were among the best men and women in England; but he was never in "society," he was never the pet of the drawing-rooms, or the hero of a "season." There was something primeval in his simplicity, in the unconventionality of his attire and manner, the dignity of his carriage, and in the attractive humanity and sweetness that made all his early intimates familiarly address him as "Alfred" so long as they lived. The affection for him by-and-by became almost reverence, but it never lost the intensity of personal love, and it never degenerated into "hero-worship." No doubt when Thackeray said of him, "he is the wisest man I ever knew," he felt that he was quite on the level of humanity—as he was. Here was a genius who was yet a man of like passions with ourselves, domestic, lovable, tender-hearted, faithful to a high ideal, pure of life, with nothing erratic in his conduct which needed the mantle of charity, which is the appropriate wear of so many geniuses. He was a "seer," as Carlyle would have said, and no doubt he had the requisite self-confidence. But there is in him



no trace of vanity. A very great man, but modest, sane, wholesome, sound, marked by integrity in every fibre of his mental and moral nature. And what a record that is among the men of the world truly great!

And this great man was nothing but a man in Literature, nothing but a Poet. At any hour in his life there were men who were much more in the public mind, who seemed to be, in their activity, much more important than he. We can still name them, though in two hundred years it will be not easy to recall definitely the names of many of them. The stepping-stones along the highway of the centuries are not many. Homer, Plato, Dante, Shakespeare, Goethe—they are not many; they and the Heroes of action whose memory the writers have helped to save from indistinctness. Tennyson is one of them:

Why? Because he was, more than any other man of his time, as real poets are, the Interpreter and Spokesman of his age. It seems, as we read now his verse, that he perfectly comprehended the movement, the spirit, the tendency of our day, and no one else so adequately expressed it. No other poet had a larger or more perfect understanding of nature and of the progress of science. But he was a Poet, and the marvel of Evolution did not obscure his apprehension of Invisible Things. There was not living in England any one more thoroughly English than he, but there was no one more cosmopolitan in spirit.

Hands all round!

God the tyrant's cause confound!

To our great kinsmen of the West, my friends,  
And the great cause of freedom round and round.

We scarcely yet appreciate what the Voice of Tennyson has been in our world since about 1835. In 1830 Mr. J. W. Blakesley wrote to Tennyson, who had just come of age: "The present race of monstrous opinions and feelings which pervade the age requires the arm of a strong Iconoclast. A volume of poetry written in a proper spirit—a spirit like that which a vigorous mind endues by the study of Wordsworth and Shelley—would be, at the present juncture, the greatest benefit the world could receive. And more benefit would accrue from it than from all the exertions of the Jeremy Benthamites and Millians if they were to continue forever and a day."

What a conception for the wants of a

seething and diseased age! Not an Act of Parliament, not an Association for the Amelioration of the Condition of Things, but a volume of poetry! How futile this must seem to the political economist, to the practical politician, to the promoter of trade! But how wise was Blakesley! What every age needs is a sympathetic interpreter, one who can see a plan and bring harmony out of the discordant elements, who can lift the trivial life of every day (which is only seemingly trivial) up to the plane of a great eternal purpose. And what the human heart needs is consolation, sympathy, a "Song in the Night." It was much to bring into English homes, into the homes of all English-speaking people, "melody"; it was more to interpret for them the unrest of their lives, and to show them, in all the fluctuations of ideas and of fear, that which is permanent and ideal. Tennyson had the open mind of his time:

There lives more faith in honest doubt,  
Believe me, than in half your creeds.

Yes. But faith cannot live without inquiry, and the very doubt may be, and was with Tennyson, only a step to a higher creed. There was no uncertainty in his teaching of the God of love and the immortality of the soul. "Take away," he said, "belief in the self-conscious personality of God, and you take away the backbone of the world."

The world has always need of the Poet, and famishing need of poetry. It does not always know this, but when the rain of real poetry comes it is like the refreshing shower in the desert. As the mists of conflict—political, theological, and economic—of the last fifty years clear away from the English life, and we begin to see things in their true historic relations, we apprehend what the stream of Tennyson's poetry has been in this agitated period; how calmly the ships of faith and of humanity have sailed on it. We talk, and advisedly, of the want of literary appreciation in this hasty time. We see how sky-rockets are stared at, and how popular are many feeble, banal, and meretricious productions. And we say the public has no discrimination. But there seems to be somehow existing a sound popular judgment. When anything genuine appears, the world is not very slow to take it to heart. Witness the quick response, only the other day, to Rudyard Kipling's "Recessional."



## EDITOR'S DRAWER

### JOURNALISM AT TUCKER'S GULCH.

BY HAYDEN CARRUTH.

**T**HOUGH Mr. Mark Wallis had, in the course of thirty-five years, lost a good deal of time in walking from town to town, he had, nevertheless, had experience in many different printing-offices, and after the paper was off the press Friday night, was fond of drawing on his reminiscences. On one occasion, finding himself, happily for me, in a loquacious mood, he related the following valuable incident:

"In the early days of the gold excitement in the Black Hills I was at Tucker's Gulch, working in the *Daily Prospector* office. Henry McNabb was the editor. He was a little sawed-off sample of humanity, some five feet high, and weighing about a hundred and ten pounds. By some congenital misdeal, however, he had got, in the matter of combativeness, the disposition of a man twice as high and weighing seven or eight hundred pounds. As a consequence he was always in hot water, though, to do him justice, on the occasion I have in mind it was not the fault of his peppery temper, and the pepper thereof was of exceeding redness, which brought about the trouble, but circumstances over which he had no control.

"The disproportion in Mr. McNabb's size and temper rendered it necessary to keep a fighting editor on the staff, and I being a man of peace, inclined not only to turn the other cheek, but also to point out its advantages for smiting purposes, this important position was held by a printer named Snort—Reuben Snort—at least that is what he said his name was, and nobody felt disposed to question it. Reuben was large and square-cornered, with craggy and beetling outlines, a jutting lower jaw, and a sheer height of some six feet and two inches. His head was round and evidently of granite formation, and covered with a heavy growth of brindled hair. His nose had been broken in some cataclysm of the remote past, and his ears had also suffered. Take him all in all, he was of a stern and forbidding aspect, and reminded the beholder of some of the wilder scenery along the Grand Canyon of the Colorado in Arizona. He was an extensive and industrious consumer of tobacco, which he borrowed with beautiful impartiality from McNabb and me, or anybody else who had any to lend. In the matter of borrowing tobacco Reuben realized the universal brotherhood of man more nearly than any one I ever knew. In this respect he recognized neither high nor

low, rich nor poor; all mankind was the same to him. He exercised no favoritism in his borrowing, treating all men with equal consideration. The wife of one of the judges of the Supreme Court called at the office one day, and he even tried to borrow some from her, observing easily, to her somewhat indignant reply, that he 'didn't know but she might be taking some home to the court.'

"As Snort never wrote anything for the paper, the entire editorial work fell on McNabb. He used to turn out from two to three columns a day, which we set up and printed off. Our office was above a liquor-store called the Happy Home. Domestic difficulty seemed to be characteristic of the Happy Home, and the report of fire-arms was frequent; and occasionally a carelessly aimed bullet would come ripping up through the floor and pass off by way of the ceiling. This made McNabb nervous, and he finally had a heavy oak floor laid over the other, which in a manner did away with the annoyance, though some of the patrons of the Home, notably one William Brower, of Double Eagle Canyon, carried such uncommonly heavy fire-arms that the oak planks offered inadequate resistance to the flight of their bullets. But to give Mr. Brower his due, he seldom wasted shots on the ceiling, unless perchance there happened to be some one on the floor above to whom he owed some slight attention, when of course he was willing to make the most of his opportunity.

"But before I speak further of the genial Brower I must refer to a difficulty under which the office labored. This was lack of 'sorts' in the type. Capital W's and H's would run short nearly every day, while lower-case n's, s's, and some other letters would frequently fail us. McNabb came to show great ingenuity in avoiding the use of the letters in which there was a deficiency. Thus he would speak of the 'great and glorious capital city of this nation,' instead of referring to it simply as Washington, when we reported a growing scarcity of W's; and if s's failed, when writing of a new mine he would check his impulse to say that 'samples of ore assayed \$100 per ton,' and observe that 'a fragment examined in the approved manner indicated \$100 per ton.' It was a very ingenious subterfuge. But even with this letters would sometimes run out, when we would do the best we could, and I remember an item which appeared



in this shape: 'Jamex Thompxon, of Spearfixh, wax in town yexterdax. He reportx that the new xmelter ix in full blaxt. We wixh the Conxolidated company xuccexx.'

"McNabb could easily have replenished the type with the necessary sorts, but he never did. No bad results of the lack were ever experienced till on the occasion of a visit to town from Mr. William Brower before mentioned. Mr. Brower was a large, quarrelsome man given to liquor. About once a month he would come down from Double Eagle Canyon and spend a loud and hilarious week in town, if not sooner crippled by a well-aimed bullet or chased out by a sheriff's posse. McNabb never had any trouble with him. Indeed he rather welcomed his visits, as they were sure to be productive of local news. Too frequently this news occupied the obituary column. But this gave McNabb no concern, as he was rather strong on obituaries, and they filled up as much as anything. In fact McNabb kept a supply of obituaries of prominent citizens constantly on hand in an envelope labelled "fillers," and these were slapped into the paper in case of an emergency, sometimes before the deceased was dead.

"It happened on the occasion of one of Brower's periodical incursions that we ran short of capital B's. Usually these held out pretty well, but there was a long reading-notice of a coming circus that day, and they always eat up capitals in a surprising manner. There were lines about the 'Bounding Beasts of the Jungle,' the 'Biggest Show ever Brought to this Country,' the 'Bow-Backed Behemoth of the Bottomless Bog,' the 'Conglomeration of Living and Breathing Wonders Bought with the Sacrifice of Billows of Blood and Billions of Bullion,' and so forth. Along in the afternoon McNabb saw Brower, and came in and wrote a personal about him. When I took it off the copy-hook and saw that it called for capital B's, being anxious to avoid all misunderstandings where Brower was concerned, I said to McNabb:

"The cap B's are all out. Can't we get around these somehow?"

"Like to know how you'd do it," he said, with a scowl, glancing over the copy, and shaking his head discouragingly.

"You might say that 'The first citizen of Double Eagle Canyon is observed on our streets,' and so forth," I suggested, meekly, after a moment's reflection.

"Every man in Double Eagle Canyon is the first citizen," snapped McNabb, scornfully, as much as to say that my editorial sagacity was beneath contempt.

"Then we might pull some of the cap B's in the circus notice, and substitute lower-case," I suggested.

"Can't afford to offend an advertiser these hard times. Put it as usual when we're short of a capital," retorted McNabb, turning away from me, and thereby closing the debate.

"I went back to the case, and the next morning this item came out in *The Prospector*:

"We noticed the genial bill brawler, of Double Eagle Canyon, in our midst yesterday. He is a whole-souled man, and will stay a week."

"It was about two o'clock that afternoon when I heard heavy steps on the outside stairs, and suspected that Brower was coming. I was setting up one of McNabb's editorials on 'The Orderly Character of Tucker's Gulch' when the door opened, and I saw that my suspicions had been well founded. Bill Brower towered before us. His genial eye was of the color of an autumn sunset, and the flavor of his breath filled the office like an in-rolling fog. He stepped to McNabb, carrying a copy of the paper with an unsteady finger on the offensive item, and said,

"See yere, you insec', what you using them there ornery little b's fer when you mention a gentleman in this yere shot-gun wad of yourn?"

"McNabb kept on writing, and never looked up. 'We used those because we didn't have any smaller ones,' he replied, calmly, after a pause that seemed an eternity.

"The whole-souled Brower drew back in astonishment, then he dashed the paper on the floor and said:

"Do you know what I'm goin' to do to a reptile about your size? I'm goin' to take him up and carry him out and pound the surface of the yearth with him! I'm goin' to wear out the main street of the town with him! It's goin' to take the path-master two days to repair the road after I get done with him!"

"He stepped toward McNabb, who simply remarked, as he scratched away, 'Reub!' in a gentle, half-reproving tone. This individual laid down his composing-stick and strode over like the shadow of a great storm advancing across the desert. He seized the dissatisfied visitor by the collar and drew him back. The struggle which followed was titanic. The first thing which was overturned was the stove. Next the job-press went, and then a fifty-pound keg of black news ink. McNabb never looked up from his desk. I found afterwards that he was writing an article on 'The Advantages in our Midst offered to a Good Class of Settlers.' Part of the time the two men were down on the floor rolling in the ink. The uproar was something deafening. I kept up my work on 'The Orderly Character of Tucker's Gulch' as much as possible, but I could not resist the temptation to watch the struggle out of the corner of my eye. The terms those two men applied to each other, when they could catch enough breath for it, were something shocking to hear. There was no mincing matters—each let the other know just what he thought of him. Once the visiting earthquake was using the mallet to pound the head of the resident tornado, who responded with a brass-lined galley; but neither seemed



to make any impression on the unyielding countenance of the other. After a time Reuben got some sort of a purchase on his antagonist and pushed him through the light pine door, smashing it utterly. I heard them struggling on the landing at the head of the stairs outside, then suddenly there was a series of thumps which shook the building. McNabb casually tucked his pen behind his ear, gathered up the loose leaves of his manuscript, and said,

"‘Something seems to be falling yearthward.’"

"Just then Reub came in and went back to his case, carelessly, as if he had been out to mail a letter.

"‘Do we need to use cap B’s for him?’ asked McNabb.

"‘It ain’t necessary,’ answered Reub.

"McNabb scratched off an item, and this is the way it appeared the next morning:

"‘bill brower, of Double Eagle Canyon, made us a pleasant call yesterday. bill brower is one of nature’s noblemen, a good neighbor, and a jovial companion. Drop in again, billy, when you have time to make a longer stay.’"

"And as long as I was there McNabb never got any more type; but though we chronicled the movements of the gentleman from Double Eagle Canyon always with small b’s, no matter how many large ones there were, he never came in to see us about it again."



THERE WAS NO MINCING MATTERS.



## SUCCESS IN LITERATURE.

It was after dinner, and the old editor was growing reminiscent.

"This talk of there being no chance for a literary man in this country is all poppycock," he observed, with some feeling. "The trouble is that they don't go at it in the right way. Now there was old Garritt Smith Mumford—he succeeded. Everything considered, I should say that from a financial point of view he was the most successful literary man of modern times."

"Garritt Smith Mumford," returned the man across the table. "Never heard of him."

"If you'd ever been an editor you'd have heard of him," replied the first speaker. "For the amount of work he did it is probable that no man ever realized more in financial returns."

"Well, for goodness' sake tell us about him. Why have I never seen any of his writings?"

"You have, my boy, many a time; but you didn't know it. Not that he didn't sign his work, for he always did. I'll tell you all about it: He would sit down in the quiet of his home and write an article—it might be on the European situation, or it might be a story, or a poem, or a travel sketch, or almost anything—for he was versatile. It was bound to be pretty good too, because he was no fool, and had command of an easy and flowing style. Then he would tuck the manuscript in his pocket and start for the nearest editorial office. He had always been old, I fancy, and he had a long, scattering, white beard, a thin nose, and glittering steel-gray eyes. His manner was imperious or insinuating, as occasion required, and office-boys and other pickets and outside guards melted before him. He would walk right into your lair, plump himself down, pull out his manuscript, and offer it to you. You would observe that it was in his handwriting, and that his handwriting was not exactly what would be called good, and a shadow would pass over your countenance. He would see it, draw back the manuscript, apologize, and proceed to read it to you in a fine round voice, which brought out all of the good points, and glossed over the bad ones. Nine times out of ten you would accept the article, and he would go away with the money in his pocket. My boy, your troubles were only just beginning.

"No human being could read that manuscript! Horace Greeley's hand was like copperplate beside it. You would wrestle with it, the compositors would wrestle with it, the foreman would wrestle with it, the proof-readers would wrestle with it, but no one could read it. The result would be that you would shove it into a pigeon-hole, and that would be the last of it. Now Garritt Smith Mumford knew this perfectly well, and the next day he would calmly write out the same article, story, or poem, and head for another office, where he would repeat the operation. This he would continue to do, and so would sell the same

thing from ten to fifty times, with the positive assurance that it could never be printed, and so bring exposure upon him. He kept this up for years, grew rich, and lived on the fat of the land. I tell only the truth when I say that I was the only editor who ever came anywhere near getting even with him.

"The thing had run on till we had a dozen MSS. of his, all good, but utterly undecipherable. I was one day digging away at one of them when I happened to hold it at arm's-length to see what effect that would have. The thing was as mysterious as ever, but it gave me an idea. I rushed into the art department, where one of the staff artists was working on a pen-and-ink landscape. 'Here, Tompkins,' I cried, 'just paste this on for foliage!' and I handed him the first page of the manuscript. He stuck it in place. 'Capital!' he returned. 'Give me the second page for this big tree at the left. And that more finely written page for the bushes along the bank of the stream. And that last page where it's crowded for the bank itself. And the heading and his signature for the limbs on this dead tree down here in the corner.'

"That settled it, and we used up all of his MSS. in the art department for backgrounds. We even bought more of them when he came in, and I saved time by taking them on sight and not listening to his reading. In fact, all of our pen-and-ink backgrounds for the past ten years have been Mumford's best literary work. So you see, my boy, you've seen a great deal of the writings of Garritt Smith Mumford, only you haven't known it."

## SUGGESTED EMENDATIONS.

AFTER a bitter and prolonged struggle, the progressive party in the congregation of the Waybackville Presbyterian Church had induced their pastor to consent to a violin accompaniment to the choir, whereat the opposition openly expressed their opinion that there was no question as to the ultimate destination of the party of progress. In selecting the hymns for the first Sunday after the innovation had been conceded, one settled upon by the musical committee was that one beginning,

Oh, may our hearts with joy abound,  
Like David's harp of solemn sound.

Whereupon one of the innovators saw his chance, and said, "Well, since we have at last succeeded in getting an appropriate accompaniment, I would suggest that we change the first two lines in accordance therewith, and sing,

Oh, may our hearts rejoice within,  
Like David's sacred violin."

"Humph!" sneered a canny Scotsman of the opposition, "seence we are going to profane the sanctuary wi' a secular instreument at any rate, why not sing,

Oh, may our hearts go diddle, diddle,  
Like Uncle Davy's foolish fiddle?"

The words were sung as printed.

ALEX. RICKETTS.



## A VALID EXCUSE.

AN Ottawa reader of the Drawer tells of a jovial Irishman who, when visiting Canada, had been made much of by high officials, and who, on his return to Ireland, furnished a number of brilliant letters to the press respecting his tour. Returning again to Canada after some months, our friend turned up one day in a public office in very exuberant spirits, whence, in spite of remonstrances and suggestions, he started forth to call on a cabinet minister. That gentleman, appreciating at once the state of affairs, quietly proposed an interview for the next day.

"Not a bit of it, sir," was the ready Irish reply. "I just came to-day as I am on purpose, because I felt sure that if *you never saw the wrong side of me, you could never thoroughly appreciate the right side.*"

## EQUAL TO THE EMERGENCY.

"FER genuwine presence of mind, there's no one around these diggin's to equal Jim Huggins," exclaimed Bumberly, as he reached across the counter and helped himself to a slice of cheese.

"Why, what has Huggins bin doin' now?" queried the storekeeper.

"Bin doin'? Waal, I'll tell ye what he's bin doin', an' ye kin judge fer yerself. Ye know

his darter Mirandy that's bin away to college? Waal, she gradgerated an' come home t'other day, an' the first thing she done around the house wuz to up an' make a lot of angel-cake an' bake a big mess of sody biscuits.

"It wuz late Saturday afternoon when Huggins found out what she had done, an' ez the other pervisions had about run out, there wuz no tellin' how soon some of the family would be drove by hunger to eat some of Mirandy's biscuit or angel-cake, an' Huggins knew if anything wuz goin' to be done it had to be done mighty spry. But, ez I said before, he wuz equal to the e-mergency. Hitchin' up his team, he drove to the nearest baker's, seven miles away, an' secured a supply of bread an' cake, an' got back with it in time to save the lives of all hands.

"Purty close call too, I kin tell ye.

"There they were on the horns of a dilemma, with the horrors of slow starvation or the pangs of a sudden an' awful death starin' them in the face, when Huggins dashed in with the pervisions jest in the nick of time to save them.

"Jim Huggins may be a trifle slow an' old-fashioned in some respects, but when it comes to brains an' knowin' what to do with 'em in an e-mergency, he occurpies a front pew right up alongside of Dan'l Webster an' Solomon an' the rest of the crowd, an' don't ye forgit it."



With fingers deft sweet Mabel wove of flowers gay a bonnet,  
When all the honey-bees about did straightway settle on it.



## THE JOKES THAT I THINK OF TOO LATE.

I'm a wretched, disconsolate man,  
A nervous, dissatisfied wight,  
Whose mind is devised on a plan  
That I'll never concede to be right.  
No balm can my sorrow allay,  
So sad is my harrowing fate;  
For I'm haunted by night and by day  
By jokes that I think of too late.

When asked to respond to a toast,  
I say a few commonplace things,  
Or stand in my place like a post  
Dumbly sighing for speech—or for wings.  
But next morning! Ah, then through my brain  
Wit flows at a wonderful rate,  
And I'm sure to be flooded in vain  
With jokes that I think of too late.

So, too, when some comical wag  
Has made me the company's sport,  
All vainly my senses I nag  
To give him a cutting retort.  
I might have said this thing, or that,  
Or the other—but, mournful to state,  
Though they all would have come very pat,  
They are jokes that I think of too late.

At the club, when cigar smoke is dense  
And all kinds of spirits flow free,  
I sit there in silence intense  
While each tells a story but me.  
But, alas! When I wake in the morn,  
What tales doth my fancy create!  
And I add them in bitterest scorn  
To the jokes that I think of too late.

My wit is a gun, loaded right—  
I am slow at the trigger, that's all—  
'Tis a blunderbuss, clumsy to sight,  
Till the hare has jumped over the wall;  
'Tis a nag that is airy and gay,  
But a trifle too slow in its gait.  
So I'm haunted by night and by day  
By the jokes that I think of too late.

GEORGE HORTON.

## HE FORGOT SOMETHING.

"Of all the absent-minded critters I ever heerd of," began Bliffers, reminiscently, "Hank Hubbs certainly took the cake. It come jest as handy fer Hank to forgit suthin' as it does fer other folks to lie. I could set here right on this nail-keg from now till the Connecticut River turns around an' runs up stream an' tell you about the different things that I know of which Hank forgot first an' last; but I'll only mention one instance, an' that happened at the time Hank got married.

"You see, Hank knew his failin' as well as anybody, an' he was mortal afraid he would forgit about givin' the minister the fee, so he kept his mind glued right to that, an' completely lost sight of everything else. He was to be married in the evenin' at the parsonage, an' when he went around there all alone by himself at the app'inted time, an' meandered into the parlor, an' told the dominie to go ahead with the spicin', the good man looked up at Hank sorter surprised an' puzzled like, an' said:

"'Haven't you—er—forgotten suthin', Mr. Hubbs?"

"'No,' said Hank, still thinkin' of the fee; 'I've got it right here in my vest pocket. Might as well pay you now as any time.'

"'Why, bless you, my friend, I wasn't thinkin' of the fee,' explained the dominie. 'Time enough fer that after I earn it. But I—er—noticed you'd forgotten the bride, an'—"

"'By jiminy!' interrupted Hank, glancin' around. 'So I have. Mighty glad you spoke of it, dominie. I was almost sure I'd forgotten suthin', but I couldn't think what it was.'

"An' then he grabbed his hat an' went off on a jump after his intended. He got back with her in time to get married before the dominie closed up the parsonage for the night, but it was a mighty close shave all round; an' when the story got out it was a long while before folks quit askin' Hank if he'd forgot anything lately."

WILL S. GIDLEY.

## DESPERATE MEASURES.

THE local magistrate was unhitching his team after a hard day's work in the harvest-field when Pious Smith, from Claybottom Hollow, came loping over the fields towards him in a state of high excitement. It was of this man Smith that people used to say, "He sows his seeds in the spring, then trusts in the Lord; but if he only drained his land, he might have crops." But that is neither here nor there.

As he got within hailing-distance he yelled: "I say, squire, ain't there a thing called an injunction that a man can get out to stop people from doin' things you don't want them to do?"

"Well," replied the law-giver, gravely, "I reckon there is something of that sort, for I heard a lot about government by injunction in the last election, and the papers do a lot of talkin' about it, but I can't say that things of that sort are exactly in my line; however, we might take a look through the law-books to see if we can find anything about them. What do you want one for, anyway?"

"It's just this way," said Pious Smith, with as much anger as he could allow himself: "The cyclone that came along last week took the roof off my barn and left all my early wheat open to the weather. I haven't got on a new roof yet, and I have a field of barley cut and lyin' on the ground in sheaves, and I was reckonin' to start on the black oats to-morrer; but I have just heard that the Methodists who live up Sandy Hill way, and whose crops ripen quicker than ours because they are on light soil, are holdin' a prayer-meetin' to-night, and are goin' to pray for rain, so that they can begin their fall ploughin'. Now you can see what a rain would do for me and my crops, and if there is any way of injuncting them Methodists, and makin' them bottle up their petitions till all good Baptists like you an' me has got our crops in, and are ready to give praise for the harvest home, I want it, and I want to serve it on them quick."



#### NOBLESSE OBLIGE.

MAMMA (to *Ethel*, who has thrown down books angrily). "I know a good little sister upstairs who would pick up the books if she had thrown them down."

ETHEL. "Shall I fetch her, mamma?"

#### ABSORPTION.

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

WE sat upon the golf links  
Together, she and I,  
And talked of love and happiness  
As hours sped them by;

And so absorbed were we twain  
With what each other said  
We noticed not the flying balls  
That whistled overhead.

We noticed not the Silverdale  
That dropped by Phyllis' back,  
Nor him who lofted over us  
With a resounding thwack.

We noticed not the long drive  
That landed at my side,  
For I was asking Phyllis if  
She would not be my bride.

I noticed not the brassie stroke  
That scarred my head for life,  
For at that moment Phyllis said  
That she would be my wife.

The niblicks thundered round us,  
The baffies rent the air;  
The mashies mashied on their way;  
The cleek was everywhere;

But I looked into Phyllis' eyes,  
And Phyllis looked in mine,  
And golf was purely mortal, where—  
As love was still divine.

Green was the turf beside us;  
The skies were blue above;  
We never dreamed that any one  
Was stymied by our love.

And now in after-days I sit  
And conjure up the winks  
Those golfers made at Cupid  
And his bunker on the links.

And one and all I honor them:  
Not one of all the score  
Broke in upon our happiness,  
Or even whispered "Fore!"



"AUNT MARY" "  
"ANSWERS TO

THE AUTHOR OF  
MOTHERS"



THE YOUNG  
AUTHOR OF THOSE  
"LINES FROM A LOVE-

SENTIMENTALIST"  
CHARMING  
SICK SWAIN."



THE "GALLANT CAPTAIN"  
DASHING AND BLOOD-  
ADVENTURE

WHO WRITES THOSE  
CURDLING STORIES OF



THE WRITER  
NOTES FOR

OF "FASHION  
WOMEN."



AUTHOR OF  
MYSTERIES

"LIFE'S  
EXPLAINED."



AUTHOR OF "AT HOME IN SOCIETY"  
"FIVE O'CLOCK TEAS AND PURPLE LUNCHEONS."



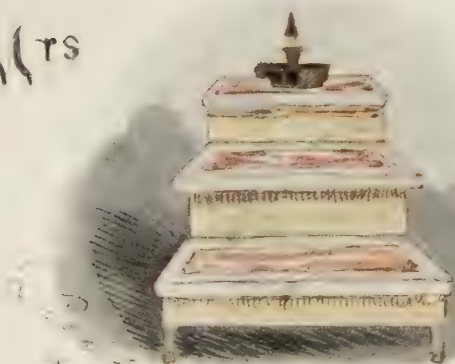






Mr & Mrs

CAUDLE



*I have written  
it for you in a letter  
but it is not sent*

FROM THE ORIGINAL DRAWING BY JOHN LEECH.

In the possession of John Kendrick Bangs, Esq. The lower portion has never before been reproduced.

# HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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## SOCIAL PICTORIAL SATIRE.

BY GEORGE DU MAURIER.

### PART I.

IT is my purpose to speak of the craft to which I have devoted the best years of my life, the craft of portraying, by means of little pen and ink strokes, lines and scratches, a small portion of the world in which we live; such social and domestic incidents as lend themselves to humorous or satirical treatment; the illustrated criticism of life, of the life of our time and country, in its lighter aspects.

The fact that I have spent so many years in the practice of this craft does not of itself, I am well aware, entitle me to lay down the law about it; the mere exercise of an art so patent to all, so easily understood of the people, does not give one any special insight into its simple mysteries, beyond a certain perception and appreciation of the technical means by which it is produced—unless one is gifted with the critical faculty, a gift apart, to the possession of which I make no claim.

There are two kinds of critics of such work as ours. First there is the wide public for whom we work and by whom we are paid; "who lives to please must please to live;" and who lives by drawing for a comic periodical must manage to please the greater number. The judgment of this critic, though often sound, is not infallible; but his verdict for the time being is final, and by it we, who live by our wits and from hand to mouth, must either stand or fall.

The other critic is the expert, our fellow-craftsman, who has learnt by initiation, apprenticeship, and long practice the simple secrets of our common trade. He is not quite infallible either, and is apt to concern himself more about the manner than the matter of our perform-

ance; nor is he of immediate importance, since with the public on our side we can do without him for a while, and flourish like a green bay-tree in spite of his artistic disapproval of our work; but he is not to be despised, for he is some years in advance of that other critic, the public; who may, and probably will, come round to his way of thinking in time.

The first of these two critics is typified by Molière's famous cook, who must have been a singularly honest, independent, and intelligent person, since he chose in all cases to abide by her decision, and not with an altogether unsatisfactory result to Mankind! Such cooks are not to be found in these days—certainly not in England; but he is an unlucky craftsman who does not possess some such natural critics in his family, his home, or near it—mother, sister, friend, wife, or child—who will look over his shoulder at his little sketch and say:

"Tommy (or Papa, or Grandpapa, as the case may be), that person you've just drawn doesn't look quite natural," or:

"That lady is not properly dressed for the person you want her to be—those hats are not worn this year," and so forth and so forth.

When you have thoroughly satisfied this household critic, then is the time to show some handy brother craftsman your amended work, and listen gratefully when he suggests that you should put a tone on this wall, and a tree, or something, in the left middle distance to balance the composition; and raise or depress the horizon-line to get a better effect of perspective.

In speaking of some of my fellow-artists on *Punch*, and of their work, I shall try and bring both these criti-



cal methods into play—premising, however, once for all, that such criticism on my part is simply the expression of my individual taste or fancy—the taste or fancy of one who by no means pretends to the unerring acumen of Molière's cook, on the one hand, and who feels himself by no means infallible in his judgment of purely technical matters, on the other. I can only admire and say why, or why I don't; and if I fail in making you admire and disadmire with me, it will most likely be my fault as well as my misfortune.

I had originally proposed to treat of Richard Doyle, John Leech, and Charles Keene—and finally of myself, since that I should speak of myself was rather insisted upon by those who procured me the honor of speaking at all. I find, however, that there is so much to say about Leech and Keene that I have thought it better to sacrifice Richard Doyle, who belongs to a remoter period, and whose work, exquisite as it is of its kind, is so much slighter than theirs, and fills so much less of the public eye; for his connection with *Punch* did not last long. Moreover, personally I knew less of him; just enough to find that to know was to love him—a happy peculiarity he shared with his two great collaborators on *Punch*.

*John Leech!* What a name that was to conjure with, and is still!

I cannot find words to express what it represented to me of pure unmixed delight in my youth and boyhood, long before I ever dreamt of being an artist myself! It stands out of the past with such names as Dickens, Dumas, Byron—not indeed that I am claiming for him an equal rank with those immortals, who wielded a weapon so much more potent than a mere caricaturist's pencil! But if an artist's fame is to be measured by the mere quantity and quality of the pleasure he has given, what pinnacle is too high for John Leech!

Other men have drawn better; deeper, grander, nobler, more poetical themes have employed more accomplished pencils, even in black and white; but for making one *glad*, I can think of no one to beat him.

To be an apparently hopeless invalid at Christmas-time in some dreary, deserted, dismal little Flemish town and to receive *Punch's* Almanac (for 1858, let us say) from some good-natured friend in

England—that is a thing not to be forgotten! I little dreamt then that I should come to London again, and meet John Leech and become his friend; that I should be, alas! the last man to shake hands with him before his death (as I believe I was), and find myself among the officially invited mourners by his grave; and finally, that I should inherit, and fill for so many years, (however indifferently), that half-page in *Punch* opposite the political cartoon, and which I had loved so well when he was the artist!

Well, I recovered from a long and distressing ailment of my sight which had been pronounced incurable, and came to England, where I was introduced to Charles Keene, with whom I quickly became intimate, and it was he who presented me to Leech one night at one of Mr. Arthur Lewis's smoking concerts, in the winter of 1860. I remember feeling somewhat nervous lest he should take me for a foreigner on account of my name, and rather unnecessarily went out of my way to assure him that I was rather more English than John Bull himself. It didn't matter in the least; I have no doubt he saw through it all; he was kindness and courtesy itself; and I experienced to the full that emotion so delightful to a young hero-worshipper in meeting face to face a world-wide celebrity whom he has long worshipped at a distance. In the words of Lord Tennyson:

I was rapt

By all the sweet and sudden passion of youth  
Towards greatness in its elder. . .

But it so happened at just this particular period of his artistic career and of mine that he no longer shone as a solitary star of the first magnitude in my little firmament of pictorial social satire. A new impulse had been given to the art of drawing on wood, a new school had been founded, and new methods—to draw straight from nature instead of trusting to memory and imagination, had been the artistic order of the day. Men and women, horses and dogs, landscapes and seascapes, all one can make pictures of, even chairs and tables and teacups and saucers, must be studied from the life—from the still life if you will—by whoever aspired to draw on wood; even angels and demons and cherubs and centaurs and mermaids must be closely imitated from nature—or at least as much of them as could be got from the living model.

*Once a Week* had just appeared, and *The Cornhill Magazine*. Sir John Millais and Sir Frederick Leighton were then drawing on wood just like the ordinary mortals; Frederick Walker had just started on his brief but splendid career; Frederick Sandys had burst on the black and white world like a meteor; and Charles Keene, who was illustrating the *Cloister and the Hearth* in the intervals of his *Punch* work, had after long and patient labor attained that consummate mastery of line and effect in wood draughtsmanship that will be forever associated with his name; and his work in *Punch*, if only by virtue of its extraordinary technical ability, made Leech's by contrast appear slight and almost amateurish in spite of its ease and boldness.

So that with all my admiration for Leech it was at the feet of Charles Keene that I found myself sitting; besides which we were much together in those days, talking endless shop, taking long walks, riding side by side on the knife-boards of omnibuses, dining at cheap restaurants, making music at each other's studios. His personal charm was great, as great in its way as Leech's; he was democratic and so was I, as one is bound to be when one is impecunious and the world is one's oyster to open with the fragile point of a lead-pencil. His bohemian world was mine—and I found it a very good world and very much to my taste—a clear, honest, wholesome, innocent, intellectual, and most industrious British bohemia, with lots of tobacco, lots of good music, plenty of talk about literature and art, and not too much victuals or drink. Many of its denizens, that were, have become Royal Academicians or have risen to fame in other ways; some have had to take a back seat in life; surprisingly few have gone to the bad.

This world, naturally, was not Leech's, if it had ever been, I doubt; his bohemia if he ever had lived in one, had been the bohemia of medicine, not of art, and he seemed to us then to be living on social heights of fame and sport and aristocratic splendor where none of us dreamed of seeking him—and he did not seek us. We hated and despised the bloated aristocracy, just as he hated and despised foreigners without knowing much about them; and the aristocracy, to do it justice, did not pester us with its obtrusive advances. But I never heard Leech

spoken of otherwise in bohemia than with affectionate admiration, although many of us seemed to think that his best work was done. Indeed, his work was becoming somewhat fitful in quality, and already showed occasional signs of haste and illness and fatigue; his fun was less genial and happy, though he drew more vigorously than ever, and now and again surprised us by surpassing himself, as in his series of Briggs in the Highlands a-chasing the deer.

All that was thirty years ago and more. I may say at once that I have reconsidered the opinion I formed of John Leech at that time. Leech, it is true, is by no means the one bright particular star, but he has recovered much of his lost first magnitude; if he shines more by what he has to say than by his manner of saying it, I have come to think that that is the best thing of the two to shine by, if you cannot shine by both; and I find that his manner was absolutely what it should have been for his purpose and his time—neither more nor less; he had so much to say and of a kind so delightful that I have no time to pick holes in his mode of expression, which at its best has satisfied far more discriminating experts than I; besides which, the methods of printing and engraving have wonderfully improved since his day. He drew straight on the wood block, with a lead-pencil; his delicate gray lines had to be translated into the uncompromising coarse black lines of printers' ink—a ruinous process; and what his work lost in this way is only to be estimated by those who know. True, his mode of expression was not equal to Keene's—I never knew any that was, in England, or even approached it—but that, as Mr. Rudyard Kipling says, is another story.

The story that I will tell now is that of my brief acquaintance with Leech, which began in 1860, and which I had not many opportunities of improving till I met him at Whitby in the autumn of 1864—a memorable autumn for me, since I used to forgather with him every day, and have long walks and talks with him—and dined with him once or twice at the lodgings where he was staying with his wife and son and daughter—all of whom are now dead. He was the most sympathetic, engaging, and attractive person I ever met; not funny at all in conversation, or ever wishing to be—except



now and then for a capital story, which he told in perfection.

The key-note of his character, socially, seemed to be self-effacement, high-bred courtesy, never-failing consideration for others. He was the most charming companion conceivable, having intimately known so many important and celebrated people, and liking to speak of them; but one would never have guessed from anything he ever looked or said that he had made a whole nation, male and female, gentle and simple, old and young, laugh as it had never laughed before or since, for a quarter of a century.

He was tall, thin, and graceful, extremely handsome, of the higher Irish type; with dark hair and whiskers and complexion, and very light grayish-blue eyes; but the expression of his face was habitually sad, even when he smiled. In dress, bearing, manner, and aspect he was the very type of the well-bred English gentleman and man of the world and good society; I never met any one to beat him in that peculiar distinction of form, which, I think, has reached its highest European development in this country. I am told the Orientals are still our superiors in deportment. But the natural man in him was still the best. Thackeray and Sir John Millais, not bad judges and men, with many friends, have both said that they personally loved John Leech better than any man they ever knew.

At this time he was painting in oil, and on an enlarged scale, some of his more specially popular sketches in *Punch*, and very anxious to succeed with them, but nervously diffident of success, even with the *οἱ πολλοί*. He was not at his happiest in these efforts; and there was something pathetic in his earnestness and perseverance in attempting a thing so many can do, but which he could not do for want of a better training; while he could do the inimitable so easily.

I came back to town before Leech, and did not see him again until the following October. On Saturday afternoon, the 28th, I called at his house, No. 6, The Terrace, Kensington, with a very elaborate drawing in pencil by myself, which I presented to him as a souvenir, and with which he seemed much pleased.

He was already working at the *Punch Almanac* for '65, at a window on the second floor overlooking the street. (I have

often gazed up at it since.) He seemed very ill, so sad and depressed that I could scarcely speak to him for sheer sympathy; I felt he would never get through the labor of that almanac, and left him with the most melancholy forebodings.

Monday morning the papers announced his death on Sunday, October 29th, from angina pectoris, the very morning after I had seen him.

I was invited by Messrs. Bradbury and Evans, the publishers of *Punch*, to the funeral, which took place at Kensal Green. It was the most touching sight imaginable. The grave was near Thackeray's, who had died the year before. There were crowds of people, Charles Dickens among them; Canon Hole, a great friend of Leech's and who has written most affectionately about him, read the service; and when the coffin was lowered into the grave, John Millais burst into tears and loud sobs, setting an example that was followed all round; we all forgot our manhood and cried like women! I can recall no funeral in my time where simple grief and affection have been so openly and spontaneously displayed by so many strangers as well as friends—not even in France, where people are more demonstrative than here. No burial in Westminster Abbey that I have ever seen ever gave such an impression of universal honor, love, and regret.

"Whom the gods love die young."  
He was only forty-six!

I was then invited to join the *Punch* staff and take Leech's empty chair at the weekly dinner—and bidden to cut my initials on the table, by his; his monogram as it was carved by him is J. L. under a leech in a bottle, dated 1854; and close by on the same board are the initials W. M. T.

I flatter myself that convivially, at least, my small D. M., carved in impenetrable oak, will go down to posterity in rather distinguished company!

If ever there was a square English hole, and a square English peg to fit it, that hole was *Punch*, and that peg was John Leech. He was John Bull himself, but John Bull refined and civilized—John Bull polite, modest, gentle—full of self-respect and self-restraint; and with all the bully softened out of him; manly first and gentlemanly after, but very soon after; more at home perhaps in the club, the drawing-room, and the hunting-field,



LEONARD BIRCHALL SCULPTOR

*John Leach*



in Piccadilly and the Park, than in the farm or shop or market-place; a normal Englishman of the upper middle class, with but one thing abnormal about him, viz, his genius, which was of the kind to give the greater pleasure to the greater number—and yet delight the most fastidious of his day—and I think of ours. One must be very ultra-æsthetic, even now, not to feel his charm.

He was all of a piece, and moved and worked with absolute ease, freedom, and certainty, within the limits nature had assigned him—and his field was a very large one. He saw and represented the whole panorama of life that came within his immediate ken with an unwavering consistency, from first to last; from a broadly humorous, though mostly sympathetic point of view that never changed—a very delightful point of view, if not the highest conceivable.

Hand and eye worked with brain in singular harmony, and all three improved together contemporaneously, with a parallelism most interesting to note, as one goes through the long series of his social pictures from the beginning.

He has no doubts or hesitations—no bewildering subtleties—no seeking from twelve to fourteen o'clock—either in his ideas or technique, which very soon becomes an excellent technique, thoroughly suited to his ideas—rapid, bold, spirited, full of color, breadth, and movement—troubling itself little about details that will not help the telling of his story—for before everything else he has his story to tell, and it must either make you laugh or lightly charm you—and he tells it in the quickest, simplest, downrightest pencil strokes, although it is often a complicated story!

For there are not only the funny people and the pretty people acting out their little drama in the foreground—there is the scene in which they act, and the middle distance, and the background beyond, and the sky itself; beautiful rough landscapes and seascapes and skyscapes, winds and weathers, boisterous or sunny seas, rain and storm and cloud—all the poetry of nature, that he feels most acutely while his little people are being so unconsciously droll in the midst of it all. He is a king of impressionists, and his impression becomes ours on the spot—never to be forgotten! It is all so quick and fresh and strong, so simple, pat, and complete, so

direct from mother Nature herself! It has about it the quality of inevitableness—those are the very people who would have acted and spoken in just that manner, and we meet them every day—the expression of the face, the movement and gesture, in anger, terror, dismay, scorn, conceit, tenderness, elation, triumph. . . . Whatever the mood they could not have looked or acted otherwise—it is life itself. An optimistic life in which joyousness prevails, and the very woes and discomfitures are broadly comical to us who look on—like some one who has seasickness, or a headache after a Greenwich banquet—which are about the most tragic things he has dealt with.

(I am speaking of his purely social sketches. For in his admirable large cuts, political and otherwise serious, his satire is often bitter and biting indeed; and his tragedy almost Hogarthian.)

Like many true humorists he was of a melancholy temperament, and no doubt felt attracted by all that was mirthful and bright, and in happy contrast to his habitual mood. Seldom if ever does a drop of his inner sadness ooze out through his pencil point—and never a drop of gall; and I do not remember one cynical touch in his whole series.

In his tastes and habits he was by nature aristocratic; he liked the society of those who were well dressed, well bred and refined like himself, and perhaps a trifle conventional; he conformed quite spontaneously and without effort to upper-class British ideal of his time, and had its likes and dislikes. But his strongest predilections of all are common to the British race; his love of home, his love of sport, his love of the horse and the hound—especially his love of the pretty woman—the pretty woman of the normal, wholesome English type. This charming creature so dear to us all pervades his show from beginning to end—she is a creation of his and he thoroughly loves her, and draws her again and again with a fondness that is half lover-like and half paternal—her buxom figure, her merry bright eyes and fresh complexion and flowing ringlets, and pursed-up lips like Cupid's bow. Nor is he ever tired of displaying her feet and ankles (and a little more) in gales of wind on cliff and pier and parade—or climbing the Malvern Hills. When she puts on goloshes it nearly breaks his heart, and



he would fly to other climes! He revels in her infantile pouts and jealousies and heart-burnings and butterfly delights and lispings mischiefs; her mild innocent flirtations with beautiful young swells, whose cares are equally light.

She is a darling, and he constantly calls her so to her face. Her favorite sea-side nook becomes the mermaid's haunt; her back hair flies and dries in the wind, and disturbs the peace of the too susceptible Punch. She is a little Amazon *pour rire*, and rides across country, and drives (even a hansom sometimes with a pair of magnificent young whiskerandoes smoking their costly cigars inside); she is a toxophilite, and her arrow sticks, for it is barbed with innocent seduction, and her bull's-eye is the soft military heart. She wears a cricket cap and breaks Aunt Sally's nose seven times; she puts her pretty little foot upon the croquet-ball—and croquet'd you are completely! With what glee she would have rinked and ten-nised if he had lived a little longer!

She is light of heart, and perhaps a little of head! Her worst trouble is when the captain gives the wing of the fowl to some other darling who might be her twin sister; her most terrible nightmare is when she dreams that great stupid Captain Sprawler upsets a dish of trifle

over her new lace dress with the blue satin slip; but next morning she is herself again, and rides in the Row, and stops to speak with that great stupid Captain Sprawler, who is very nice to look at, whose back is very beautiful, and who sprawls most gracefully over the railings, and pays her those delightful absurd compliments about her and her horse "being such a capital pair," while, as a foil to so much grace and splendor, a poor little snub-nosed, ill-dressed, ill-conditioned dwarf of a snob looks on, sucking the top of his cheap cane in abject admiration and hopeless envy! Then she pats and kisses the nice soft nose of Cornet Flinders's hunter, which is "deucedly aggravating for Cornet Flinders, you know"—but when that noble sportsman is frozen out and cannot hunt, she plays scratch-cradle with him in the boudoir of her father's country house, or pitches chocolate into his mouth from the oak landing; and she lets him fasten the skates on to her pretty feet. Happy cornet! And she plays billiards with her handsome cousin—a guardsman at least—and informs him that she is just eighteen to his love—and stands under the mistletoe and asks this enviable relation of hers to show her what the garroter's hug is like; and when he proceeds to do so she calls out



"IN THE BAY OF BISCAY O."



in distress because his pointed waxed mustache has scratched her pretty cheek, and when Mr. Punch is there, at dinner, she and a sister darling pull crackers across his august white waistcoat, and scream in pretty terror at the explosion; to that worthy's excessive jubilation, for Mr. Punch is Leech himself, and nothing she does can ever be amiss in his eyes!

Sometimes, indeed, she is seriously transfixed herself, and bids Mr. Tongs the hair-dresser cut off a long lock of her hair where it will not be missed—and she looks so lovely under the smart of Cupid's arrow that we are frantically jealous of the irresistible warrior for whom the jetty tress is destined. In short, she is innocence and liveliness and health incarnate, a human kitten.

When she marries the gilded youth with the ambrosial whiskers, their honeymooning is like playing at being married, their artless billings and cooings are enchanting to see. She will have no troubles—Leech will take good care of that; her matrimonial tiffs will be of the slightest; hers will be a well-regulated household; the course of her conjugal love will run smooth in spite of her little indiscretions—for like Bluebeard's wife she can be curious at times, and coax and wheedle to know the mysteries of Free-

masonry, and cry because Edwin will not reveal the secret of Mr. Percy the horse-tamer; and how Edwin can resist such an appeal is more than we can understand! But soon they will have a large family, and live happy ever after, and by the time their eldest-born is thirteen years old, the darling of fourteen years back will be a regular materfamilias, stout, matronly, and rather severe; and Edwin will be fat, bald, and middle-aged, and bring home a bundle of asparagus and a nice new perambulator to celebrate the wedding-day!

And he loves her brothers and cousins, military or otherwise, just as dearly, and makes them equally beautiful to the eye, with those lovely drooping whiskers that used to fall and brush their bosoms, their smartly waistcoated bosoms, a quarter of a century ago! He dresses them even better than the darlings, and has none but the kindest and gentlest satire for their little vanities and conceits—for they have no real vices, these charming youths, beyond smoking too much and betting a little and getting gracefully tipsy at race-meetings and Greenwich dinners—and sometimes running into debt with their tailors, I suppose! And then how boldly they ride to hounds, and how splendidly they fight in the Crimea! how



A SPECIMEN OF PLUCK.

RUGGLES. "Hold hard, Master George. It's too wide, and uncommon deep!"  
 MASTER GEORGE. "All right, Ruggles! We can both swim!"—Punch.



lightly they dance at home! How healthy, good-humored, and manly they are, with all their little vagaries of dress and jewelry and accent! It is easy to forgive them if they give the whole of their minds to their white neck-ties, or are dejected because they have lost the little gridiron off their chatelaine, or lose all

consciousness of high social position—of the cool businesslike self-importance that sits so well on those who are knowing in the noblest pursuit that can ever employ the energies and engross the mind of a well-born Briton; for they can ride almost as well as their grooms, these mighty hunters before the Lord, and know the



ONE OF MR. BRIGGS'S ADVENTURES IN THE HIGHLANDS.

AFTER AIMING FOR A QUARTER OF AN HOUR MR. B. FIRES BOTH OF HIS BARRELS—AND—MISSES!!!! TABLEAU—THE FORESTER'S ANGUISH.—*Punch*, 1861.

presence of mind when a smut settles on their noses, and turn faint at the sight of Mrs. Gamp's umbrella!

And next to these enviable beings he loves and reveres the sportsman. One is made to feel that the true sportsman, whether he shoots or hunts or fishes, is an august being, as he ought to be in Great Britain, and Leech has done him full justice with his pencil. He is no subject for flippant satire; so there he sits his horse, or stalks through his turnip-field, or handles his rod like a god! Handsome, well-appointed from top to toe, aristocratic to the finger-tips—a most impressive figure, the despair of foreigners, the envy of all outsiders at home (including the present lecturer)!

He has never been painted like this before! What splendid lords and squires, fat or lean, hook-nosed or eagle-eyed, well tanned by sun and wind, in faultless kit, on priceless mounts! How redolent they are of health and wealth, and the secure

country almost as well as the huntsman himself! And what sons and grandsons and granddaughters are growing up round them, on delightful ponies no gate, hedge, or brook can dismay—nothing but the hard highroad!

It is a glorious, exhilarating scene, with the beautiful wintry landscape stretching away to the cloudy November sky, and the lords and ladies gay, and the hounds, and the frosty-faced, short-tempered old huntsman, the very perfection of his kind; and the poor cockney snobs on their hired screws, and the meek clod-hopping laborers looking on excited and bewildered, happy for a moment at beholding so much happiness in their betters.

To have seen these sketches of the hunting-field is to have been there in person. It is almost the only hunting that I ever had—and probably ever shall have—and I am almost content that it should be so! It is so much easier and simpler





THANK GOODNESS! FLY-FISHING HAS BEGUN!

MILLER. "Don't they really, perhaps they'll bite better towards the cool of the evening, they mostly do."—*Punch*, 1857.

to draw for *Punch* than to drive across country! And then, as a set-off to all this successful achievement, this pride and pomp and circumstance of glorious sport, we have the immortal and ever-beloved figure of Mr. Briggs, whom I look upon as Leech's masterpiece—the example above all others of the most humorous and good-natured satire that was ever penned or pencilled; the more ridiculous he is the more we love him; he is more winning and sympathetic than even Mr. Pickwick himself, and I almost think a greater creation! Besides, it took two to make Mr. Pickwick, the author and the artist. Whereas Mr. Briggs issued fully

equipped from the brain of Leech alone!

Not indeed that all unauthorized gallopers after the fox find forgiveness in the eyes of Leech. Woe to the vulgar little cockney snob, who dares to obtrude his ugly mug and his big cigar and his hired, broken-winded rip on these hallowed and thrice-happy hunting-grounds!—an earthenware pot among vessels of brass; the punishment shall be made to fit the crime; better if he fell off and his horse rolled over him than that he should dress and ride and look like that! For the pain of broken bones is easier to bear than the scorn of a true British sportsman!

Then there are the fishermen who never catch any fish, but whom no stress of weather can daunt or distress. There they sit or stand with the wind blowing or the rain soaking, in dark landscapes with ruffled streams and ominous clouds, and swaying trees that turn up the whites of their leaves—one almost hears the

wind rush through them. One almost forgets the comical little forlorn figure who gives such point to all the angry turbulence of nature in the impression produced by the *mise en scène* itself—an impression so happily, so vividly suggested by a few rapid, instructive pencil strokes and thumb smudges that it haunts the memory like a dream.

He loves such open-air scenes so sincerely, he knows so well how to express and communicate the perennial charm they have for him, that the veriest book-worm becomes a sportsman through sheer sympathy—by the mere fact of looking at them.



And how many people and things he loves that most of us love!—it would take all night to enumerate them—the good authoritative pater and materfamilias the delightful little girls; the charming cheeky schoolboys; the jolly little street arabs, who fill old gentlemen's letter-boxes with oyster shells and gooseberry skins; the cabmen, the 'busmen; the policemen with the old-fashioned chimney-pot hat; the old bathing-women, and Jack-ashores, and jolly old tars—his British tar is irresistible whether he is hooking a sixty-four pounder out of the Black Sea, or riding a Turk, or drinking tea instead of grog and complaining of its strength! There seems to be hardly a mirthful corner of English life that Leech has not seen and loved and painted in this singularly genial and optimistic manner.

His loves are many and his hates are few—but he is a good hater all the same. He hates Mawworm and Stiggins, and so do we. He hates the foreigner whom he does not know as heartily as Thackeray does, who seems to know him so well—with a hatred that seems to me a little unjust, perhaps: all France is not in Leicester Square; many Frenchmen can dress and ride, drive and shoot as well as anybody; and they began to use the tub very soon after we did—a dozen years or so, perhaps—say after the *coup d'état* in 1851.

Then he hates with a deadly hatred all who make music in the street or next door—and preach in the cross-ways and bawl their wares on the parade. What would he have said of the Salvation Army? He is haunted by the bark of his neighbor's dog, by the crow of his neighbor's Cochin China cock; he cannot even bear his neighbor to have his chimney swept; and as for the

Christmas waits—we all remember *that* tragic picture! This exaggerated aversion to noises became a disease with him, and possibly hastened his end.

Among his pet hates we must not forget the gorgeous flunky and the guzzling alderman, the leering old fop, the rascally book-maker, the sweating Jew tradesman, and the poor little snob (the 'Arry of his day) who tries vainly to grow a mustache, and wears such a shocking bad hat, and iron heels to his shoes, and shuns the park during the riots for fear of being pelted for a "haristocrat," and whose punishment I think is almost in excess of his misdemeanor. To succeed in overdressing one's self (as his swells did occasionally without marring their beauty) is almost as ignominious as to fail; and when the failure comes from want of means, there is also almost a pathetic side to it.

And he is a little bit hard on old frumps, with fat ankles and scraggy bosoms and red noses—but anyhow we are made to

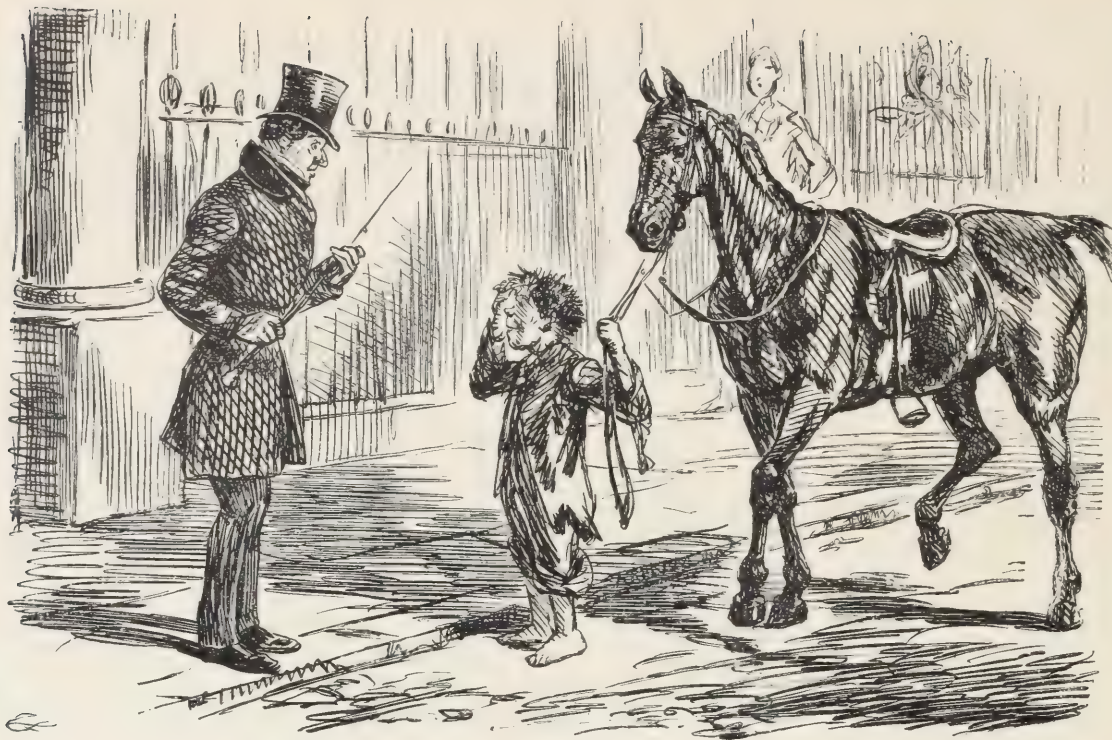


"In, looker here Tommy! e Lephros are stay at your house  
the day tomorrow I see 4 Lephros with all the the time.  
Lepros are the Curators!"

"THE JOLLY LITTLE STREET ARABS."

From the original drawing for *Punch* in possession of John Kendrick Bangs, Esq.





DOING A LITTLE BUSINESS.

OLD EQUESTRIAN. "Well, but—you're not the boy I left my horse with!"  
 BOY. "No, sir; I jist spekilated, and bought 'im of t'other boy for a harpenny."—*Punch*.

laugh—*quod erat demonstrandum*. We also know that he has a strong objection to cold mutton for dinner, and much prefers a whitebait banquet at Greenwich, or a nice well-ordered repast at the Star and Garter. So do we.

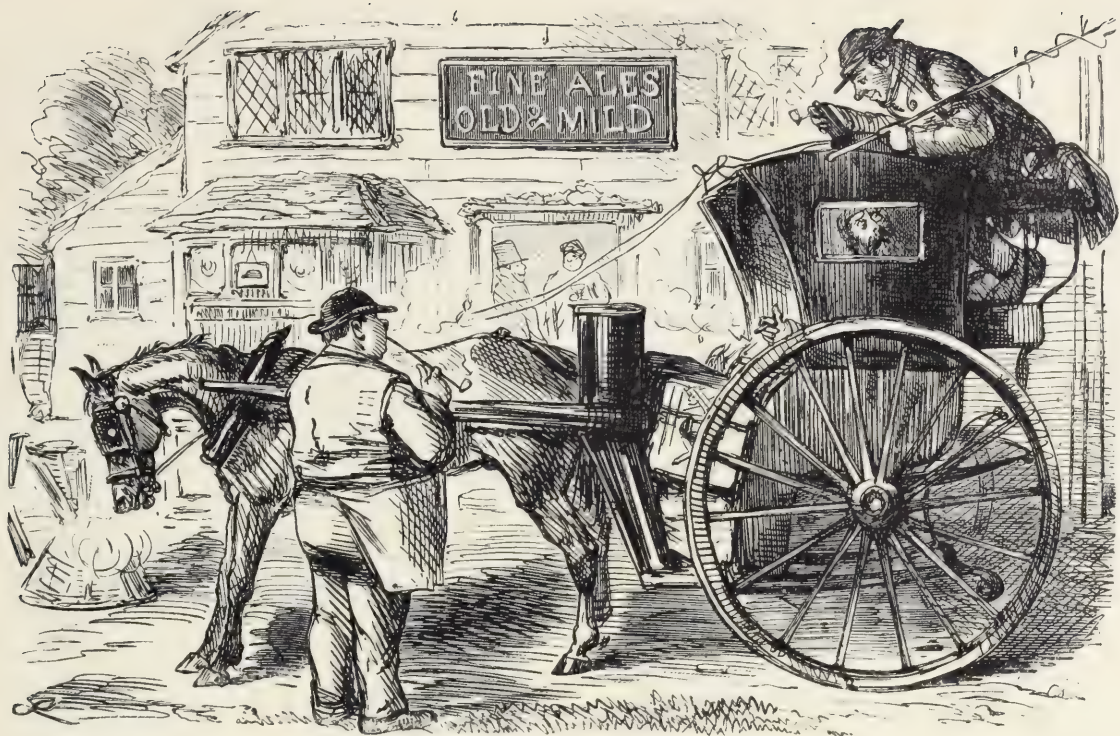
And the only thing he feared is the horse. Nimrod as he is, and the happiest illustrator of the hunting-field that ever was, he seems forever haunted by a terror of the heels of that noble animal he drew so well—and I thoroughly sympathize with him!

In all the series the chief note is joyousness, high spirits, the pleasure of being alive. There is no *Weltschmerz* in his happy world, where all is for the best—no hankering after the moon, no discontent with the present order of things. Only one little lady discovers that the world is hollow, and her doll is stuffed with bran; only one gorgeous swell has exhausted the possibilities of this life, and finds out that he is at loss for a new sensation. So what does he do? Cut his throat? Go and shoot big game in Africa? No; he visits the top of the Monument on a rainy day, or invites his brother swells to a Punch and Judy show in his rooms, or rides to Whitechapel and back on an omnibus with a bag of periwinkles, and picks them out with a pin.

Even when his humor is at its broadest, and he revels in almost pantomimic fun, he never loses sight of truth and nature—never strikes a false or uncertain note. Robinson goes to an evening party with a spiked knuckleduster in his pocket, and sits down. Jones digs an elderly party called Smith in the back with the point of his umbrella, under the impression that it is his friend Brown. A charming little street arab prints the soles of his muddy feet on a smart old gentleman's white evening waistcoat. Tompkins writes Henrietta on the sands under two hearts transfixed by an arrow, and his wife, whose name is Matilda, catches him in the act. An old gentleman, maddened by a bluebottle, smashes all his furniture, and breaks every window-pane but one—where the bluebottle is;—and in all these scenes one does not know which is the most irresistible, the most inimitable, the mere drollery, or the dramatic truth of gesture and facial expression.

The way in which every-day people really behave in absurd situations and under comically trying circumstances is quite funny enough for him; and if he exaggerates a little and goes beyond the absolute prose of life in the direction of caricature, he never deviates a hair's-breadth from the groove human nature has laid





A TOLERABLY BROAD HINT.

"Oh, I beg your pardon, Sir, but you didn't say as we were to pull up anywhere, did you, Sir?"

—*Punch*, 1859.

down. There is exaggeration, but no distortion. The most wildly funny people are low comedians of the highest order, whose fun is never forced and never fails; they found themselves on fact, and only burlesque what they have seen in actual life—they never evolve their fun from the depths of their inner consciousness; and in this naturalness, for me, lies the greatness of Leech. There is nearly always a tenderness in the laughter he excites, born of the touch of nature that makes the whole world kin!

Where most of all he gives us a sense of the exuberant joyousness and buoyancy of life is in the sketches of the sea-side—the newly discovered joys of which had then not become commonplace to people of the middle class. The good old sea-side has grown rather stale by this time—the very children of to-day dig and paddle in a half-perfunctory sort of fashion, with a certain stolidity, and are in strange contrast to those highly elate and enchanting little romps that fill his sea-side pictures.

Indeed, nothing seems so jolly, nothing seems so funny, now, as when Leech was drawing for *Punch*. The gayety of one nation at least has been eclipsed by his death. Is it merely that there is no such

light humorist to see and draw for us in a frolicsome spirit all the fun and the jollity? Is it because some of us have grown old? Or is it that the British people themselves have changed and gone back to their old way of taking their pleasure sadly?

Everything is so different, somehow; the very girls themselves have grown a head taller, and look serious, stately, and dignified, like Olympian goddesses, even when they are dancing and playing lawn-tennis.

I for one should no more dream of calling them the darlings than I should dare to kiss them under the mistletoe, were I ever so splendid a young captain. Indeed I am too prostrate in admiration—I can only suck the top of my stick and gaze in jealous ecstasy, like one of Leech's little snobs. They are no longer pretty as their grandmothers were—whom Leech drew so well in the old days! They are *beautiful*!

And then they are so cultivated, and *know* such a lot—of books, of art, of science, of politics and theology—of the world, the flesh, and the devil. They actually think for themselves; they have broken loose and jumped over the ring fence; they have taken to the water,



these lovely chicks, and swim like ducklings, to the dismay of those good old cocks and hens, their grandparents! And my love of them is tinged with awe, as was Leech's love of that mighty, beautiful, but most uncertain quadruped, the thoroughbred horse—for, like him, when they are good, they are very, very good, but when they are bad, they are horrid. We have changed other things as well: the swell has become the masher, and is a terrible dull dog; the poor little snob has blossomed into a blatant 'Arry, and no longer wears impossible hats and iron heels to his boots; he has risen in the social scale, and holds his own without fear or favor in the Park and everywhere else. To be taken for a haristocrat is his dream! Even if he be pelted for it. In his higher developments he becomes a "bounder," and bounds away in most respectable West End ball-rooms. He is the only person with any high spirits left—perhaps that is why high spirits have gone out of fashion, like boxing the watch and wrenching off door-knockers!

And the snob of our day is quite a different person, more likely than not to be found hobnobbing with dukes and duchesses—as irreproachable in dress and demeanor as Leech himself. Thackeray discovered and christened him for us long ago; and he is related to most of us, and moves in the best society. He has even ceased to brag of his intimacy with the great, they have become so commonplace to him; and if he swaggers at all, it is about his acquaintance with some popular actor or comic vocalist whom he is privileged to call by his Christian name.

And those splendid old grandees of high rank, so imposing of aspect, so crushing to us poor mortals by mere virtue not of their wealth and title alone, but of their high-bred distinction of feature and bearing—to which Leech did such ample justice—what has become of them?

They are like the snows of yester-year! They have gone the way of their beautiful chariots with the elaborate armorial bearings and the tasselled hammercloth, the bewigged, cocked-hatted coachman, and the two gorgeous flunkies hanging on behind. Sir Gorgeous Midas has beaten the dukes in mere gorgeousness, flunkies and all—burlesqued the vulgar side of them, and unconsciously shamed it out

of existence; made swagger and ostentation unpopular by his own evil example—actually improved the manners of the great by sheer mimicry of their defects. He has married his sons and his daughters to them, and spoilt the noble curve of those lovely noses that Leech drew so well, and brought them down a peg in many ways, and given them a new lease of life; and he has enabled us to discover that they are not of such different clay from ourselves after all. All the old slavish formulæ of deference and respect—"Your Grace," "Your Ladyship," "My Lord"—that used to run so glibly off our tongues whenever we had a chance, are now left to servants and shopkeepers; and my slight experience of them, for one, is that they do not want to be toadied a bit, and that they are very polite, well-bred, and most agreeable people.

If we may judge of our modern aristocracy by that very slender fragment of our contemporary fiction, mostly American, that still thinks it worth writing about, our young noble of to-day is the most good-humored, tolerant, simple-hearted, simple-minded, unsophisticated creature alive—thinking nothing of his honors—prostrate under the little foot of some fair Yankee, who is just as likely as not to jilt him for some transatlantic painter not yet known to fame.

Compare this unpretending youth to one of Bulwer's heroes, or Disraeli's, or even Thackeray's! And his simple old duke of a father and his dowdy old duchess of a mother are almost as devoid of swagger as himself; they seem to apologize for their very existence, if we may trust these American chroniclers who seem to know them so well; and I really think we no longer care to hear and read about them quite so much as we did—unless it be in the society papers!

But all these past manners and customs that some of us can remember so well—all these obsolete people, from the heavily whiskered swell to the policeman with the leather-bound chimney-pot hat, from good pater and materfamilias, who were actually looked up to and obeyed by their children, to the croquet-playing darlings in the pork-pie hats and huge crinolines—all survive and will survive for many a year in John Leech's pictures of *Life and Character*.



## BRITISH ISLANDER. ★

BY MARY HARTWELL CATHERWOOD.

WELL, I wish you could have been here in Mrs. Jessop's day. She was the spectacle of Mackinac. Not that she exerted herself to attract attention. But she was such a character, and her manners were so astonishing, that she furnished perennial entertainment to the few families of us constituting island society.

She was an English woman, born in South Africa, and married to an American army surgeon, and had lived over a large part of the world before coming to this fort. She had no children. But her sister had married Dr. Jessop's brother. And the good-for-nothing pair set out to follow the English drum-beat around the world, and left a child for the two more responsible ones to rear. Juliana Jessop was so deaf she could not hear thunder. But she was quits with nature, for all that; a wonderfully alluring kind of girl, with big brown eyes that were better than ears, and that could catch the meaning of moving lips. It seemed to strangers that she merely evaded conversation; for she had a sweet voice, a little drawling, and was witty when she wanted to speak. Juliana couldn't step out of the surgeon's quarters to walk across the parade-ground without making every soldier in the fort

conscious of her. She was well-shaped and tall, and a slight pitting of the skin only enhanced the charm of her large features. She used to dress unlike anybody else, in foreign things that her aunt gave her, and was always carrying different kinds of thin scarfs to throw over her face and tantalize the men.

Everybody knew that Captain Markland would marry her if he could. But along comes Dr. McCurdy, a wealthy widower from the East, and nothing will do but he must hang about Mackinac week after week, pretending to need the climate—and he weighing nearly two hundred—to court Juliana Jessop. The lieutenant's wife said of Juliana that she would flirt with a half-breed if nothing better offered. But the lieutenant's wife was a homely, jealous little thing, and could never have had all the men hanging after her. And if she had had the chance she might have been as aggravating about making up her mind between two as Juliana was.

We used to think the girl very good-natured. But those three people made a queer family. Dr. Jessop was the remnant of a magnificent man, and he always had a courtly air, no matter how drunk he might be. He paid little attention to the small affairs of life, and rated money as nothing to his services. Dr.

\* This story is set down exactly as it was told by the Island Chronicle.





"I WAS SURPRISED TO SEE HER RUSH AT CAPTAIN MARKLAND."

Jessop's bills were the standing joke of the village. A lady once stopped her carriage to ask him some question about a remedy, and was astonished to receive a bill. She went to him indignantly.

"Dr. Jessop," she declared, "you have never been inside my house!"

"Madam," says he, "my services are the same, whether rendered on the street or under your roof. But if you choose to repudiate your debts, that is nothing to me."

Of course she paid him; she couldn't stand out against such magnificence. But that was nothing compared to the bill he sent us for making a wedding call. He came in the day after our Evelyn was married, and sat a long time, making a delightful visit. He apologized too, saying: "I was much mortified last night, seeing all the beautiful gifts, and realizing that Mrs. Jessop and I, who have been fond of Evelyn, were not represented. It was a sad oversight on my part.

But I wish to say now that when the first anniversary of this wedding comes around, we intend to remember our Evelyn with a handsome present." He forgot all about it: we expected him to do that. And I never should have thought about it again if his half-yearly bill hadn't come in with one charge dated the day after Evelyn's wedding. I puzzled about it. For I could distinctly remember there hadn't been any illness in the family then. But the truth flashed on me: Dr. Jessop had absent-mindedly charged three dollars for making a wedding call!

The intemperance of this man would have worn out anybody but Mrs. Jessop. She followed him when he hid himself for an orgie, and used to take him by the collar and march along with him like a grenadier. Sometimes he got into a carriage and drove galloping through the streets like a madman. Mrs. Jessop contrived to waylay him; he obeyed her when he was drunk; and there she would sit by his side, straight as a musket barrel, both of them liable to be killed any minute, until he quieted down and she could get him home.

The day that I am telling you about Mrs. Jessop had driven with me into the village to make some calls. She was very punctilious about calling upon strangers. If she intended to recognize a new-comer, she called at once. We drove around to the rear of the fort and entered at the back sally-port, where carriages always enter, but instead of letting me put her down at the surgeon's quarters, she called the driver to stop in the middle of the parade-ground. Then she got out, and, with never a word, marched down the steps to Captain Markland, where he was leaning against the front sally-port, looking below into the town. I didn't know what to do, so I sat and waited. It was the loveliest autumn morning you ever saw. I remember the beeches and oaks and maples were spread out like banners to the very height of the island, all crimson and yellow splashes in the midst of evergreen. There had been an awful storm the night before, and you could see through the sally-port how drenched the fort garden was at the foot of the hill. Captain Markland had a fearfully depressed look. He was so down in the mouth that the sentinels noticed it. I saw the one in front of the western block-house stick his tongue in his cheek and

wink at one pacing below. We heard afterwards that Captain Markland had been out alone to inspect target ranges in the pine woods, and almost ran against Juliana Jessop and Dr. McCurdy sitting on a log. Before he could get out of the way he overheard the loudest proposal ever made on Mackinac. It used to be told about in mess, though how it got out Captain Markland said he did not know, unless they heard it in the village.

"I have brought you here," the doctor shouted to Juliana, as loud as a cow lowing, "to tell you that I love you! I want you to be my wife!"

She behaved as if she didn't hear—I think that minx often had fun with her deafness—and inclined her head to one side.

So he said it all over again. "I have brought you to this secluded spot to tell you that I love you! I want you to be my wife!"

It was like a steamer bellowing on the strait. Then Juliana threw her scarf over her face, and Captain Markland broke away through the bushes.

Mrs. Jessop had never said a word to me about either of the suitors. It wasn't because she didn't talk, for she was a great talker. We had to postpone a card party one evening on account of the continuous flow of Mrs. Jessop's conversation, which never ceased until it was time for refreshments, there being not a moment's pause for the tables to be set out.

But I was surprised to see her rush at Captain Markland, brandishing her parasol as if she were going to knock him down. I always thought if she had any preference it would be for an army man: for you know an army woman's contempt for civilian money and position. Army women continually want to be moving on; and they hate bothering with household stuff, such as we prize.

Captain Markland did look poor-spirited, drooping against the sally-port, for a man who in his uniform was the most conspicuous figure to Mackinac girls in a ball-room. Maybe if he had been courting anything but a statue he might have made a better figure at it. Juliana was worse than a statue, though; for she could float through a thousand graceful poses, and drive a man crazy with her eyes. He wasn't the lover to go out in the woods and shoot a proposal as loud as a cannon at a girl; and it seems he couldn't get



any satisfaction from her by writing notes.

Mrs. Jessop was drawing off her gloves as she marched at him with her parasol, and I remember how her emeralds and diamonds flashed in the sun—old heirlooms. I never saw another woman who had so many precious stones. She was tall, with that robust English quality that sometimes goes with slenderness. She and Juliana were not a bit alike. When she walked, her feet came down pat. And I have heard a great many people say they didn't like to have Mrs. Jessop's eyes on them. (They were very black, and had a kind of a panther crouch in them.) If Mrs. Jessop were stalking you with her eyes, you might be sure she would spring. And I pitied Captain Markland as I saw him give that start people always gave when Mrs. Jessop pounced on them.

"It's a fine day after the storm, Captain Markland," says she; and he lifted his cap and said it was.

She made such a rush I thought she would drive him down the height, and whirled her parasol around his head like sword-play, talking about the havoc of the storm. She rippled him from head to foot, and poked at his eyes, and jabbed him, to show how lightning struck the rocks, Captain Markland all the time moving back and dodging; and to save my life I couldn't help laughing, though the soldiers all around saw it. They were pretty well used to her, and rolled their quids in their cheeks, and winked at one another.

When she had all but thrown him out of the sally-port, she stuck the ferrule right under his nose and shook it; and says she: "Yet it is now as fine a day as if no such convulsion had ever threatened the island. It is often so in this world."

He couldn't deny that, miserable as he looked. And I thought she would let him alone and come and say good-day to me. But no, indeed. She took him by the arm. Soldiers off duty were lounging on the benches, and Captain Markland wouldn't let them see him haled off like a prisoner. He marched square-shouldered and erect, and Mrs. Jessop says to me as they came to the carriage:

"The captain will help you down if you will come with us. I am going to show him my Shanghai rooster."

I thanked him, and gladly let him help

me down. I wasn't going to desert the poor fellow when Mrs. Jessop was dealing with him, and besides, I wanted to see that rooster myself. We heard such stories of the way she kept her chickens, and labored over all the domestic animals she gathered around herself at the fort.

By ascending a steep bank on which the western block-house stands, you know you can look down into the drill-ground—that wide meadow behind the fort with quarters at the back. Mrs. Jessop had an enclosure built outside the wall for her chickens; and there they were, walking about, scratching the ground, and diverting themselves as well as they could in their clothes. She had a shed at one end of the enclosure, and all the hens, walking about or sitting on nests, wore hoods! Holes were made for their eyes but none for their beaks, and the eyelets seemed to magnify so that they looked wrathful as they stretched their necks and quavered in those bags. Captain Markland and I both burst out laughing, but Mrs. Jessop explained it all seriously.

"They eat their eggs," says she; "so I tie hoods on them until I have collected the eggs for the day."

I remember some were clawing their head-gear, trying alternate feet, and two determined hens were trying to peck each other free. But they were generally resigned, and we might have grown so after the first minute if it hadn't been for the rooster.

Captain Markland roared, and I leaned against the lower part of the block-house and held my sides. That long-legged, awkward, high-stepping Shanghai cock was dressed like a man in a suit of clothes, all but a hat. His coat sleeves extended over his wings, and when he flapped them to crow and stuck his claws out of his trouser legs I wept tears on my handkerchief. Mrs. Jessop talked straight ahead without paying any attention to our laughter. If it had ever been funny to her, it had ceased to be so. She had not brought Captain Markland there to amuse him.

"Look at that Shanghai rooster now," says she. "I brought him up from the South. I put him among the hens, and they picked all his feathers off. He was as bare, captain, as your hand. He was literally hen-pecked. First one would step up to him and pull out a feather; then another; and he, poor fool, did no-

thing but cower against the fence. It never seemed to enter his brain-pan he could put a stop to the torture. There he was, without a feather to cover himself with, and the cool autumn nights coming on. So I took some gray cloth and made him these clothes. He would have been picked to the bone if I hadn't. But they put spunk into him. That Shanghai rooster has found out he has to assert himself, captain, and he does assert himself."

I saw Captain Markland turn red, and I knew he wished the sentinel wasn't standing guard a few feet away in front of that block-house.

She might have let him alone after she had given him that thrust, and gone on to her house, and said good-by in the usual way. But just as he was helping me down it happened that Juliana and Dr. McCurdy appeared through the rear sally-port, which they must have reached by skirting the wall instead of crossing the drill-field. As soon as Mrs. Jessop saw them she stiffened, and clubbed her umbrella at Captain Markland again. He couldn't get away, so he stood his ground.

"See that creature begin to curvet and roll her eyes!" says Mrs. Jessop. "If the parade-ground were full of men I think she would prance over the parapet. At my age she may have some sense and feeling. But I would be glad to see her in the hands of a man who knew how to assert himself."

"May I ask," says Captain Markland, "what you mean by a man's asserting himself, Mrs. Jessop?"

She made such a pounce at him with the parasol that her waist began to rip in the back.

"My dear boy, I am a full-blooded Briton, and Juliana is what you may call an English half-breed. In the bottom of our hearts we have a hankering for monarchy. The lion, who permits nobody else to poach on his preserves, is our symbol. While the vexatious child and I are not at all alike in other things, I know she admires as much as I do a man who asserts himself."

Though it was said Juliana Jessop could not hear thunder, she generally understood her aunt's voice, and could tell when she was being talked about. She came straight to her own rescue, as you might say, and Dr. McCurdy, poor man, was very polite, but not cheerful.

If we had known then what he had been yelling in the woods, we should have understood better why Captain Markland seemed to pluck up and strut at the sight of him.

I think Mrs. Jessop determined to finish the business that very hour. She met Dr. McCurdy with all the sweetness she could put into her manner just before she intended to pounce the hardest.

"I have been showing the captain my chickens," she says, "and now I want to show you my cows."

Dr. McCurdy thanked her, and said he would be delighted to see the cows, but he stuck to Juliana like a shadow. Maybe he expected the cows would give him a further excuse for being with her. But Mrs. Jessop cut him off there. She gave her keys to her niece, and says she:

"Go in the house, my dear, and set out the decanter and glasses, and give Captain Markland a glass of wine to keep him until we come back. I want to tell him something more about that Shanghai rooster."

Juliana understood, and took the keys, and rolled her eyes tantalizingly at Dr. McCurdy. The poor fellow made a stand, and said the cows would do some other time, and mightn't he beg for a glass of wine too, after his walk?

"Certainly, doctor, certainly," says Mrs. Jessop, leading the way to the front sally-port. "We expect you to take a glass with us. But while Juliana sets out the decanter, let us look at the cows."

She hadn't mentioned me, but I didn't care for that, knowing Mrs. Jessop as I did. I should have followed if she hadn't beckoned to me, for I was as determined to see the affair through as she was to finish it.

We had to go down that long path from the front sally-port to the street, and then turn into the field at the foot of the hill, where the fort stables are. Mrs. Jessop talked all the time about cattle, flourishing her parasol and flashing her diamonds and emeralds in the sun, and telling Dr. McCurdy she had intended to ask his opinion about them ever since his arrival on the island. He answered yes, and no, and seemed to be thinking of anything but cattle.

Mackinac cows tinkled their bells in every thicket. But Mrs. Jessop's pets were brought in morning and afternoon to clean, well-lighted stalls. There they



stood in a row, sleek as if they had been curried—and I have heard that she did curry them herself—all switching natural tails except one. And as sure as you live that cow had a false tail that Mrs. Jessop had made for her.

She took hold of it and showed it to us. It did not seem very funny to Dr. McCurdy, but he had to listen to what she said.

"Spotty was a fine cow, but by some accident she had lost her tail, and I got her cheaper on that account," says Mrs. Jessop. "You don't know how distressing it was to see her switching a stump. So I made her a tail of whalebone and India-rubber and yarn. I knit it myself."

The poor fellow looked up at the fort and said: "Yes. It is very interesting, Mrs. Jessop."

"I am aware," says she, "that the expedient was never hit upon before. But Spotty's brush is a great success. It used to make me unhappy to think of leaving this post. All the other cows might find good homes with new owners; but who would care for Spotty? Since I have supplied her deficiency, however, and know that the supply can constantly be renewed, my mind is easy about her. If you ever have to knit a cow's tail, doctor, remember the foundations are whalebone and India-rubber; and I would advise you to use the coarsest yarn you can find for the brush."

"I will, Mrs. Jessop," he says, like a man who wanted to lie down in the straw and die. And I couldn't laugh and relieve myself, because it was like laughing at him.

"Now that shows," says Mrs. Jessop, and she pounced at him and shook her parasol in his face so vigorously that she ripped in the back the same as a chrysalis, "how easy it is to remedy a seemingly incurable injury."

If he didn't understand her then, he did afterwards. But he looked as if he couldn't endure it any longer, and made for the door.

"Stop, Dr. McCurdy," says she. "You haven't heard these cows' pedigrees."

He stopped, and said: "How long are the pedigrees?"

"Here are four generations," says Mrs. Jessop: "grandmother, mother, daughter, and grandchild." And on she went, tracing their lineage through blooded

stock for more than half an hour. She was enthusiastic, too, and got between the doctor and the door, and emphasized all her points with the parasol. Her back kept ripping until I ought to have told her, but I knew the man was too mad to look at her, and she was so happy herself, I said, "I will let her alone."

I had forgotten all about my half-breed driver, sitting on the parade-ground in the waiting carriage. But he was enjoying himself too, when we climbed to the fort again, with a soldier lounging on the front wheel.

Well, as soon as I entered the little parlor that Mrs. Jessop called her drawing-room—ornamented with the movable knickknacks that an army woman carries around with her, you know—I saw that Captain Markland had asserted himself. If he hadn't asserted himself on that occasion, I do believe Mrs. Jessop would have been done with him forever. I never saw a man so anxious to show that he was accepted. Of course he couldn't announce the engagement until it had been sanctioned by the girl's foster-parents. But he put Juliana through the engaged drill like a veteran, and she was wonderfully meek.

I suppose one British woman knows another better than an American can. But I felt sorry for Dr. McCurdy when he saw the state of things and took his leave, and Mrs. Jessop rubbed his defeat on the raw.

"Ah, my dear friend," says she, shaking his hand, "we see that buds will match with buds. I could never find it in my heart to wed a bud to a full-blown rose."

I don't doubt that the full-blown rose, as he went down the fort hill, cursed Mrs. Jessop's cow's tail and all her cows' pedigrees.

That night Captain Markland took Juliana's uncle home so drunk that he could not stand alone. The captain propped Dr. Jessop against the door and rang the bell, and hid behind the storm-shutter. It would not do to leave him until he was safely housed; and the officer felt responsible for him as for a relation. The light was shining through the fan-windows, and Captain Markland saw it stream out on the porch when the door opened. Dr. Jessop fell in like a log. And when Mrs. Jessop helped him up, you could hear him tumble against the wall. Consequently he had a face cov-



ered with black bruises the next day. And Mrs. Jessop said to Captain Markland:

"Do you see how Dr. Jessop bruised his face carelessly falling over something in the unlighted hall last night?"

Of course she didn't know Captain Markland brought him home. But I wondered when I heard it whether Juliana would stick to the captain and shield him so if he ever fell into dissipa-

tion and lost the power of asserting himself. Mrs. Jessop once said to me:

"That girl imagines herself in love."

It was as if she thought but didn't say, "Wait until that girl has led her husband home by the collar a few times; then she will understand what love is."

I wish you had seen Mrs. Jessop in her day. She certainly was the most delicious creature on Mackinac.

## PROJECTS FOR AN ISTHMIAN CANAL.

BY THE HON. DAVID TURPIE.

ALL the commercial countries of the civilized world have for more than a century heartily favored the construction of a navigable waterway across the Central American isthmus. There is not a member of any government or legislative assembly in Christendom who has ever entertained or declared any sort of opposition or hostility to that enterprise. The execution of such a design has been the desire of all nations, often attempted, anxiously waited for, baffled only by the extreme difficulty of its accomplishment.

Various routes have been at different times suggested and explored for a ship-canal across the isthmus, but the two most prominent thus far in the history of the undertaking are those by the way of Lake Nicaragua and Panama. A canal by the way of Lake Nicaragua has always been favored by the government of the United States, for the reason that it would be nearer to our great coast-lines on the Atlantic and Pacific, and also that as compared with different routes it seems to be quite as practicable, and perhaps even attended with somewhat less difficulty than any other.

There is nothing new in the project of the Nicaragua canal, in the concessions made to promoters by the two governments through whose territory it runs, in the interest taken therein by the people of the United States, or in the chief problem to be solved in its construction. Indeed the project is a very old one. Before the existence of the present republics of Central America, and while the country traversed by the route was yet under the dominion of the Spanish crown, this canal route had attracted marked atten-

tion, had become the subject of careful survey and reconnoissance with a view to its cost and feasibility. In 1781 an exploration and survey of this route was made by Manuel Galisteo, under the authority of the Spanish government. This was followed by an order and decree of the Spanish Cortes for the construction of the canal, but the enterprise was subsequently abandoned. After this successive concessions were made to Danes, Englishmen, Frenchmen, and others, followed by surveys and examinations of the route made with more or less precision and expenditure; but no further action was taken by the parties interested. As early as 1826 Governor DeWitt Clinton, of New York, so justly celebrated for his achievements in the building of canals, caused a full survey of this same route to be made for himself and his associates, but upon the report being filed, no further action was taken. In 1851-2 a survey and estimate of the cost of a canal by the Nicaragua route was made by Colonel O. W. Childs, of Philadelphia, for Cornelius Vanderbilt, of New York, and his associates. This survey was made at great expense of time and money, and is conceded to have fully conformed to every requirement of engineering science. The persons interested therein, Vanderbilt and his associates, were at that time largely engaged in isthmian transportation and commerce. They were men of abundant wealth and resources. When the report and estimate were submitted, no further steps were taken in the enterprise.

General Grant, when President of the United States, gravely impressed with the importance of this proposed work, and always very favorable to the Nicaragua



route, recommended to Congress the appointment of a commission to make an inspection and examination of the same. This commission was duly selected, performed the duty assigned to it, and made its report, together with an estimate of the cost of the construction. This estimate, provisional in its character, placed the necessary expenditure for the building and completion of such canal by the Nicaragua route at \$140,000,000. After this report, which was made November 18, 1874, nothing further was done by President Grant or by Congress in the premises.

This brief account of failed and suspended projects for the construction of the canal by the Nicaragua route very fully discloses the reasons for the extreme care and caution which have been since used by Congress and the government of the United States in dealing with this subject.

The chief problem, the main design, of all these surveys and explorations has been one and the same. It is that of making much the longest part of the voyage through the navigable portion of Lake Nicaragua and the San Juan River, and then to use and control the waters of the lake and the adjacent streams so that they may be safely and permanently navigated as a canal for the remaining distance westward to the Pacific and eastward to the Atlantic, thus connecting the two oceans.

The whole length of the proposed line of transit, from Greytown on the Atlantic to Brito, the Pacific terminal, is  $169\frac{1}{2}$  miles. Of this distance 133 miles is made by the use of the lake and of a part of the San Juan River. The canal is to be made by excavation,  $14\frac{1}{2}$  miles on the Atlantic side, and about 12 miles on the Pacific side, so that the canal proper is only of the length of about  $26\frac{1}{2}$  miles.

The inquiry may be made, as the San Juan River is to be used in part for canal navigation on this route, why may it not be used for the whole distance from Lake Nicaragua to the Atlantic? The answer is that the San Juan River runs through a region of country where the average rainfall is 275 inches annually, sometimes as much as 300 inches. The consequence is that this stream with its tributaries, swollen by enormous tropical rains during the wet season, becomes, as it approaches the ocean, uncontrollable. The

San Juan River, after leaving the highlands around the lake, sometimes chooses one course and sometimes another in its flow to the sea, frequently leaves its banks and submerges the whole tract of land lying between the foot-hills and ocean with its flooded waters. No engineer has ever advised the prolongation of the line of a ship-canal by this river to the sea. The forces of nature have here placed in the way obstacles so irresistible that no amount of skill, of labor, or of expenditure has been deemed adequate to their removal.

The Suez Canal is about 100 miles in length, and cost one million dollars per mile for its construction. The Corinth Canal is 4 miles in length, and cost completed, with its approaches, one million per mile. The proposed Nicaragua canal will cost per mile, with its terminals and approaches, certainly not less, and probably more than the sum named. The canals of Suez and Corinth are real maritime canals, built without locks, upon the sea-level. The one, that of Corinth, is situated in the temperate zone, where the rainfall is 37 or 40 inches per annum. The other, that of Suez, is located in a region without rain. Neither of these is threatened in its course by streams liable to sudden and perilous floods, so common in the tropical region of Central America. These two great works afford no real parallel to the Nicaragua project, either as to cost or feasibility. The one work parallel to this undertaking is very near, very like it, both in place and circumstance; it is that of the Panama canal across the Isthmus of Darien. This canal has been in process of construction now for many years. The route is about 46 miles long. Two hundred and forty millions of dollars have been thus far expended in the enterprise without success, and hitherto without any return. A large force is yet at work upon the Panama Canal, and since the De Lesseps failure the new organization is hopefully and energetically engaged in its prosecution. We do not know what may be the result. No friend of mankind can wish that it should fail. The whole world would rejoice at its completion; yet such success would furnish, so far as mere pecuniary profits are concerned, a strong competing rival to the Nicaragua route for the tolls and tonnage of maritime commerce.



It is proper to say that the Panama Canal Company has always been, and yet is, a private corporation. It is not a government work, and no congress or parliament has ever appropriated a dollar or pledged the public credit in any way in aid of the enterprise.

The most recent attempt to exploit the project of a canal by the Nicaragua route has been made by a corporation styled the Maritime Canal Company of Nicaragua. It began, as others before it had begun, by obtaining concessions from the two Central American republics which own the territory passed through by the line of the projected canal, Costa Rica and Nicaragua. These concessions bear date April 12, 1887. They allowed ten years for the building of the canal, and the Nicaragua concession expired, by its own terms, on the 12th day of April, 1897.\*

The company, in accordance with the provisions of the concession, for the purpose of raising funds for the prosecution of its work, advertised proposals for subscriptions to its capital stock in London, Paris, and New York, inviting the people of all nations to participate.

No subscriptions followed. The initial strength and credit of the undertaking upon which large expectations had been founded produced no fruits. The very great, almost insurmountable natural obstacles to the success of the work were as well known at that time as they are today. The project as a financial investment had been blacklisted upon every exchange and market of both Europe and America for fifty years before. Capitalists had no confidence in the company, or in its plan of execution. The movement for stock subscriptions was a total failure. The company was left without money or credit, just as it had been in the beginning.

There had been incorporated and organized about the same time in the State of Colorado what is known as the Nicaragua Canal Construction Company, composed, as stated in the Senate debate upon the subject, "of substantially the same *personnel* as the principal company." This secondary company, a sort of tender to its chief, acting under large promises and imposing prospects of making lucrative

profits out of the construction of the work, and out of the contracts and sub-contracts incident thereto, sold or disposed of some of its stocks or bonds, and in various ways raised some moneys for its use. This Construction Company bought and removed to Greytown, the place of its operations, quantities of machinery and materials, built a wooden dock or sea-wall on the site of the proposed harbor at Greytown, and in 1891 had excavated about one mile of the canal, extending from the outer line of the proposed harbor towards the foot-hills in the direction of Lake Nicaragua. Having done this much, the Nicaragua Canal Construction Company went into the hands of a receiver. Its tangible property at Greytown was sold there under legal process, its paper assets were sold at marshal's sale in the city of New York, and its condition is that of utter bankruptcy and insolvency; but it is yet in existence, awaiting its share of an anticipated Congressional subsidy. After this failure of the Canal Construction Company the work on the canal ceased; it has never been resumed. The last work was done in 1891.

The Maritime Canal Company of Nicaragua transferred its attention to another field of operation. Like Governor Clinton, Vanderbilt, and its other predecessors, it abandoned the work on its canal scheme; but, unlike them, it came to Congress for an appropriation, first of seventy millions, then of one hundred millions, to be expended by it in the enterprise.

The Maritime Canal Company of Nicaragua had been incorporated by an act of Congress on the 28th day of February, 1889. One of the provisions of its charter is as follows:

Provided, however, That nothing in this act contained shall be so construed as to commit the United States to any pecuniary liability whatever for or on account of said company; nor shall the United States be held in any wise liable or responsible in any form or by any implication for any debt or liability in any form which said company may incur, nor be held as guaranteeing any engagement or contract of said company, or as having assumed, by virtue of this act, any responsibility for the acts or proceedings of said company in any foreign country, or contracts or engagements entered into in the United States.

This corporation had publicly proclaimed that it wanted and needed

\* The full text of these concessions may be found in Report 1142, 2d Session, 52d Congress, pages 110 and 134.



neither public credit nor money from the government; that it had abundant funds and resources to make the work an assured success; that all it wished was a charter from Congress; but, in direct violation of this provision in its own charter, it now approached Congress for immediate pecuniary aid. Under these strange circumstances it became the duty of Congress to make a somewhat careful examination of the claims of the company, of its concession, of the practicability and probable cost of the work upon the line adopted by it. The company had submitted and published its report, containing in detail the profile of its scheme arranged in separate divisions, with the estimated cost of each. In an analysis of this report, during a prolonged debate thereon in the Senate of the United States, it was disclosed that many of the items of the work plainly required by the terms of the company's concession, such as the harbor and lighthouse at San Carlos, the eastern lake terminal of the canal, the harbor and lighthouse at Lajas, the western lake terminal of the canal—works of main importance to the safety of canal navigation—had been wholly omitted in the company's estimate. Others of equal importance had been undervalued as to their cost; and as to other items, like that of the Tipitapa canal, connecting Lake Managua with Lake Nicaragua, a waterway required to be built by the terms of the concession within three years of the date of the same, and which should have been completed in that time, no survey or examination had been made, and the estimate of its cost was wholly conjectural.

What added largely to the distrust and suspicion of the company's plan and estimate was the fact that the same had been submitted to a committee of skilled experts in civil engineering for examination and approval. This committee met in New York city, and after careful inspection of the maps and profiles of the line adopted by the company, of the specimens of the rock, earth, and other materials furnished by such borings as the company had made on the route of its survey, filed a written report,\* making very large and material increases in the estimated cost of the work. This committee placed the total cost of the com-

pany's scheme at eighty-seven millions of dollars, being an excess of twenty-two millions over the company's estimate. And as to the practicability of the company's line of construction, the committee closes its written report, of date May 9, 1889, with language of such guarded significance as to fall somewhat short of approval. The summary of their opinion is in these words:

In conclusion we think it proper to express our opinion that the exploration and studies of the region have been sufficient to warrant the conclusion that unless hindered by obstacles or sinister influences, such as would, if permitted to weigh, forbid the success of all ventures, this enterprise is full of promise.

This commendation had in it such felicitous ambiguity of expression as to give pause to any hasty consideration of the company's project. Congress adhered to its former action, and did not grant any subsidy to the company. In deference, however, to the character of the enterprise, and to the interests of our sister Central American republics, a law was passed appropriating a sum of money and authorizing the appointment of a commission of three engineers—one from the army, one from the navy, and one from civil life—to make an inspection of the line and route of the proposed Nicaragua canal as laid out by the company, and especially to make a detailed estimate of the cost of execution. This commission went personally to the site and line of the canal route. They made a skilful and careful examination of the line, a particular calculation by itemized sections of the cost of completion, returned home, finished their report, and filed it on the 7th day of February, 1896.

This report by the government board of engineers, compared with the report of the engineers of the company, became the subject of quite animated discussion, and of special notice in the Senate in the winter of 1897, a bill being then pending, the third of its kind, to subsidize the Maritime Canal Company to the amount of one hundred millions of dollars. All were surprised by the very great differences appearing between the estimates of the cost of construction by the government board and those made by the engineers of the company. A few of these will be noted with their comparisons.\*

\* See Report No. 331, 2d Session, 53d Congress, page 147.

\* The report of the government engineers is found in H. R. Doc. 279, 1st Session, 54th Congress.



The estimate of the government board for the construction and completion of the harbor at Greytown, the entrance of the proposed canal on the Atlantic side, is \$4,480,000. The estimate of the Maritime Canal Company's engineers for the same work is \$2,151,000. The estimate of the government board of engineers for building and completing the harbor at Brito, the Pacific terminal of the canal, is \$4,398,000. The estimate of the company for this work is \$1,920,000. The estimate of the government board for the section of the work called the Nicaragua Division, which relates to the extension of the canal from the shore line of the two lake terminals at San Carlos and Lajas to the deep-water line, is \$3,907,000. The company's estimate for the same work is \$1,969,000. The same discrepancy appears in the two estimates for the Ochoa Dam. This is a dam to be built across the San Juan River at the place where the canal leaves the channel of that stream and passes, by a series of locks of the largest lift and dimensions, from the summit-level of the lake and river to the level of the sea on the Atlantic side. This dam is the key to the whole eastern division of the canal. On its permanence, stability, and preservation the safety of the locks and of the line of navigation depends. The estimate of the government board for the Ochoa Dam is \$4,000,000; that of the company is \$977,000—less than one million.

The LaFlor Dam is a structure upon the line of the proposed canal, located in the western division, between the lake and the Pacific, and, like the Ochoa Dam in the eastern, is the key to the western division. It is, in the plan of the company, an embankment 70 feet high and 1800 feet long, intended to enclose the waters of the streams adjacent in an immense basin, or reservoir, for use in canal navigation, to be let down by a series of locks to the sea-level of the Pacific Ocean at Brito.

The estimate of the company for the LaFlor Dam is \$1,306,670. The government board decline to make any estimate for this work; they say it is wholly impracticable; they select and recommend another route for this part of the line, one which they say is quite safe, practicable, and capable of execution, and submit their estimate of its cost in their report.

One of the main parts of the canal route is known as the San Juan River Division. It covers a distance of about 69 miles, in which the channel of the San Juan River is to be used as a part of the canal. The San Juan River runs from Lake Nicaragua to the Caribbean Sea. It is a stream at its average stage in the dry season of the width of 800 feet, with an average channel depth of 10 feet. Between the place where it leaves the lake and the Ochoa Dam there are four principal rapids, with rock bottoms, and the cost was to be estimated of removing these obstructions, and making such excavation in the channel that it might have the proper depth of water for the intended ship-canal. Every part of this channel was easily accessible, susceptible of measurement by line and level, and the nature of the rock and other obstructions was subject to precise and scientific examination. The depth of the water was easily ascertainable, and the cost of removing the obstructions and deepening the channel was not a problem of difficult solution.

The estimate of the company for the expense of completion of this division is \$1,975,000. The estimate of the government board is \$14,866,000, a difference of more than \$12,000,000. The estimate of the government board was made by engineers of approved skill, experience, and integrity, men wholly disinterested as to the scheme of the Maritime Canal Company, impartial in their judgment and calculations.

It is fair to assume that some mistakes, miscalculations, or underestimates of such an extensive design may have been made by the engineers of the company, but that these mistakes should have been so constant, so successive, and so large in amount seems to be more than can be charged to mere inadvertence. Such errors tax even credulity beyond endurance. The conclusion, upon a comparison of the two estimates, is almost irresistibly forced upon the reader that the Canal Company either intended to suppress the real cost of its undertaking, or that it took no great pains to ascertain and determine it.

That the estimates and calculations of the company are founded upon a very great reduction or suppression of the real expenditure of money needed for the construction of its work is plain. The ex-



planation of its action in this regard is not so apparent. To summarize this state of affairs, the total estimate of the Canal Company for the construction and completion of the canal is \$66,466,880. The estimate of the government board of engineers is \$133,472,893—twice that of the company, and within \$7,000,000 of the former estimate made by the commission appointed by President Grant in 1874.

These large discrepancies in the calculated expense of the proposed work put Congress upon its guard. Both Houses adjourned without any action upon the subsidy bill, and thus the paramount design of the company, which had been to obtain a large amount of cash or credit from the government of the United States, was again frustrated.

The bills introduced granting a loan of credit or subvention by the government of the United States to the Maritime Canal Company of Nicaragua did, it is true, provide for a mortgage and statutory lien, for a sinking-fund to be created from the net earnings of the canal when completed, to repay the loan to our government, or save it harmless from its guarantee of the company's bonds; but these same expressions, mortgage, statutory lien, net earnings, and sinking-fund had all been used before in the act granting subsidies to the Pacific Railway Company, and the memories of that transaction were so recent and unsavory that members of Congress were very loath to repeat an experiment so costly and unprofitable. To add \$100,000,000 to the national debt to be expended in a foreign country upon a line of work wherein the company had itself made a total default appeared to be an investment even more doubtful and hazardous than that of the Pacific Railway bonds.

During the last days of the session of Congress in 1897, while the subsidy measure of the Maritime Canal Company was under consideration, a communication was received from the Secretary of State upon the subject, which instantly attracted great attention. This was a letter of protest from the Hon. J. D. Rodriguez, minister of the Greater Republic of Central America, to the government of the United States, of date January 22, 1897.\*

The Greater Republic, recently formed by a joint convention between several of

the Central American republics, now includes Nicaragua as one of its states. The Nicaragua canal route lies mainly within the territorial limits of Nicaragua. The letter of Minister Rodriguez is written in behalf of the rights and interests of Nicaragua, as set forth in the concession granted by it to the company. He charges that the provisions of the pending subsidy bill are at variance with the stipulations of the contract of April 12, 1887, between Nicaragua and the company, from which contract (the concession) the company derives its existence, and which is the basis of its enterprise. He cites the 8th article of the concession as providing "that the contract shall in no case be transferable to any foreign government, or foreign public power," and the 53d article, providing "that any contravention of this stipulation shall entail a forfeiture of the concession." He states that the subsidy bill effects a transfer of the concession to the United States, and that the inevitable result is the forfeiture of the concession. He shows that the 47th article of the concession, providing "that the canal shall be located by the engineers of the company, two of whom shall be appointed by the government of Nicaragua," is violated by the provision of the bill "that the route of the canal shall be determined by engineers to be appointed by the President of the United States," and that an infraction of this provision is made, in article 53 of the concession, a cause of forfeiture of the contract. He states that under article 14 of the concession the company contracted to build, at its own expense, within the term of three years, reckoned from the time of the commencement of the work on the interoceanic canal, a navigable canal between Lake Managua and the navigable part of the Tipitapa River, that this time had expired long before, but the company, notwithstanding the most earnest solicitation, had made no pretence of meeting that obligation, or of adjusting the damages which it ought to pay in order to be discharged therefrom.

Minister Rodriguez in this communication shows other violations of the concession by the company in very material parts of the same. He concludes with a practical suggestion of the greatest importance. He affirms that it is evident that the company is unable to raise the

\* See Doc. 78, 2d Session, 54th Congress.



money to fulfil its contract unless the United States shall furnish it, and proposes that the two governments, relying upon the favorable disposition of the United States, shall come to a direct understanding upon the subject of the construction of the canal on the basis of a former treaty made between them, and endeavor to reach an arrangement with the Maritime Canal Company, so that it may renounce a concession whose conditions it is unable to fulfil.

Now this is precisely the course heretofore suggested by those who have been adverse to the subsidy scheme. There is surely no valid reason why, if our government is to furnish the funds for the construction of the canal, it should not also directly control and administer the same, in conjunction with the Central American governments interested, under a treaty with them concluded for that purpose.

There is certainly no reason why the government of the United States, in relation to the building, completion, and future operation of this great canal, should treat with a private corporation whose only claim to consideration rests in the total discredit and disaster which have accompanied its attempt in the execution of the work.

And it is to be especially noted that although the government of Nicaragua publicly charges the Maritime Canal Company with violations of the concession, and with inexcusable breaches of contract, yet neither of the Central American republics has made any opposition to the enterprise itself, or to the construction of the canal by our government.

A condition quite fortunate is thus shown, because it is not possible that any power could build or operate this ship-canal in the country of an unfriendly population. This work is not like that of Suez or Corinth. Those are canals built by excavation on the sea-level, as before stated. To destroy them would require the slow process of the excavation of another channel to drain away their waters, or the filling up of the present one in use; but the Nicaragua canal, with its double system of dams and locks, would be peculiarly sensitive and liable to injury, by either public or private enemies, as there are many places along the line at which an hour's work with the pick

and shovel, to say nothing of the use of explosives, would let the water rapidly escape, and so wreck the whole system.

The commission appointed by President Cleveland, whose report has been before cited, expressly stated that the existing data are inadequate as a basis for estimating the cost of many of the structures along the line of the proposed ship-canal. They recommended an additional appropriation, and that eighteen months' time, covering at least two dry seasons, be given for obtaining the necessary data for the formulation of a final estimate.

Congress, in accordance with this recommendation, on the 4th day of June, 1897, authorized the appointment of a commission of engineers to make another survey and estimate of the cost of construction, and to further examine as to the proper route, and as to the feasibility of the Nicaragua canal.\*

This commission has since been appointed by President McKinley, and is now engaged in the performance of its duty. Our government is awaiting its report.

Three things are necessary to the consummation of this enterprise: First, funds to be furnished by the government of the United States. Second, the perfect amity and friendly co-operation of Nicaragua and Costa Rica in the work. Third, a reasonable assurance of its feasibility, and of the amount of money needed to construct and complete it.

The three republics could under such auspices thus give to the world an American canal under American control. It is a grave misconception, a disparagement of the dignity and grandeur of such a design, to suppose that its success is in any way dependent upon or necessarily related to the scheme of the Maritime Canal Company.

There may be many and potent reasons for the building of the Nicaragua ship-canal aside from those that would regard it only in the light of a commercial investment. In the voyage from New York to San Francisco it would save the long passage round Cape Horn. The Strait of Magellan would be removed thousands of miles toward the north; the two Americas would be united by closer commercial relations than ever before; but none of these considerations should induce our

\* See Act of June 4, 1897, page 55.



government, hastily or incautiously, to engage in a work of such magnitude. Vast national enterprises of this character are best preceded by the most careful preparation, by a thorough knowledge of

the hinderances and impediments in the way of their achievement, and by an estimate, as accurate as can be made, of the amount of expenditure necessary to their execution.

## MARTIN FARRONER.

BY MARGUERITE MERINGTON.

THE minister was dying, and the parish stood lamenting at the gate, speaking of him as one already passed away.

The church, the mission offspring of a prosperous foundation, stood in a poor quarter of the city, where it had been placed by a prosperous stock-broker to commemorate God's glory and his own; the parsonage was a narrow dwelling elbowed by the mission into a block of tall tenements, as if the material needs of a spiritual teacher were an impertinence to be kept down, and the parish was a motley horde of souls brought to the cause of Christ by the zeal of His servant Martin Farroner.

Jealously the flock guarded at the passing of the shepherd, according to their several ways of showing their devotion. Unkempt women stood about in the street to discuss the latest bulletins, cuffing the children who were noisy at their play, but shouting back answers to other women who shouted their inquiries from the windows of the tenements; men on their way to or from their work stopped to ring at the muffled bell; boys and girls employed in the neighboring factory stole a few minutes from their lunch hour to bear some small delicacy earned from their scant wages to their friend; a handful of usually idle lads made it their active business to keep the street quiet, and though the noise of an occasional carriage from the parent church was regarded by them as a flattering tribute to the dying man, a hapless organ-grinder nearly lost his life before he understood that his instrument was not destined to enjoy its wonted vogue that day, while heavy teams rattling over the cobblestones were literally cursed into turning down another street—so well was Farroner beloved! To all inquirers there was but one answer: "He is no better. He will not live till night."

As always at such a time, the past tense and reminiscent tone foreshadowed the ultimate event; and how much there was to be said concerning his saintly life, his homely eloquence, his dear odd personal ways, would have astonished none so much as Farroner. His biography up to the time of his call to Siloam Mission was largely conjectural and wholly unsatisfactory. The most adroitly directed interrogation found itself unable to cross the barrier of a great sorrow that divided the pastor's present from his past. At first it was an open question whether a mural tablet placed by him in the church in remembrance of his wife was to be regarded as an invitation to the matrimonially inclined or as a sanctified deterrent, till his horror-stricken flight from any well-meant hint established him as permanently not to be consoled. Later a cousin came to take charge of the three motherless children at the parsonage, and by degrees it became a point of honor in the parish that the unsuspecting minister was to be sedulously guarded from any outside attacks upon his widowed celibacy.

Of his goodness of heart there are innumerable traditions in Siloam. One, the least, but characteristic of the man, will serve. Things were at a low ebb at the parsonage—they often were in those early days; indeed, there was a general idea that the minister had some heavy burden of debt behind him. However, at the time he owned but one white shirt, and this it was like him to wear on an occasion when he was called to carry the gospel up six flights of stairs to a woman whose only son had been killed by falling from a scaffolding. He found the mother grieving less for the young life lost than for wounded pride because she lacked the means to clothe the poor mortality that had come naked into the world with fitting garments for its entrance



into Kingdom Come. Those who have worked among the poor know their pleasure in a handsome burying. "My Johnny—him that always held his head so high—and only a colored shirt to meet his God in!" was the woman's bitter iteration as she rocked and wrung her hard-worked hands. Farroner sternly commanded her to silence, then bade her kneel and pray to be delivered from the sin of vanity, nor to rise from her knees till he should give her leave. When her face was well hidden—one room constituted the whole household—he took off his own frayed but spotless linen, and in it robed the dead. Then, buttoning his threadbare overcoat high beneath his chin, he stole away to escape gratitude, and it was like him to forget the kneeling woman in his flight. It was like him, too, when he remembered her, to bribe a neighbor's child with a rosy-cheeked apple to knock gently on the mourner's door, crying, "The pastor says Amen!"

To abstract sin in theory he was relentless, though the sinner found him merciful and full of loving-kindness. For him the one unpardonable transgression was a lie. Mary Magdalen has known him to be pitiful to the error of the flesh, but for the crime of the intellect he held no exemption from the hell-fire it was his unlovely creed to preach. Once it was his office to decide on the respective merits of the speakers when the Young People's Association of the parish proposed to publicly thresh out the question, "Is it ever justifiable to tell a lie?" The first affirmative, a young carpenter with a neat forensic turn, was bravely defending any deception which should serve the ultimate ends of truth, when Farroner, who had been waxing warm and wrathful with the speaker's eloquence, himself took the floor, out of all law and order, and settled the question for Siloam for all time. Such a stand for uncompromising truth, such a burning denunciation of falsehood—those who heard him will not readily forget. True, sulphuric flames had not been looked for in the evening's entertainment, being generally considered a pyrotechnical abstraction reserved for the Sabbath and one's uncomfortable best clothes; but if the pastor pulled the devil from his sleeve to frighten sinners into righteousness out of all proportion to his scanty salary, the sinners forgave him, since in his life he perpetually showed

them the face of mercy. Perhaps, indeed, they loved him all the better for it.

He is still missed in Siloam, though years have passed, and a man no doubt his equal holds his place. His personality is not readily forgotten—his tall frame prematurely bowed, his swart aquiline features and bright dark eyes. With him the æsthetic sense, starved as a doubtful tribute to his theology, broke out in a barbaric love of red—or was it the haunting remorse that lies at the root of many human weaknesses, seeking expression in the warmth and color of which his gloomy teachings had robbed some other life? At any rate, for his youngest child, Angela, he was by way of buying impossible flame-colored parasols and scarlet sashes. The scandalized remonstrances of the elders of the church did not deter him, though later he learned to quail before the well-bred disapprobation of his eldest daughter, Page, who had acquired taste at boarding-school, and authority by marriage with the stockiest and most highly gilded pillar of the parent church. After that a red bandanna was the only chromatic extravagance the minister allowed himself. The natural tonsure of his temples and his long frocked coat suggested the Romanist priest, and for such was he occasionally taken by the newly landed immigrant. It was even boasted in the parish that some of these so loved the man that they apostatized from Rome and declared for heaven by way of Farroner—which tradition would doubtless be denied with reason by the good fathers of St. Francis d'Assisi across the way.

This gives a faint idea of the quality of the man whose ministry was now drawing to its close. Into the sick-room stillness floated the echo of the city life without, making a hushed accompaniment to the heavy breathing in which his moments slipped away. Now and again some phrase broke from his lips, the name of an old comrade, the catchword of a bygone incident, and at times his memories of the streams and uplands of his country boyhood, became a prophetic vision of green pastures and still waters toward which his soul was journeying. All at once his eye grew bright and his voice clear in a distinct summons. "Angel, Angel," he repeated several times; "we shall not be parted, Angel."

"Will you kindly fetch my sister," asked young Mrs. Mathew of the profes-



sional nurse; for Angela had been unable to bear the pain of it, and was waiting in her father's study, her head buried in the disordered leaves of an unfinished sermon.

"I'll go," whispered Louis, the son, rising from his station by the bed.

"Hush! no!" enjoined the cousin, with an authority she rarely ventured on in Page's presence. "He is thinking of his wife."

Soon the parish saw an upper window thrown open with a motion that sent a shiver down the long twisted cable of wistaria that hung about the house, and the men bared their heads and the women wept. The door opened and Angela came out. She stood a moment on the steps and looked about her, her myrtle-blue eyes bright and tearless, the spring sunshine bringing the warm color to her cheeks, the spring wind making tendrils of her hair.

"It is over, but he would have you rejoice, not weep," she said; then she turned and made her way up the street, the people falling back respectfully—all but the children, who knew not grief, and who plucked at her skirts in their wonted manner, crying "Angel!" as she passed.

"Is she as good as she is beautiful—the regulation parson's daughter: mothers' meetings, sewing societies, and all that?" asked a woman who had been an interested observer of the scene.

"I reckon you're a stranger in this neighborhood," commented the portly washer-woman addressed, with a contempt for the question too deep to answer it. The inquirer gave a half-laugh and turned away, but not till she had seen Angela return, her hands full of red carnations.

It was rumored in the parish, through dressmakers and household helpers, that the minister's youngest daughter intended to wear a scarlet frock at her father's funeral—a fantastic outbreak, against which remonstrance and threat alike were powerless. It ended, however, in her appearing in the sad weeds of her sister's choosing, explaining that in the night her mother had come to her, comforting her with divinest tenderness, and bidding her conform to the small conventions, against which it was the spoiled child's nature to rebel. Page shrugged her shoulders; conformity was the last thing associated with the beautiful capricious

mother of her child-memory, but she had no quarrel with an illusion so favorable to the proprieties by which her small world moved.

The brown sods of April had closed over Martin Farroner, and his people were putting away his name in the lavender and rose leaves of a treasured memory. His successor was appointed, and there was the activity of preparation going on. Into the church, where the choir were at their practising late one afternoon, came Farroner's cousin for a last farewell. Her ministry, too, was ended; the next day she would return to her distant home. Under the rose window a pretentious chartulary held the middle of the wall, dedicating the mission to the glory of God and the memory of Reuben Mathew. In a modest corner a moted sunbeam had stolen into the gray shadows, lighting up the inscription to the dear memory of Angela, wife of Martin Farroner, with the date of her departure from this life some twenty years before. A dove carved in the stone spread its wings above the name, and beneath it some one had placed the living green and white of tall ascension lilies. A woman turned as Maria Ladd drew near, and the light fell on her myrtle-blue eyes and soft fair hair. Their eyes met in a gaze which receded like a wave to strengthen into certainty, then broke into a full tide of recognition.

Miss Ladd's breathless amazement at last shaped itself into the one word "Angel!"

"Ah, then, you know me! I'm glad. It would have been disagreeable, to say the least, to come home and find one's self forgotten!" And Mrs. Farroner drew her wraps about her as if chilled by the thought. "Did you know that this was all a lie?" she asked, pointing to the record above the lilies' fragrant bloom.

"I never questioned," said Maria.

"Of course you wouldn't," commented the other. "Still, I'm glad you knew me. It may save trouble in establishing my identity. You haven't changed, Maria—but people who stand still don't change; they just grow old."

Maria did not contradict. It was true; she had grown old, under the vicarious burden of this woman's abjured maternity.

Mrs. Farroner moved a few steps forward. "Well?" she said, impatiently.



"Well?" echoed Maria, and then, "What is it you want, Angel?"

"What do I want?" was the imperious retort. "A pretty question to a wanderer come home!"

"Home!" Maria's whirling consciousness could only grasp at speech as the other threw her the word. "It's home no longer, Angel. You come too late. He's dead. Martin is dead!"

"So I hear," was the reply. "Dearly beloved and deeply regretted, was he not? Well, in his way he was a good man. There wasn't room, though, in the world at the same time for him and me; but now it is my turn."

"I don't understand," began Miss Ladd. Intercourse with a ghost would have been less baffling than the effort to comprehend this extraordinary woman. "What is it you want, Angel?"

"What do I want? A pretty question! My rights, of course—my name, my widowhood, my children." She spoke like a dethroned queen rehearsing an inalienable claim.

"You don't mean—you can't—" At last Maria understood. "Angel, it is impossible. Your rights, indeed! your name! You threw it all away; you broke his heart; you killed him;—and now—" The accusation died away in tears.

Mrs. Farroner's superb composure remained untouched. "We won't discuss it, please," she said.

"Forgive me—I shouldn't have—I didn't mean to judge you, Angel," Maria murmured, brokenly.

"Judge me! You judge *me*! You! I should hope not!" At last her calm gave way. "How can one judge who hasn't lived and felt and *known*? God! when I think what a hell can lie under the external of a happy marriage! Well, well; it was all a wretched mistake. It was you he ought to have married, Maria—only men are so blind! How dared you supplant me with him!" she flashed out with sudden irrelevant passion.

Maria flushed under the pitiless taunt, strange in its variance from the appearance of the speaker, whose delicate beauty her dark years had hardly dimmed. Her own love for her cousin Farroner had been at once the shadow and illumination of her life; her patient devotion in patching up the fragments of his shattered happiness had been accepted almost without a question; she was of the saints to whom

the world denies the glory of renunciation by thrusting on them renunciation as a duty. And here she stood in the withered youth of her maturity, cowering like an offender before this woman who had risen from her grave to mock her.

"I have never thought of marriage for myself," she answered, with dignified humility. "But, Angel, once one takes the marriage vows, isn't there such a thing as duty?"

Mrs. Farroner laughed outright her light unmirthful laugh. "Certainly," she answered; "and sometimes duty offers its alternatives. One is to sham, and try to live up to vows one has discovered to be lies. The other is to break away and live the life one was intended for. At any rate I was honest, though I did choose the unorthodox way of liberty."

"But the children!" Maria's thoughts went back to the night she had come to the desolated household, and the wails of a deserted baby rang in the ears of the mother-hearted woman who had never borne a child.

"The children? Ah, well, they were part of the mistake—you would not have had me take them with me," replied the woman in whose maternity the soul had had no part. "But now it's all over. I've come back. I won't say I repent, but I've come back. I mean to do my duty by the children, to make it up to them, to—"

"Wait," Maria interposed. "I don't want to hurt you—but have you considered?—they don't suspect—your children may not want you, Angel."

"Not want me! They have to have me," cried Mrs. Farroner, striking one hand fiercely on the other. "I'm their mother, and you can't take that away! It isn't for them to choose between a dead grief and a living shame. I'm alive, and they shall know it! How dared he dispose of me that way? They talk about the crime of suicide, but what about the crime of blotting out another human creature's life? Oh, if I had only known, I would have come back long ago to make him give the lie to that lie himself!" and with clinched hand she struck furiously at the record that enshrined her name among the holy dead.

Maria seized her arm. "For your own sake, Angel—" she began.

"It's for my own sake I mean," the other went on, with rising passion. "I want my child Angela. Page and Louis



I don't care about. How they ever came to be children of mine— But Angela, my baby—I spent half the night with her last night. Oh, she never guessed; she took me for a dream! I had her in my arms—I comforted her. She is like me; I could save her. I—” She broke into a storm of weeping.

Just then a group entered from outside, lingering, and talking in subdued tones, on their way to the door leading through to the parsonage. There were two or three of the church elders; Louis Farroner, ascetic and conventional; Page Mathew, conventional and mundane; her husband; and Angela.

The mother checked her sobs and looked curiously at her children as they passed.

“Will you join us?” said Page, approaching her cousin with a dry rustle of crape. “We are going to make a final disposition of my father's affairs.”

Maria took a sudden resolution. “One minute, Page,” she enjoined; “there is something you should hear—and you too, Louis and Angela.”

The mother stood confronting her three children; and why in the strong resemblance binding them all in all their unlikenesses the whole tragedy did not leap into sudden revelation Maria never knew. But all was calm and commonplace.

“If it is a case of distress—” began Page, to whom the world's suffering could all be parcelled out in cases, but the stranger's light laugh interrupted her.

“It is a case of conscience rather,” replied Mrs. Farroner; and under Page's patronizing scrutiny, as the observer saw, rose the old antagonism that had always existed between her and her eldest born, with a malign longing to break out with the disclosure that should forever wipe away the younger woman's self-esteem. However, she looked at Angela and felt her way. “A woman in whom I am interested—why, it might be the story of your own family, Mrs. Mathew. Suppose this legend were false; suppose your mother had not died, but had left her home—you know in what manner! Suppose your father had brought you up—you all as you stand there—to believe—”

“Pray,” interrupted Louis, with a frown—“pray choose your illustrations better. There can be no possible analogy between the affairs of the person you are interested in and those of our family.”

“I beg your pardon,” courteously apologized the person, to whom her son courteously raised his hat before passing on to rejoin the waiting group.

“I think,” decided Page, “that the case is one for the Committee on Rescue Work. If you will file your application, with particulars, it shall be carefully looked into. My cousin will give you the details. Good-day!” And with a slight inclination of her head she rustled gracefully away.

“I see,” said Mrs. Farroner, meditatively, and she was turning to go. For a second, however, her eye dwelt hungrily on Angela, and Angela sprang forward to detain her.

“Stay!” the girl commanded. “You are in trouble, and we have not helped you. Oh, speak to me, and let me do for you what my father would have done! A woman you are interested in? Something tells me that it is your own story—you yourself. Oh, what can I do to comfort you?” And she seized her mother's hand and caressed it.

With a great effort Mrs. Farroner kept her composure, gently withdrawing her hand. “Yes,” she said, “it is my own story. I have a daughter—a girl like you; I left her when she was a baby. Would she be glad to see me, do you think? Can she forgive?”

“How can you doubt it?” cried Angela. “If you knew how lonely it is to be motherless! My cousin here,” putting her hand on Maria's shoulder, “she has been everything to me all these years—everything. And yet—last night I had a dream! Oh, go at once to your daughter, and let her put her arms about you and tell you how she has longed for you all these years!”

“But”—the woman's lips were dry and parched, and she spoke with difficulty—“you don't understand. Make it your own story. My child's father, he taught her to believe—no matter how absurd it sounds—he taught her to believe that a lie would damn the soul. He could not forgive me, and he lied to my child. How can I go back and destroy her faith in her father's word and in my purity?”

Angela, her fair young face troubled by a dawning consciousness of the sorrow of life that had as yet touched her but lightly, went and leaned her forehead against the wall where her mother's hon-





"SHE LIFTED ANGELA'S HANDS AND KISSED THEM."



or lay between the emblems of purity and peace. Behind her stood her mother with outstretched yearning arms, her voice faded to a husky whisper: "Angela—my baby Angela!" Maria stood by, her heart wrung almost beyond endurance; but feeling that forces beyond her comprehension were at work, she was silent. When Angela turned it was written on her face that the facts of the truth were as invisible to her as the spiritual meaning of the truth was clear. "If it were my story I should know," she said; "and I should think it had been for the best. To my father a lie—yes, even for a good end—was the one unpardonable sin. He would have done it less to shield her name than that he, by sinning, might be with her at the last. Yes, my father's life was given to saving souls; but I know he loved my mother beyond his own salvation!"

"And your mother?" The cry was hardly audible.

"Ah," said Angela, looking upward with a radiant face, "if my mother could only know how I worship her!"

The tears coursed like rain down the mother's cheeks. She lifted Angela's hands and kissed them.

"You will go now to your daughter, will you not?" pleaded the girl, putting her arms tenderly about the stranger and kissing her on the cheek.

"Yes—no—not yet. Some day perhaps—it's all right—all right," sobbed Mrs. Farroner. "I only wanted to hear you say— Yes, you've told me what I wanted to know. Good-by, my darling. God forever bless and keep you! Good-by!"

The dim twilight filled the church. As the choir finished their practising a long-drawn chord came from the organ like a sigh. The mother put her daughter from her with gentle firmness, and sank on her knees as if in prayer. Angela took her cousin's hand and went into the parsonage.

## RODEN'S CORNER.\*

BY HENRY SETON MERRIMAN.

### CHAPTER V. OUT OF EGYPT.

"Un esclave est moins celui qu'on vend que celui qui se donne."

A SEA fog was blowing across the smooth surface of the Maas where that river is broad and shallow, and a steamer anchored in the channel, grim and motionless, gave forth a low grunt of warning from time to time, while a boy with mittened hands rang the bell hung high on the forecastle. The wind blowing from the southeast drove before it the endless fog which hummed through the rigging, and hung there in little icicles that pointed to leeward. On the bridge of the steamer, looking like a huge woollen barrel surmounted by a comforter and a cap with ear-flaps, the Dutch pilot stood philosophically at his post. Beside him the captain, mindful of the company's time-tables, walked the deck with a quick, impatient step. The fog was blowing past at the rate of four or five miles an hour, but

the supply of it, emanating from the low lands bordering the Scheldt, seemed to be inexhaustible. This fog, indeed, blows across Holland during the whole winter.

The steamer's deck was covered with ice, over which sand had been strewn. The passengers were below in the warm saloon. Only the blue-faced boy at the bell on the forecastle was on deck. At times one of the watch hurried from the galley to the forecastle with a pannikin of steaming coffee. The vessel had been anchored since daybreak, and the sound of other bells and other whistles far and near told that she was not alone in these waters. The distant boom of a steamer creeping cautiously down from Rotterdam seemed to promise that farther inland the fog was thinner. A silence, broken only by the whisper of the wind through the rigging, reigned over all, so that men listened with anticipations of relief for the sound of answering bells. The sky at length grew a little lighter, and presently gaps made their

\* Begun in January number, 1897.

appearance in the fog, allowing peeps over the green and still water.

The captain and the pilot exchanged a few words—the very shortest of consultations. They had been on the bridge together all night, and had said all that there was to be said about wind and weather. The captain gave a sharp order in his gruff voice, and, as if by magic, the watch on deck appeared from all sides. The chief officer emerged from his cabin beneath the wheel-house and went forward into the fog, turning up his collar. Presently the jerk and clink of the steam-winch told that the anchor was being got home. The fog had been humored for six hours, and the time had now come to move on through thick or thin. What should Berlin, St. Petersburg, Vienna, know of a fog on the Maas? and there were mails and passengers on board this steamer. The clink of the winch brought one of these on deck. Within the high collar of his fur coat, beneath the brim of a felt hat pulled well down, the keen, fair face of Mr. Anthony Cornish came peering up the gangway to the upper bridge. He exchanged a nod with the captain and the pilot; for with these he had already been in conversation at the breakfast table. He took his station on the bridge behind them, with his hands deep in the pockets of his loose coat, a cigarette between his lips. A shout from the fore-castle soon intimated that the anchor was up, and the captain gave the order to the boy at the engine-room telegraph. Through the fog the forms of the three men on the lookout on the fore-castle were dimly discernible. The great steamer crept cautiously forward into the fog. The second mate, with his hand on the whistle-line, blared out his warning note every half-minute. A dim shadow loomed up on the port side, which presently took the form of a great steamer at anchor, and was left behind with a ringing bell and a booming whistle. Another shadow turned out to be a pilot-cutter, and the Dutch pilot exchanged a shouted consultation with an invisible person whom he called "Thou," and who replied to the imperfectly heard questions with the words, "South East." This shadow also was left behind, faintly calling, "South East," "South East."

"It is a white buoy that I seek," said the pilot, turning to those on the bridge behind him, his jolly red face puckered

with anxiety. And quite suddenly the second officer, a bright red Scotchman with little blue eyes like tempered gimlets, threw out a red hand and pointing finger.

"There she rides!" he cried. "There she rides! Staarboarrd your hellum!"

And a full thirty seconds elapsed before any other eyes could pierce that gloom and perceive a great white buoy bowing solemnly towards the steamer like a courtier bidding a sovereign welcome. One voice had seemed to be gradually dominating the noise of the many warning whistles that sounded ahead, astern, and all around the steamer. This voice, like that of a strong man knowing his own mind in an assembly of excited and unstable counsellors, had long been raised with a persistence which at last seemed to command all others, and the steamer moved steadily towards it; for it was the siren fog-horn at the pier-head. At one moment it seemed to be quite near, and at the next far away; for the ears, unaided by the eyes, can but imperfectly focus sound or measure its distance.

"At last!" said the captain, suddenly, the anxiety wiped away from his face as if by magic. "At last! I hear the cranes a-working on the quay."

The purser had come to the bridge, and now approached Cornish. "Are you going to land them at the Hook, or take them on to Rotterdam, sir?" he asked.

"Oh, land 'em at the Hook," replied Cornish, readily. "Have you fed them?"

"Yes, sir. They have had their breakfast—such as it is. Poor eaters, I call them, sir."

"Yes," said Cornish, turning and looking at his burly interlocutor. "Yes, I do not suppose they eat much."

The purser shrugged his shoulders and turned his attention to other affairs, thoughtfully. The little beacon at the head of the pier had suddenly loomed out of the fog not fifty yards away—a very needle in a pottle of hay which the cunning of the pilot had found.

"Who are they, at any rate—these hundred and twenty ghosts of men?" asked the sailor, abruptly.

"They are Malgamite-workers," answered Cornish, cheerily. "And I am going to make men of them—not ghosts."

The purser looked at him, laughed in rather a puzzled way, and quitted the bridge. Cornish remained there, taking





"THE MALGAMITE-WORKERS FILED OFF."



a quick, intelligent interest in the manœuvres by which the great steamer was being brought alongside the quay. He seemed to have already forgotten the hundred and twenty men in the second-class cabin. His touch was indeed hopelessly light. He understood how it was that the steamer was made to obey, but he could not himself have brought her alongside. Cornish was a true son of a generation which understands much of many things, but not quite sufficient of any one.

He stood at the upper end of the gangway as the Malgamite-workers filed off—a sorry crew, narrow-chested, hollow-eyed, with that half-hopeless, half-reckless air that tells of a close familiarity with disease and death. He nodded to them airily as they passed him. Some of them took the trouble to answer his salutation, others seemed indifferent. A few glanced at him with a sort of dull wonder. And indeed this man was not of the material of which great philanthropists are made. He was cheerful and heedless, shallow and superficial.

"Get 'em into the train," he said to an official at his side; and then, seeing that he had not been understood, gave the order glibly enough in another language.

The ill-clad travellers shuffled up the gangway and through the custom-house. Few seemed to take an interest in their surroundings. They exchanged no comments, but walked side by side in silence—dumb and driven animals. Some of them bore signs of disease. A few stumbled as they went. One or two were half blind, with groping hands. That they were of different nationalities was plain enough. Here a few from Vienna, with the fear of the *Judenhetze* in their eyes, followed on the heels of a tow-headed giant from Stockholm. A cunning cockney touched his hat as he passed, and rather ostentatiously turned to help a white-haired little Italian over the inequalities of the gangway. One thing only they had in common—their deadly industry. One shadow lay over them all—the shadow of death. A momentary gravity passed across Cornish's face. These men were as far removed from him as the crawling beetle is from the butterfly. Who shall say, however, that the butterfly sees nothing but the flowers?

As they passed him some of them edged away with a queer humility, for fear their poor garments should touch his fur coat. One, carrying a bird-cage, half paused, with a sort of pride, that Cornish might obtain a fuller view of a depressed canary. The Malgamite-workers of this winter's morning on the pier of the Hook were not the interesting industrials of Lady Ferriby's drawing-room. There their lives had been spoken of as short and merry. Here the merriment was scarcely perceptible. The mystery of the dangerous industries is one of those mysteries of human nature which cannot be explained by even the youngest of novelists. That dangerous industries exist, we all know and deplore. That the supply of men and women ready to take employment in such industries is practically inexhaustible, is a fact worth at least a moment's attention.

Cornish made the necessary arrangements with the railway officials, and carefully counted his charges, who were already seated in the carriages reserved for them. He must at all events be allowed the virtues of a generation which is eminently practical, and capable of overcoming the small difficulties of every-day life. He was quick to decide and prompt to act.

Then he seated himself in a carriage alone, with a sigh of relief at the thought that in a few days he would be back in London. His responsibility ended at the Hague, where he was to hand over the Malgamite-workers to the care of Roden and Von Holzen. They were rather a depressing set of men; and Holland, as seen from the carriage window—a snow-clad plain intersected by frozen ditches and canals—was no more enlivening. The temperature was deadly cold; the dull houses were rime-covered and forbidding. The Malgamite-makers had been gathered together from all parts of the world in a home specially organized for them in London. A second detachment were awaiting orders at Hamburg. But the principal workers were these now placed under Cornish's care.

During the days of their arrival, when they had to be met and housed and cared for, the visionary part of this great scheme had slowly faded before a somewhat grim reality. Joan Ferriby had found the Malgamite-workers less picturesque than she had anticipated.



"If they only washed," she had confided to Major White, "I am sure they would be easier to deal with." And after talking French very vivaciously and boldly with a man from Lyons, she hurried back to the West End, and to the numerous engagements which naturally take up much of one's time when Lent is approaching, and dilatory hospitality is stirred up by the startling collapse of the Epiphany Sundays.

Here, however, were the Malgamite-workers, and they had to be dealt with. It was not quite what many had anticipated, perhaps, and Cornish was looking forward with undisguised pleasure to the moment when he could rid himself of these persons whom Joan had gayly designated as "rather grubsome," and whom he frankly recognized as sordid and uninteresting. He did not even look, as Joan had looked, to the wives and children who were to follow as likely to prove more picturesque and engaging.

The train made its way cautiously over the fog-ridden plain, and Cornish shivered as he looked out of the window. "Schiedam," the porters called. This, Schiedam? A mere village, and yet the name was so familiar. The world seemed suddenly to have grown small and sordid. A few other stations with historic names, and then the Hague.

Cornish quitted his carriage and found himself shaking hands with Roden, who was awaiting him on the platform, clad in a heavy fur coat. Roden looked clever and capable—cleverer and more capable than Cornish had even suspected—and the organization seemed perfect. The reserved carriages had been in readiness at the Hook. The officials were prepared.

"I have omnibuses and carts for them and their luggage," were the first words that Roden spoke.

Cornish instinctively placed himself under Roden's orders. The man had risen immensely in his estimation since the arrival in London of the first Malgamite-maker. The grim reality of the one had enhanced the importance of the other. Cornish had been engaged in so many charities *pour rire* that the seriousness of this undertaking was apt to exaggerate itself in his mind—if, indeed, the seriousness of anything dwelt there at all.

"I counted them all over at the Hook," he said. "One hundred and twenty—pretty average scoundrels."

"Yes; they are not much to look at," answered Roden. And the two men stood side by side watching the Malgamite-workers, who now quitted the train and stood huddled together in a dull apathy on the roomy platform.

"But you will soon get them into shape, no doubt," said Cornish, with characteristic optimism. He was essentially of a class which has always some one at hand to whom to relegate tasks that it could do more effectually and more quickly for itself. The secret of human happiness is to be dependent upon as few human beings as possible.

"Oh yes! We shall soon get them into shape—the sea air and all that, you know."

Roden looked at his protégés with large sad eyes, in which there was alike no enthusiasm and no spark of human kindness. Cornish wondered vaguely what he was thinking about. The thoughts were usually tinged with a certain pessimism, and lacked entirely the blindness of an enthusiasm by which men are urged to endeavor great things for the good of the masses, and to make, as far as a practical human perception may discern, huge and hideous mistakes.

"Holzen is down below," said Roden at length. "As soon as he comes up we will draft them off in batches of ten, and pack them into the omnibuses. The luggage can follow. Ah, here comes Holzen. You don't know him, do you?"

"No; I don't know him."

They both went forward to meet a man of medium height with square shoulders and a still, clean-shaven face. Otto von Holzen raised his hat, and remained bare-headed while he shook hands.

"The introduction is unnecessary," he said. "We have worked together for many months—you on the other side of the North Sea, and I on this. And now we have, at all events, something to show for our work."

He had a quick, foreign manner, with a kind smile, and a certain vivacity. This was a different sort of man to Roden—quicker to understand others; capable of greater good, and possibly of greater evil. He glanced at Cornish, nodded sympathetically, and then turned to look at the Malgamite-makers. These, standing in a group on the platform, holding in their hands their poor belongings, returned the gaze with inter-

est. The train which had brought them steamed out of the station, leaving the Malgamite-makers gazing in a dull wonder at the three men into whose hands they had committed their lives.

## CHAPTER VI.

## ON THE DUNES.

"L'indifférence est le sommeil du cœur."

THE village of Scheveningen, as many know, is built on the sand dunes, and only sheltered from the ocean by a sea-wall. A new Scheveningen has sprung up on this sea-wall—a mere terrace of red brick houses, already faded and weather-worn, which stare forlornly at the shallow sea. Inland, except where building enterprise has constructed roads and built villas, are sand dunes. To the south, beyond the light-house, are sand dunes. To the north, more especially and most emphatically, are sand dunes as far as the eye may see. This tract of country is a very desert, where thin maritime grasses are shaken by the wind, where suggestive spars lie bleaching, where the sand, driven before the breeze like snow, travels to and fro through all the ages.

On the afternoon with which we are dealing, the dunes presented as forlorn an appearance as it is possible in one's gloomiest moments to conceive. The fog had, indeed, lifted a little, but a fine rain now drove before the wind, freezing as it fell, so that the earth was covered by a thin sheet of ice. The short January day was drawing to its close.

To the north of the water-works, three hundred yards away from that solitary erection, the curious may find to-day a number of low buildings clustering round a water-tower. These buildings are of wood, with roofs of corrugated iron. And when they were newly constructed, not so many years ago, presented a gay enough appearance, with their green shutters and ornamental eaves. The whole was enclosed in a fence of corrugated iron, and approached by a road not too well constructed on its sandy bed.

"We do not want the place to become the object of an excursion for tourists to the Hague," said Roden to Cornish, as they approached the Malgamite-works in a closed carriage.

Cornish looked out of the window and made no remark. So far as he could see on all sides there was nothing but sand

hills and gray grass. The road was a narrow one, and led only to the little cluster of houses within the fence. It was a lonely spot, cut off from all communication with the outer world. Men might pass within a hundred yards and never know that the Malgamite-works existed. The carriage passed through the high gateway into the enclosure. There were a number of cottages, two long, low buildings, and the water-tower.

"You see," said Roden, "we have plenty of room to increase our accommodation when there is need of it. But we must go slowly and feel our way. It would never do to fail. We have accommodation here for a couple of hundred workers and their families; but in time we shall have five hundred of them in here—all the Malgamite-workers in the world."

He broke off with a laugh, and looked round him. There was a queer ring in his voice, suggestive of a keen excitement. Could Percy Roden, after all, be an enthusiast? Cornish glanced at him uneasily. In Cornish's world sincere enthusiasm was so rare that it was never well received.

Roden's manner changed again, however, and he explained the plan of the little village with his usual half-indifferent air.

"These two buildings are the factories," he said. "In them three hundred men can work at once. There, we shall build sheds for the storage of the raw material. Here, we shall erect a warehouse. But I do not anticipate that we shall ever have much Malgamite on our hands. We shall turn over our money very quickly."

Cornish listened with the respectful attention which business details receive nowadays from those whose birth and education unfit them for such pursuits. It was obvious that he did not fully understand the terms of which Roden made use; but he tapped his smart boot with his cane, gave a quick nod of the head, and looked intelligently around him. He had a certain respect for Percy Roden, while that philanthropist did not perhaps appear quite at his best in his business moments.

"And do you—and that foreign individual, Mr. Holzen—live inside this—zareba?" he asked.

"No; Von Holzen lives at present in



Scheveningen in a hotel there. And I have taken a small villa on the dunes, with my sister to keep house for me."

"Ah! I did not know you had a sister," said Cornish, still looking about him with intelligent ignorance. "Does she take an interest in the Malgamite scheme?"

"Only so far as it affects me," replied Roden. "She is a good sister to me. The house is between the water-works and the steam-tram station. We will call in on our way back, if you care to."

"I should like nothing better," replied Cornish, conventionally, and they continued their inspection of the little colony. The arrangements were as simple as they were effective. Either Roden or Von Holzen certainly possessed the genius of organization. In one of the cottages a cold collation was set out on two long tables. There was a choice of wines, and notably some bottles of champagne on a side table.

"For the journalists," explained Roden. "I have a number of them coming this afternoon to witness the arrival of the first batch of Malgamite-makers. There is nothing like judicious advertisement. We have invited a number of newspaper correspondents. We give them champagne and pay their expenses. If you will be a little friendly, they would like it immensely. They, of course, know who you are. A little flattery, you understand."

"Flattery and champagne," laughed Cornish—"the two principal ingredients of popularity."

"I have here a number of photographs," continued Roden, "taken by a good man in the neighborhood. He has thrown in a view of the sea at the back, you see. It is not there; but he has put in the sky and sea from another plate, he tells me, to make a good picture of it. We shall send them to the principal illustrated papers."

"And I suppose," said Cornish, with his gay laugh, "that some of the journalists will throw in background also."

"Of course," answered Roden, gravely. "And the sentimentalists will be satisfied. The sentimentalists never stop at providing necessities; they want to pamper. It will please them immensely to think that the Malgamite-makers, who have been collected from the slums of the world, have a sea-view and every modern luxury."

"We must humor them," said Cornish, practically. "We should not get far without them."

At this moment the sound of wheels made them both turn towards the entrance. It was an omnibus—the best omnibus with the finest horses—which brought the journalists. These gentlemen now descended from the vehicle and came towards the cottage, where Cornish and Roden awaited them. They were what is euphemistically called a little mixed. Some were too well dressed, others too badly. But all carried themselves with an air that bespoke a consciousness of greatness not unmingled with good-fellowship. The leader, a stout man, shook hands affably with Cornish, who assumed his best and most gracious manner.

"Aha! here we are!" he said, rubbing his hands together and looking at the champagne.

Then somehow Cornish came to the front and Roden retired into the background. It was Cornish who opened the champagne and poured it into their glasses. It was Cornish who made the best jokes, and laughed the loudest at the journalistic quips fired off by his companions. Cornish seemed to understand the guests better than did Roden, who was inclined to be stiff towards them. Those who are assured of their position are not always thinking about it. Men who stand much upon their dignity have not, as a rule, much else to stand upon.

"Here's to you, sir," cried the stout newspaper man, with upraised glass and a heart full of champagne. "Here's to you—whoever you are. And now to business. Perhaps you'll trot us round the works."

This Cornish did with much success. He then stood beside the correspondents while the Malgamite workers descended from the omnibus and took possession of their new quarters. He provided the journalists with photographs and a short printed account of the Malgamite trade, which had been prepared by Holzen. It was finally Cornish who packed them into the omnibus in high good-humor and sent them back to the Hague.

"Do not forget the sentiment," he called out after them. "Remember it is a charity."

The Malgamite workers were left to the



"I HAVE BROUGHT MR. CORNISH."

care of Holzen, who had made all necessary preparations for their reception.

"You are a cleverer man than I thought you," said Roden to Cornish, as they walked over the dunes together in the dusk towards the Rodens' house. And it was difficult to say whether Roden was pleased or not. He did not speak much during the walk, and was evidently wrapped in deep thought.

Cornish was light and inconsequent as usual. "We shall soon raise more

money," he said. "We shall have Malgamite balls, and Malgamite bazars, Malgamite balloon-ascents, if that is not flying too high."

The Villa des Dunes stands, as its name implies, among the sand hills, facing south and west. It is upon an elevation, and therefore enjoys a view of the sea, and, inland, of the spires of the Hague. The garden is an old one, and there are quiet nooks in it where the trees have grown to a quite respectable stature.



Holland is so essentially a tidy country that nothing old or moss-grown is tolerated. One wonders where all the rubbish of the centuries has been hidden; for the ruins have been decently cleared away, and cities that team with historical interest seem, with a few exceptions, to have been built last year. The garden of the Villa des Dunes was therefore more remarkable for cleanliness than luxuriance. The house itself was uninteresting, and resembled a thousand others on the coast in that it was more comfortable than it looked. A suggestion of warmth and lamp-light filtered through the drawn curtains.

Roden led the way into the house, admitting himself with a latch-key. "Dorothy," he cried, as soon as the door was closed behind them—the two tall men in their heavy coats almost filled the little hall—"Dorothy, where are you?"

The atmosphere of the house—that subtle odor which is characteristic of all dwellings—was pleasant. One felt that there were flowers in the rooms, and that tea was in course of preparation.

The door on the left-hand side of the hall was opened, and a woman appeared there. She was essentially small—a little upright figure with bright brown hair, a good complexion, and gay, sparkling eyes.

"I have brought Mr. Cornish," explained Roden. "We are frozen, and want some tea."

Dorothy Roden came forward and shook hands with Cornish. She looked up at him, taking him all in, in one quick intuitive glance, from his smooth head to his neat boots. Then her glance returned to his lips. She knew where to seek the outward signs.

"It is horribly cold," she said, with frank conventionality. One cannot always be original and sparkling, and it is wiser not to try too persistently. She turned and re-entered the drawing-room, with Cornish following her. The room itself was prettily furnished in the Dutch fashion, and there were flowers. Dorothy Roden's manner was that of a woman, no longer in her first girlhood, who had seen men and cities. She was better educated than her brother; she was probably cleverer. She had, at all events, the subtle air of self-restraint that marks those women whose lives are passed in the society of a man mentally inferior to themselves. Of

course all women are in a sense doomed to this—according to their own thinking.

"Percy said that he would probably bring you in to tea," said Miss Roden, "and that probably you would be tired out."

"Thanks; I am not tired. We had a good passage, and everything has run as smoothly. Do you take an active interest in the Malgamite scheme?"

Miss Roden paused in the action of pouring out tea, and looked across at her interlocutor. "Not an active one," she answered, with a momentary gravity; and, after a minute, glanced at Cornish's face again.

"It is going to be a big thing," he said, enthusiastically. "My cousin Joan Ferriby is working hard at it in London. You do not know her, I suppose?"

"I was at school with Joan," replied Miss Roden, with her soft laugh. "And we took a horrid schoolgirl oath to write to each other every week when we parted. We kept it up—for a fortnight."

Cornish's smooth face betrayed no surprise, although he had concluded that Miss Roden was years older than Joan. "Perhaps," he said, with ready tact, "you do not take an interest in the same things as Joan. In what may be called New Things—not clothes, I mean. In factory girls' feather clubs, for instance, or haberdashers' assistants, or women's rights, or anything like that."

"No; I am not clever enough for anything like that. I am profoundly ignorant about woman's rights, and do not even know what I want, or ought to want."

Roden, who had approached the table, laughed, and taking his tea, went and sat down near the fire. He, at all events, was tired, and looked worn—as if his responsibilities were already beginning to weigh upon him. Cornish, too, had come forward, and, cup in hand, stood looking down at Miss Roden with a doubtful air.

"I always distrust women who say that," he said. "One naturally suspects them of having got what they want by some underhand means—and of having abandoned the rest of their sex. This is an age of amalgamation: is not that so, Roden?"

He turned and sat down near to Dorothy. Roden, thus appealed to, made some necessary remark, and then lapsed into a thoughtful silence. It seemed that

Cornish was quite capable, however, of carrying on the conversation by himself.

"Do you know nothing about your wrongs, either?" he asked Dorothy.

"Nothing," she replied. "I have not even the wit to know that I have any."

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed. "No wonder Joan ceased writing to you! You are a most suspicious case, Miss Roden. Of course you have righted your wrongs—*sub rosa*—and leave other women to manage their own affairs. That is what is called a blackleg. You are untrue to the Union. In these days we all belong to some cause or another. We cannot help it, and recent legislation adds daily to the difficulty. We must either be rich or poor. At present the only way to live at peace with one's poorer neighbors is to submit to a certain amount of robbery. But some day the classes must combine to make a stand against the masses. The masses are already combined. We must either be a man or a woman. Some day the men must combine against the women, who are already united behind a vociferous vanguard. May I have some more tea?"

"I am afraid I have been left behind in the general advance," said Miss Roden, taking his cup.

"I am afraid so. Of course I don't know where we are advancing to—"

He paused and drank the tea slowly.

"No one knows that," he added.

"Probably to a point where we shall all suddenly begin fighting for ourselves again."

"That is possible," he said, gravely, setting down his cup. "And now I must find my way back to the Hague. Good-night."

"He is clever," said Dorothy, when Roden returned after having shown Cornish the way.

"Yes," answered Roden, without enthusiasm.

"You do not seem to be pleased at the thought," she said, carelessly.

"Oh—it will be all right. If his cleverness runs in the right direction."

#### CHAPTER VII.

##### OFFICIAL.

"One may be so much a man of the world as to be nothing in the world."

POLITICAL Economy will some day have to recognize Philanthropy as a pos-

sible, nay, a certain, stumbling-block in the world's progress towards that millenium when Supply and Demand shall sit down together in peace. Charity is certainly sowing seed into the ridges of time which will bear startling fruit in the future. For Charity does not hesitate to close up an industry or interfere with a trade that supplies thousands with their daily bread. Thus the Malgamite scheme so glibly inaugurated by Lord Ferriby in his drawing-room bore fruit within a week in a quarter to which probably few concerned had ever thought of casting an eye. The price of a high-class tinted paper fell in all the markets of the world. This paper could only be manufactured with a large addition of Malgamite to its other components. In what may be called the prospectus of the Malgamite scheme it was stated that this great charity was inaugurated for the purpose of relieving the distress of the Malgamiters—one of the industrial scandals of the day—by enabling these afflicted men to make their deadly product at a cheaper rate and without danger to themselves. This prospectus naturally came to the hands of those most concerned, namely, the manufacturers of colored papers, and the brokers who supply those manufacturers with their raw material.

Thus Lord Ferriby, beaming benignantly from a bower of chrysanthemums on a certain evening one winter not so many years ago, set rolling a small stone upon a steep hill. So, in fact, wags the world; and none of us may know when the echo of a careless word will cease vibrating in the hearts of some that hear.

The Malgamite trade was what is called a *close* one—that is to say that this product passed out into the world through the hands of a few brokers, and these brokers were powerless, in face of Lord Ferriby's announcement, to prevent the price of Malgamite from falling. As this fell, so fell the prices of the many kinds of paper which could not be manufactured without it. Thus indirectly Lord Ferriby, with that obtuseness which very often finds itself in company with a highly developed philanthropy, touched the daily lives of thousands and thousands of people. And he did not know it. And Tony Cornish knew it not. And Joan and the subscribers never dreamt or thought of such a thing.



The paper market became what is called sensitive—that is to say, prices rose and fell suddenly without apparent reason. Some men made money and others lost it. Presently, however—that is to say, in the month of March—two months after Tony Cornish had safely conveyed his Malgamite-makers to their new home on the sand dunes of Scheveningen—the paper-markets of the world began to settle down again, and steadier prices ruled. This could be traced—as all commercial changes may be traced—to the original flow at one of the fountain-heads of supply and demand. It arose from the simple fact that a broker in London had bought some of the new Malgamite—the Scheveningen Malgamite—and had issued it to his clients, who said that it was good. He had, moreover, bought it cheaper. In a couple of days all the world—all the world concerned in the matter—knew of it. Such is commerce at the end of the century.

And Cornish, casually looking in at the little office of the Malgamite charity, where a German clerk recommended by Herr von Holzen kept the books of the scheme, found his table littered with telegrams. Tony Cornish had the reputation of being clever. He was, as a matter of fact, intelligent. The world nearly always mistakes intelligence for cleverness, just as it nearly always mistakes laughter for merriment. He was, however, clever enough to have found out during the last two months that the Malgamite scheme was a bigger thing than either he or his uncle had ever imagined.

Many questions had arisen during those two months of Cornish's honorary secretaryship of the charity which he had been unable to answer, and which he had been obliged to refer to Roden and Holzen. These had replied readily, and the matter as solved by them seemed simple enough. But each question seemed to have side issues—indeed, the whole scheme appeared suddenly to bristle with side issues, and Tony Cornish began to find himself getting really interested in something at last. In fact, he had given up more than one big shoot in the autumn.

The telegrams were not alone upon his office table. There were letters as well. It was a nice little office, furnished by Joan with a certain originality which made it different from any other office

in Westminster. It had, moreover, the great recommendation of being above a ladies' tea association, so that afternoon tea could be easily procured. The German clerk quite counted on receiving three half-holidays a week, and Joan brought her friends to tea, and her mother to chaperon. These little tea parties became quite notorious, and there was question of a cottage piano, which was finally abandoned in favor of a banjo. It happened to be a wire-puzzle winter, and Cornish had the best collection of rings on impossible wire mazes and glass beads strung upon intertwined hooks in Westminster, if not, indeed, in the whole of London. Then, of course, there were the committee meetings—that is to say, the meeting of the lady committees of the bazar, and ball sub-committees. The wire puzzles and the association tea were an immense feature of these.

Cornish was quite accustomed to finding a number of letters awaiting him, and had been compelled to buy a waste-paper basket of abnormal dimensions—so many moribund charities cast envious eyes upon the Malgamite scheme, and wondered how it was done, and, on the chance of it, offered Cornish honorable honorary posts. But the telegrams had been few and nearly all from Roden. There was a letter from Roden this morning.

“DEAR CORNISH” (he wrote),—“You will probably receive applications from Malgamite-workers in different parts of the world for permission to enter our works; accept them all, and arrange for their enlistment as soon as possible.

Yours in haste, P. R.”

Percy Roden was usually in haste, and wrote a bad letter in a beautiful writing.

Cornish turned to the telegrams. They were one and all applications from Malgamite-makers—from Venice to Valparaiso—to be enrolled in the Scheveningen group. He was still reading them when Lord Ferriby came into the little office. His lordship was wearing a new fancy waistcoat. It was the month of April—the month assuredly of fancy waistcoats throughout all nature. Lord Ferriby was, as usual, rather pleased with himself. He had walked down Piccadilly with great effect, and a bishop had bowed to him, recognizing, in a sense, a lay-bishop.

"What have you got there, Tony?" he asked, affably, laying his smart walking-stick on an inlaid bureau, which was supposed to be his, and was always closed, and had nothing in it.

"Telegrams," answered Cornish, "from Malgamite-makers, who want to join the works at Scheveningen. Seventy-six of them. I don't quite understand this business."

"Neither do I," admitted Lord Ferriby, in a voice which clearly indicated that if he only took the trouble he could understand anything. "But I fancy it is one of the biggest things in charity that has ever been started."

In the company of men, and especially of young men, Lord Ferriby allowed himself a little license in speech. He at times almost verged on the slangy, which is, of course, quite correct and *de haut ton*, and he did not want to be taken for an old buffer, as were his contemporaries. Therefore he called himself an old buffer whenever he could. *Qui s'accuse s'excuse*.

"Of course," he added, "we must take the poor fellows."

Without comment, Cornish handed him Roden's letter, and while Lord Ferriby read it, employed himself in making out a list of the names and addresses of the applicants. Cornish was, in fact, rising to the occasion. In other circumstances Anthony Cornish might with favorable influence—say that of a Scottish head clerk—have been made into what is called a good business man. Without any training whatever, and with an education which consisted only of a smattering of the classics and a rigid code of honor, he usually perceived what it was wise to do. Some people call this genius; others, luck.

"I see," said Lord Ferriby, "that Roden is of the same opinion as myself. A shrewd fellow, Roden." And he pulled down his fancy waistcoat.

"Then I may write, or telegraph, to these men, and tell them to come?" asked Cornish.

"Most certainly, my dear Anthony. We will collect them, or muster them, as White calls it, in London, and then send them to Scheveningen, as before, when Roden and Herr von Holzen are ready for them. Send a note to White, whose department this mustering is. As a soldier he understands the handling of a

body of men. You and I are more competent to deal with a sum of money."

Lord Ferriby glanced towards the door to make sure that it was open, so that the German clerk in the outer office should lose nothing that could only be for his good—might, in fact, pick up a few crumbs from the richly stored table of a great man's mind.

Lord Ferriby leisurely withdrew his gloves and laid them on the closed bureau. He had the physique of a director of public companies, and the grave manner that impresses shareholders. He talked of the weather, drew Cornish's attention to a blot of ink on the high-art wall-paper, and then put on his gloves again, well pleased with himself and his morning's work.

"Everything appears to be in order, my dear Anthony," he said. "So there is nothing to keep me here any longer."

"Nothing," replied Cornish, and his lordship departed.

Cornish remained until it was time to go across St. James's Park to his club to lunch. He answered a certain number of letters himself, the others he handed over to the German clerk—a man with all the virtues, smooth upright hair, and a dreamy eye. The Malgamite-makers were bidden to come as soon as they liked. After luncheon Cornish had to hurry back to Great George Street. This was one of his busy days. At four o'clock there was to be a meeting of the floor committee of the approaching ball, and Cornish remembered that he had been specially told to get a new bass string for the banjo. The Hon. Rupert Dalkyn had promised to come, but had vowed that he would not touch the banjo again unless it had new strings. So Cornish bought the bass string at the Army and Navy stores, and the first preparation for the meeting of the floor committee was the tuning of the banjo by the German clerk.

There were, of course, flowers to be bought and arranged *tant bien que mal* in empty inkstands, a conceit of Joan's, who refused to spend the fund money in any ornament less serious, while she quite recognized the necessity for flowers on the table of a mixed committee.

The Hon. Rupert was the first to arrive. He was very small and neat and rather effeminate. The experienced could tell at a glance that he came from a fight-



ing stock. He wore a grave and rather preoccupied air. He sat down on the arm of a chair and looked sadly into the fire, while his lips moved.

"Got something on your mind?" asked Cornish, who was putting the finishing touches to the arrangement of the room.

"Yes, a new song, composed for the occasion—'The Maudlin Malgamiter.' Like to hear it?"

"Well, I would rather wait. I think I hear a carriage at the door," said Cornish, hastily.

Rupert Dalkyn had to be elected to the floor committee because he was Mrs. Courteville's brother, and Mrs. Courteville was the best chaperon in London. She was not only a widow, but her husband had been killed in rather painful circumstances.

"Poor dear," the people said when she had done something perhaps a little unusual—"poor dear; you know her husband was killed."

So the late Courteville, in his lone grave by the banks of the Ogowe River, watched over his wife's welfare, and made quite a nice place for her in London society.

Rupert himself had been intended for the Church, but had at Cambridge developed such an exquisite sense of humor and so killing a power of mimicry that no one of the Dons was safe, and his friends told him that he really mustn't. So he didn't. Since then Rupert had, to tell the truth, done nothing. The exquisite sense of humor had also slightly evaporated. People said, "Oh yes, very funny," than which nothing is more fatal to humor. And elderly ladies smiled a pinched smile at one side of their lips. It is so difficult to see a joke through those long-handled eye-glasses.

Cornish was quite right when he said that he had heard a carriage, for presently the door opened and Mrs. Courteville came in. She was small and slight—"a girlish figure," her maid told her—and well dressed. She was just at that age when she did not look it—at an age, moreover, when some women seem to combine a maximum of experience with a minimum of thought. But who are we to pick holes in our neighbors' garments? If any of us is quite sure that he is not doing more harm than good in the world, let him by all means throw stones at Mrs. Courteville.

Joan arrived next, accompanied by Lady Ferriby, who knew that if she staid at home she would only have to give tea to a number of people towards whom she did not feel kindly enough disposed to reconcile herself to the expense. Joan glanced hastily from Mrs. Courteville to Tony. She had noticed that Mrs. Courteville always arrived early at the floor committee meetings when these were held at the Malgamite office or in Cornish's rooms. Joan wondered, while Mrs. Courteville was kissing her, whether the widow had come with her brother or before him.

"Has he not made the room look pretty with that mimosa?" asked Mrs. Courteville, vivaciously. People did not know how matters stood between Joan Ferriby and Tony Cornish, and always wanted to know. That is why Mrs. Courteville said "he" only, when she drew Joan's attention to the flowers.

The meeting may best be described as lively. We live, however, in an eminently practical age, and some business was really transacted. The night for the Malgamite ball was fixed, and a list of stewards drawn up; and then the Hon. Rupert played the banjo.

Lady Ferriby had some calls to pay, so Cornish volunteered to walk across the park with Joan, who had a healthy love of exercise. They talked of various matters, and of course returned again and again to the Malgamite affairs.

"By-the-way," said Joan, at the corner of Cambridge Terrace, "I had a letter this morning from Dorothy Roden. I was at school with her, you know, and never dreamt that Mr. Roden was her brother. In fact, I had nearly forgotten her existence. She is coming across for the ball. She says she saw you when you were at the Hague. You never mentioned her, Tony."

"Didn't I? She is not interested in the Malgamite scheme, you know. And nobody who is not interested in that is worth mentioning."

They walked on in silence for a few minutes. Then Cornish asked a question:

"What sort of person was she at school?"

"Oh, she was a frivolous sort of girl—never took anything seriously, you know. That is why she is not interested in the Malgamite, I suppose."

"I suppose so," said Tony Cornish.



"THE HON. RUPERT PLAYED THE BANJO."

#### CHAPTER VIII.

##### THE SEAMY SIDE.

"For this is death and the sole death  
When a man's loss comes to him from his gain."

MRS. VANSITTART told Roden that her house was in Park Straat in the Hague. But she did not mention that it was at the corner of Oranje Straat, which makes all the difference. For Park Straat is long, and the further end of it—the extremity farthest removed from the Royal Palace—is less desirable than the neighborhood of the Vyverberg. Mrs. Vansittart's house was in the most desirable part of a most desirable little city. She was surrounded with houses inhabited by people bearing names well known in history. These people are, moreover, of a fascinating cosmopolitanism. They come from all parts of the world, in an ancestral sense. There are, for instance, Dutch people living here whose names are Scottish. There are others of French extrac-

tion, others again whose forefathers came to Holland with the Don John of the religious wars whose history reads like a romance.

Outwardly Mrs. Vansittart's house was of dark red brick, with stone facings, and probably belonged to that period which in England is called Tudor. Inwardly the house was as comfortable as thick carpets and rich curtains and beautiful carvings could make it. The Dutch are pre-eminently the flower-growers of the world, and the observant traveller walking along Oranje Straat may note even in mid-winter that the flowers in the windows are changed each day. In this, as in other *menus plaisirs*, Mrs. Vansittart had assumed the ways of the country of her adoption. For Holland suggests to the inquiring mind an elderly gentleman, now getting a little stout, who, after a wild youth, is beginning to appreciate the blessings of repose and comfort; who, having laid by a small sufficiency, sits



peaceably by the fire and reflects upon the days that are no more.

It was Mrs. Vansittart's pleasant habit to surround herself with every comfort. She was an eminently self-respecting person—of that self-respect which denies itself nothing except excess. She liked to be well dressed, well housed, well served. She possessed money, and with it she bought these adjuncts, which in a minor degree are within the reach of nearly everybody, though few have the wit to value them. She was not, however, a vociferously contented woman. Like many another, she probably wanted something that money could not buy.

Mrs. Vansittart, in fulfilment of her promise to Percy Roden, called on Dorothy at the Villa des Dunes, who in due course came to the house at the corner of Park Straat and Oranje Straat to return the visit. Dorothy had been out when Mrs. Vansittart called, but she thought she knew from her brother's description what sort of woman to expect. For Dorothy Roden had been educated abroad, and was not without knowledge of a certain class of English lady to be met with on the Continent, who is always well connected, invariably idle, and usually refers gracefully to a great sorrow in the past.

But Dorothy knew, as soon as she saw Mrs. Vansittart, that she had formed an entirely erroneous conception. This was not the sort of woman to seek the admiration of the first-comer, and Percy Roden had allowed his sister to surmise that, whether it had been sought or not, Mrs. Vansittart had certainly been accorded his highest regard.

"It is good of you to return my call so soon," she said, in a friendly voice. "You have walked, I suppose, all the way from the Villa des Dunes. English girls are such great walkers now—a most excellent thing. I belong to the semi-generation older than yours, which preferred a carriage. I am a bad walker. You are not at all like your brother." And she threw back her head and looked speculatively at her visitor.

"Sit down," she said, with a laugh. "You probably came here harboring a prejudice against me. One should never get to know a woman through the instrumentality of her men folk. That is a rule almost without exception; you may take it from one who is many years older than

you. But—well, *nous verrons*. Perhaps we are the exception."

"I hope so," answered Dorothy, who was ready enough of speech. "At all events, all that Percy told me made me anxious to meet you. It is rather lonely, you know, at the Villa des Dunes. You see, Percy is engaged all day with his *Malgamiters*, in whom I am afraid I do not take much interest. And of course we know no one here yet."

"There is Herr von Holzen," suggested Mrs. Vansittart, ringing the bell for tea.

"Oh yes. The man who is associated with Percy at the works. I do not know him. Percy has not brought him to the villa."

"Ah, is that so? That is nice of your brother. Sometimes men, you know, make use of their wives or their sisters to help them in their business relationships. I have known a man use his pretty daughter to gain a client who was above him in station. Beauty levels all, you see. Not nice—no! I suppose Herr von Holzen is—well—let us call him a foreign *savant*. Such a nice broad term, you know; covers such a plentiful lack of soap." And she laughed easily, with eyes that were quite grave and alert.

"My brother does not say much about him," answered Dorothy Roden. "Percy never does tell me much of his affairs, and I am not sorry. I am sure I should not understand them. Stocks and shares and freights and things. I never quite know whether a freight is part of a ship—do you?"

"No. There are so many things more useful to know—are there not?—things about people and human nature, for instance."

"Yes," said Dorothy, looking at her companion thoughtfully. "Yes."

And Mrs. Vansittart returned that thoughtful glance.

"And the other man," she said, suddenly. "Mr.—Cornish—do you know him?"

"He called at the Villa des Dunes. My brother brought him in to tea the evening of the arrival of the first batch of *Malgamiters*," replied Dorothy.

"Mr. Cornish interests me," said Mrs. Vansittart. "I knew him when he was a boy—or little more than a boy. He came to Weimar with a tutor to learn German when I happened to be living there. I have heard of him from time to

time since. One sees his name in the society papers, you know. He is one of those persons of whom something is expected by his friends—not by himself. The young man who expects something of himself is usually disappointed. Have you ever noticed in the biographies of great men, Miss Roden, that people nearly always began to expect something of them when they were quite young? As if they were cast in a different mould from the very first. Really great men, I mean, not the fashionable pianist or novelist of the hour whose portrait is in every illustrated journal for perhaps two months and then he is forgotten.”

Mrs. Vansittart spoke quickly in a foreign manner, asking with a certain vivacity questions which required no answer. Dorothy Roden was not slow, but she touched topics with less airiness. Her mind seemed a trifle insular in its tendencies. One topic attracted her, and the rest were set aside.

“Why does Mr. Cornish interest you?” she asked.

Mrs. Vansittart shrugged her shoulders and leant back in her deep chair. “He strikes me as a person with an infinite capacity for holding his cards. That is all. But perhaps he has no good cards in his hand? Nothing but rubbish—the twos and threes of ordinary drawing-room smartness—and never a trump. Who can tell? *Qui vivra verra*, Miss Roden. It may not be in my time that the world shall hear of Tony Cornish—the real world, not the journalistic world, I mean. He may ripen slowly, and I shall be dead. I am getting elderly. How old do you think I am, Miss Roden?”

“Thirty-three,” replied Dorothy, and Mrs. Vansittart turned sharply to look at her.

“Ah!” she said, slowly and thoughtfully. “Yes, you are quite right. That is my age. And I suppose I look it. I suppose others would have guessed with equal facility, but not everybody would have had the honesty to say what they thought.”

Dorothy laughed and changed color. “I said it without thinking,” she answered. “I hope you do not mind.”

“No, I do not mind,” said Mrs. Vansittart, looking out of the window. “But we were talking of Mr. Cornish.”

“Yes,” answered Dorothy, buttoning

her glove and glancing at the clock. “Yes, but I must not talk any longer or I shall be late, and my brother expects to find me at home when he returns from the works.”

She rose and shook hands, looking Mrs. Vansittart in the eyes. When Dorothy had gone, the lady of the house stood for a minute looking at the closed door.

“I wonder what she thinks of me?” she said.

And Dorothy Roden, walking down Park Straat, was doing the same. She was wondering what she thought of Mrs. Vansittart.

Although it was the month of April, the winter mists still rose at evening and swept seaward from the marshes of Leyden. The trees had scarcely begun to break into bud, for it had been a cold spring, and the ice was still floating lazily on the canal as Dorothy walked along its bank. The Villa des Dunes was certainly somewhat lonely, standing as it did a couple of hundred yards back from a sandy road—one of the many leading from the Hague to Scheveningen. Between the villa and the road the dunes had scarcely been molested, except, indeed, to cut a narrow roadway to the house. When Dorothy reached home she found that her brother had not yet returned. She looked at the clock. He was later than usual. The Malgamite works had during the last few weeks been absorbing more and more of his attention. When he returned home tired in the evening he was not communicative. As for Otto von Holzen, he never showed his face outside the works, but seemed now to live the life of a recluse within the iron fence that surrounded the little colony.

Percy Roden had not returned to the Villa des Dunes at the usual hour because he had other work to do. Holzen and he were now standing in one of the little huts in silence. The light of the setting sun glowed through the window upon their faces, upon the bare walls of the room, rendered barer and in no way beautified by a terrible German print purporting to represent the features of Prince Bismarck.

Holzen stood with his hands clasped behind his back, and looked out of the window across the dreary dunes. Roden stood beside him, slouching and heavy-shouldered, with his hands in his trousers





"THE MAN WAS A LONG TIME IN DYING."

pockets. His lower lip was pressed inward between his teeth. His eyes were drawn and anxious.

On the bed, between the two men, lay a third—an old-looking youth with lank red hair. It was the story of St. Jacob Straat over again, and it was new to Percy Roden, who could not turn his eyes elsewhere. The man was dying. He was a Pole who understood no word of English. Indeed, these three men had no language in common in which to make themselves understood.

"Can you do nothing at all?" asked Roden, for the second or third time.

"Nothing," answered Holzen, without turning round. "He was a doomed man when he came here."

The man lay on the bed and stared at Holzen's back. Perhaps that was the reason why Holzen so persistently looked

out of the window. The work hours were over, and from some neighboring cottage the sounds of a concertina came on the quiet air. The musician had chosen a popular music-hall song, which he played over and over again with a maddening pertinacity. Roden bit his lip and frowned at each repetition of the opening bars. Holzen, with a still pale face and stern eyes, seemed to hear nothing. He had no nerves. At times he twisted his lips, moistening them with his tongue, and suppressed an impatient sigh. The man was a long time in dying. They had been waiting there two hours. This little incident had to be passed over as quietly as possible on account of the feelings of the concertina-player and the others.

The door of the room stood ajar, and in the adjoining room a professional nurse,

in cap and apron, sat reading a German newspaper. This also was a bedroom. The cottage was, in point of fact, the hospital of the Malgamite workers. The nurse, whose services had not hitherto been wanted, had since the inauguration of the works spent some pleasant weeks at a pension at Scheveningen. She read her newspaper very philosophically, and waited.

Roden it was who watched the patient. The dying man never heeded him, but looked persistently towards Holzen. The expression of his eyes indicated that if they had had a language in common, he would have spoken to him. Roden saw the direction of the man's glance, and perhaps read its meaning. For Percy Roden was handicapped with that greatest of all drags on a successful career—a soft heart. He could speak harshly enough of the Malgamiters as a class, but he was drawn towards this dumb individual with a strong desire to effect the impossible. Holzen had not promised that there should be no deaths. He had merely undertaken to reduce the dangers of the Malgamite industry gradually and steadily until they ceased to exist. He had, moreover, the strength of mind to give to this incident its proper weight in the balance of succeeding events. He was not, in a word, handicapped as was his colleague.

The sun set beyond the quiet sea, and over the sand dunes the shades of evening crept towards the west. The outline of Prince Bismarck's iron face faded slowly in the gathering darkness, until it was nothing but a shadow in a frame on the bare wall. The concertina-player had laid aside his instrument. A sudden silence fell upon land and sea.

Holzen turned sharply on his heel and

leant over the bed. "Come along," he said to Roden, with averted eyes. "It is all over. There is nothing more for us to do here."

With a backward glance towards the bed, Roden followed his companion out of the room into the adjoining apartment where the nurse was sitting, and where their coats and hats lay on the bed. Holzen spoke to the woman in German.

"So!" she answered, with a mild interest, and folded her paper.

The two men went out into the keen air together, and did not look towards each other or speak. Perhaps they knew that if there is any difficulty in speaking of a subject, it is better to keep silence. They crossed the sandy space between this cottage and the others grouped round the factory like tents around their headquarters. One of these huts was Holzen's—a three-roomed building where he worked and slept now. Its windows looked out upon the factory, and commanded the only entrance to the railed enclosure within which the whole colony was confined. It was Holzen's habit to shut himself within his cottage for days together, living there in solitude like some crustacean within its shell. At the door he turned, with his fingers on the handle.

"You must not worry yourself about this," he said to Roden, with averted eyes. "It cannot be helped, you know."

"No; I know that."

"And of course we must keep our own counsel. Good-night, Roden."

"Of course. Good-night, Holzen."

And Percy Roden passed through the gateway, walking slowly across the dunes towards his own house, while Holzen watched him from the window of the little three-roomed cottage.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## THE SONG OF SIGHS.

BY AARON MASON.

THERE sits a maid where the winds of the wilderness finger her hair,  
And the far stars mock and steal the lustre and light of her eyes,  
Where a terrible moan of silence and sadness sickens the air,

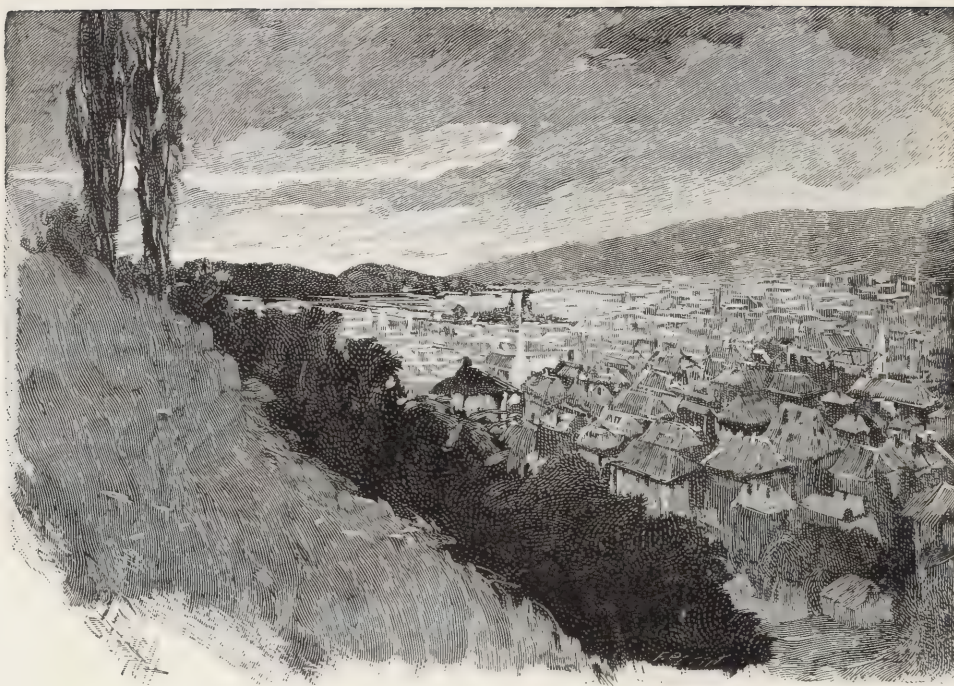
Where the shivering earth lies cold 'neath the sheeted mists that rise;  
Still at her lattice she sits, and a heart-sad song she sings

(Song of sighs it is, has been, and shall ever be),—

"Love is the King of all, a tyrant King of Kings,

A cruel tyrant of Kings, and my Love he loves not me."





## STUTTGART.

BY ELISE J. ALLEN.

### II.

#### THE MODERN CITY.

THE decade following the year 1770 marks the most brilliant period of Stuttgart history. From 1737 to 1793 reigned the splendor-loving Duke Carl Eugen, and albeit within this time he removed the ducal residence from Stuttgart to Ludwigsburg, and the grass grew in the streets before the two palaces of the deserted city, yet while he remained in the city of his ancestors he made it vie in splendor and gayety with the Parisian Versailles. Whether through a love of art and learning, or through a wish to eternize his reign by splendid architectural monuments, we cannot tell, but certain it is that Carl Eugen has left upon his native city an impress unlike that left by any other of its rulers.

Towering above the Hasenberg is a stately stone column called the "Ausichtsturm," which is ascended by a spiral staircase of more than three hundred steps. From the top of this stately column the eye wanders away from the enticements of a magnificent landscape

view, in which are included a long stretch of the Alps, the Odenwald, the Rems Valley, the beautiful Neckar Valley, a dark bluish stripe of the Black Forest, the spires of the Strasburg cathedral, the famous castles of Lichtenstein, Hohentwiel, Teck, and Hohenzollern, the fortress Asperg, the old Roman town Heilbronn, the once splendid capital Ludwigsburg, countless villages, quaint and gable-roofed—scattered over hills and fields—away from all this, down into the gay city which lies at the base of the hill. We have seen it before, but it has been reborn into a new shape, and only here and there, where some sombre, weather-stained house seems humbly to shrink away from its new and pretentious surroundings, do we recognize any part of the primitive city which, six centuries ago, was viewed from the Hasenberg.

Many Württembergisch Counts have been gathered to their fathers; famines, pestilences, the exile of Ulrich the Beloved, the desolations of the infuriated "Suabian League," the frenzies of the Reformation, the terrors of foreign invasions, the bitter struggles of the Thirty

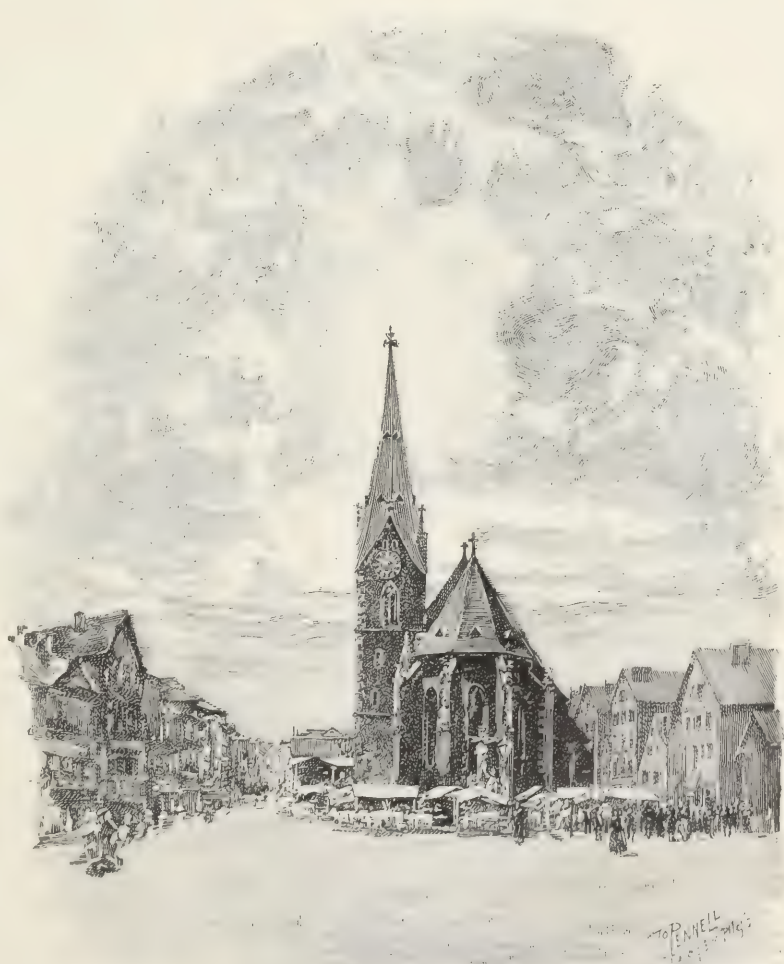


Years' War—all successively have filled Stuttgart with gloom and despair. But in 1737 the reins fell into the hands of the gay Duke Carl Eugen, and peace, splendor, and pleasure began to rule in court and land. In 1770 the ancient city boundaries were still discernible, but the physiognomy of each section had greatly changed. Everywhere the new architectural impulse that was given under Christoph's reign was apparent. Handsome buildings and pleasure-grounds seemed as if by magic to have sprung into shape. Before the Rothenbildthor was a ducal pleasure-garden, which was laid out by Duke Eberhard for his wife, and called the "Küchergarten." Within it were a wonderful grotto and orangery. In the latter were various kinds of fruit trees, whose trunks were so large that a man could not span them with his arms. In the midst of the garden stood a bay-covered cabin, in which in summer the ducal family was wont to eat.

The St. Leonhard's Church, the centre of this suburb, was only a little chapel when we first looked down upon it, but it has been displaced by the gray walls and aspiring towers of a modern Gothic church. Before the church has been placed a Mount of Olives, the gift of one Clara Mager, who embodied in this offering a singular dream which she had during the extreme illness of her child. She had been told in her sleep that her child would recover, as it afterward did, and a cross and a Mount of Olives had formed a part of her vision. The artist's embodiment of the dream is singularly beautiful. Upon a mountain, over which creep serpents, lizards, and other crawling creatures, and on which are scattered human bones and skulls, a stone cross of the crucifixion is erected. On this hangs the Christ, a noble, dig-

nified form. Every member of the body seems to be quivering with pain, but over all shines the exalted and subduing power of the Son of God. At the right of the cross is Mary; her head is bowed, the left hand clasps her mantle, the right, also grasping her mantle, is pressed upon her heart. Her form is full of grace and tragical dignity. At the left of the cross is the beloved John, his tender face turned pityingly toward the mother of his Lord; kneeling at the foot of the cross, passionately embracing the hard stone, her countenance lifted appealingly toward the Saviour, is Mary Magdalene, and in this form the sculptor has personified the giver, Clara Mager.

A very singular piece of history is connected with this old church. A son of the Lady of Weissenburg was killed in a quarrel near the St. Leonhard's Church. The deans of the Stiftskirche refused to allow the body to be buried in the cemetery of that church, because the knight had met an unhallowed death. The nobles thereupon encased the body in a stone



THE ST. LEONHARD'S CHURCH.





THE KING'S RESIDENCE.

coffin and carried it to the monks of the St. Leonhard's Church; but they refused to accept it, because the youth had died without confession. The nobles then resolved to bless the body themselves, to dedicate an acre of ground near the St. Leonhard's Church, and to bury their friend with rites of their own. All this was soon done, and the nobles then swore vengeance against any monk or canon who should molest the grave. About this time the St. Leonhard's Church was to be surrounded by a cemetery, but the monks were in great distress, because they knew not how they should avoid consecrating the spot where the stone coffin lay, and they dared not remove it because of the oath of the nobles. Then the monks bethought themselves to discover how deep the grave of the Weissenburg lord had been dug. The depth was found to be equal to the height of a very tall man. Upon this discovery the monks ordered the cemetery to be marked out, and they dedicated it, but not deeper than five feet, and when pious people spoke of their death, they usually added the charge that they should not be buried "lower than the consecrated ground." In the little house for the dead which belonged to the church there was a measuring-rod with which the depth of graves was determined. The body of the great Reformer Reuchlin was buried, in 1522, in the St. Leonhard's Church. It was the great man's wish that he should be buried in the Hospital Church, and he himself prepared the inscription for his monu-

ment, with the thought that he was to rest there, but his contests with the monks of Cologne had brought him into conflict with those of Stuttgart, and his body was placed in the St. Leonhard's Church. His monument, however, consisting of a simple tablet, was placed in the Hospital Church. The inscription is in three languages. The following is inscribed in large Roman letters:

Ann. Chr. M. D. I. Sibi.

Et. Posteritati. Capnioniae.

Joannes. Reuchlin.

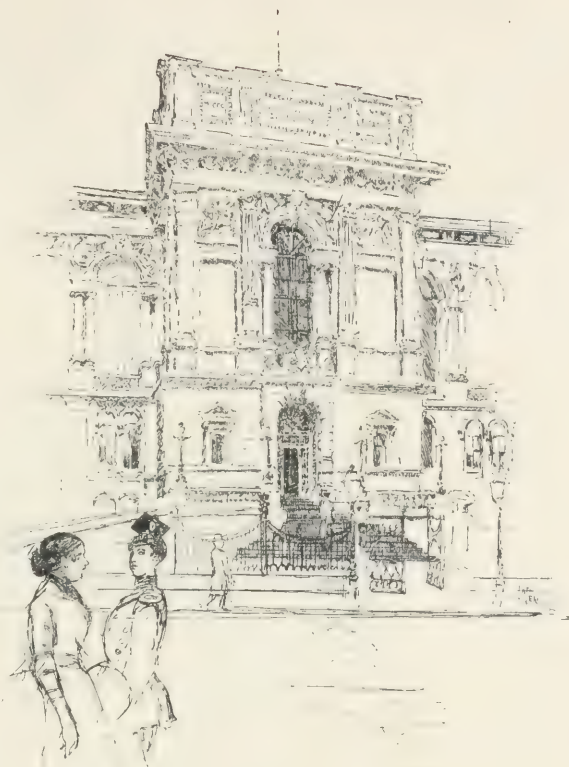
Phorcensis.

On the upper left corner of the oblong stone is the word: **עלם החיים**; on the right corner is: **ΑΝΑΣΤΑΣΙΣ**.

In 1746, Duke Carl laid the cornerstone of the new palace, or "Royal Residence," which stands to the east of the old castle. A wonderful contrast exists between these two buildings. The old castle, says a writer, stands like a warrior equipped for battle, and breathes only of struggle and combat; but the new palace is like a lovely lady about to start to the ball, wearing her most beautiful ornaments, and smiling her most gracious smile. The money for the building of the palace was pledged by the people upon the condition that the capital should never be removed from Stuttgart. Duke Carl, however, ignored his part of the compact, and before the building was completed he removed the residence to Ludwigsburg. In 1762 the right wing of the palace, which was already completed and expensively furnished, was destroyed by fire. The building was finished in 1817. It is built in the Renaissance style, and contains as many rooms as there are days in the year. It is adorned with sculptures by Canova, Thorwaldsen, Dannecker, Hofer, and Hetsch, and has some very beautiful Gobelins and frescoes. The white and blue marble salons are of unusual beauty. No cooking is allowed within the palace walls. The food for the royal table is prepared in the kitchens of the old castle, and carried over spirit-lamps in huge hampers to the Residence.

One bleak day in January, 1806, the

new palace was ablaze with splendor. Soldiers and officers filled the Planie and adjoining streets. The Man of Destiny, before whom all the world trembled, was to be a guest in Stuttgart. Frederick of Württemberg had but recently received the title of King from Napoleon, and now the great Emperor was about to visit his new ally. During the day appointed for his arrival the streets were filled with curious people. At length the Emperor's carriage drawn by six horses appeared in the Planie; behind sat an ordinary servant, and beside him sat a Mameluke, who was enveloped in a long mantle. The carriage, followed by a long retinue, was driven to the palace door, the noble guest alighted, and was received at the threshold by the King and his powerful favorite, the Count von Dillon. The series of brilliant festivities which distinguished the visit of Napoleon ended with a grand free theatrical performance. The theatre was thronged with people from city and country. At the appointed hour the Emperor entered, leading by the hand Queen Mathilde of Württemberg, *née* Crown-Princess of Great Britain, and sister of the deadly enemy of Napoleon. The new King Frederick followed, leading the French Empress Josephine; then came the French marshals, the cool diplomatic Prince Talleyrand, and other celebrities of the French court. Napoleon wore a simple hunting costume, and he had no other ornaments than the Grand Cordon, the Württembergisch Order of the Golden Eagle, and the Star of the



THE KING'S LIBRARY.

Legion of Honor. The uniforms of his marshals shimmered with gold embroidery, orders, and badges of honor. Napoleon's dislike for the theatre was well known, and notwithstanding the theatre directors had spent months in compressing a whole opera into one act, the hero would not remain to the end. After the lapse of an hour he arose, the court followed his example, and the stately *cortège* filed out of the theatre. The assembly forgot the play and rushed after the departing guests. The Schlossplatz was brilliantly illuminated, and the excited people crowded around it, mingling their cries of "Vive l'Empereur!" and "Es lebe der König!" The next day the Emperor and suite departed, pausing before they reached the limits of Württemberg to join the royal family in a boar-hunt. The escort consisted of French and Württembergisch nobles, and a triumphal arch was erected on the limits. The room in the new palace remains as it was when Napoleon occupied it.

Duke Carl's most splendid monument is the famous "Carls-Schule," the first school of its kind in Germany. Instruction in all departments of art and science—theology excepted—was given here by the best teachers that could be found in Europe. Tuition and board were supplied



THE KING'S DRUG-STORE.





THE SCHLOSSPLATZ AND THE COLUMN.

at the expense of the Duke. The archives of the school contain names of students that had come from all parts of the world. Among its pupils were Schiller, Cuvier, Dannecker, Thouret, and many others that afterward became powers in the world. The building originally stood on the "Solitude," where it was a military school for orphan boys. It was successively a military training-school, a military academy, and finally, upon its removal to Stuttgart, became the "Carls-Akademie." The school was under the personal supervision of the Duke, who was always present during the dinner hour. The castles Hohenheim and Solitude are also creations of Carl Eugen.

He rebuilt, at an expense of 3,000,000 guldens, the old Castle of Hohenheim, and aimed to make its park represent the history of the world. A delightful aroma of romance lingers around the later castle. It was the favorite residence of Duke Carl, and here, in 1793, after a long battle with death, he died in the arms of his beautiful wife, Franciska — "Fränzle," he always called her—the only woman that the gay Duke had ever loved. The Solitude crowns one of the hills near Stuttgart. When the Duke had decided to build this palace, he commanded his subjects to come with horses and tools, and the work went on day and night, until within an incredibly short time the

princely building was completed, at a cost of 1,000,000 gulden. The name was a misnomer, for fête buildings, caserns, stables, the Carls-Schule, a Pensionät for girls, a church, and a theatre which seated two thousand persons surrounded the palace. Schiller's father was the forester here, and the young poet was once imprisoned in the castle for his political heresies.

In 1780, when the Grand-Duke Paul of Russia was a guest at the Württembergisch court, a great chase was held in the park of the Solitude. During this hunt six thousand deer were killed, to say nothing of other game. The Duke's stables, the Carls-Schule, and the Catholic church of Stuttgart all formerly stood on the site of the Solitude. The present Königstrasse had quite another aspect in the days of Duke Carl. Near the Königsbau stood an immense "Viehhaus," or cattle-house, and adjoining this was a riding-school, the original of which was the celebrated "Futterhaus," or feeding-house. When the ancient theatre was burned the riding-school was constructed into a temporary theatre, with Corinthian pillars and Doric pilasters, and its last metamorphosis was

that into the present Königsbau, a majestic building with stately columns, gayly filled booths, and handsome amusement-halls. Nearly opposite the site of the Königsbau stood the "Jägerhaus," or hunters' house, a long, imposing stone building, which had been erected by order of Duke Christoph; adjoining the house were several thousand dog-kennels. The master of the chase, the grooms, and pages lived in the "Jägerhaus," and near by stood the dwelling of the master of the hounds. In the Jägerhaus the Grävenitz was once quietly domiciled for three years by command of the infatuated Eberhard Ludwig. The building was torn away in 1819. On the site of the present palace of the Crown-Prince stood a building which is known in the annals as the marshals' house, and afterward as the princes' residence. It was bought by Duke Eberhard, and presented to his court marshal, Conrad Thumb, a brother-in-law of the Grävenitz. In the year 1816 the house was fashioned into a Greek chapel for the Crown-Princess, afterward Queen Catharine; and in 1846 it became the residence of the Crown-Prince.



THE KÖNIGSBAU.



The social life of Stuttgart in the days of Carl Eugen differed greatly from that of the times of the Württembergisch Counts. The gossipy letters of girls who had come from the provinces to Stuttgart to learn cooking and millinery have furnished Klaiber with material for some delightful portraitures. Skilfully has he drawn the assessors, secretaries, aspirants for office, ensigns, corporals—all the gallants of Stuttgart in their evening promenade. Daintily his subjects tread the gay boulevard, the sword dangling at the side, the cocked hat under the arm. The cue tied with an elegant bow coquettishly dances at the neck, and the youthful, beardless faces look strange beneath the head of powdered hair. One might well wonder how long these exquisite gentlemen sat under the hands of the perruquier, until through combing and braiding and powdering the construction of the toupet was completed. Klaiber tells of a professor in the gymnasium who once was suddenly called away to his school duties, and during his lecture sat with the powder mantle over his shoulders while he allowed his Olympic head to be elaborated. The double occupation was now and then obliged to be suspended

in order that the master might hurl a thundering reprimand at the restive boys. The magnates in the evening promenades never lost sight of the ego and its accessories. Unalterable laws regulated the costumes—the hang of the sword, the cut, color, and material of the clothing. The deportment of the promenaders toward each other was modified accordingly as the one or the other wore a blue, red, green, or violet coat—in 1770 the fashionable color was puce; according to the absence or presence of the lace trimmings, the slashed vest, the silk stockings and buckled shoes, the cue, hair-bag, and pigeon-wings. Shall we, with the facile Klaiber, follow that self-conscious chamberlain who, with his wife and daughters, has just appeared in the promenade? The ladies wear inflated hoop-skirts and carry coquettish fans; the high and noble-born himself wears an embroidered coat, a richly flowered vest, jabot, and cuffs, and in his right hand is the obligatory gold-headed cane. Slowly and dignifiedly the titled gentleman walks, now greeting with an indifferent wave of the hand, now with obsequious bows, and now with graceful deference, complimenting this or that one, inquiring after the



THE PALACE, FROM THE PARK.



health of those that he would compliment, and asking graciously about the welfare of the children. He is affable toward those of equal rank, submissively obliging toward superiors, measuredly haughty toward inferiors, and before the promenade is ended there has been opportunity to go through the whole scale of social caste. In a rare old book, *The Württembergisch Titular-Buch*, are to be found many quaint and interesting forms of address.\* Full of flutings and windings, like the architecture of the period, was the social intercourse, and one wonders if in the intimacy of the family, with the cue and the intricate costume, were also laid aside the ceremonious forms of the outer-world association. A satirist writing of Stuttgart women of this period says: "I wish no women philosophers; and a wife that makes verses gives, according to my creed, righteous cause to a man for divorce. But that your maidens so often

\* The following is an announcement of the approaching marriage of a doctor and professor of law in Tübingen. It includes also the invitation to the marriage:

Hoch-Edelgebohrner und Rechts-Hochgelehrter Herr! Insonders Hoch zu venerirender Herr Doctor. Hoher Gönner!

Euer Hoch-Edelgebohren gebe hierdurch aus Pflichtschuldigster *Observanz* gehorsamst zu erkennen, wie mich letztthin aus ohnzweiffentlicher göttlicher *Direction*, und nach vorhero eingeholtem beyderseitigen Elterlichen *Consens* mit *Tit. Jungfer N., Tit. Herrn N. Eheleiblichen Jungfer Tochter* in eine Christliche Ehe-Verlöbnuß eingelassen und durch Priestliche *Copulation* solche den 16. April zu vollziehen entschlossen habe. Wann nun viele Zeugnisse eines besondern wohlwollens von Euer Hoch-Edelgebohren geraume Zeit her genossen, dann vor Andern Dero *pretieuse* Gegenwart bey dieser meiner Hochzeitfeyer wünsche: Als ersuche Selbige gehorsamst, es wollen Dieselbe gütigst geruhen, dem Trauungs-*Actu* mit beizuwohnen und mit darauf angestelltem *Tractament* hochgeneigtest vor Willen nehmen, Welche mir und meiner Braut hierunter zugehende hohe Gefälligkeit mit unsterblicher Erinnerung erkennen und mit aller erdenklichen *Veneration* verharren werde.

Euer Hoch-Edelgebohren,

Meines hoch zu venerirenden Herrn *Doctoris* und hohen Gönners gehorsamster Diener N. R.



THE DRIVE TO CANNSTADT.

can read nothing but the morning prayers; that they transplant Paris to London, and make the King of Prussia march by way of Holland to the Silesian limits; that they take Lucretia for a Parisian lady, and Semiramis for an imperial burgomaster's wife—that, I think, quite extraordinary." But that is a satirist's picture; the loyalty and amiability, the natural freshness and perfect healthfulness, of Stuttgart women were then acknowledged facts, and another century has supplemented these excellences with literary and artistic attainments. Duke Carl established on the Solitude a school for girls which should secure to them the same advantages as those that were offered in the Carls-Akademie to boys; and Dr. Wilhelm von Lübke, who made his home in Stuttgart, proved an efficient agent in the culture of the women of Württemberg, by extending to them the privilege of attending his two annual courses of art-lectures in the Polytechnikum.

Life moves methodically in the "Garden City." Time passes without hurry or hinderance. The city has a kind of Arcadian simplicity and naturalness, and wears a gala air, as though all its days were festival days. Brightly uniformed





THE TOWN, FROM THE THEATRE.

officers and soldiers are always to be seen in its streets, and there is public music twice a day by the military band. In the early morning the band plays before the house of the commanding general, and at noon before the Royal Residence. The Stuttgart Conservatory for music is often regarded as the first in Germany, and attracts people from all countries. The constant presence of so many strangers in Stuttgart naturally increases its diplomatic relations. The various courts of Europe are represented by ministers and envoys extraordinary. American industries have been extensively introduced into Württemberg, and are much prized by the people. The English have established a church in Stuttgart, and support a salaried minister.

Among the educational institutions, the Polytechnikum, the great technological school of the city, is the most important, and in the department of architecture has no peer in Germany. There is a great industrial institute, in which all trades are taught, and a flourishing art school. The *Katharinenstift-Schule* is the most important school for girls. The city is distinguished for its active art life; it is the home of some of the most celebrated artists and musicians of Germany; it possesses the originals of Dan-

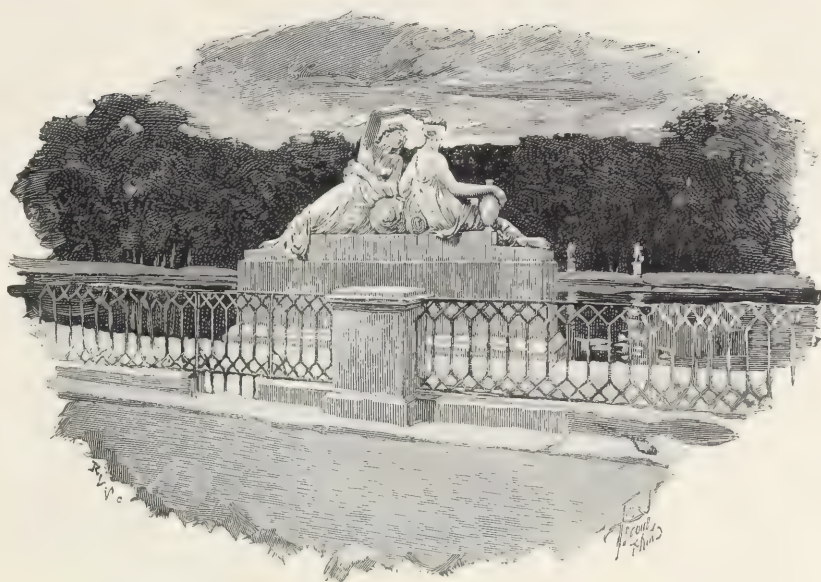
necker's sculptures, and in 1844 Thorwaldsen presented to it a complete set in plaster of his works, an honor which Stuttgart shares only with Copenhagen. The city has much architectural magnificence. Its new railway depot is said to be unsurpassed by any similar building in Europe. Stuttgart is everywhere acknowledged to be the most beautiful of the German cities, and among the cities of the Continent it is reckoned second only to Frankfort on the Main in healthfulness.

The crowning natural beauties of the city are the city garden, the private garden adjoining the palace, and the public park, which opens from the east end of the palace. This immense park leads directly to Berg, and thence to Cannstadt. Among its great trees is heard the whole day long the flutter of nightingales, ravens, and twittering finches; broad and white graded walks and drives wind through the greensward; glimpses of the blue sky above, the flash of fountains, gleam of sculptures, and tint of flowers below break the monotony of the vast stretch of forest green. Gay court equipages, leisureful promenaders, and merry children make the place seem like a great fête-ground. The park is said to be the creation of the author Häckländer's



fancy, who possessed great influence over the late King William. After the death of the latter it was found that he had spent much of the money that should have descended to his son, the present King Carl, in laying out and embellishing the park. The people at once offered to make up the deficit to the young King; but he refused, saying that his reign should never bring any burdens upon his subjects, and that instead of accepting their money, he would lessen his own expenses—a resolution which King Carl has nobly kept, and which his Queen has helped him to execute.

From the lower end of the park one reaches the three royal villas, or palaces, Rosenstein, Wilhelma, and Berg. The Rosenstein Palace is on the left bank of the Neckar, and is connected with the Wilhelma Palace. Both were built by King William, but so quiet and dignified



IN THE PARK

were his tastes in contrast with those of other Württembergisch rulers that these structures seem like temples of art rather than princely dwelling-houses. The Wilhelma is built in pure Moorish style, and has been called the "Bagdschiserai"; like the embodiment of an Arabian tale the palace seems, with its kiosks, fountains, water-basins, belvedere, and fête-halls. At Villa Berg peace and beauty have clasped hands. The building is in the Renaissance style, and is the summer residence of King Carl and Queen Olga. The ancestral castle of the Counts of Württemberg, which formerly stood on the Rothenberg, was torn away in 1820 by order of King William, in order that a mausoleum might be erected there for his dead Queen, Catharine, with whom the Rothenberg Castle had been a favorite dwelling-place. The Queen had been a Russian princess, and the King erected on the mountain, in her memory, a Greek chapel, "The Kapella," in which Greek service is performed. In 1864 King William died, at the age of eighty-four. Before his death he directed that he should be buried in the deepest silence and simplest manner beside his still beloved Catharine. One morning, as the first rays of the sun broke over the Rothenberg, the coffin was carried up the mountain. The court chaplain, the court marshal, an adjutant, and guard accompanied it; a short prayer was offered as the



NEW STUTT GART.



coffin was lowered into the earth, and a single cannon-shot announced the end of the interment.

In the homes of Stuttgart the will of the father is supreme. Children begin in their infancy to learn the lessons of self-denial and simple living. The extreme formality marks the social intercourse between men and women. The

unions. The religious element is stronger in Stuttgart than in other large cities. There are few Catholics; the sect called Pietists has many adherents, but a pleasant tolerance prevails in religious matters. The intellectual and moral development is, in some respects, superior to that in other large places. The influence of Schiller, Schelling, Keppeler, Hegel,



THE SCHILLER STATUE.

social parties which are so general in North Germany are here unknown; the women have four-o'clock coffee parties and seven-o'clock tea parties. By ten o'clock in the evening all signs of festivity have vanished. The men spend most of their time, outside of business hours, at their clubs. The tone-giving element in Württembergisch society is the civilian: first in rank are the native aristocrats, then the higher officials, the clergy, scholars, authors, and the well-to-do merchants. The Stuttgarter loves his fatherland, but more even than this does he love his native city. He is attached to his rulers, and knows how to value his government. He is not easily moved to ecstasy, but is cheerful and vivacious, and his droll humor, like that of all Suabians, is proverbial; especially decided are his love for art and nature, and his aptitude for music; his benevolence manifests itself in a great number of charitable

Uhland, Schwab, Hauff, Grüneisen, Kerner, Lenau, Silcher, Häckländer, Danneker, and many others that have lived and worked in Stuttgart, and the recent activity of Lübke, Vischer, Gerock, and Fischer, have given an important intellectual impetus to this favored city. The King and Queen of Württemberg have the welfare of their subjects at heart; they encourage their people in all proposed advancements, they give liberally to all charitable causes, and the moral tone of their court is unusually high. The noble Prince Saxe-Weimar and the generous Duchess Jvera are always mentioned with pride and affection by the Württembergers. The genuine Stuttgarter has a powerful, handsome physique. The inhabitants of the city are descendants of the original Suabian race, but that many families from Franconia and distant countries have settled here is proved by the number of foreign names

which are heard among all classes, although characteristic peculiarities have vanished with time.

The Suabian origin betrays itself in the language. In all circles there is heard the soft Suabian dialect, that never fairly pronounces *ä, e, o, d, t*, and likes to mutilate or swallow the final syllable. It has a fondness for diminutives also, as *Spätzle, Knöpfle*, and other like words. The educated speak pure German when strangers are present, but in familiar intercourse they glide by preference into their caressing Suabian dialect. It is said that Schiller throughout his life never lost this habit. It is quite usual to hear "ischt" instead of *ist*, "Dot" instead of *Tod*, "Aehre" instead of *Ehre*. The Suabian "lauft," says a critic, where the ordinary man "geht"; the Suabian "springt," where the common German "lauft"; and "hopft," or "hupft," where the latter "springt"—verbal expressions which are in noteworthy contrast with the customary tempo of the Suabian race. The name of the city itself becomes transformed in the mouth of the country-people into *Schtüogërt*.

Two great fairs are held annually in Stuttgart. One in May, which continues one week; the other in December, which continues two weeks. The great annual horse-market occurs in April, and lasts two days. Horses from the King's private and country stables are sold at this market. The "Cann-



A STREET IN NEW STUTTGART.

stadt Volksfest," which is now annually celebrated in America, originated in Stuttgart. It is here celebrated at Cannstadt, fifteen minutes' distance by railway from the city.

The vintage season brings with it the great general festival of Stuttgart. It usually occurs about the middle of October, although it is recorded that in 1528 the grape-vines blossomed in April, and the ripened fruit was gathered in July. When the vintage begins, the young and old, provided with the necessary food for the day, start in the early morning for the vineyards to gather the grapes. All day long are heard the sounds of cannon and smaller firearms, and exclamations of delight are echoed and re-echoed from mountain to mountain. In the evening there is a great display of fireworks in the vineyards, and hill-side and sky are aglow with the reflected light. When the day's work and festivities are ended.



AN APARTMENT-HOUSE, NEW STUTTGART.





ENTRANCE TO THE NEW RAILROAD STATION.

the vintagers in different groups form processions, and with torches and instrumental music and singing, return to city and village. Heavy disappointment sometimes comes to the Württembergisch vintagers, as in 1877, when the failure of the grape crop resulted in a loss of thirty million marks. But the hardy vine-dressers toil on, showing their faith in God by patient working and waiting, and attesting this faith to the world in the inscriptions on monuments or rough stone tablets which are placed in the walls of their vineyards, and are designed to commemorate years of failure as well as years

of success. Upon a tablet in one of the walls of a vineyard near Stuttgart is an inscription of which the following is a translation:

When I put up this sign  
We had five years no wine;  
But on we till—  
Trust in God's will—  
And we will learn in time  
Why God gave us no wine.\*

Stuttgart has many peculiar social and civil customs. Some of these have been transmitted through many centuries, others retain only a semblance of the ancient character. The funeral ceremonies have been much modified. In 1751 funeral sermons were prohibited. At the end of the last century funerals were attended only by women and girls. The obsequies are now very simple; the processions are usually composed of men and maid-servants, the latter carrying flowers for the adornment of the new grave. There are sometimes ostentatious funerals, at which a "vorganger," a man who is enveloped in a long mantle, and wears an oddly shaped hat, from which a black cloth hangs down over the face, walks at the head of the procession to the cemetery. The women relatives and friends are never seen in the processions; if they go at all to the grave, they go privately.

\* Grape Interests, Consular Report, 1877. J. S. Potter, United States Consul at the Court of Württemberg.



THE LEONARDS-PLATZ.

## THE VOICE ABOVE.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

**L**OST on the drift,—and where the full clouds flow  
The steep above him looms,  
And strong winds out of distant regions blow  
The snow in streaming plumes,  
And yawns the gulf of the crevasse below  
In sapphire glows and glooms.

Along the precipice there is no way  
That he may surely tread,  
Slight is his foothold on the slippery stay  
That trembles to his tread,  
And chill and terrible the dying day  
Fails fast about his head.

Could he but hear some lowing of the herd,  
Some mountain bell ring clear,  
If some familiar sound one moment stirred  
To guide him lost in fear!  
He dares not move,—some beckoning leading word  
Alas! could he but hear!

In those waste places of the earth and dim  
No star shines forth at all,—  
Through awful loneliness enshrouding him  
He gives one shuddering call,  
While horror of great darkness seems to swim  
And fold him in its pall.

Then like blown breath of music in the height  
A cry comes far and low,—  
He thrills, he springs, he gathers all his might,  
He feels new pulses glow!  
His Father's voice—he needs nor sense nor sight,  
He knows the way to go!

## ROAN BARBARY.

BY GEORGE HIBBARD.

“**I** HAVE the greatest pleasure in making you welcome to my house, Mr. Treloar,” said Paysant, in his kindly supercilious tone. Then he slowly added, with a comprehensive sweep of the arm that included within the scope of his remark the porch with its long row of Doric columns left bare and blue by the peeling of the paint, the unkept drive, and the array of straggling, dilapidated stables—that in some mysterious fashion seemed to take in and make his own the village that showed through the massive trees, and even embraced the low-lying, wide-spreading landscape—“‘A poor thing, but mine own.’ You see we do not quite forget the humanities,

although our chief business is with horse-flesh.”

His handsome, dissipated old face, its dull ruddy hue the more noticeable because of the perfect whiteness of his drooping mustache—as his mustache itself appeared the snowier from the contrast afforded by the redness of his complexion—shone with a real pleasure.

“I used to know your father,” Paysant went on. “Perhaps you have heard him speak of me? No?” he said, with something like disappointment, as the young man did not at once assent, but stood evidently striving to find some civil equivocation with which to meet the direct question. “Well, it is only natural.”



"My father died when I was quite young," murmured the young man, apologetically.

"Yes, yes," said Paysant, "I recollect. Even in my small corner I have managed to have news of my old associates. I remembered, although the most of them forgot. But that is always the way—it is always the fate of those who are forgotten to remember. Your father, though, wrote to me once, and that is more than the others did." Paysant's voice sank, and his glance fell vaguely away. It almost seemed as if he were speaking to himself, and Treloar looked uneasily and guiltily about as one does who feels that he intrudes, yet knows not how he may withdraw.

"You are like him—wonderfully like him," continued Paysant. The tone of despondency was gone. The attitude of dejection had disappeared. Calmly courteous he stood upon the threshold welcoming the young stranger to the big, bare, weather-stained place with his very best "air." He held out his hand with that sweet, half-sad expression so peculiarly his own, with something of that look so confident and yet confiding that once, in his youth, had made the "Paysant smile" so celebrated, and Paysant himself such a "dangerous man."

"I assure you that I am most happy to see you beneath my roof," he said. Then he half turned and went on: "Mr. Treloar, I wish to present you to my daughter. Cicely, this is the son of an old friend, and he must not feel that he is a stranger in this house."

The girl, who had listened with undisguised interest to the conversation, looking from one to the other of the speakers, now brought her gaze back to the young man who stood, hat in hand, bowing before her.

"You must stay to luncheon, Mr. Treloar," she said, looking curiously at his blushing face, the warm tint of her countenance untouched by any flush of embarrassment.

"The hotel—a friend waiting for me," muttered Treloar, confusedly.

"Cicely is right," said Paysant. "You certainly must stay and break bread with us."

"Do you imagine," continued the girl, "that when we catch an actual, a *bona fide* stranger, we are going to let him escape so easily? But really we are quite

kindly savages, and the danger is not very great."

Seeing Treloar's evident timidity, she was perfectly at ease, and laughed merrily.

"My dear," said Paysant, seriously, and in a scandalized tone, "what will our young friend think of us? He will believe that we are utter barbarians."

"And," said the girl, mutinously, "aren't we? I am sure that the average Esquimaux nowadays sees the civilized traveller quite as often as we do. Really," she said, turning to Treloar, "you should look upon yourself as a boon—an unexpected boon—and take pity on us and stay."

"Delighted—very kind," stammered the young man.

"Mr. Treloar," said Paysant, again turning, and indicating a man who stood at a little distance, "a member of our household, Mr. Johnstone—the tried companion of years." A short stout person with a round unwrinkled face and a completely bald head stepped briskly forward and grasped Treloar loosely by the hand.

"Always happy to meet the rising generation," he said, with a curious, husky voice; "on the shelf myself—not the top shelf, though—and still able to sympathize with youth."

"Ah, youth, youth," said Paysant, and he waved his hand with an ineffable expression. Then he assumed a more businesslike tone. "Mr. Treloar wants a hunter."

"Certainly," answered Johnstone, with conviction. "Hasn't the Waverley Stud Farm raised some of the best horses that ever went over timber?"

"There's Maybird—" began Paysant.

"Not up to weight," said the girl, glancing at Treloar.

"True, Miss Cicely," answered Johnstone. "But there's the Cid. Magnificent action—the hind quarters of a catapult; and Roderigo, unequalled as a weight-carrier."

Treloar did not speak, but stood helplessly gazing at the speaker. He had run up into the country for what he had imagined would be strictly a business visit to this remote spot, where, he had been told, he might find a likely horse for his autumn work on Long Island, and had been received, when he had made known his name, on anything but a business



footing. Of Paysant he had never heard. It was only a generation older that would have remembered him, or could have told tales of his doings before he had "dropped out"—disappeared in the wonderful and final way in which the boldest and the strongest disappear in the stormy seas of modern existence. Still, Treloar recognized that the prematurely old man who wore his threadbare clothes with such a modish air must at some time have belonged to his own world; recognized him with the readiness with which the members of the guild that is called society always recognize each other. It was not in the look or the bearing or the accent, but it was in all of these that he found those indescribable evidences of refinement that are so slight and yet so much; which the practised ear and eye catch so easily, but which so persistently remain inaudible and invisible to all others.

"If Mr. Treloar would come to the stables," suggested the girl, "he could see the horses."

"Exactly, my dear. Just what I was about to advise," observed Paysant. "But first let us go into the house. I cannot feel quite happy until Mr. Treloar and I drink to our greater intimacy."

"That's right," said Johnstone; "a friendship's like a boat—you've got to crack a bottle over it to christen it."

Cicely waited on the porch, while the men made their way through a hall the walls of which were covered with a very smooth and shiny paper printed in simulation of a remarkably grained marble, which purported to be cut in blocks of such proportions that four or five sufficed to constitute the wall and reach to the ceiling. They entered a darkened room. Silently Paysant and Johnstone advanced toward a large sideboard, and the latter, bending down and fumbling in some lower recess, finally produced some glasses, which he placed upon the worn top of the receptacle. Paysant removed the stopper from a decanter that gleamed on a higher shelf, and filled the tumblers with a lavish hand. Each man made what he considered a judicious admixture of water, and, seizing his glass, held it before him. No one spoke. Paysant glanced at Treloar and then at Johnstone, who gazed from one to the other, while Treloar included both in one rapid look.

"Now," said Paysant, with the manner of one who has accomplished a necessary

formality, "suppose that we go and look at the horses."

The girl was waiting for them with what seemed to Treloar a slight look of displeasure on her face, and together they all passed down the warped steps that creaked so piteously, and walking a short way along the rutted road, entered the stable-yard.

"Morris!" cried Paysant, when as yet they were hardly within the gate.

A short man with a singularly old face stepped out from the stable door. On his head was a small, a very small cap, and about his legs were fastened high brown gaiters.

"Morris," said Paysant, as the man instinctively touched his hat, "the gentleman wants a hunter."

"An' he looks like a gentleman," replied Morris, glancing critically at the stranger, "as would know one when he saw one."

"An old retainer," whispered Paysant to Treloar; "a trifle familiar, but we have spoiled him."

"This way, sir," Morris went on, "an' I'll show you the finest animal of his kind, sir, you ever set your eyes on."

The party entered the big building with the broad boarded floor, lined on either side with box-stalls, and with the hay-filled lofts high overhead. The great doors at both ends were open, and the sunlight fell warmly in a heavy square on the rough planks at the southern extremity. Above, long blue rays pierced the comparative gloom, touching here and there a cobwebbed rafter, and resting finally in great gold patches on the heaped-up hay. The doves cooed pleasantly, and the anxious clucking of the chickens losing something of its peculiar nervous agitation, fell pleasantly on the ear.

"There you are, sir," said Morris, as he came on a run down the stable floor, with one hand holding the halter of a bright little mare and the other resting on her neck. "Ain't she a beauty? None finer in the ould country. I can just see her topping off a stone wall."

"Hardly would be up to carrying me," said Treloar, critically.

"Right you are, sir," said Morris, "still I thought I'd show her to you. It ain't often you see a prettier picture."

He turned the animal down a passage-way that led to another building, and Treloar walked along, followed by the



others, looking in one empty stall after the other.

"You have an extensive place here, Mr. Paysant," he said at length.

"We do what we can," Paysant answered. "There are other establishments that are larger, but in the matter of quality we do not give way to any one."

Treloar paused at length, and gazed curiously into the dusky depths of a box larger than the others.

"You may very well stop," said Paysant, smiling proudly.

"What horse is that?" demanded Treloar, interestedly. "It almost seems as if I had seen him before."

"That can hardly be possible, but you may have seen his picture," said Paysant—"there are a great many about the country—for that, sir," and he fell back a step or two as he made his announcement, "is Roan Barbary."

"Roan Barbary!" exclaimed Treloar.

"Yes," said Paysant. "You see I read my Shakespeare—'Bolingbroke rode on Roan Barbary'—*Richard the Second*, you remember."

Roan Barbary! In stable history the name was famous; in all the racing annals of the country there was not one more glorious. Roan Barbary, the victor in a hundred desperate contests, the breaker of record after record in the past. Treloar had heard of the horse always, but as something belonging to another time. In the solemn conclave of the smoking-room he had listened to older men as they discussed his merits and announced that nothing like him was now to be found on the turf—a dictum that always passed unquestioned, and finished any youngster who ventured to assert an opinion too strongly.

"But I thought he was dead long ago."

"No," said Paysant; "I have seen him too often carry my colors to the front, with a big field of the best behind him, to let him go now. I have never parted with him. We're both out of the race. We have grown old together." Paysant undid the hasp on the door. "Should you like to see him?"

Roan Barbary was old, unquestionably old. The spirit that in his hot-headed youth had made him, so rumor said, often contumacious, was clearly gone, and unmistakable signs of diminished powers were painfully evident. Still he was a magnificent animal, and even at his age

not wholly superannuated. The slender muscular legs, the strong lithe body, the graceful neck, showed that in so far as time permitted he was as "fit" as ever, with that "fitness" that in a once perfect organism is never quite lost—the "fitness" that in spite of years causes the old hunter to prick his ears and start at the cry of the pack.

Treloar looked at the horse in silent admiration. He understood that no hero of the turf had held in his day greater renown, and he knew that even in the hurrying present the magic of Roan Barbary's name was not lost, and men still talked lovingly of him in the clubs. Roan Barbary! And here he was hidden away on this distant farm. It was as hard for Treloar to realize his existence as it is for us to believe that some prima donna famous long ago is still living.

"No one ever rides him now but Ciceily," said Paysant, as the girl stroked the soft muzzle with her softer hand.

"And no one ever shall," she said. "Poor old fellow! I'll always be good to you."

"He deserves rest and an honored old age," observed Treloar, "if a horse ever did." And almost reverently he held open the door of the stall, and Roan Barbary returned to his seclusion and what memories of a glorious past his equine memory permitted.

"If you'll just step into the yard, sir," said Morris, appearing at the big stable door. "The Cid is out here, and he'll be what you're wanting. I've saddled him, and you can just give him a try yourself over the bars."

The Cid stood in the sunlight as resplendent as perfect grooming could make him. Treloar's heart warmed to the animal at once, and as he critically walked about him, passing his hand first down one leg and then the other, he found no reason to change his first favorable impression.

"Just get on him, sir, and give him a turn down the road," advised Morris; and as Paysant added, "I wish you would make a trial of his qualities," Treloar slipped his foot into the stirrup and sprang on the back of the fidgeting animal. The gate was open, and first at a trot and then at a swinging gallop he took the spirited horse down the road, soft with the deep dust of midsummer.

"Bring him over the bars on the way

back," cried Morris, "and you'll see the power there is in him."

The panel of a fence, not more than three feet and a half high, had been set up in the open field, with a spreading wing on either side, and Treloar rode carelessly at the slight barrier.

"He sits him well, Miss Cicely," whispered Morris to the girl, who had silently watched the progress of affairs without allowing a word or an incident to escape her.

"He's not half bad," she answered. "Oh!"

A motherly hen, crossing the field with a flock of chickens, had got in the way of the advancing Cid, and with all the flutterings and clackings of an elderly lady who is afraid of being run down by an omnibus, was striving to get out of the way. The noise directly beneath his feet as he was about to take off flurried the horse, and, trained hunter though he was, he rose at the jump awkwardly, caught his fore feet on the board, which proved surprisingly unyielding, and came down in a heap on the other side, with Treloar beneath him and almost concealed by his struggling form.

"Oh!" gasped the girl; "he's hurt—he's killed!"

Before any one could reach the spot where the horse and rider had fallen, they had freed themselves from each other, and the Cid was calmly cantering across the field, while Treloar still lay on the ground, evidently unable to rise.

"All right," he cried, as they approached. "A nasty-looking spill; but I've got all the wits about me that I ever had."

He smiled with a very stiff and paining kind of a smile, raising himself slightly on his elbow and helplessly contemplating them.

"But you are hurt!" exclaimed Cicely.

"I think," said Treloar, slowly—"I am not sure—but I think that my left leg is broken—at least it feels very queer."

The important day had passed on which the village physician declared it safe for Treloar to move, and the time had arrived when permission was granted him to go down stairs. A pair of clumsy crutches, obtained by the doctor from some country patient who had abandoned them in favor of others of more modern and approved pattern, afforded him doubtful

support, and with their aid he had made several very successful trial trips about his room, carefully watched by a small and interested audience. Now he prepared to venture on further flights, or, to be more accurate, on more extended "hobbles." It was a great event in the household, and the entire establishment had assembled to watch him and aid him in his descent. Quite a procession finally took up the line of march. First came Treloar himself, stumping along on the rude supports; next Paysant, fluent with congratulations, admonitions, and advice, but with real solicitude in his old face; then Johnstone, with a footstool and a numerous collection of cushions; then Cicely, with a light rug or two; finally Morris, with a subordinate from the stables pressed into service for this occasion, and carrying a long low arm-chair.

Treloar allowed himself to be bolstered up here and tucked in there with questionable grace. He felt that he was appearing like a helpless idiot, and at first naturally resented everything that was done for him; but finally, with a sigh of satisfaction, he sank back on the couch that had been prepared for him on the long shaded veranda.

The leaves on the branches overhanging the roadway were heavy with fine whitish dust, and the tall plants and vines along the fences looked dry and brittle. In places in the fields the earth seemed firm as asphalt, and through the parched meadows ran wide cracks, over the edges of which hung the scorched roots of the sundered herbage. It was a fortnight since Treloar had met with his accident, and in all the time there had hardly been a cloud in the sky. All day long he had lain or sat in the large room upstairs, where the closed shutters had failed wholly to exclude the clear strong light, breaking through the tilted slats and lying in bright parallel bars that seemed detached from the surface of the dark floor, like polished ingots that might be taken up and carried off. All day long he had listened to the mingled murmurs of the not distant meadows, and through the greater part of the nights had breathed the hot, heavy perfumes of the scented August darkness. He had really never felt better in his life—more strongly, turbulently healthy, for at his age a broken leg is but a small affair—



and riotous, joyous nature had almost seemed to mock him, as a sturdy boy might mock at some playfellow who is only "shamming." During the first few days it had not been so bad. He had smoked vigorously and read a little—a very little. But after the first week his inactivity had appeared intolerable, and he seemed to himself to be living in a sort of philosophic void in which there was nothing but space and duration. Every morning Paysant called upon him to express his regret at what had occurred and his best wishes for his speedy recovery. But Treloar had been in no mood for his punctilious phrases; the bland, conscientious manner irritated him. And even Johnstone, who always accompanied the master of the house in his visits—entering a few steps behind him, and remaining silent while Paysant was in the room—even Johnstone, anxious as he was for conversation, could not make much of the invalid, and quickly left him; not, however, so much discouraged that in his anxiety for companionship he did not return the next morning as serenely hopeful and as timidly genial as ever.

One afternoon when the heat had been greater and the light more brilliant than usual; when the air of the room was more "headachy" and the flies more numerous; when, in short, the eventless hours appeared the more unbearable, and it seemed that patience could endure no longer—Treloar heard the rustle of a dress and a light quick step on the stairs, then the sound of a sudden stumble.

"The daughter of the house," he thought, and threw down the book he held with a loud bang.

"Has anything happened?" asked the girl, appearing at the door; "I heard such a noise."

"Anything happened!" Treloar exclaimed. "Of course nothing has happened—that is just the trouble—nothing ever does happen. I don't believe anything ever did happen. All history is a myth, and the world has always been standing still."

"I thought it must be fearfully dull for you," she said, sympathetically; "it is even for *me*, and I am not accustomed to have things happen."

"I don't think, what is more," he continued, seeing the girl was smiling, "that anything ever will happen again. The universe has stopped. The works have

run down, and there is no reason to wind them up again; and if there were, there's no one to do it."

"I am so sorry," she said; "I wish I could do something for you."

"But you can—a great deal," he answered, quickly.

"What?"

"You can talk to me."

Johnstone had only an hour before been driven from the room in which the sufferer spent his days—the large bare room, almost filled with the huge old-fashioned billiard-table that seemed to Treloar at times quite as large as any tennis-lawn—Johnstone had hardly an hour before been dismissed by a very decided intimation of a desire for sleep; but now Treloar spoke as if the sound of the human voice were the one thing for which his soul longed.

"I have some sewing," she promptly suggested; "I might get it, and sit there in the window."

"And then," answered Treloar, "if either of us happen to have any valuable thought, we could instantly communicate it to the other. I think," he continued, with the greatest gravity, "that the suggestion is an excellent one."

Now as Treloar sat on the veranda, with Cicely on the step at his feet, it seemed as if the last fortnight was the only really important period of his life, and the other thirty-two or three years a matter so "infinitely small" that they might be disregarded. The time when they had not known each other appeared immeasurably distant, and their friendship seemed something of such long standing that the minds of this young man and this young woman did not "run to the contrary."

"I don't believe," Cicely said, critically, when all the numerous cortège had departed, "that you are a very good-natured person."

"You wrong me!" he exclaimed. "Good-nature is my strongest characteristic. I am the very cream of human kindness, and was never known to speak crossly even to a mosquito."

"I have heard you speak very crossly to Johnstone while you have been getting well; but then, you know, 'when the devil is sick a monk he will be,' and all the rest."

"I really am afraid I have been very much the 'devil a monk' all the time," he answered, contritely. "How can I

ever explain how much I feel your patience, your kindness?"

"Don't," cried Cicely; "if you become maudlin, I shall really be afraid you are not well. Poor Johnstone is the only one you must pity."

"I do pity him, from the bottom of my heart. I'm afraid I was very ungrateful. He took most excellent care of me, and needs only a certificate and a cap and apron to be better than any trained nurse I ever saw."

"Fancy Johnstone in a cap and apron," laughed the girl.

"But really," asked Treloar, "who is Johnstone—what is Johnstone—why is Johnstone?"

"Johnstone," answered Cicely—"Johnstone is quite difficult to explain. I am afraid he is not a very perfect character, but he has been very true to papa, and very good to me. He is very lazy and very idle and very stupid. He gambles and bets whenever he can get money, and he drinks more than he ought. But Johnstone is a vestige of our former greatness. We couldn't turn him off if we wanted to do it, when he has been faithful to us all these years; and then it is better for papa to have him with him."

Treloar saw a look of sadness come over her face, and he withheld the question that was on his tongue.

"Papa picked him up in the old racing days," she went on, with a sigh, "on some race-track, and from that time he has been a fixture in the house. He has done everything for us, from taking care of the horses to taking care of me. I may say," she added, laughing, "that Johnstone has brought me up. Poor Johnstone! I don't think you *were* kind to him."

"I know," said Treloar, "that my temper is not what it ought to be, but there were times during the first week that I was shut up when I felt—iconoclastic."

"What's that?"

"In plain English, like smashing things. Don't you ever feel that way?"

"Often," she assented; "only I am afraid I always feel things in *very* plain English indeed. And as for getting angry, I don't mind that in any one in the least. I should not like you if you didn't."

Treloar remained silent, enraptured with her careless acceptance of her "liking" for him as a well-known and undisputable fact.

"I should despise any one that couldn't become furious," she added.

"Then," he answered, "I may feel fully assured of your lasting consideration."

Both laughed lightly. It was remarkable how often they did laugh. It was remarkable at how small a thing they could laugh. They appeared to take advantage of the slightest occasion for laughing, and frequently it would have seemed to the unprejudiced on-looker that they laughed with no assignable reason whatsoever.

"What a beautiful country!" said Treloar, looking abroad with the satisfaction of one who has been for some time secluded, and for whom the earth possesses an unexpected charm and the sky an unsuspected radiance.

"I suppose it is," Cicely responded, carelessly, and turning her head to look on the outspread landscape. "I think it's rather tame and flat."

"Does it really seem so to you?" he asked, in surprise.

"I'm too accustomed to it," she answered. "I wonder how many people would rave about a view if they had to winter as well as summer it—if they had to see the country first buried in snow and then in mud?"

"You have always lived here?"

"We have always lived here," she said, proudly—"that is, ever since there was any known 'here'—all of us, ever since there have been any of us. First a Paysant came here from Ireland—he was only a poor emigrant—and made a farm, and set us going." She paused, but quickly went on. "We kept going beautifully for a great many years—for generations—getting more money and more land and more position. We became great swells. Grandpapa built this house, and ran for Governor. We got to be an 'old State family,' and looked down on nearly everybody. Then papa came, and things changed. Papa has been the black sheep of the flock. He would not live here. He went to town in the winters and Saratoga in the summers—of course there wasn't any Newport or Bar Harbor or Lenox then—and finally married mamma, who was a beauty. I think both of them must have been awfully careless and extravagant, but I don't know anything about that time. I wasn't born until the smash came and they were living here. It was papa's racing that did it as much as anything, and



if it hadn't been for Roan Barbary winning such a lot of money for him from time to time, the smash would have come long before."

"And then what happened?"

"Then mamma died—I was only a year and a half old—and that is all there is of it. We have been getting poorer and poorer ever since, and now—" she paused abruptly. "But I don't understand how our story can interest you any more than our country. You must know so many more exciting things and places."

"I am not sure," he answered.

"I don't like the country," she said, doggedly. "I like to ride, and that's all I like about it."

"One could ride in town," he suggested.

"You can do everything in town," she replied. "Here there's nothing. I can't get much out of books," she continued, contemptuously. "I don't believe they're any use at all."

"Why?"

"I don't know anything about the world—not anything at all; but I don't believe real girls think and feel the way the most of the girls do that I read about in books. I don't, I know."

"Why?" he asked again.

"I can't exactly tell," answered Cicely, thoughtfully. "I don't believe that I'm so—complicated."

"What do you mean?"

"I don't seem to feel this way and then that way so much. I just seem to keep on."

"But then, you know," he remonstrated, "they're generally in love."

"Oh, but I have been," she replied, with cheerful promptness. "Often. I know all about it."

"Really?" he said, somewhat disconcerted.

"Yes," she went on. "Lots of times. My first I think was the butcher boy. I used to think him adorable. But it was an unrequited affection. I was only twelve then, and so small I don't believe that he ever saw me. Then came the organist of the church in the village. I really had a secret admiration for the clerk in the apothecary shop, but I considered that common, and crushed that passion from my heart. After the organist came Mr. Marsh, my tutor—we were well enough off then, and I had a tutor—and then," counting on her fingers,

"there were a lot I don't remember. A man at the county fair, who sold pools on the races, an actor that played Claude Melnotte in the town-hall, and two splendid beings from the city who came here to buy horses. I thought the last two were ideal. Another admiration was an artist who spent the summer here painting. He had a wife and children, but I thought him the personification of romance when I came on him sitting in the middle of a glaring field on a little three-legged stool, with a big white umbrella over him, and all the cattle standing around in a half-circle looking at him."

"But," said Treloar, feeling most unaccountably relieved, "you have never been in love *seriously*."

"Don't you call that being in love seriously?"

"No," he laughed.

"I'm sure," she said. "I don't want anything more intense than my affection for the two men who came to buy horses. They were lovely. They looked so clean and creased. I dreamed of them every night for a week."

"Both of them?"

"They were so much alike that they really seemed to be one, and I hadn't the least difficulty in loving them collectively."

"That's hardly real love."

"Isn't it?" and she added, slowly, "Then I don't know anything about it."

"I don't, either; but somehow that doesn't seem to me to be just the thing that's so much cracked up, you know."

"Why, I supposed," Cicely replied, "that you must have been in love a thousand times. I thought every man had—that is, every man that has ever done anything or been anywhere; and you—you have done everything there is to do, and gone everywhere there is to go."

"I done everything?" Treloar exclaimed in astonishment. "What have I done?"

"What have you done," replied Cicely, argumentatively. "You've led cotillions in Paris, and hunted in England, and won a yacht-race in the Mediterranean."

"But those are not exactly things, you know, by which one confers a lasting benefit on humanity at large."

"Oh, humanity!" replied Cicely, contemptuously. "As if one had to be always doing something for that. It always seems to me that it is quite big

enough, and that there is quite enough of it, for it to take care of itself, instead of going whining around all the time for help."

"Then you don't think that a 'loafer' like myself is such a contemptible creature, after all?"

"I know that if I had been a man I should have wanted to lead just the kind of a life that you have," she answered, decidedly; "that I should have done just the things you have done if I could."

"I am afraid that your nineteenth-century sisters all over the country wouldn't approve of your ideas."

"You mean other girls?" she inquired, rather anxiously. "Wouldn't they think the way I do?"

"Hardly," he answered, laughing. "Imagine some of our modern and strenuous maidens listening to such fearful sentiments! They would consider you a perfect Hottentot."

"But what do you think?" insisted Cicely.

"I haven't a right to think. I'm only an idler, and only dare look with unquestioning awe on those very energetic young persons."

"I'm sure," mused Cicely, "I don't want to be—queer. I wonder if I am?"

"That depends," he said, judicially, "on what you call queer. If you mean being kinder and brighter," he paused, and then went on, desperately, "and fresher and prettier and sweeter—" He stopped short, startled at his own audacity, for this young man, with all his worldly and semi-worldly experience, had not been in the habit of devoting much of his time or attention to the young and unmarried portion of femininity that made up society, and the presumably unsophisticated maiden was a creature upon which he had hitherto gazed with rather more of apprehension than of comprehension. "Hang it all," he thought, "now I've frightened her!"

Cicely sat with averted head, and he could not learn from the expression of her face what effect his speech might have had upon her. He could only see a loose knot of dark hair, a small pink ear, and a bit of white neck—a sight that apparently did not aid him in regaining his composure.

"What an idiot!" he continued, in mental self-reproach. "Just as we were beginning to get on a little to go and

spoil it all!" It was an anxious moment. What would she do? What would she say?

"I hope you will forgive me," he began; "I am awfully clumsy. I didn't mean to be so abrupt—so rude."

"What do you mean?" she asked, turning and calmly looking into his face, as if she had not heard what he had said, or as if, having heard it, his remark had seemed to her most natural, and one which under the circumstances was only reasonably to be expected.

"What I said about you," he exclaimed, somewhat abashed by her exceeding coolness, and a trifle resentful of his own terror.

"Oh, that!" she exclaimed, almost contemptuously. "Isn't that the kind of thing that men always say to girls?"

"I don't know," he replied, greatly surprised and inexpressibly relieved. "I can't tell you about other men, but I'm sure this man doesn't or hasn't."

"Really?" she said, looking at him. "You have probably said it a thousand times."

"No," he answered, "not a thousand, nor yet a hundred, nor even a dozen."

"I didn't know," she continued, doubtfully. "It seemed to me that if I had been a man I would."

"Would what?"

"Have been awful. I am sure it is a very fortunate thing that I wasn't a boy. I should have wanted to do everything, see everything—good, bad, and indifferent. I should have wanted to know the world thoroughly. I want so much to know something about it now. But what can a girl do? Live in a corner, and never try to get anything for herself. It isn't fair."

"Oh, come, now," he remonstrated, "it can't be so bad! And there must be compensation."

"You don't know anything about it!" she exclaimed, indignantly. "What would you think if you had never gone to a ball in your life; if the wildest gayety you had ever known had been the Sunday-school picnic; if you had never heard an opera, and only been inside a theatre three times one and twice another time when you were in the city; if you had never travelled or known more people than you could count on your fingers; if you had never had enough experience to know whether what you did or said or



even what you felt was the right thing to do or say or feel?"

"Don't, don't," he cried, "unfold the horrible tale any further! I couldn't stand it."

"You're only laughing at it," she urged, "so that I shall not see how really terrible you think it."

"I assure you it is the most awful state of things of which I ever heard. But perhaps you exaggerate. Now about knowing about things; really you seem somehow to have acquired a knowledge that at times is positively appalling."

"Oh, do you think so?" cried Cicely, joyfully. "If I only knew the least—the very least. It has always been the ambition of my life to be a deep, dark woman of the world."

Cicely sat on one of the rickety chairs in the harness-room, and Johnstone, half turning away from the table on which lay the stable-books, faced her. Neither had said anything for some moments. Cicely, her chin resting on her hand, gazed at the floor, and Johnstone, a rather puzzled look on his small leathery face, gazed at her. A strong smell of oiled leather mingled with the ordinary stable atmosphere, and produced an odor that might have been considered more than noticeable, but Cicely did not appear to mind it. She was either too deeply occupied with her thoughts to give heed to it, or too much accustomed to it to be conscious of its existence. The beat of the horses' hoofs on the floor of the stalls as they kicked away the flies was almost unceasing, and from time to time one or the other whinnied restlessly. Treloar was reading the letters that had been forwarded to him from the city, and Cicely, feeling most inexplicably forlorn, had strayed out, and finally had found refuge in the place whither she had fled whenever since her childhood she had been troubled or utterly at loss how to get through the time.

Johnstone coughed once or twice, as he had a way of doing, and then abruptly checked himself. There was evidently something which he wished to say to which he found it difficult to give utterance.

Cicely sighed deeply.

"It's a queer world, Miss Cicely," he said, as if her expression of weariness in some way had given him courage to pro-

ceed. "An' the mistake I've made in it, an' the most of us make in it, is always to have had too much respect for men, not to say women, and too little for horses."

"Why," said Cicely, looking up, "I don't believe that you ever thought of anything else."

"I see more that's going on than you'd think for, Miss Cicely; and it's lucky too, or they'd rob your papa out of house an' home. If horses only knew what deviltry they were the cause of, they'd be surprised, not to say pained. Bless their honest hearts, they don't know what lies are told about 'em. But it's lucky for him that I've kept my eyes open. He's always needed a guardian angel, and I guess I've about acted in that capacity."

Cicely's idea of anything angelic was a being with large and spreading wings, and the picture of Johnstone appearing in any such guise made her laugh outright.

"That's good," he said, delighted that he had succeeded in amusing her, although not exactly understanding in what way. "I like to see you laughing. I'd like to have you laughing all the time, as you was when you were a baby. But something's wrong. That's the first real hearty laugh I've heard for days. There's nothing troubling you, is there?"

Johnstone looked at the girl shrewdly but kindly.

"No, no," answered Cicely. "Why should there be?"

"I didn't know," he replied, doubtfully; "but sometimes I've thought—" He sharply stopped short. "I've watched you grow up, Miss Cicely, an' you'll not mind what I say. You haven't got anybody to talk to, an' nobody to talk to you; an' sometimes if you don't say things and hear things, you don't know quite where you are. It's a little like trotting a race without quarter posts; you don't know where to let out, and where to pull in. Now you don't know any more about life than an unbroken colt, and your papa isn't one to give you much help. There isn't a finer gentleman in the land, but he's unpractical, an' you haven't had experience."

"But Mr. Treloar told me that I knew a great deal."

"Oh, Mr. Treloar told you, did he?" muttered Johnstone. "Well, then, it's bound to be right. But perhaps Mr.

Treloar wasn't thinking, or perhaps Mr. Treloar wasn't speaking just what he had on his mind. I've heard of such cases. Now I'm not supposed to be learned about much else than horses, but take them by an' large, an' with their ways they're quite an education. I'm not the one to talk to a young girl—it needs women to do that—but you—you're sort of alone—without any one to turn to at such a time, an' no one to look out for you—

Cicely gazed at Johnstone, evidently startled by the kindly seriousness of his rough tones.

"I sort of feel it's a duty on me to speak," he continued.

"What do you mean?" she demanded.

"It may be out of place for me to say anything, but I wouldn't like to see any trouble come to you, Miss Cicely—I couldn't stand that—and it's what makes me bold to speak now."

"Why, Johnstone," commanded the girl, "tell me what you mean."

"I'm not exactly what you'd call a proper confidant—if that's the name they give it—for a young lady, but if I'm all there is, there can't be better. I don't want you should tell me anything. I just want to put in a few words myself. This Mr. Treloar's been here quite a while, an' you've seen a good bit of him. I don't say that I don't fancy him myself; an' you mustn't think I've got a prejudice against him, for he's one of the nicest young gentlemen it's ever been my pleasure to see." A blush burned on Cicely's face, but she did not look away. "That's just the trouble of it. I'm doubtful but that he's too pleasant. He a good-looking young fellow, an' he's got a taking way; but I know the kind, Miss Cicely, an' you don't."

The girl's clinched hand fell by her side, but still she did not take her eyes from Johnstone's face.

"It's nothing to him to try an' make the time pass shut up as he is here, but he won't be here always, and you will be, Miss Cicely." Johnstone spoke more and more hurriedly as he went on, and with something of an imploring accent. "What's to happen then? He'll go back to the people that he's always known—the people that are doing the things that he's done—and he'll have plenty to make him forget; but there's nothing for any one that stays here to make them forget,

and the best thing for them is to have nothing to remember."

"Do you think—do you for a moment imagine," asked the girl, in a harsh, low voice, "that I am going to fall in love with Mr. Treloar?"

"I hope not, Miss Cicely," said Johnstone, piteously, "an' I hope I haven't done wrong to speak. But young people are young people, an' it's only natural they should get to think about one another. I haven't education, Miss Cicely, but I've seen the world, an' I know that it's easier to break things than to mend them, an' if you were to break your heart, I'd—I'd break his head, an' then—"

"Johnstone!" cried the girl, starting to her feet. "How dare you? I hate you! I'll never speak to you again!"

And she flashed away from Johnstone's sight.

Treloar was almost well now, and with the aid of his crutches could walk with tolerable ease. Cicely and he had made various short excursions—to the orchard and to the brook—which, under the circumstances, had assumed the proportions of adventures. She had been uniformly kind to him, or rather had treated him with perfectly frank naturalness, letting him see, or, more accurately, not taking pains that he should not see, that he interested her. But since a certain morning she had changed. He could not have explained what had produced the change. But he felt instinctively that something had happened that had altered the character of their relations. Although she did not avoid him, she did not seek him as hitherto she would not have hesitated to do, and when they were together she was more than usually silent. When he had proposed going to the wood that covers a distant hill—a journey much more hazardous than anything they had yet attempted—she hesitated, and only at last consented with visible reluctance.

"What have you been doing all day?" he asked, curiously, when they were finally seated on a fallen tree.

"Nothing," she replied, briefly.

"Nothing?" he repeated. "Do you know that there is one very curious thing about nothing, and that is that two people can do it so very much better than one? Really I think I could have helped with that."

She smiled doubtfully, but did not speak.



"It's something," he went on, lazily, "like the problems in my old arithmetic. If one person can accomplish so much of nothing in half an hour, how much nothing can two accomplish in one hour? Answer, an amount incalculably greater."

Still she did not speak, but with her chin resting on her closed hand, sat gazing over the fields simmering under the summer heat.

"I got a letter this morning—" he began, rather abruptly.

"Yes?" she said, looking quickly up.

"A business letter," he continued, with slow elaborateness, "and I've got to do what I ought to have done long ago."

He paused, as awaiting question from her, but still she said nothing.

"And that is to go away," he added at length.

Again she looked at him, but quickly turned away her head.

"I have trespassed too much on your kindness. I don't know how I can ever make you understand how grateful I am for what you have done for me."

"We have done nothing, or only what any other would have done."

"Others might not have turned me away from their house disabled as I was, but where should I have been received with such evident cheerfulness—given a welcome that I could not but feel was real? Where could I have met with such care—such forbearance—"

"Please—please don't," she cried, impulsively. "We haven't done anything. You are not to think we have done anything."

"I suppose that I might have gone away two or three days ago," he confessed, "but I have lingered, trading on my weakness, if you will—playing 'old soldier,' for I didn't want it to end."

"What?"

"The being here. I couldn't bear to go. I couldn't endure the thought of not seeing you again. But I shall see you again," he said, bending forward and towards her. "You are willing that I should see you again?"

"I hope, Mr. Treloar," she said, steadily, "that this is not the last time that we shall meet."

"Don't," he replied, glancing at her curiously—"don't speak like that."

"Like what?"

"So formally."

"Do I speak formally? I didn't know

that I did; but then why shouldn't I do so?"

"Have we been so formal?" he asked, reproachfully.

"I hope so," she answered, almost pleadingly.

"How different you are!" he remonstrated.

"Different?" she repeated, with an unsuccessful assumption of not understanding what he meant. "Different from what—from whom?"

"From yourself."

"From myself?"

"Yes; a week ago—a day ago—you wouldn't have spoken in the tone you do." He did not see that her whole attitude was one of stiff resentment, and went heedlessly on. "I thought then—" he began.

"What did you think then?"

"I thought," he replied, a trifle abashed by her manner, "that—that we had come to know each other—that you—"

"That I?" she prompted, as he paused.

"That we were not just like a thousand and one acquaintances—that there might be something better—something that could mean more."

"And something in my manner gave you that impression?" she demanded, inexorably.

"No, no," he hastened to protest. "Nothing you said or did. But our being here together—our seeing each other—it seemed to make a difference."

"I don't see why it should."

"Because," he continued, desperately, "when two people have seen each other as much as we have, they must either come to hate each other or to like each other better and better."

"And you concluded that—I did not hate you?"

"Not exactly, you know," he answered, anxiously. "I thought—"

"Then," she interrupted, "I can only say that you were mistaken. I hate you—I hate and despise you."

"Cicely!" he cried, so ludicrously startled that the girl almost laughed. "You mustn't say that—you can't say that—for I love you. I was going to tell you that I could not get on without you—"

He paused in consternation, evidently trying to realize the situation.

"Honestly?" she asked, turning towards him.

"Honestly," he repeated, in astonish-

ment. "What else do you suppose I have thought—have lived for the last week? You mustn't say you hate me; you must take it back. You don't mean it, and you do take it back—don't you?" He never knew how it happened, but he found her hand in his, and he pressed it to his lips. "Cicely," he said, and the next instant his arm was about her.

"There!" she exclaimed, triumphantly. "I knew I was right, and that Johnstone was wrong."

"When?" he asked.

"When he told me that you didn't really care anything about me," she replied, comfortably. "But I knew better. I was sure that you liked me all the time. And you did—and you do. Don't you?"

"I wish you only knew how much," he answered, fervently.

"That's right," she said, approvingly. "And now you won't have to go away?"

"Not just this instant," he answered; "but now I know that when I do, I can come back again."

"And you will," she demanded, looking up at him, "won't you? For if you didn't, I don't believe that I should live another minute."

"If I couldn't come," he answered, seriously, "if I didn't think that I had the right to do it, life wouldn't be worth the living for me—not for a single instant."

"Really?—oh!"

They were sitting together under the indulgent-looking summer stars, that in their blurred softness are so unlike the hard, "knowing" scintillations of the winter heavens, and for some moments neither had spoken.

"The Musgraves have come," said Cicely, suddenly and irrelevantly.

"The Musgraves?" repeated Treloar. "Who are the Musgraves? What are the Musgraves?"

"The rich Musgraves—the unpleasantly, aggressively rich Musgraves."

"Those Musgraves?" he exclaimed. "But what in the world are they doing here?"

"They've got a country house five miles from us. Didn't you know it? A huge place where the greenhouses flash in the sun all day, and the electric lights blaze all night, and which altogether is the most refulgent thing you ever beheld. There is a perfect army of servants in the kitchens, and droves of horses in the sta-

bles, and carriages and coaches and things without number."

"The Musgraves here?" said Treloar, in astonishment. "Who would have imagined it?"

"Do you know them?" asked Cicely. "I thought that nobody knew them."

"That's all past now," he answered.

"Really?"

"Now they're everything they ought to be, and nothing they oughtn't to."

"Oh!" exclaimed Cicely, disappointedly.

"This must be the place that they meant," continued Treloar. "I understood that they were building something somewhere in the country."

Treloar did not state that his information had been derived from Miss Pauline Musgrave, who had casually told him that there were moments when she had come to doubt the perfect sanity of Musgrave *père*—or words to that effect—as, she said, he had just put a large number of his "hard-earned dollars" in a big country house where there was nothing but "the aborigines and the immemorial hills," and where you had nothing to do but to "wrestle with Nature."

"Do you know them very well?" demanded Cicely.

"Not awfully well, not exactly intimately; but really they are very generous and good-natured, and I couldn't help it. I was always coming upon Clarence Musgrave, and then he asked me to luncheon, and then the family asked me to dinner, and—"

"And you went," interrupted Cicely, in scandalized tone.

"It's so much easier to accept an invitation than to decline it. I go to lots of places where I don't want to go, because it's such a nuisance trying to get out of it."

"Do you think that is strong-minded?" she demanded.

"No, I don't," he answered, promptly.

"But I don't like to think that you aren't."

"I've heard," he said, "that a thing that isn't thought doesn't exist. Don't think it, I beg, and perhaps I may be, after all. But the Musgraves—"

"I know it isn't charitable," said Cicely, "but I don't like them. I can't, I can't. I've tried, but it's no use."

"But why?" demanded Treloar.

"Because—because—" She hesitated. "It has always been so from the first



time I called on them. I think it was because they were so assiduously kind, so actively considerate of my feelings. It wasn't patronage, nothing as crude as that, but there was self-depreciation in every movement they made, and an evident endeavor not to have me feel their magnificence in all the tones of all their voices."

"Well?"

"It was very nice of them, but it was unbearable. Oh, that call! I went in state with papa. Morris brought out the old carriage—all papa's have been sold, and this belonged to grandpapa—one of those closed things with an open front, and big silver S's on the sides."

Treloar nodded.

"The varnish is cracked, and the damask lining all in rags. We drove up to the door. The butler looked at us curiously, and took our cards as if he was sorry for us. I was awfully frightened—I loathed myself for it—and was stiff and awkward. Papa—he is so sure of himself—he felt that he was making an impression, and enjoyed himself tremendously, but I am sure they were laughing at him all the time."

"Oh, come, now!" interrupted Treloar. "That's hardly likely."

"I could see," she insisted, "what they were thinking, and it was just agony. Oh, why did I ever go?" And at the memory of the interview she reddened, while the tears rose in her eyes. "Papa never should have made me, but he forgot. He does not remember that we are not as we always were."

"But—" began Treloar.

"And when they returned the call, I was 'out,'" continued Cicely, "and that is all. They were here for two months, but I never saw them, and only met them last autumn at the Horse Show. I never told you about the Horse Show. It was awful. The horses didn't do what we expected, and we spent heaps and heaps of money, and altogether it was a miserable failure. I was so glad to get home, and felt that I never wanted to go away anywhere any more."

"I hope you don't quite think that now, because—"

"Oh, now," she said, gloriously, "of course it's different; but then papa saw a number of people who didn't seem to remember him, and a lot more who did, but who always appeared to be in a tre-

mendous hurry. I was so unhappy! To be sure, there were some that were nice to us, and those were the very nicest. The Kerninghams invited us to luncheon, and the Lydekkers to dinner, and Mrs. Outon asked me to come and sit in her box, and the Musgraves saw me there, and I was so glad."

Treloar laughed.

"You may despise me for it, but it was the sweetest kind of a revenge to have Pauline Musgrave find me in the one place where I am sure she could not go."

"And so Pauline was there," laughed Treloar.

"Pauline, with her invisible eyebrows, and only too visible ears."

"Really, Pauline's quite pretty at times."

"You don't think *that*?" Cicely exclaimed, incredulously.

"To be honest," he answered, "I don't. But really she isn't bad-looking, and then she is great fun."

"I know," said Cicely, humbly. "She knows a lot that I've never had a chance of knowing—"

"And," interrupted Treloar, "that I wouldn't have you know if you could."

"Really?" she asked, earnestly. "It sometimes seems to me that I must be fearfully monotonous and tiresome to you, and I think that I would give worlds to be fast and funny and—"

"I wouldn't."

"Why?"

"Because, on the whole, I think you're quite nice just as you are."

"And you wouldn't have me different?"

"Not a bit."

"Not in one thing?" she insisted; "because I wish you'd tell me."

"Not in one thing; if it's all the same to you, please keep persistently on being just what you are."

"And what is that?" she begged. "What Pauline Musgrave would call a dull little donkey?"

But the rest that was said just then, though important, is not essential.

Treloar lay on his back in the shade of an old apple-tree, looking up at the sturdy trunk and through the twisted and interlacing branches, wondering why Cicely, who had been summoned to the house, did not appear. The crack of broken twigs at length disturbed his

revery, and looking up, he beheld Johnstone before him.

"There's some people to see you," he said, grudgingly.

"People?" cried Treloar, starting up.

"Visitors for you, and Miss Cicely asked me to ask you just to step up to the house."

"But who are they?" demanded Treloar, getting to his feet.

"Mr. and Mrs. Musgrave and a young lady," answered Johnstone.

As Treloar entered the big, darkened drawing-room, the state apartment of the house—where stood the huge square piano with the convoluted legs—he recognized that his appearance was something of a relief to all except Paysant, who, being in the middle of a speech, evidently viewed it as an annoyance.

"Yes," he was saying, "it has been, if I may say so, a happy accident for us, and we have enjoyed having Mr. Treloar here very much—happy also in that we are indebted to it for seeing you once more at Waverley."

Mrs. Musgrave, without waiting for the end of Paysant's speech, had risen, and now went forward to meet Treloar as he hobbled in.

"Oh, Mr. Treloar!" she exclaimed. "We only heard of your accident this morning, but we all of us came over instantly to learn how you were and ask if we could do anything."

She was a tall, thin person, not without a certain distinction that often belongs to marked and meagre features, and as she spoke she turned and glanced at a short stout man and a young woman, who in appearance was very much what she herself must have once been—with this exception: that while her own eyes were pale and unexpressive, the girl's shone darkly and keenly.

"Yes," said this last, giving her hand to Treloar; "you don't know what a commotion you have made in the family. It was all I could do to keep mamma from fitting out a relief-expedition."

"And, really, you are quite well?" asked Mrs. Musgrave. "We need not have distressed ourselves so about him, Pauline."

"Speak for yourself, mamma," answered the girl; "I never was distressed in the least. I felt confident that Mr. Treloar was reserved for some more glorious fate."

"And now," continued Mrs. Musgrave, busily—"now that we have found you, we are not going to let you go. You must have quite worn out the good-nature of your present hosts, and really it would be shocking for you to inflict yourself on them any longer. You are well enough, I see, to be driven over to our place, and I shall send for you and your things this evening."

Mrs. Musgrave looked at Paysant, who had risen when she did and was also standing, and at Cicely sitting in the darkest corner of the room.

"I have thought," stammered Treloar, "that, as you say, I was staying altogether too long, and that I ought to be turned out. But Mr. Paysant has been so kind—"

"That you mustn't try his patience any more," interrupted Mrs. Musgrave; "besides, I could not let any one take care of you but myself. Haven't I known you long enough to have certain rights as an old friend? I say you must come to us, and give Mr. Paysant and Miss Paysant a rest. Am I not right, Mr. Paysant?"

"I assure you, madam," answered Paysant, "that you do us wrong. We would be only too delighted to have Mr. Treloar remain. Indeed, we cannot consent to his leaving us."

"Of course you say that, so I'll change my plan of attack. Do you think it's fair to keep him when old friends of his want to see him so very much?"

"Ah," replied Paysant, bowing, "if you put it upon that ground—"

"But," began Treloar, "I don't—"

"You think it would be selfish I am sure, Miss Paysant," said Mrs. Musgrave.

"I certainly think," said Cicely, from her corner, "that we ought not to insist upon Mr. Treloar remaining here if—"

"There!" cried Mrs. Musgrave, triumphantly, "Miss Paysant says she wants to get rid of you. So you've got to come whether you want to do it or not. Pauline, you agree with me. Help me convince him."

"I don't think it is good for Mr. Treloar to know that so many beautiful ladies are fighting about him," laughed Miss Musgrave, "and I don't see that there's any way out of the difficulty but to toss up for it—heads and tails."

"Pauline," remonstrated her mother, "how absurd you are! Mr. Treloar will



imagine that you don't want him to come any more than Miss Paysant wants him to remain, and then what could he do?"

"The only course open to him then," murmured Miss Musgrave, "would be for him to go to the village inn, and be thankful he wasn't torn limb from limb by the infuriated mob."

"What nonsense!" said Mrs. Musgrave. "Now, Mr. Treloar, I will decide the matter. I will send over a trap for you, and you can then come directly to our house. You need not say 'no,' for I will not listen to it, and I am going now so that you will not have a chance to back out."

She moved towards the door, accompanied by her husband and Pauline, the rest following.

"By-the-way," she said, turning on the veranda, "I'm going to have quite a party at the house, and I should not be at all surprised if we get up a little dance. You must be sure to come, Miss Paysant, and bring your father. I'll send you a note to let you know when it is."

Paysant walked down the steps, and stood bareheaded by the carriage after the Musgrave family had seated themselves within it and the footman had mounted to the box.

"Good-by," cried Mrs. Musgrave, and before Paysant could undertake the elaborate peroration he had planned, the carriage had departed.

"She seems a well-meaning woman," commented Paysant, "not with the air of the great world, of course, but still distinctly well-meaning."

"How can you say that?" cried Cicely, indignantly. "I think she is unbearable."

"Really, you are excessive," said Paysant, in his stately way. "We should be more charitable with those whose early advantages were not the same as ours." Then turning to Treloar, "And so we are going to lose you."

"I don't know, I'm sure," said Treloar, helplessly. "I seem to have been disposed of without exactly having anything to do with it."

"I shall be very sorry to have you go," said Paysant, "and hope that you will be able to return to us very soon."

He departed, still excited by the call, which, in the life he had led for years, was a great social event, and pleased by the conviction that he had perfectly played the part of a *grand seigneur*.

"Please say something," said Treloar, when he found himself alone with Cicely.

"Why should I speak? What is there that I should say?" she answered, sternly. "I must go now. You will probably want to get ready. Johnstone will help you."

"Cicely," he cried, seizing her by the hand, "what could I do? I've had a vague idea for some time that I ought not to stay so long, and when these people appeared with their invitation I felt that I could reconcile going away with seeing you for a day or two longer, for of course I shall drive over regularly."

"You intended to do that?"

"Of course I did. And it will only be for a short time, anyway—until I am well enough to go to town. But of course if you—"

"Please do not think that for an instant I had any choice about what you did," she said, coldly.

"No, no," he answered, hurriedly, "I don't suppose you did. That was just it. And then you seemed so willing to get rid of me. I just let them all settle it as they pleased."

"You certainly did not make any objections."

"I didn't want to go. I don't want to go now,—and I'll tell you what I'll do, if you'll all agree to keep me here. When they send over for me I'll send back a note that I can't stand the ride, and won't come."

"Really?" said the girl, and her face brightened.

"Really," answered Treloar. "You can't suppose that I let them go on for any reason in the world except the reason I have told you."

"And you would rather stay here?"

"Much rather," he answered, with unmistakable sincerity, "with all the 'rather' there is in the world."

Cicely was silent for a moment, and as he watched her face he saw that her mood was changing.

"No," she said at length, "you must go, after all. I was very silly. I was jealous,—and I insist that you shall go." She held out her hand for him to take. "As if they could make any difference now. I want you to go. I want to feel that there, in the kind of life you have always lived and with the people you have always known, you are thinking of me. I want to feel that although

Pauline Musgrave imagines she has you there, I really have got you *here*."

Treloar "drove over" on the next day and the next, but on the third day he did not come. On the fourth, when he arrived at a little before noon—his habit had been to start from the Musgraves' directly after luncheon and make the five miles that separated him from Waverley in a good twenty minutes—Cicely tried to receive him as if nothing had happened, but in spite of her heroic endeavors her eyes looked a question her tongue would not utter.

"A lot of the people were there, and I couldn't get away," he explained.

"Yes," she answered, striving not to appear reproachful.

"They've begun to get ready for the dance, and really they're doing it very well. The grounds illuminated and the house decorated, and the hotel in the village taken bodily and fixed up for the crowd that are coming from away."

"I won't go!" exclaimed Cicely. "I've never been at a ball in my life, and I wouldn't know what to say or how to act."

"You won't go!" commented Treloar, in amazement.

"Certainly not," she answered, very positively. "I should be frightened half to death, and would be so stupid and awkward that you would be ashamed of me. I never could bear it."

The prospects of the ball had filled Cicely with dismay. She longed to go to it as eagerly and yet as timorously as any young girl longs for her first ball—that ever-wonderful "first ball," where at last she is to realize the treasured fancies of years, where she feels there await adventures inconceivable, pleasures illimitable, sensations unrealizable; that "first ball," where will be music such as was never heard, flowers such as were never seen, and perhaps a lover or two such as no one ever had. Cicely had lain awake many an hour trying to fancy what it would be like, and had tearfully made up her mind a hundred times that she would not appear at it. That she had "unmade" her mind as many times more did not matter, or seem to make her decisions any the less real. What was she to wear? That was the question that had presented itself with all its awful insistence.

"But you will—you must," cried Treloar, earnestly.

"No," she replied.

"Say yes—you must say yes," he urged.

"Perhaps," she answered.

For the next three days, and during those hours when Treloar was not at the house, Cicely strayed listlessly from place to place, usually, however, concluding her aimless wanderings by a visit to the stables, where she spent much time in conversation with Johnstone, who had cheerfully confessed himself mistaken, and whom she had forgiven for his suspicions and remonstrances.

"Oh," she said, wearily, one morning as she stood watching that invaluable functionary as he prepared an undoubtedly salutary, but certainly not fragrant, mixture for an ailing horse, "it's awful to be poor!"

"There's worse things, and there's better things, Miss Cicely," said Johnstone. "But ain't you placed beyond such consideration for good and all? Aren't you going to marry a millionaire; an' aren't you going to hold your head up with any of them?"

"Why," cried Cicely, as if the thought had just occurred to her, "do you suppose he is rich?"

"Well," chuckled Johnstone, "there isn't much saying what's rich nowadays, when steam-yachts is more plenty than carriages was once, but I think he'll do very well. I've been making inquiries of some of the Musgraves' men, and they tell me he's just about the best that there is goin'."

"Oh," cried Cicely, breathlessly, "what shall I do? I never thought about that at all, and I'm such a pauper!"

"I don't see what's the difference," said Johnstone, philosophically, "so long as he's got enough for two."

"But—but—" began Cicely.

"If things had gone the way that they ought to have," grumbled Johnstone, "you'd have had all that any one would need. But one thing's followed another, and I don't see what's to be the end of it."

"Is there anything new?" asked Cicely, anxiously.

"It's old and it's new," continued Johnstone. "There's Milnes Avinger—"

"Milnes Avinger?" said Cicely, quickly.

"Can he do anything?"

"Not now; but the time might be when



he could. Do you know what a mortgage is?"

"Yes," she said; "something you promise about something you've got so that some one else will give you money."

"Well, that's not it exactly, but you've got the idea," said Johnstone, with deliberation, and carefully pouring a few drops from a small bottle into the preparation in the dish before him. "But a mortgage on the place was the only thing after Tharp failed—after getting your papa to go on his note with all his lying promises about the money he was going to make for him."

"That was a long time ago," said Cicely.

"It was," responded Johnstone, "and Tharp's come to what he deserved."

"I saw him creeping through the village a few days ago," said Cicely. "His shoes would hardly hold together, and his clothes were all torn. I was so sorry for him."

"Sorry for him!" exclaimed Johnstone, contemptuously. "It's sorry for yourself you should be. If it wasn't for that thief—that man like a low tramp—things would be comfortable enough here. We'd have the place free, anyway, and with that we could pull through. With the twenty-two thousand dollars he stole from us your papa might feel sure of the roof over his head; but now," Johnstone continued, with rising anger, "every time that I pass that pen where he lives over there by the river, in which I wouldn't put a mule, much less a horse, the sight of it does my eyes good."

"Poor man! he must suffer fearfully in that miserable hovel," she said. "But why couldn't papa get the money?"

"No one ever questioned the claim, but what was the use of going to law with a man that hadn't a penny?"

"And he owes papa twenty-two thousand dollars?"

"An's likely to owe them, for what could that water-rat, living in a shanty that some squatter put up on land that wasn't worth claiming, do with a sum like that? An' to think he was once a man that kept his horses and had a bit of money of his own!"

"How did he lose it?"

"That's what nobody could make out; but he was just one of those shiftless beggars that never could do anything, and money just slipped through his fingers."

"But if he couldn't pay?" timidly suggested Cicely.

"I tell you," interrupted Johnstone, decidedly, "such men ought to be shut up, the way they tell me they once were. There's no sense nor justice in it. Now if this mortgage should be foreclosed—"

"What's that?" asked Cicely.

"Well, it amounts to having the place sold."

"Sold!" she exclaimed.

"Yes, sold," he answered, "without our having anything to say about it. And there would be Avinger's chance."

"He would buy it up?"

"He's wanted it for years, for what he calls a sanitarium, and with the grudge he owes your father, he'd snap it up and turn it into a hotel, and we never could get it back, or it wouldn't be the same to get back if we could."

"He would destroy Waverley?" cried Cicely. "I could not bear that, and it *can't* be possible."

Johnstone shook his head ominously.

When Treloar arrived he saw that Cicely had something on her mind. Her joy at his appearance seemed tempered with a certain unaccustomed seriousness, and he felt instinctively that there was some matter of importance about which she wished to speak to him.

"What is it?" he said, when they were alone in Paysant's "office," the walls of which were decorated with the prints of great racers of the past twenty-five years, prominent among these, of course, being the pictures of "Roan Barbary, the property of Geoffrey Paysant, Esqre."

"You never told me that you were rich," cried Cicely, reproachfully, and sitting down on a small bale of pamphlets in which were described the horses to be found upon the Waverley Stock Farm.

"How extremely thoughtless!" he answered. "But then, you know, I'm not."

"Are you telling the truth?" she asked, looking at him doubtfully.

"It all depends on what you call rich," he replied, placing himself on the "office" table, and pushing the papers that covered it into a worse confusion.

"That's what Johnstone said."

"As a guide, philosopher, and friend," commented Treloar, "Johnstone seems a great success. I suppose it was he who told you that I was rich?"

"Yes," she answered.

"May Johnstone—mind his own business!"

"Do you care about my talking to him? I won't. But he's the only person I've got that I can speak to about you, and if I didn't have him I'd just have to think and think."

"And do you think of me?" he asked, eagerly.

"Of course I do," she answered. "I haven't got anything else to do."

"But you would, anyway?" he insisted.

"I don't know," she began, then seeing the look of disappointment on his face, she hurried on: "Yes, yes; you know I would, always and everywhere. How do you manage to make me say such things? I don't want to do it. I want to be arch and indifferent; but I can't. I only wish I could. I'm sure you'd like me ever so much better—if—if you hadn't been so sure from the first."

"I believe," said Treloar, critically, "that there is a popular delusion to the effect that a man really cares for the woman who treats him in a fashion in which she would not feel justified in treating an intrusive 'bill-collector.' It's a theory that's been floating about for a long time, but I fancy that, like a good many other ideas that have come from the good old days, it doesn't hold now."

"Doesn't it?"

"I should think not. If the women of to-day tried any of the ingratiating little ways of the heroines of the past, you'd just see us get up and depart with all the haste that politeness would allow."

"But," said Cicely, feeling that the conversation was becoming too abstract, not to say impersonal, to be interesting, and bringing him back with her usual promptness to the matter in hand, "you should have told me."

"Oh, about my being rich? You see, I'm so very little rich that I might easily forget to mention it."

"I'm awfully—fearfully poor," she said. "Did you know it? Do you care?"

"Terribly," he answered, laughing. "I'm only marrying you for your money, and of course, now that I know the truth, 'all must be at an end between us'—I believe that's what they always say."

"But truly."

"But truly," he said, "I'm not rich

now; but then I may be some day—that is, if you'll make love to Uncle Jim and win his old-gentlemanly heart."

"Very rich?" she asked.

"Yes, very rich," he answered, doubtfully.

"I never thought about it at all," she said; "and then to find you a millionaire! I feel as if I were getting you under false pretences. Yes, really. I'd rather you had been poor, and had to work, and all that."

"I wouldn't," answered Treloar, decidedly, "if it's all the same to you. I'd much rather have it as it is. Still, if you think that my prosperity in any way detracts from any romantic charm I might otherwise have, I'll see what I can do about it. I might take to speculating, you know; in fact, there are a dozen ways in which I might become an interesting pauper."

"You know what I mean," she exclaimed, impulsively. "I hate it that I'm poor. I want to have everything to give you. I believe you think I'm pretty, and I seem to amuse you—why, I don't understand—but I want to have *everything*, so that you will be satisfied always."

On the day on which the ball was to take place it was arranged that Treloar was not to drive over, but that they were first to see each other at the Musgraves'. He had promised to watch for her entrance, which he had described as triumphant, and she had done her best to stop him in his highly exaggerated account of the effect she was sure to produce, although she desired with a foolish longing to listen to his words, extravagant as they were.

"You'll have to take the old grays, miss," Morris said, as she ordered "the carriage" for ten o'clock. "There's nothing else, as you know, left in the stables."

"I know," she replied.

"The prices some of them horses has gone for is a shame," growled Morris.

"Yes," said Cicely; "but they *had* to be sold."

"More's the pity," then he continued, more cheerfully, "There'll be great goings on to-night, miss."

"I suppose it will be very fine," sighed Cicely.

"I think I could find out the belle of the ball," Morris went on.

"What do you mean?"



"I mean yourself," he answered, unabashed. "An' I think Mr. Treloar 'll be thinking so too."

"Morris," said Cicely, severely, while she blushed slightly, "you must not say such things. It is not becoming."

"Beg your pardon, miss; I didn't mean nothing, an' it just slipped out."

"Now remember," said Cicely.

"The grays in the carriage at ten, an' it's lucky we've got even them; the stables never were so empty since I've been on the place," he paused, and quickly went on, "They're sayin' that Michael Tharp is very low." Morris was always, in some mysterious way, more than well informed as to any news that there might be, and many a long gossip, unresented by Cicely in her loneliness, had put him quite at his ease. "They say it's a question if he can live for another twenty-four hours," Morris continued. "The doctor was down to see him, an' left an old woman he got from the poorhouse to take care of him; but there's little hope."

"Poor creature!" murmured Cicely. "I wonder if I could do anything?"

She had often been called to help the sick by the neighboring farmers, who had not forgotten the time when the Paysants were all-powerful, and who, in a traditional sort of way, still looked to the family for assistance. Therefore the idea of personally giving aid to the dying man came easily and naturally.

"For him that robbed your own father, Miss Cicely?" remonstrated Morris.

"That should make no difference, or rather, it *shall* make no difference," she said, impulsively. "I am going at once; you must come with me. The worst creature that ever lived should not be left to die in that awful hole."

It certainly was a miserable place, and as Cicely, followed by Morris, descended the rough pathway, it seemed to her the more awful from her knowledge of what it contained. Making her way across the untidy open space before the house, she stood irresolutely gazing at the small cracked door.

"I told you not to come, Miss Cicely," whispered Morris.

"But, now that I have come, I'm not going back," she answered, and knocked on the rough boards a little hesitatingly.

An old woman opened the door, and stared inquiringly at her.

"I heard," murmured Cicely, "that there was some one ill, and I came to see if I could offer anything—do anything."

"I guess," answered the woman, hoarsely, "that he's past doin' for. All that's left for him's an easy death, an' he seems going off peaceable enough. But you can see, if you like."

She threw open the door. Cicely had seen too much of sickness in too many uninviting places to be easily daunted, and immediately stepped boldly in, while Morris lingered at the threshold. On a low bed, covered with a huddle of ragged clothes, lay a man evidently very weak, but still perfectly conscious, for as Cicely entered he slowly opened his eyes and half turned his head.

"I hope," said Cicely, "there is something that I can do for you. I heard that you were not well—"

"Who are you?" asked the dying man, feebly.

She hesitated a moment, and then answered him. "I am Cicely Paysant," she said, simply.

"Paysant!" he exclaimed, raising himself on his elbow and looking at her sharply with his unnaturally brilliant eyes. "There is only one Paysant here—Geoffrey Paysant."

"I am his daughter," said Cicely.

"Geoffrey Paysant's daughter? And you come here?" said Tharp, speaking with an inflection that in the tones of such a human wreck was pitiable, telling as it did of better things—for a man's accent survives much, and is what he loses last in his downward course, if he ever quite loses it at all.

"I heard that you were alone," she continued. "I thought that you might need aid."

"But don't you know," cried Tharp, "that your father and I are enemies—that for years there has been nothing between us but hatred, that I injured him, and—"

"Do not think of that now," said Cicely; "you are not strong. The excitement cannot be good for you."

"What is good for me or bad can matter but little now. I cannot live—I know it, I feel it. This is the end—a different end, perhaps, from what I expected in the beginning, but it's the end. I shall die soon—die here like a rat in a hole, without a thought from any one. But what is that to me? I've lived without them; I can die without them. I won't have them

around me now. Not but that I could—not but that I could—”

It seemed as if for a moment he had forgotten her and was talking to himself.

“But can nothing be done?” asked Cicely. “Can the doctor do nothing—”

“Doctor!” exclaimed Tharp. “I don’t want one. I sent away the one who came. He couldn’t help me, and it would mean money—money—”

“Money, money,” grumbled the old woman, who had remained in the room. “He seems to think he’s got it. An’ I’d like to know where my pay’s to come from.”

“Do what you can,” whispered Cicely, “and I’ll see that it is all right.”

“I’m sure, miss, you’re very kind,” said the old woman, brightening visibly.

“What are you saying there?” demanded Tharp, suspiciously.

“It ’ou’d ’most seem he thought we’d come to rob him,” sneered the old woman, contemptuously, turning away.

“I remember now,” he went on, passing his hand across his forehead. “You said that you were Geoffrey Paysant’s daughter, and that you had come because you heard—”

“Because I heard that you were not well, and all alone,” said Cicely, as he paused.

“It’s very strange,” he said, “very strange that it should be you. Do you know,” he cried, with sudden fierceness, “what happened in the past? Do you know that they say that I robbed your father?”

“I know,” answered Cicely, “that when you were in difficulties papa lent you money, and that you never paid him.”

“And still you come here!” he said, curiously.

“I suppose that you couldn’t pay it, or you would. Certainly if you had been able you would have given what you owed to the man who did what he could to help you, when you knew that he needed the money.”

“He needed the money?” repeated Tharp, dully.

“We have always needed it,” continued Cicely, cheerfully. “We need it now more than ever; but that is no reason why I shouldn’t come and try to be of some use at such a time as this.”

“When I am dying,” he said, faintly, and evidently exhausted by the unusual exertion of the past moments. “And

you’re the only one of all of them to think of me. It wasn’t always like this. I had friends once, and was respected, but they’ve all forgotten that time. What use could they have for a beggar like me? What could they expect to make out of such a ragged pauper? What had I to give them?” He raised his voice in his excitement, and his strength for a moment again returned to him. “Nothing—nothing—as they thought; and so each of them stays away, leaving me to die alone. But you come, where there could be nothing to get—you, Geoffrey Paysant’s daughter—the man I—”

He tried painfully to continue, but his voice died away, and he sank back upon the squalid couch, gasping and powerless.

“Is—is he dying?” whispered Cicely, as the old woman, advancing, bent over him.

“Not now, miss,” she said, unconcernedly. “His time isn’t up yet; but he can’t last long. He’s been taken like that several times before.”

“I shall send Doctor Trondale here,” cried Cicely, “at once.” She turned to go. “Morris,” she said, “stay here and do what you can. I will go for the doctor myself, and when he comes, tell him that I say you are to remain here as long as you can be of any use.”

“It’s only an angel like yourself, Miss Cicely,” said Morris, “that ’d reconcile me to the job o’ looking after that old devil that stole what was yourn.”

“Hush, Morris!” she said. “You shouldn’t say such things of one who is in such distress.”

“He isn’t the only one that’s in distress, neither,” grumbled Morris. “But I’ll do what you say, Miss Cicely, and now do you run and fetch the doctor.”

It was late when the Paysant carriage, driven by one of the stable “boys,” entered the Musgrave gates. There were many reasons for this. In the first place Cicely had experienced several panics and undergone numerous changes of mind. She had begun her preparation for the ball with some sense of pleasure and exhilaration, but as she had advanced she had become depressed, and at last fallen into deep despair. She would look like a fright—she was sure she should; no one would dance with her—she was convinced they wouldn’t. At last she was ready, or, she assured herself, as ready



as she ever could hope to be, and she stepped before the small mirror to view the final result of all her endeavors. She was obliged to confess to herself that the effect seemed to be quite splendid, and it was with a real pride that, standing on tiptoe, she gazed at her reflection. She certainly had never looked better, and the consciousness of her unquestionable prettiness gave her new heart. She would "do" very well, she thought, and with a little heightening of color and a short indrawing of the breath, a delicious, maddening thought for an instant forced itself into her mind. Perhaps she really did look well; perhaps others would think so too; perhaps she would be a "success"; perhaps "he" would see her the centre of an admiring throng; perhaps—perhaps—in short, as Cicely stood before the glass she thought of all the bewildering, bewitching "perhapes" that have filled the brains and dazzled the eyes of so many maidens as they have stood taking one more glance before they fluttered off to the first experience of the great world. Cicely smiled for an instant with irrepressible pleasure, and then the fear that had been with her for days and nights returned, and she was miserable. She might be absolutely, radiantly beautiful, but was she "all right"; was her dress as it should be; was all else as it ought to be? "He" knew so well, she reflected, and she was seized with sudden tremor. Pauline Musgrave, she realized, would be so distinctly all that was fitting, and she was filled with dismay. She even cried a little—a few furtive tears that she "dabbed" away carefully. At length she slipped from the room and hastily descended the stairs, intending to join Paysant in the "office"; but as she reached the last step she saw Johnstone in the hall.

"Johnstone! Johnstone!" she cried, "I'm all ready for the ball. How do you think I look?"

Johnstone's hand was on the knob of the door, but he turned immediately, and Cicely laughed outright as she saw the effect of her appearance upon him.

"Miss Cicely," he said, in an awed whisper, "I never would have known you."

"Do you think I am nice?" she asked, delightedly.

"Miss Cicely," he said, turning and walking slowly around her, "you're

looking beautiful—be-yutiful!" Then with irresistible enthusiasm, he added, "You'll make all the rest of them sorry that they came."

"Johnstone," exclaimed Cicely, "you're an angel. But where is papa?"

"He isn't going," said Johnstone.

"Not going?" cried Cicely.

"No," and Johnstone drew nearer; "and I wouldn't insist upon his goin' if I was you."

"Oh, Johnstone!" she exclaimed.

"No," he continued, slowly; "he isn't feeling well, and he's bothered about business."

"Then I won't go myself."

"Now, Miss Cicely, don't do that. It would fret him thinking you were losing the pleasure, and only make trouble for him. Promise me you'll go, since it's best for him."

"I'll see," she said.

Before Johnstone could speak, Cicely had fled, and was standing before Paysant where he sat bending over a desk.

"Are you coming?" she said.

"No—no," he answered, slowly and wearily. "You must go alone. It may not be quite regular. I should, of course, be with you,—but in the country,—and then Treloar will be there." Cicely stood for a moment in doubt. "I should feel," he went on, "that, if you do not go, I was depriving you of the pleasure."

"I'll go," interrupted Cicely, desperately.

"That's right," he said, encouragingly. "Go and enjoy yourself; and," he continued, glancing at her, "there isn't any one that has a better right."

"Do you believe that any one will look at me?" she asked.

"Every one," he said, hopefully. "If I can remember anything about a ball-room, I should say they wouldn't look at any one else!"

"But," she objected, "you haven't been anywhere for so—so long, and there is no one to tell me if I am right. Oh, I wish it were all over! If the carriage would only come."

"There it is now," said Paysant. "Go, for you are late."

"If you were only coming!" moaned Cicely, tearfully, as she bent over to kiss him.

Therefore it was late when Cicely, assisted by Johnstone, alighted at the Musgrave door.

"I'll wait in the carriage at the stable," he whispered to her.

But she did not heed him. In her excitement she was quite unconscious of his existence, or of the existence of the carriage from which she had just descended. She saw the rows of lighted windows, she suddenly caught the quick burst of the gay dance music, and her breath came in short tremulous gasps, while she slightly shivered.

At the head of the little side stairway by which the guests were expected to ascend she was met by a maid, who directed her to a room in which she was received by another, who took her wraps, and in an impersonal and even forbidding manner assisted her in the final adjustment of her gown and hair.

"The first stair to the right," the woman said, as Cicely stood prepared at last.

She had half-unconsciously expected to meet Treloar at the very first moment of her arrival, and his non-appearance vexed and disconcerted her.

"Yes," she answered, meekly, and she left the room in what she felt was a sadly demoralized condition.

At the top landing of the stairs "on the right" she paused and glanced over the balustrade. The hall, as in so many of the newer country houses, was the largest room in the house, and it was there that the dancing was chiefly going on. As she looked timidly down she saw the tops of the dancers' heads as they whirled beneath her, but while she continued her inspection the waltz music died away and the turning couples came to a standstill. Her heart beat so violently that involuntarily she put up her hand. It had been bad enough before, but to descend the main stairway alone and before all the staring occupants of the ball-room! Cicely's first appearance "in society" was more difficult than she had imagined that it could be.

How she ever did it she never quite knew. All that she remembered was a blur of lights, the insistence of assailing voices, the hard steps that were so polished and unyielding, and then she found herself on the ball-room floor with Pauline Musgrave holding her hand.

"You are so late," Miss Musgrave was saying to her, solicitously. "I hope nothing happened—no accident?"

Cicely assured her, diffidently, that her

drive from Waverley had been wholly uneventful.

"And your dear father," asked Mrs. Musgrave, bustling up, "where is he?"

"He wasn't well," answered Cicely, "and he was obliged to stay at home; and he regretted very much—"

"We should have felt very indignant and very much hurt if no one had come," said Pauline, "and it was kind of you."

Cicely was trying to find a way of saying something when she was startled by Treloar's voice, and turning, found him standing close beside her.

"Miss Paysant," he said, "may I have the next dance?"

Instantly forgetting Pauline Musgrave, she gasped her acceptance as she slid her hand into his arm.

"Oh," she sighed, before they had taken a step, "I had no idea that society was so awful! I hope that you won't mind acting the part of a straw, but I feel that I am just *clinging* to you."

"Nonsense!" said Treloar. "But why didn't you come sooner?"

"Everything went wrong," she answered. "I knew it would. And I ought not to have come at all; but I wanted—wanted to see you; and now that I am here, you are sure you're glad that I came, and that you aren't ashamed of me?"

"I've been standing guard at the foot of the stairs for nearly an hour waiting for you to appear," he replied. "I was awfully disappointed, and then I was furious, and then I was getting disappointed again, when you came floating down so serenely."

"Oh!" she cried, delightedly, "did it look like that? If you only knew! I was a perfect quake of fright, and I just floundered down. But you haven't answered my question. Are you satisfied?"

"Satisfied?" he asked, in a mystified manner.

"Do I look as I should?" she demanded.

"You look awfully well," he answered, carelessly. "But why shouldn't you?"

She did not realize that all her doubts and fears had not been known to him, and his rather mild praise was a disappointment to her. She could not understand that what had been such a great event for her was very much a matter of course with him, and the fact that she would look well something so thoroughly



to be expected that it did not require particular comment.

"How well you dance!" he said, as they paused.

"Do you think so? I am so glad. I never knew much about it, only it seemed born in me." A little confidence had returned, and she looked up at him, laughing. "It's the first time that we have danced together, and it's an event—an era."

"I wish I could do better at it," he said, humbly. "I'm afraid I'm awfully bad."

"I don't think," said Cicely, critically, "that it was born in *you*."

"And education hasn't done much for me. I know I'm a miserable failure."

"I expected it," she said, calmly.

"Why?" he asked.

"Because," she replied, "the only girl I ever knew who had seen very much told me that the man one really loved rarely danced divinely well—that he was generally too old and *important* for that."

"Thank you," he said. "But I want to present some of those true 'dancing-men' to you."

"Must you?" she said, doubtfully. "I don't know how I shall manage. It's a species to which I'm not accustomed, and I'm afraid I should not understand it, or it me."

Pauline Musgrave stood before her, with a young man a few paces away.

"Miss Paysant," she said, "Mr. Heneage Hicks wishes very much to know you."

The young man bowed stiffly.

"Thank you very much," said Treloar, and, taking his place at Pauline's side, "I may have another turn later?"

"Oh yes," Cicely replied, quickly and largely:

It was all wrong, she knew, but she could not help feeling hurt by what seemed Treloar's extreme readiness to get away. As she well understood, there was nothing else for him to do—Pauline Musgrave could not be left alone; but she felt that he should have given some sign that might indicate his reluctance to leave her. She was disappointed, and the enjoyment that had begun for her in the music and dancing was changed to a vague feeling of disquietude.

Mr. Hicks, at her elbow, coughed nervously. He was a trim, correct youth, and his puzzled expression clearly showed

that he was painfully struggling to find something to say.

"How awfully long a ball is!" said Cicely.

"I—I beg your pardon," stammered Hicks, "but you have just come."

"I know," she said, "but it seems to me as if I had been here ages, and I don't suppose it will be over for ever so much time."

"These country affairs are apt to be late," he answered. "You have a place near here?"

"Yes," she answered, briefly.

"Delightful country," he went on. "One might be tempted to put off coming back to town until the last possible moment."

"We certainly put it off a good while," said Cicely. "We don't go at all."

"You stop here," he gasped, "all the winter?"

"All the winter," she replied, "and all the summer, and all the time."

"But," he demanded, amazedly, "what do you do?"

"Do?" repeated Cicely—"a thousand things. In the first place, I ride."

"Ah!" he exclaimed, visibly relieved at finally coming upon something that was comprehensible, and falling with enthusiasm upon the welcome topic. "You ride?"

"I've been brought up with horses," answered Cicely. "They have been my life, more or less."

"Em—yes," he murmured. "Always have ridden myself. Ever hunted any? I've got a bay mare that I bought the other day—"

And here Cicely's evening really began. Hicks was soon pouring out all his innocent soul, completely fascinated by the guileless attention with which she listened to his narration of exploits of which society had long before grown rather tired.

"Do you know," he confided at last, "the minute I saw you come down the stairs I wanted to know you. I said—Well, never mind what I said—you might not like it."

"I am sure that I should," replied Cicely, sweetly.

"I said, if that's a girl that's coming out this year, I want to be presented at once, and get in before the rush. So I went out and got Miss Musgrave to trot me up at once. There are lots of the oth-

ers who want to know you, and—here come some of them now.”

Glancing up, Cicely saw that Pauline Musgrave was approaching with several of the men who had hitherto been lounging about the doorway.

“What shall I do with such an army?” she said to Hicks.

“Oh, you’ll know how to manage them,” he answered, admiringly.

How long she danced or how late it was Cicely did not know. She had danced and danced with one after another until she had quite lost sense of minutes and hours, and even those with whom she talked or waltzed or “sat out” were promiscuously vague and puzzlingly interchangeable. It was a dream, a delirium, but, as often in such a state, there is a sense of haunting care. She felt rather than reflected that Treloar had almost avoided her, and when at last he did speak to her his voice sounded strange, and he himself seemed shadowy and distant.

“I am glad you are having such a good time,” he said, a little coldly.

“Why haven’t you spoken to me?” she said, with passionate lowness.

“When has there been a chance?” he asked. “You have been surrounded—hemmed in.”

“That is what men always say,” she retorted.

“Do you think I didn’t want to dance with you?” he demanded. “Do you think I like it? But let me take you in to supper.”

“I can’t,” she replied; “I’m going in with Mr. Hicks.”

“Hicks?” he said, laughing easily. “I think I shall have to begin to look out for Hicks. It’s all Hicks this evening. I don’t seem to come in anywhere.”

“How can you,” she demanded, recklessly, “when you are all the time with Pauline Musgrave. You have been with her all the evening. I have seen it, and—and I’m sorry that I ever came.”

“What nonsense!” he replied.

“I won’t,” she went on, “be spoken to in that exasperatingly consoling manner. No, I’m not sorry that I came; I am glad. I understand now—”

“What do you understand?”

“Why you went away and came here.”

“You are unjust. I have kept away from you to-night because I wanted you to have a good time, because I saw that

you were a howling belle, and I wanted you to enjoy it.”

“Really?” she said, glancing at him appealingly.

“Really,” he answered, gayly.

“And it isn’t because you wanted to keep Pauline Musgrave from suspecting anything?”

“Look here,” he asked; “do you think this is fair?”

“I don’t know—I don’t know,” she hurried on. “I am jealous of everybody and of everything—of everybody with whom you are, and of everything that keeps you away from me.”

Tears had almost come into her eyes, and she turned quickly upon Hicks, who had just come up.

“Yes, Mr. Hicks,” she said, “you are to take me to supper; and, Mr. Treloar,” she added, laughing back at the latter with a poorly assumed formality, “if you really want a dance later, I think I can give you one.”

It was well on towards the end of the ball, when the music was or seemed faster, when the air was hot and heavy, when the decorations were beginning to fade and droop, and the floor was covered with shreds and tatters from the torn dresses of the dancers, that Cicely, tired, with throbbing heart and dazzled eyes, leaving the ball-room for a moment, entered the dim conservatory with the devoted Hicks.

In one corner, intimately contiguous and confidentially oblivious, sat Treloar and Pauline Musgrave. Cicely hesitated, then went boldly on, but neither of the others looked up. Hicks, when Cicely and he had passed, laughed significantly.

“There can’t be much doubt about *that*,” he said.

“What?” Cicely asked, with as great an air of unconsciousness as she could command, while her heart beat with sickening heaviness.

“Why, Treloar and the daughter of the house!” Hicks answered. “It’s pretty clear how it is coming out.”

“You think,” she asked, hating herself for doing so, “that there is—something?”

“Sure of it,” he replied. “But Treloar’s a difficult bird to bring down, who ‘from beauty flits to beauty, constant under constant change,’ and that sort of thing. He got away in the spring, but they’re pretty sure to get him this au-



turn. Pauline would be only too glad to marry him, and the 'pa-ri-ents' would give their consent effusively. Shouldn't be surprised if it were all settled now."

"And you think they are engaged?" demanded Cicely, chokily, as Hicks paused in his artless recital.

"Can't tell. They weren't a week ago, but I believe they may be now. Pauline has been unusually cheerful of late. We have all suspected," Hicks prattled on, "that he has been wandering off for a while after some strange goddess—or rather nymph, for she is clearly some one very much out of the world, of whom no one ever heard. He's been missing for weeks, and he won't say anything about what he has been doing. We have been chaffing him fearfully, but he keeps silent. I fancy he must be rather ashamed of his unknown charmer."

"Oh!" exclaimed Cicely, involuntarily.

"What?" asked Hicks.

"Nothing—I didn't say anything," replied Cicely.

"Thought you spoke," continued Hicks. "Anyway, whoever the Ariadne may be, she had better look out, for he clearly has forgotten her already, and has been flirting with Pauline Musgrave in a way that would make the deserted one want to tear out her eyes."

Cicely sat down abruptly on one of the chairs placed among the thick plants.

"You wish to rest?" said Hicks, seating himself beside her.

"No!" she exclaimed, springing to her feet; "I am not tired."

"You want to dance?" he asked, in astonishment.

"Nó!" she said, hotly, "I am not going to dance. I am going home." She turned away impatiently, and started alone to leave the conservatory.

"Miss Paysant," stammered Hicks, utterly bewildered, "you can't mean it." Then he continued, trotting after her, "You surely are not going alone."

"Take me," said Cicely, pausing, "to Mrs. Musgrave. I want to say good-night."

Mrs. Musgrave was voluble in her regrets at the too early departure of her guest, but Cicely was abrupt, and quickly dragged Hicks to the foot of the stairs.

"Good-night," she said, turning.

"Ah—good-night, Miss Paysant," he murmured, in staring astonishment.

Cicely looked for an instant at the

round-eyed little gentleman before her, and laughed.

"Good-night," she repeated, holding out her hand. "You have been very nice and kind, and I thank you very much."

"I assure you, Miss Paysant," he replied, "that the evening has been delightful—unusually delightful."

But Cicely had disappeared, running up the stairs two steps at a time. She burst upon the astonished maids with bewildering suddenness, and had herself dressed with the uttermost despatch. In a moment she was out of the room, leaving the abigails chattering at her precipitation. At the door she was obliged to wait while she sent a groom for her carriage. It was the first moment that she had stopped to think, and even then she did not stop voluntarily, but what reflection was possible was forced upon her by this momentary inaction. She leaned against one of the columns of the *porte cochère*, looking at the wide dark lawn and black trees, and for the first time tears filled her eyes. She wanted to get away. She felt that once out of that house she could breathe more easily—think more clearly. Still the carriage did not come. How long she had waited she did not know, but she was sure that it must have been a long time. She had almost made up her mind that rather than endure such delay she would go in search of it herself, when she heard the sound of wheels in what she knew was the direction of the stables. Almost at the same moment she was conscious that some one had come out of the house and was standing behind her.

"What are you doing? Where are you going?" asked Treloar. "I have been hunting for you everywhere."

"I am going *home*," she answered, fiercely, and turning on him abruptly.

"What do you mean?" he demanded.

"What is the matter?"

"Don't ask me! Don't speak to me!" she exclaimed, and, as he held out his hand to take hers, "Don't touch me!"

"Cicely," he cried, "I don't understand!"

"I do, then," she said, in a hard, dry tone. "I understand now."

The carriage had driven up, and Johnstone was holding open the door.

"Cicely," he said again, taking a step forward.

"I hate you! I hate you!" she said, passionately, "and I never will see you again!"

She sprang into the carriage with an order to Johnstone, and shut the door with a bang. Johnstone mounted the front seat with unusual agility, and the horses started away at a smart pace. Treloar stood perplexedly gazing along the drive down which the heavy vehicle lumbered rapidly.

Paysant sat at the desk in the office when Cicely threw open the door and quickly entered.

"Back so soon?" he said, looking up. "I didn't expect you for hours."

"Yes," she answered, listlessly.

"I hope you had a pleasant time?" he continued.

"I had a wretched, awful, horrible time," she replied, "and I only wish that I had never gone."

"I am very sorry," he said, gently.

"I am dreadfully unhappy," she continued, seating herself on the edge of the table; "I may even be heart-broken. I don't know. But why are you up? You know I should never have allowed you to wait for me."

"I have not staid up for that reason—wholly," he replied.

She remembered what Johnstone had told her, and now she blamed herself that in the excitement of her departure for the ball she had given so little heed to what he had said. "It was business, then?" she said, anxiously. "There is something important?"

"Yes," he replied; "there is something new."

"And it is bad?" she demanded quickly.

"Isn't it always?"

"Yes," she said, desperately. "But what is it this time? Is it very bad?"

"I am afraid it is very bad indeed," he said, almost with a groan. "I am afraid it is the worst—the end."

"What do you mean?" she asked, breathlessly.

"The mortgage—" he began.

"Oh, the mortgage!" she sighed, desperately.

"Yes," he said. "You know what trouble Crofton has always made about it ever since it came into his hands, and now he is foreclosing."

"Oh, why did you let me go to that

ball?" she cried. "I should have been here with you."

"You know what a foreclosure means?" he asked, wearily.

"That the place will be sold, and that Milnes Avinger will buy it, and—and it will be destroyed forever."

"I did not tell you sooner," he said, "for I hoped that something could be done. It is no use—"

"But the place can't be sold—sha'n't be sold!" she cried. "Where should we go? What should we do?"

"I don't know," answered Paysant, helplessly, turning his handsome, sorrowful eyes upon her. "It's very hard," he sighed. "I have lived here so long."

"And I have been here all my life," she said. "Can't we do *something*?"

"I am afraid not," he replied. "I have tried in every way I could to raise the money. We are perfectly powerless. There is only one person who could possibly have aided us. Treloar—"

"Oh, don't speak of him!" she commanded.

"He might have let us have some money."

"I am so thankful that you never asked. If you had, I should have died of shame *now*." She sank on the floor, and leaning her arms on a chair, let her head fall upon them.

"Now?" said Paysant, in a startled tone.

"I shall never see him again. I never want to hear his name again. He is bad, and cruel, and—yes—I am broken-hearted."

"What has happened?"

"He doesn't care anything about me, and he never did. He has just been amusing himself—flirting—and he is engaged to Pauline Musgrave, and they are going to be married,—and—and—"

Cicely did not finish the sentence, but sobbed outright.

"You mean to say," said Paysant, rising, "that he has been trifling with you—that he is false?"

"I hate him," cried Cicely, "or I wish I could hate him! but I can't—I can't, and that's the worst of it."

Paysant straightened himself up.

"I don't know what the world may be now," he said, with his grandest air, "but there was a time when a man would have been obliged to answer very directly for such conduct."

His old eyes flashed fiercely, and he



tramped up and down the room in violent excitement.

"No, papa," she said, "there's nothing to be done—there's nothing can be done. And perhaps he is not so much to blame. It's all more or less a game with the people with whom he has been accustomed to live, and he forgot that I didn't know the rules."

And she looked up for a moment, smiling sadly.

"He should be made to remember," threatened Paysant.

"No," she said; and springing up and going to him, she put her arm through his, causing him to pause in his walk. "You must never think of this again, and I will forget it—as soon as I can." Her voice sank and broke a little with the last words, but in an instant she went on, bravely. "Now we must talk about *business*," she resumed, briskly. "You think there is no hope?"

"None," he replied. "Even if we had the money it might be too late now. The sale is at Bellamont at nine to-morrow." Glancing at the clock, where the hands pointed to a quarter after four, "At nine this morning," he corrected himself.

"At Bellamont?" she murmured, evidently without much thought of what she was saying.

"Yes," he answered; "such sales are always held at the county town, and the auction will begin at the court-house at Bellamont in a few hours. We shall have to leave Waverley—"

"But," she said, throwing her arms about his neck, "we still have each other."

Neither of them noticed Morris, who had entered quietly, and now coughed discreetly.

"If you please—" he began.

"Morris," exclaimed Cicely, "what are you doing here?"

"If you please, miss," Morris continued, "he's much worse, and getting weaker every minute—"

"Who?" asked Cicely. "Oh, I had forgotten. There has been so much. It's Michael Tharp," she explained to her father. "I went to see him because I heard that he was dying, and I left Morris to take care of him."

"Michael Tharp!" said Paysant, frowning. "If it had not been for him—"

"Yes," interrupted Cicely, "but we must not think of that now."

"I think he'll not last much longer," continued Morris.

"Then why did you come—why did you leave him?" demanded Cicely.

"I wouldn't at first," responded Morris. "I argued the matter out with him, but he couldn't see reason. He was weak, but he was obstinate, an' I had to give in. I didn't think you'd want me to go against his last wish an' desire."

"He wanted something?" said Cicely.

"Nothing will do him," said Morris, "but he must see some of the family. He won't die easy until he does, and he sent me to bring you."

"I will go," exclaimed Cicely. "We can't refuse a man who is dying."

"Cicely," said Paysant, "this is almost too preposterous."

"What I think," said Morris, "is just this, that he's got something on his mind. It would be a Christian act, miss, to ease his conscience, an' it would send him off more comfortable like."

"I will come at once," said Cicely.

"But at this hour!" urged Paysant. "I must surely accompany you—"

"I'll be all right with Morris," said Cicely, "but I must dress—"

"There's no time to lose, miss," Morris remonstrated. "He was sinkin' fast when I came away, and if you're to see him alive you must come now."

"It's ruined already," said Cicely, glancing down at her ball-dress, "and I don't care what becomes of it. Yes, I will go just as I am."

"Cicely—" cried Paysant.

"Papa," she said, "I can't listen to you. It's only kindness. If we are in trouble we must not forget every one else."

"Then I will go too," he said.

"No," she answered, hastening out of the room. "I must hurry, and you never could be quick enough. Please," she said, pausing at the door; "I know I am right."

By daylight Tharp's cabin was squalid; at night, lit only with one candle, it appeared a sinister place. Long shadows lay on the floor, stealthily creeping along, or climbing up the walls, seemed to bend ominously over. And everywhere in the black corners there were possibilities of things unseen, threatening, imminent; while over all lay the horror of

some unapprehended change, unavoidable and resistless.

Cicely, following Morris, softly entered the room.

"He's living still," the groom whispered, as he approached the bed and bent over the dying man.

Cicely drew her wrap more closely about her and slightly shuddered.

The old woman, who had been asleep, was awakened by their entrance, and now gazed at her with momentary terror, but, quickly satisfied, nodded her head towards the bed, and then shook it slowly and with gloomy significance.

"He's failing fast," said Morris, in a hoarse, low voice.

Tharp stirred uneasily, and weakly opened his eyes.

"I've done it," said Morris to him.

Tharp looked at him questioningly.

"I've brought her—she's come," said Morris, pointing to Cicely.

Tharp's eyes languidly strayed in the direction indicated; then seeing Cicely, his strength seemed suddenly to come back.

"Yes, yes," he muttered. "I remember; I sent for you, and you have come."

"Is there anything I can do for you?" asked Cicely.

"Yes," he said, "yes; but we must be alone. Go," he said to Morris, and then to the old woman, "Go."

Morris did not stir, and the old woman did not appear to hear.

"Go, I say," he commanded with sudden violence.

Morris looked at Cicely, who bowed her head assentingly.

"I don't half like it, Miss Cicely," he grumbled, as he moved away, "but I'll stand close to the door. Come, old lady," he continued, "just wake up for a minute."

Tharp, with jealous eyes, watched the pair until the door had closed behind them.

"Come here," he said, turning swiftly towards Cicely. "Come closer."

Cicely took one step forward, and then paused. The candle, burning low, had been left with a long, curving wick, above which mounted a great flaring, flickering flame that ended in a swaying spiral of black smoke. By the yellow glare she saw Tharp raise himself on his elbow.

"I've got something to tell you," he said—"to you, who came here when I was dying."

He paused for a moment.

"I never thought to bring myself to it," he went on, weakly, "but if it must be, I'd rather it was you than another. You didn't forget me, and I haven't forgotten you; not that it would seem that my remembrance would be worth the having. But who knows—who knows? They called me a beggar, but there was another name would have suited me better. I borrowed money from your father, and I never paid him back. There was reason for you to hate me, but you came. The money didn't keep you. Not that I would have blamed you if it had—for money's a good thing, a very good thing. Come closer," he went on, beckoning to her. "Do you see that board?" and the long finger that had signed her to approach indicated a spot in the wood floor. "Take it up—take it up."

As Cicely hesitated, trembling, the cloak slipped from her shoulders and she stood in her ball splendor, a strange figure in that strange place.

"What do you fear?" he asked, impatiently. "What can harm you? Take it up, I say. You can do it easily."

Cicely moved towards the corner to which he had directed her, and dropped on her knees beside the plank to which he had particularly pointed.

"That's it—that's it," he exclaimed, huskily. "Now lift it up."

Inserting her fingers in the wide crack, Cicely grasped the board, and with an effort raised it from its position.

"There—to the left."

With a shudder Cicely boldly plunged her hand into the dark aperture and felt along the beam. In a moment she touched the paper wrapping of a parcel.

"You've found it," he exclaimed, his eyes brightening. "Bring it here."

Cicely did as she was bid, and deposited on the bed the bundle she had just drawn from the hole.

Tharp seized it eagerly, and with trembling fingers undid the string that tied the package.

"Here they are," he said. "Bills—bills." And drawing back the paper, he showed her various piles neatly banded. "I didn't pay your father—no. He thought that I hadn't the money—*they* thought I hadn't the money; but I had—I had, only I couldn't let it go from me. He never tried to get what was his, be-



cause he believed that I was a beggar and that it was no use. But he was mistaken, and you shall have it now, since it's no use to me any longer. See how many of them there are—all that I owed him," and he scattered the small dirty bundles over the bed; and then again gathering them together, he held them out to Cicely. "Take them," he said. "They are yours. I could not give them up before—they were too much to me; they were my life; and now—" His arms trembled, and his hands losing their force, the money fell in a heap upon the floor. "It's all," he muttered, weakly. "They were my life."

And as if, indeed, there had been some connection between the money and that life, and the loss of one had implied the loss of the other, the miser sank supinely upon the bed.

"Morris! Morris!" shrieked Cicely, starting back as she saw the awful change that transformed the face of the man before her.

In an instant Morris was at her side, but a glance at the rigid features checked the question which evidently he was about to ask. "It's the end, miss," he said, solemnly. His foot struck against one of the packages and he looked down. "Money!" he exclaimed, in awed astonishment.

"Yes," breathed Cicely, trembling with excitement. "Poor man! it's the money he owed papa, and that he has kept hidden all these years."

"The bloomin' miser!" muttered Morris.

"Hush!" said Cicely, authoritatively. "He was sorry, and he gave it to me—and—I hope there is enough."

Morris began to count, but in a moment he stopped. "It's thousands and thousands, Miss Cicely!" he exclaimed, in amazement.

"You are sure?" she cried. "I must go, but—"

"Never mind—it," said Morris, glancing at the bed and speaking hurriedly. "The ould woman can stay. You can do no good here."

Cicely paused for a moment, irresolute. "I must go," she cried. "The place may be saved. Oh, I hope that it is not too late!"

Paysant had not spoken for some time, but sat with bent head, motionless. John-

stone, watching his patron with lugubrious steadiness, stirred uneasily.

"We must resign ourselves to the inevitable," said Paysant for the twentieth time.

Johnstone shook his head, clearly indicating that he could not trust himself to speak—and, indeed, it might almost seem that tears of sympathy were not far from his round, dull eyes.

"The place must go at last," continued Paysant, with a groan.

The door of the office was thrown quickly open, and Cicely entered, panting and dishevelled. "Papa! papa!" she called. "See, we are saved! We can keep Waverley, and everything will be all right." And casting on the table the pile of bills and bonds, she stood before him laughing and radiant.

"My dear," said Paysant, "what do you mean? Are you quite mad?"

"Not a bit," she exclaimed, gayly. "It is the money that Michael Tharp owed you. He was dying"—and her voice fell in sudden awe—"he wanted to pay it back. But you needn't know all now; I'll tell you some other time."

Johnstone had run over the money rapidly. "It's true," he said, looking up; "I've counted thirty thousand, and there's more."

"But what is to be done?" demanded Cicely, impatiently. "You said they were going to sell the house. They must be stopped at once. I suppose with the money there must be some way."

Paysant looked at Johnstone, who looked back at him helplessly. "I am afraid it is too late," he answered, the gleam of momentary hope dying away on his face. "The sale is at nine o'clock."

"And what time is it now?" asked Cicely, realizing that many hours must have been needed for the events of the night.

"Half past six," said Johnstone, looking at his watch; then going to the window, he glanced out at the cold gray dawn of the late autumn which had broadened in the sky. "It's no use," he continued, gloomily. "Bellamont is twenty-three miles, and there is no train so early, and no way to get there."

"Some one might ride," suggested Cicely.

"I am out of the question," said Paysant. "Johnstone could not ride so far, and Morris would never know what to do."

"I'll go myself," said Cicely, instantly.

"You?" exclaimed Paysant, while Johnstone turned and looked at her admiringly.

"Why not?" she urged. "I've often and often ridden further, and I'm sure I could do it. I would go directly to Mr. Ramsey, and he would tell me about the business; and," she concluded, decidedly, "I am going."

Neither of the men spoke.

"I'll tell Morris to have a horse saddled immediately, change my dress in an instant, and be off at once."

"But," said Johnstone, as if suddenly remembering, "what horse can you take? Everything is sold except the grays, and neither of them could make it in the time, especially after the distance they went last night."

The look of despair again settled upon Paysant's face as Cicely stood irresolute.

"Isn't there anything else in the stable?" she asked, doubtfully.

"Nothing," answered Johnstone. "That is, of course, except Roan Barbary."

"Then I'll take Roan Barbary," she said, firmly. "Morris!" she cried at the top of her young voice as she opened the office door. "Have Barbary saddled as quickly as you can!" She turned for an instant to the others, and exclaimed, in unrepressible excitement: "I've always wanted to ride a race, and now I can. Barbary has won for us before; he shall win again."

The morning had at first seemed cold and dull, but it was only because the sky was obscured by the low-lying mist that settled in the hollows and clung about the woods. Now there was not a cloud in the heavens, and as the sun mounted higher its rays pierced and its warmth quickly dissipated the slight haze of the late summer. The thin films of the lingering fog had almost disappeared, leaving only here and there faint trace, which, fading fast, still glowed warmly. The distant hills showed firmly blue, and the branches of the trees stood out quite clearly against the soft-tinted sky. The sunlight did not seem to fall—for there were no shadows, only hardly defined blurs of shade—but appeared to be diffused through the thick air. It was part of it, with its subdued brilliancy; and impregnated it as it might some semitrans-

lucent, semiliquid medium. It seemed to have almost a sustaining force, and in its mild freshness a certain buoyancy. The crow that floated on easy wing could have no difficulty in supporting itself. The leaves that fell to the ground with lingering slowness floated as if through some resisting substance, and it was so dry that each struck the firm earth with a sharp metallic click noticeable in the great quiet. It was very still, too, without the least stir of air, and the smoke mounted in long straight columns, only spreading slightly at a considerable height.

The regular beat of Roan Barbary's hoofs sounded loud and clear as he galloped on. Cicely knew the country well, and could estimate quite accurately how far she had gone. At the last landmark she had insensibly urged the horse to a swifter pace, for in the rough calculation she could hurriedly make it seemed to her that she was behind her time. Still, she could not know exactly how long she had been on the way, and could not decide positively. At the start she had "saved" Barbary. The first miles had been made only at an easy canter, for though every impulse urged her to haste, she knew too well what was wise to urge her horse to any great exertion. With beating heart and impatient spirit she rode her "waiting race" steadily and with science. It was hard, for Barbary was only too "eager," and had to be held back; but she did it, and kept him down to an even, easy gait. Johnstone's last words had been discouraging, for nothing had been required of the horse for a long time, and Barbary had been left to a well-earned repose. However, the early morning canter seemed to warm him up, and so far he had done splendidly. The great racer, it might seem with something of conscious power, bounded forward with powerful stride almost as easily as he had done in the years long past, when there had been eager crowds to cheer and thousands had hung anxiously on the "event." But it was a different race from any that Barbary had ever run. It was a question of distance now, and endurance. Formerly all that had been required was a quick, brilliant dash, ending in a rapid but short finish. It had been a question of bringing, for a few moments only, every particle of life, every ounce of force, into most effective exertion, and this slow "pound, pound" along the



country road in the early morning was something to which he was wholly unaccustomed. But there is this in all breeding, in "race," that with the power of brilliant achievement comes the power of continuous endurance, and the strength that may show itself in some brief, supreme moment is equally a strength that can bear a lengthened strain beneath which meaner powers would succumb and fail.

With unslacking and unhurrying course Barbary had kept on, but Cicely felt that now they must go faster, and for the first time she spoke. There was a short sharp upward toss of the head, with a jerk on one side; the ears that for an instant had been pricked forward were again laid flat, then with a bound the horse almost doubled his pace. The race against time had begun in earnest. On he dashed, Cicely still restraining his too great "willingness," for even now he was not doing all that he could do, and she judged that not yet would it be wise to let him out for "all he was worth." But still the pace was more than good. The fence posts were passed or seemed to go by rapidly, and the trees that stood here and there along the road were quickly reached and as quickly left behind. The people she now began to see standing about the farm-houses looked up curiously at the sound of the hurrying beat of Barbary's hoofs, and after she had passed down the road pressed forward to gaze after her. But she rode too quickly to hear what was said, although as she left some staring group far behind she caught vague questioning shouts. The cottages were more numerous now, and she saw, from many signs well known to her, that she was approaching the village that lay next to the one near which Wayerley was situated. A mile more and she would be in it, and that village was more than half-way to Bellamont. She glanced at the sun; it was well up, but it could not be very late, she concluded. Then, almost before she knew it, she was in the village street. With the early-stirring country life there were a good many people about who paused to watch her. But she went none the slower. Down the soft, unpaved village street, under the wide-spreading elms from which the leaves rained down upon the yellow earth, Barbary plunged rapidly, with Cicely sitting as if hunting. At an intersecting street

she almost ran into a hay-wagon that was leisurely rolling along, but with a quick swerve Barbary avoided it, and they swept on, Cicely unshaken and firm in the saddle. Before the hotel there was a small gathering of vehicles, but at Cicely's call those standing in the way drew aside, and she flashed past without heeding the commotion she had aroused. Now she was through the village and out in the country again, beating along the lonely road. It was very hot. The sunlight fell fiercely upon the unshadowed way, and from the dry ground came a dull, heavy heat. Barbary for the first time showed symptoms of distress, which Cicely, with her long training in the stables, quickly detected. His breathing was more labored, his sides were black with sweat, and against his neck the bridle had chafed a heavy line of froth. Bending over, she anxiously looked at the horse and noted every symptom of weakness, and for the first time a feeling of doubt rose in her mind. Would Barbary do it? There could be no question of his speed, but his endurance—would it be possible for him to make the distance, which she felt must still be considerable? She was in a part of the country that she did not know very well, and could not, as she had before passing the village, count off the miles as Barbary covered them. Besides, she had lost all sense of time. It might already be too late to think of reaching Bellamont, and at this thought she was seized with a sudden panic. There was not a house in sight, but as she galloped around a sharp turn in the road she came upon a farmer jogging along in his dusty wagon. Barbary had shot past several "lengths" before she could rein him in, and she turned to address the man, who had stopped at her call.

"Could you," she called out, anxiously, "please tell me what time it is?"

"Come some distance, haven't you?" said the farmer, glancing at Barbary.

"I want so much," she urged, "to know what time it is."

"Come pretty fast too," continued the man, with friendly interest.

"What time is it?" demanded Cicely.

"Some one sick, an' going for the doctor, eh?" he went on, comfortably crossing one leg over the other.

"If you only would tell me what time it is," she begged, desperately.



"Hope that whoever it is isn't very bad," he said, sociably.

"I must know what time it is," commanded Cicely, "at once."

"Oh, what time is it!" he said, stirred by the authority of her tone, and looking uneasily at the sky. "Sun's been up some time—must be after eight. But," and as if this were a sudden afterthought, "I can look at my watch." And drawing out his timepiece, he added, "Twenty-seven minutes past eight."

"Thank you," called Cicely, and again she was on her way, leaving him staring blankly after her. Thirty-three minutes in which to get over what she roughly calculated must still be many miles, and Barbary almost "done up." It was unbearable to be so near and yet feel that the chance of being too late was so very great. Thirty-three minutes—if only there had been a little more! To have the power to save the place—the money was in the leather pocket on her saddle in which she carried her luncheon for long rides—and not to be able to use it after all!

At the way-side there was a drinking-trough made out of a hollowed log, and here for an instant Cicely drew up. Sliding to the ground, she allowed Barbary three swallows of the clear cold water, gave him a moment to breathe, and, with an anxious glance at his reeking sides, was again on his back.

"Now," she said, half to herself and half to the horse, as she urged him forward almost at the top of his speed. "Now," and with the same spirit with which the Guards at Waterloo answered to that "up and at them!" Barbary responded to her sudden urgency. The rapidity of her motion stirred her young blood powerfully, and with every fibre at tension, with one thought only—to get on, on, on—she hurried along. "Now," she repeated, as breathless she drove Barbary to full racing speed. She felt the horse falter a little, but remorselessly she forced him forward. "I am sorry, Barbary," she whispered, leaning forward, "but you must!—you must! I am sorry, poor dear, but everything depends on us, and you *must*!" Quite as if he understood her—understood that on his speed that morning depended the fate of the house, the family—he picked himself up for a last effort. Cicely felt the straight-on stride, saw the outstretched neck, and felt that there was still a chance.

Never had Barbary in those far-off days at Saratoga, at Louisville, at Lexington, swept in more gloriously to a close finish. The madness of motion mastered Cicely, and in spite of her anxiety and almost despair it seemed to her that she had never enjoyed anything as she did this wild rush. She knew that she was gaining—gaining—on time and space, and a new hope filled her heart. How many minutes were left she did not know, for again she was out of all reckoning; but with the speed they had been going the distance still to be traversed could not be great. Could he do it? Would he do it? A little more and all would be well, but would that little more be possible? The wind sang in her ears as she cut through it, and a strand of her hair, falling loose, streamed behind her. She felt not only that it was a race but a flight, for behind all the thought and action of the night had hung the memory of Treloar and his faithlessness, and vaguely she anticipated the rush of emotion that would overwhelm her when a period of calm had again come and reflection would be inevitable. It was from the memory of Treloar's desertion that it seemed to her she was running away, and each instant was an escape. "Oh, Barbary, Barbary!" she cried, appealingly, for she realized that the horse's powers were almost spent, and even as she spoke she saw through an opening in a wood the distant roofs of Bellamont and the small white steeples of its churches. "Barbary," she called, "just a little longer, and a little more for my sake—for all our sakes!"

"It will be my duty," said the county official, with regretful deliberation, "unless I receive a larger bid, to sell the farm property known as Waverley for the absurdly inadequate sum of sixteen thousand dollars." There were but four or five people present in the small room in the Bellamont court-house, and receiving no response from any of them, he went on. "Going, going, then," he said, "to Mr. Avinger at sixteen thousand."

There was a noise outside, the hurried tread of feet, and the door was thrown quickly open.

"Oh," cried Cicely, entering with a rush, directly followed by all the usual loungers, whose curiosity had been aroused by the advent of the breathless young woman upon the jaded thorough-



bred, and who evidently anticipated a sensation, "please, seventeen thousand!"

The auctioneer looked up, for a moment disconcerted by this startling interruption, but quickly recovering himself, he went on, mechanically:

"Seventeen thousand; I understand that seventeen thousand is bid by the young lady."

Avinger, a strong old man with large hard features, frowned portentously.

"Do you admit this bid?" he asked, roughly.

The auctioneer paused uncertainly.

"I have the money here—here," cried Cicely, holding up the leather pouch she had taken from her saddle.

The auctioneer looked at her irresolutely.

"It is all right," said another man, quietly. "I am Mr. Paysant's lawyer. This is Miss Paysant, and if she desires to bid on the property—"

"I don't see, Mr. Avinger," said the auctioneer, "but that the bid is entirely regular."

"Thank you, Mr. Ramsey," said Cicely, nodding to the lawyer; then she added, firmly, "Seventeen thousand dollars."

"Eighteen," grumbled Avinger.

"Nineteen," said Cicely, lightly.

"Twenty," continued her opponent.

"Twenty-one," rejoined Cicely, quickly.

"You have the money?" whispered Ramsey, approaching Cicely.

"Lots," she said, confidently.

He gave a low whistle and watched her wonderingly.

"Twenty-one thousand and five hundred," called Avinger.

"Twenty-two thousand," responded Cicely, calmly.

The crowd pressed forward excitedly, and with murmurous admiration expressed their sympathy.

"Come up to that, now," said an Irishman, more voluble than the others.

"Twenty-three thousand," muttered Avinger.

"Twenty-four," said Cicely, blandly.

"Why, certainly!" commented a languid Yankee. "What else would you expect?"

"Twenty-five thousand," exclaimed Avinger, fiercely.

"Twenty-six," upspoke Cicely, steadily.

"Ye'll have him yit," the Irishman exclaimed, delightedly. "He's w'akening now."

And, indeed, Avinger hesitated before he offered, with more doubtful voice, his next bid—

"Twenty-seven."

"Twenty-eight," called Cicely, promptly.

Avinger rose.

"Ye've got the best of him, miss," cried the Irishman, in ecstasy. "He's no more to say."

And, indeed, Avinger turned as if to leave the place.

"Twenty-eight thousand dollars," called the auctioneer. "Twenty-eight thousand dollars;" then, as no one spoke, he concluded: "Going, going, gone at twenty-eight thousand dollars."

"I consider the whole proceeding most irregular," said Avinger; and the crowd, careless of the points of the case, and from the start on Cicely's side, applauded brokenly.

"There," she said, and turning to Ramsey, she threw the leather bag holding the money on the table; then without pausing she made her way out of the room, through the crowd, which opened to let her pass. She sped so swiftly along the corridors, ran so quickly down the steps, that she was alone when she reached the sidewalk, and no one saw her as she threw her arms around the horse's neck.

"Barbary! Barbary!" she cried, while for the first time tears filled her eyes. "My darling, we were not too late, and—and it's all right."

Treloar stood beside Cicely on the veranda at Waverley, and together they looked at the thin line of the new moon.

"I'm so relieved," she said, contentedly. "I always feel better after I have seen it over my right shoulder, as I did now."

"What did you wish?" he asked.

"Oh," she said, "I forgot to do that, but it doesn't make any difference;" and she added, with a little sigh, "I don't believe there's anything else I want in the whole world."

"Really?" he asked.

"Really," she answered, seriously. "I am perfectly happy; and yet," she added, with a shudder, "how nearly it was all spoiled!"

"You really were unjust to me," he said—"cruelly unjust."

"Of course," she answered, seriously. "But what do you expect? I'm so awfully in love with you!"

## THE VIOLET.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

HERE she is again, the dear,  
Sweetest vestal of the year,

In her little purple hood  
Brightening the lonesome wood.

We who, something worn with care,  
Take the road, find unaware

Joy that heartens, hope that thrills,  
Love our cup of life that fills,

Since in Spring's remembered nooks,  
Lifting fain familiar looks,

Once again with curtsyng grace,  
In the same dear lowly place,

God His manual sign hath set  
In the tender violet.

## SOME AMERICANS FROM OVERSEA.

BY KIRK MUNROE.

ALTHOUGH all the inhabitants of the United States, Indians excepted, are either of foreign birth or the direct descendants of those native to other lands, though the unwavering policy of our government from its inception has been to encourage immigration, and though we owe most of our material development to the tireless industry of toilers from abroad, it is, and always has been, the habit of native-born Americans to assume airs of superiority toward their fellow-citizens from oversea, and to express for them a contemptuous dislike. In this, however, we do not stand alone, for to all peoples of the earth the stranger within their gates is one to be pitied, disliked, or hated. To the home-abiding European an American is of an inferior race, and pitied for his crude ideas of civilization. In what we are pleased to term the "Dark Continent" the black-skinned sons of Ham despise the progeny of Japhet because they are white; while to the Mongols of Asia people of the western world are "foreign devils," to be hated always, and killed if opportunity offers.

We of America do not seek to kill the

immigrants whom we have invited to assist in the upbuilding of our great republic, but we nevertheless despise them, and rarely hesitate to express this feeling with a brutal frankness. While this ever-present animosity is general and applies to all foreigners, it has epochs of especial virulence against especial classes. Irish, Germans, and Scandinavians have been denounced in turn; but to-day the first outrank us all in the learned professions, the second are our merchants and manufacturers, while the third have become the agriculturists upon whose efforts are based the very foundations of our national prosperity. Bereft of these three, we should resemble a man partially paralyzed in brain, functional organs, and limbs. We have had paroxysms of fear concerning the Italians, Poles, Hungarians, and Bohemians, who have built and are building the railroads of the East, as well as over the Chinamen, who have performed a similar service in the West; but these have been alleviated. More recently our energies in the line of denunciation have been directed against a class of immigrants from Slavonic countries,



who are settling certain regions of the Northwest that American farmers have deemed worthless for purposes of agriculture.

Much has been written and said against the "filthy Russians," the "ignorant Finns," the "grovelling Polanders," and even the thrifty Icelanders, who have established themselves in that portion of Uncle Sam's domain. They are charged with crowding out the native-born American, stealing from him his birthright of free land, clinging to their own language and customs, refusing to become Americanized, lowering the standard of citizenship, reducing the price of labor, and in many other ways demoralizing the community at large. So clamorous were these charges that this Magazine became interested in the subject, and decided to send into the Northwest a representative who should visit the Russian in his lair, the "Finn" in his cave, and the Icelandic in his den. Having been chosen for this service, I started early last summer for the State of North Dakota, where, as I was informed, the Slavonic hordes had made their principal invasion.

The Russians, being the newest comers, and also the most bitterly denounced by that class of Americans who glory in the title of "Know Nothings," claimed my chief attention, and at St. Paul I learned that they were to be found in greatest numbers somewhere along the line of the Northern Pacific Railroad, west of the Missouri River. At Bismarck I was so fortunate as to meet a young Americanized Russian who has been instrumental in bringing more of his people to this country than any other person. He had been a medical student in Russia, became connected with a nihilist plot, was suspected, arrested, and sentenced to Siberia, but made his escape, and came to this country five years ago. He at once took steps to become naturalized, and now, as Dr. C. C. Young, is an American citizen, intensely proud of his adopted country, enthusiastic concerning its institutions, particularly its liberty of speech, and is able to converse in excellent English wholly acquired since coming here.

"A nihilist," said Dr. Young, "is not an anarchist, nor even a socialist. He is merely one who desires with all his heart, and above everything else in this world, the liberty of speech and action that is

the birthright of every living soul, and which is guaranteed to every American by the Constitution of the United States. Oh, you Americans should be the very happiest people on earth, for you have everything that the rest of the world is striving to gain."

The doctor surprised me by stating that "his Russians," as he termed those settled in the Dakotas, were of Teutonic stock, and not Slavs at all, save as they had adopted Slavonic customs and modes of life during a residence of several generations in Russia. According to him, Peter the Great, by liberal promises, induced several colonies of German farmers to settle in his dominions, where they were to teach his people their methods of agriculture. Each family of these colonists was given a house and land, on which all taxes were remitted, the men were exempted from military service, they were allowed to retain their own religious forms, and were free to return to their own land whenever they pleased. Under these favorable conditions the colonists flourished and multiplied for two hundred years, becoming in that time Russianized in everything save their language, religion, and independence of thought and speech. In Germany some of them had been Lutherans, while others had remained Catholics, and to this day their descendants have retained these forms of belief through all vicissitudes of fortune.

At length these semi-independent and liberty-loving people became so numerous, and on account of the extraordinary privileges granted them excited so much discontent in the down-trodden communities in which they dwelt, that the Russian authorities became alarmed, and decided upon their repression. So, by imperial ukase, Czar Alexander III. arbitrarily revoked all concessions made to them by his famous ancestor. Thus by a stroke of the pen the Germano-Russians were reduced to the servile condition of their Slavonic neighbors, and saw naught before them save a future of hopeless misery. Rather than accept this, vast numbers of them attempted to leave the country. Many were intercepted and forced to return. Some were imprisoned, transported to Siberia, condemned to death, or otherwise punished for striving to gain other liberty than that allowed by the Czar; but thousands made good their



THE HOUSE OF RUSSIAN SETTLERS IN MERCER COUNTY, NORTH DAKOTA.

Showing the first and second stages—the original sod house on the left, the more recent adobe house on the right.

escape. Of these fortunate ones, some settled in Germany, others went to the Argentine, and so great a number came to this country that ten thousand of them are estimated to be settled in the Dakotas.

In North Dakota I found their farms scattered along the sluggish prairie waterways from the Missouri River west to the Bad Lands of the Montana border, and met them in all the little railroad towns from Mandan to Medora, which they use as shipping and trading points. Thus in New Salem, Kurtz, Hebron, Dickinson, Richardton, and Glen Ullin were seen the wagons of Russian farmers, drawn by teams of big strong horses, and heavily laden with wheat in sacks, or more lightly freighted with recently purchased goods. Always, too, there were passengers—broad-shouldered, stolid-looking men, wide-hipped, squarely built women, and innumerable children, sturdy and bright-eyed.

The men have already discarded their Russian costume, and appear in the conventional slouch hat, flannel shirt, short sack-coat, and jean trousers tucked into boot-legs of the American frontier; but the women retain the characteristic dress in which they came from oversea. It is invariably of gray or dark blue homespun, with scant skirts barely reaching to the ankles, heavy cowhide shoes, coarse yarn stockings, and a triangular kerchief knotted beneath the chin, covering their smooth black hair. Everything is severely plain and serviceable, without an attempt at ornament, except that the younger women generally display some point of

color, such as a red ribbon or brightly bordered kerchief. The children are miniature counterparts of their elders, with the exception that the skirts of the little girls are so long as to hide their feet.

I followed several of these families to their homes, distant from ten to fifty miles from the railroad, and was always made shyly welcome as a friend of Dr. Young, whose influence over them is unbounded. Having been told that they lived like pigs in mud hovels, I was prepared for some very unpleasant experiences during my stay with them, especially at night; but in every case I found the anticipation much worse than the reality. To be sure, all the houses that I visited, with one exception, were constructed of mud; but so is every brick building in the land, and these Russian dwellings were far from being hovels. All had board floors, and contained at least two rooms. While those of the more recent arrivals were built of sod, in every case where the proprietor had been two or more years in the country his house was a long, low, but neatly finished and very substantial structure of sun-dried brick, made of mud mixed with straw, and differing in no way that I could see from the adobes of Mexico. The framing was of unhewn cottonwood timbers hauled from the nearest river-bottom, and in many cases the interiors were ceiled with boards. The roofs were of closely laid poles or rough boards covered six inches deep with adobe, while every house had wide chimneys and glass



windows. Many of them, as picturesquely foreign in appearance as though transplanted bodily from Russian steppes, were neatly whitewashed both inside and out, while often both doors and window-casings were painted a bright blue.

As the sod houses of the new-comers are not storm-proof for more than two years, they are considered as only temporary makeshifts until time can be taken to mould adobe brick and erect more permanent dwellings. Thus the adobe house, which is often given a stone foundation, marks the abode of him who has been in the country three or four years, and but few Russians have dwelt in Dakota for a longer time. Most of them had, however, made previous and unprofitable attempts at farming in the north-west territories of Canada, to which they were attracted by specious promises and low rates of transportation.

The third stage of the Dakota settler's progress is marked by a shingled roof projecting with wide eaves over the low walls of his adobe house; while the fourth, which I saw reached by but one man, and he had been in this country seven years, is the frame-house stage. The old-timer who has gained this height of prosperity lives in Mercer County, which is almost wholly settled by Russians, and his neat dwelling, containing six rooms, all on the ground-floor, stands on a crest of the water-shed between the Missouri and Big Knife rivers, commanding a glorious view of twenty miles in every direction. This man owns six hundred and forty acres of land, all of which is upland prairie, such as American farmers, having in mind the rich valleys of the Red, James, and other wheat-region rivers, had deemed unfit for cultivation. Nor could it be profitably cultivated with their extravagant methods; but its Russian owner, in 1897, put one hundred and sixty acres into wheat that yielded him eighteen bushels to the acre, forty more into flax and potatoes, and enclosed the remainder with a wire fence as a pasture for his two hundred head of cattle. On the open range he herded a flock of sheep, and from the free prairie meadows he cut one hundred tons of hay, which he hauled home and stacked for winter use.

His stables and out-buildings, low but thick-walled and warm, form two sides of a square that opens to the south, while his dwelling and its adjacent granaries

form the third side. Besides owning several teams of fine horses, a herd of cattle, and a flock of sheep, he raises pigs, chickens, turkeys, and ducks; sends eggs and butter to market every week, is not in debt to any man, has \$1000 in bank, and is estimated to be worth \$10,000 more. Seven years ago, when he located where he still lives, he had less than \$500 with which to make his new start in life, and he was fifty miles from a railroad. But he had pluck, energy, and thrift, besides a family of sons and daughters who had been educated to hard work.

Now, though the old man still hauls his wheat fifty miles to the railroad, he can count twenty-three homesteads from his own house; and though most of his sons and daughters have left him, he is proud of the fact that they are raising families of bright young Americans who will honor his name and bless him for their heritage of freedom.

This first settler can speak but a few words of English, and his children use it with difficulty; but his grandchildren talk the language of their adopted country as fluently as they do the Russo-German of their parents. They attend schools where only English is taught, and in which the law of North Dakota compels them to gain a rudimentary education. They ride the unbroken cow-ponies of the range with the fearlessness of young Indians, and celebrate the Fourth of July as though to the manner born; but the acme of their Americanization was reached in a thirteen-year-old lad whom I met in the valley of the Knife River. Alone on the prairie, miles remote from a house, and with no sign of human presence in a wide range of vision, he was herding sheep on a bicycle. He was a cheerful little chap, and claimed that a wheel gave much less trouble than a pony, because it did not have to be watered, and never ran away. It was also very good to chase coyotes with when they came sneaking around his sheep, and he believed that if he could only induce one to stick to the road, he could run it down.

Yes, he was a Russian, that is, he was born in Russia, but he did not remember much about the place he came from, and was forgetting what he did remember as fast as he could.

The wildness of the region in which this solitary young wheelman was herding his sheep was shown in a few minutes

after I left him by a small bunch of antelope that dashed out from a "draw," and ran for nearly a mile parallel to the trail along which I was driving. Of course I had no gun, and they knew it.

That night I spent with a Russian family whose chief pride in life was their flower-garden, a tiny enclosure filled with poppies, marigolds, sweet-pease, mignonne, and pansies, which they tended

reluctantly departed, taking with them the only lamp in the house. Upon this I slipped out from those beastly feather beds, softly closed the door, and began hurriedly to undress.

Inside of a minute the door was flung wide open, revealing my host, followed by his wife and others. As he smilingly inquired after my comfort, and if there was anything I wanted, or at least I thought



THE THIRD STAGE OF THE RUSSIAN SETTLER'S FARM-HOUSE.

The adobe house, granaries, and stables forming three sides of a hollow square.

with assiduous care. It was the only out-of-door flower-garden that I saw among them, though in nearly every house a few potted plants brightened the windows.

These Russians had been accused of being filthy in their habits. I did not find them more so than are many native-born Americans of my acquaintance, though, to be sure, certain of their customs were not such as a fastidious person would approve; while others would at least strike him as peculiar. It was, for instance, somewhat embarrassing when I was ready to go to bed to have the entire family gather curiously about, with the evident intention of witnessing the performance. In vain did I try to out-sit them, but they declined to leave, and remained, laughing with each other in high enjoyment of the situation. I was dead tired, and finally, in despair, crawled fully dressed between the two feather beds prepared for my resting-place, where I quickly feigned to be asleep. Upon this the spectators

he did so, I replied that I only wanted to be left alone. With this they all cheerfully sat down, prepared to keep me company so long as I should remain awake, and I again retired to my feathers. This time I really fell asleep, and when I next awoke it was with a lively sense of suffocation. The house was hermetically sealed against the admission of air, the outer doors were locked, not the smallest chink pierced the two-foot-thick walls, and not a window could be opened, as I proved by strenuous effort. At length, in desperation, I picked up a stool and drove it through the window nearest my bed. The entire sash went out with a prodigious clatter, that brought the affrighted family to my room. As I could not satisfactorily explain my action, they evidently believed me to be crazy, and watched me apprehensively until daylight. Before leaving that oppressively hospitable house I was allowed to pay for the broken window, but my host refused any recompense for board or lodging.



Another custom brought from the old country was that of greeting new arrivals or speeding departing guests with kisses from the men and simple hand-shakes on the part of the women. Even a minister who visited one house in which I was staying heartily kissed all the men on both cheeks, and merely shook hands with the women. At home also the women and girls went barefooted, while the men and even the small boys wore boots.

It did not seem wholly nice to have to wash in the same tin basin and use the same towel with which the entire family had performed their ablutions; but I remembered the historic towel of the mining-camp hotel used by thousands of men without complaint, and held my peace. I did hate, however, to see the radishes

Bread, cheese, milk, and radishes formed the bill of fare for breakfast and supper in every Russian house that I visited; but for dinner there was an addition of greens and coffee, with an occasional frying of bacon. The bread, made of unbolted wheat flour and baked in mud ovens, was as light and sweet as any that I ever tasted, and when on one occasion I drew a long black hair from a slice that I was eating, my hostess remarked, nonchalantly:

"Ach! Dot mak nottings."

It is, however, unfortunate to have been educated to fastidiousness if you must live among Russians of the peasant class.

The prime causes of success among these foreign-born farmers with lands that Americans had declared only fit for grazing are thrift and frugality. They



THE BAD LANDS TO THE WEST OF THE RUSSIAN SETTLEMENT.

that were to be served for breakfast cleaned in the same useful basin; nor was it pleasant to have one of the children capture my tooth-brush and closely imitate my recent use of it.

My hostess skimmed the cream from a pan of milk with her hand; but as I had seen the same thing done by an Irish woman in Mexico, I could not credit the custom with being peculiarly Russian.

protect from the weather their expensive farm machinery, while the native-born nearly always leaves his in the fields where it has been used, from one season to another. The American wheat-farmer exhausts his rich lands by planting them to the same crop year after year, burning his straw, and restoring nothing to the soil that he has taken from it. The Russian varies his crops, or allows his land to





A WHEAT VILLAGE IN THE RED RIVER VALLEY.

Showing four grain-elevators and the general nature of the surrounding country.

lie fallow in alternate years, and ploughs in his straw.

It costs the American about thirty-five cents to raise a bushel of wheat and deliver it to an elevator within a mile of his field. The Russian can raise wheat on poorer soil, haul it fifty miles, and place it on board the cars for several cents per bushel less money. When the latter goes to town he carries provisions with him and sleeps in his wagon; the American puts up at a hotel. The Russian rarely eats fresh meat, but his more civilized neighbor must have it three times a day.

The American engages in stock-raising on a large scale, allows his cattle to pick up their own living on the open range the year round, and loses half of them during a hard winter. His competitor from overseas only raises such stock as he can feed and care for, with the result that even in the severest winters he saves it all. He is narrow-minded and conservative, and his methods are those of the Old World, where of necessity his sphere of operations was limited. The American, especially in the West, brought up with large ideas, scorns a small economy as he does a petty meanness. He despises the small but sure profits with which the foreigner is satisfied, and prefers to assume great risks with the hope of large returns.

A fusion of the two races should yield most desirable results; but at present they will not come together. The native-born regards the naturalized citizen with dislike and contempt; while the newcomer has to overcome both fear and mistrust of those whose ways are so different

from his own. Throughout the West the young American who marries a foreigner is considered to have lost caste and disgraced his family; while the foreign-born are said to be equally prejudiced against such inter-racial alliances. These antagonistic feelings cannot be eradicated in minds that have held them for a lifetime, but it is probable that in another generation they will largely if not wholly disappear.

The birth-rate among Russo-Americans shows a phenomenal increase over that of the old country, and the substantial "mud houses" of the Dakota prairies swarm with children. I was disappointed at not seeing these future citizens in school, but at the time of my visit no school was in session. I did, however, see several district school-houses in communities wholly Russian, and found plans in progress for the building and support of others. On every hand were evidences that North Dakota, with her fifty per cent. of foreign-born citizens, is fully alive to the value of education, and is providing it to the full extent of her resources. The little wooden school-houses dotting her wind-swept prairies, the substantial brick academies to be seen in every town, the well-equipped agricultural college at Fargo, and the promising State university at Grand Forks—all prove her earnestness of effort and her realizing sense that nothing else will so readily amalgamate the diverse elements of her population.

The land of which the Russian immigrants have taken possession presents a limitless succession of long easy slopes,



softly rounded uplands, and broad valleys holding occasional streams or glinting chains of water-pools at which the range cattle quench their thirst. Contrary to the generally preconceived ideas of the great Western plains, there is nothing flat nor monotonous about the country; while its very bareness of trees adds a charm to the superb sweep of landscape over which the eye may roam. In hazy distances conical buttes are uplifted, or sharply outlined cliffs mark the erratic course of the turbid Missouri. Nearer at hand the monotone of neutral-tinted prairie grasses is occasionally relieved by serpentine lines of dark green, indicating the timber fringe of water-courses.

Both heat and cold can be borne with comparative ease in the atmosphere of this region; for it is as invigorating as a tonic, and so dry that the word humidity is unknown to the vocabulary of those

privileged to breathe it. Potable water exists everywhere within twenty feet of the surface, and the whole country is so uniformly underlaid with beds of lignite that every farmer may if he chooses open a coal-mine on his own property.

The wonderfully picturesque Bad Lands bounding the Russian holdings on the west were formed by the burning out of enormous coal-measures, and the consequent falling in of the superimposed crust. This chaotic rearrangement of the landscape has left a vast region of pinnaled butte and frowning mesa, precipice and cliff, stately architecture, exquisite sculpture, and savagely distorted forms—all burned to vivid colors by the fierce heat that created them, and chiselled into shape by the cunning hands of wind, rain, or frost. Nestled among these are valleys and gorges covered with rich grasses or pungent sage, in which animal

life from the adjacent plains finds shelter from winter blizzards and deadly snow drifts. Thus the Bad Lands form a notable game-preserve and a desirable cattle-range. Here are located the world-famous ranches of the late Marquis de Mores and of the Hon. Theodore Roosevelt, the hospitable Custer Trail Ranch, owned by the Eaton Brothers of Pittsburg, and many others equally interesting though not so well known. Here an



AMERICAN CHILDREN OF ICELANDIC PARENTAGE AT THE GARDAR DISTRICT SCHOOL.



THE SOD HOUSE OF AN ICELANDIC NEW-COMER.

occasional Russian, quick to recognize natural advantages in his line of business, has appeared with a flock or herd. The cowboys of the Bad Lands hate the Russians, dread their encroachments, and would fain exclude them from this favorite range; while the latter, stolid but tenacious, are equally determined to share it. This state of affairs cannot fail to create a fierce competition in ways, means, and methods that in the end must result favorably to all concerned.

Having spent ten days among the Russians of North Dakota, and learned to entertain a decided respect for this most recently arrived class of our immigrant farmers, I set forth in search of another colony from overseas, who, coming from the most poverty-stricken of all European countries, could now show the results of a twenty-year residence in the New World. It is a community of Icelanders, driven from their beloved island home by the rigors of its climate and unproductiveness of its soil, and now settled along the line of the Great Northern Railway in Pembina, the northeastern county of North Dakota. Here, in the land formerly governed by Joe Rolette, and occupied by the half-breed descendants of French voyageurs, Scotch engages of the Hudson Bay Company, and American fur-traders, fam-

ilies of Icelanders now form a large proportion of the population. Although I had at the outset no idea of where to find these people, a study of the map was sufficient to locate them; for who but Icelanders would name their post-offices Walhalla, Gardar, Akra, Hallson, Eyford, Maida, and Hensel?

My way to these led first to the extreme eastern border of the State, and then down the broad Red River Valley, the most glorious wheat-garden of the world, due north to the Canadian border. A railway ride of two hundred miles over this country, which is as level as a floor, through an almost unbroken wheat-field of thirty bushels to the acre, and extending to the horizon on either side, is at once an object-lesson and a delight. At that season the wonderful valley was a sea of undulating green, dimly bordered on the west, near its northern confines, by the distant blue of the Pembina Mountains, bisected by the dark timber belt of its river, and dotted at short intervals with tiny islandlike hamlets clustering about groups of tall grain-elevators, or the protecting groves planted around substantial farm-houses. Against the intense blue of the sky smoke clouds from other and far-away trains suggested passing steamers, while at night the electric





THE FIRST HOUSE OF AN ICELANDIC SETTLER.

lights of the larger towns simulated the warning beacons of a coast.

Forty years ago this vast wheat-field was a buffalo-pasture, through which wound the dusty trail traversed by long trains of creaking two-wheeled Red River carts, each drawn by a single ox, and laden with robes or furs from Pembina for the St. Paul market. Now all is changed—the whole face of the land, the people, their industry, and their methods of transportation. The home-made carts creeping at a snail's pace gave way to river boats, and those in turn to the railroad. The rich freights of furs have been supplanted by a still richer freighting of wheat, while the light-hearted but improvident half-breed with his French-Indian patois has disappeared before the sturdy advance of an English-speaking race of husbandmen; and who shall say that the change is not for the better?

Not all the farmers of the Red River Valley were English-speaking when they first settled its fertile acres. Men of diverse nationalities were attracted by the fabulous richness of its soil, until its tongues were as those of Babel; but in due time the language taught in its public schools prevailed over all others.

Most interesting of the many comers from overseas who have here found new homes are the Northmen from Iceland,

who, like their Russian followers, first settled in Canada, on the low lands surrounding Lake Winnipeg. There drowned out by floods, they were compelled to a second migration, this time to the United States, where they located in Pembina. Warned by their recent experience, they sought lands from which no flood could drive them, and finally selected a plateau known as the "Sand Ridge," which, though well-timbered, contains the poorest soil in that entire region. Fortunately the Sand Ridge is of such small area that later comers were forced to take the much richer and treeless lands on either side.

In this locality the Icelandic colony has grown and thriven, until to-day, twenty years from the date of its foundation, it is a thoroughly Americanized community, numbering several thousand intelligent and prosperous people. It is well represented in the State Legislature, and has furnished to Pembina County many of its leading ministers, lawyers, and doctors—all of whom were born in Iceland, and only came to America when in their teens. In spite of their foreign origin, these men retain no trace of it in speech or thought, save in a broader liberality than is common to native-born Americans, and an intimate acquaintance with the Northland classics, of which most Americans are profoundly ignorant.

In the Gardar district school I found fifty bright youngsters of Icelandic parentage gathered beneath the same flag that floats above the school-houses of New England, and studying the very text-books used by the descendants of the Puritans. At recess the boys played baseball preparatory to a match game with a neighboring school, and were as keenly alive to its niceties as though they belonged to some Eastern interscholastic league. They were intensely interested in the photograph that I took of them, and were vastly proud of the fact that it was intended for publication in a great magazine.

These young Icelanders were as well-behaved a lot of children as I ever met, trained to politeness and a respect for their elders, eager to understand without being inquisitive, and, above all, courteous to each other. All of them can speak Icelandic as fluently as English, and every one can read in the vernacular the grand sagas of the far northern isle that their fathers still hold in fond remembrance.

Like all other poverty-stricken immigrants in this country, the Icelanders made their start in rude little houses of logs or sod, and holding but one or two rooms. After a lapse of twenty years these have so completely disappeared that it was difficult to discover one of them in all the county. With the advent of prosperity their places have been taken by roomy and well-built frame structures, neatly painted, and flanked by great barns. Although there is little to distinguish the dwellers in these comfortable houses from any other Americans of their class, a few old-country customs still remain with them, such as the caring for birds, and the piling of their firewood in conical stacks that may not be buried by drifting snows. In one house I found a very quaint, very clumsy, and very ancient cradle, in which many generations of Iceland babies had been rocked; while in another sat a bright-eyed old woman spinning wool with a wheel of most primitive pattern. In their churches all illuminated texts, as well as the service-books, are printed in Icelandic; but the minis-



AFTER TWENTY YEARS.

The present dwelling of the Icelandic settler whose first house is shown on the opposite page.



ter of the Gardar church, who, though born in Iceland, had been educated in an Ohio college, was one of the best read and most interesting men whom I met in North Dakota.

That these Icelanders, who but a score of years ago were poverty-stricken foreigners, ignorant of the customs, language, and institutions of this country, are to-day so thoroughly Americanized that it is difficult to detect a trace of their foreign birth, is cheering evidence of the possibilities latent in all immigrants from overseas. They have accomplished nothing that the despised Russians do not bid fair to equal, and even to excel, in an equal length of time, since facilities for learning and succeeding are many times greater in the North Dakota of to-day than they were twenty years ago.

Across the Red River in Minnesota, with its 2,000,000 of population, of whom one-fourth are Scandinavians, 134,000 are Germans, 11,000 are Bohemians, 9000 are Poles, 8000 are Finns, 6500 are Russians, and 108,000 are foreigners of other nationalities, the process of amalgamation was found to be fully as rapid as in North Dakota, and in most cases even far-

ther advanced towards a thorough Americanization. Of course the Germans and Scandinavians have so thoroughly identified themselves with this country that they can no longer be considered as foreigners, while the 50,000 natives of the British Isles settled in Minnesota have hardly been regarded as foreigners from

the outset. Eliminating these, leaves for consideration only Finns, Poles, Bohemians, and Russians.

Flying visits to communities of each of these located along the lines of the Northern Pacific and Great Northern railways disclosed them to have attained a degree of Americanization intermediate between those of the Russians and the Icelanders of North Dakota. In every case I found them to be frugal, thrifty, and industrious, largely guided in their temporal as well as in their spiritual affairs by their ministers or priests. Wherever I met these men they appeared to be conscientious, liberal-minded, and well educated. The Minnesota school laws compel the education in English of every youth in the State, and in every foreign-born community that I visited it was quickly evident that the children are being thus taught. They always spoke fluent English, generally without an accent, and above every school-house floated the American flag that they are thus taught to love and respect above all other national emblems.

As the result of a month's experience among the overseas Americans of two

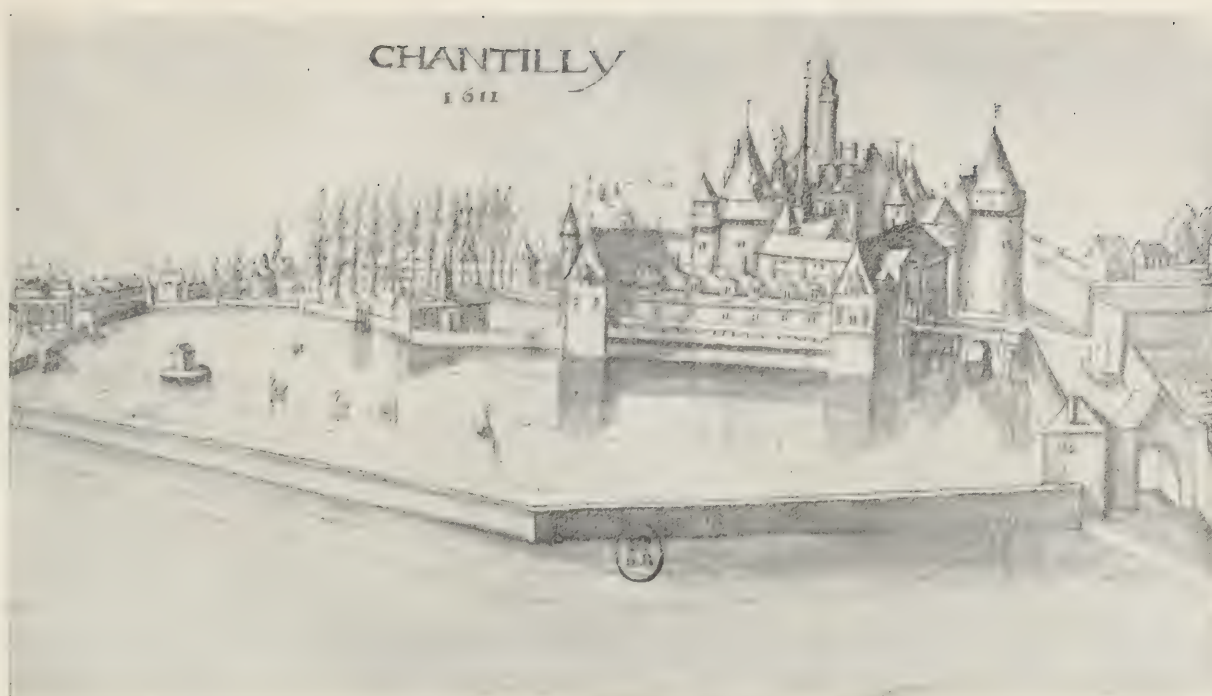
great agricultural States, I am convinced that there is nothing to be feared but everything to be hoped from such immigrants, no matter what their previous condition, as are willing to till the soil and people the wide vacant spaces of our vast territory. So long as the existing school laws are enforced, their children, even in the first generation, will become as truly Americanized as are the descendants of those earlier immigrants who settled the Atlantic coast. Whatever dangers exist in unrestricted or in partially

restricted immigration must then be sought, not on our Western prairies, but in our cities, where the very atmosphere of the congested tenements is moral poison; and here, too, the most effective preventive of anarchy and crime lies in an enforced *primary* education of the children.



RESIDENCE OF THE ICELANDIC PASTOR OF THE GARDAR CHURCH.

ther advanced towards a thorough Americanization. Of course the Germans and Scandinavians have so thoroughly identified themselves with this country that they can no longer be considered as foreigners, while the 50,000 natives of the British Isles settled in Minnesota have hardly been regarded as foreigners from



## THE DUC D'AUMALE AND THE CONDÉ MUSEUM.\*

BY HENRI BOUCHOT.

### I.

THE Condé Museum is the name given by the Duc d'Aumale to the priceless artistic and historical collections at the Château of Chantilly. In selecting this title the Prince's object was to associate his own name, always popular in France, with the glorious souvenir of the Condés, to whom Chantilly owes the greater part of its renown. All the relics which formerly belonged to the château, and which had been dispersed at the time of the Revolution, were therefore sure to find a welcome place inside its walls whenever they happened to be recovered from the remnants of private collections. But in the formation of the Condé Museum the Duc d'Aumale never lost sight of the real founder of this patrimonial estate, Anne de Montmorency, High Constable of France, whose singularly judicious tastes had transformed the modest castle into the splendid palace that eventually became the abode of kings.

\* A very interesting article on Chantilly, by the late Theodore Child, was published in *Harper's Magazine* for November, 1887. I have sought in the present paper, now that the Duc d'Aumale has passed away, to complete, as it were, the subject, by speaking more particularly of the additions made to the Condé Museum since 1887, and about its princely benefactor.

With the double intention of recalling in a modern edifice the souvenir of the great ancestor and the illustrious heirs, the Duc d'Aumale sought to restore two different styles: the Renaissance of Montmorency, and the more classic splendors of the Grand Condé. M. Daumet, the architect, was enabled to obtain the desired result by constantly following both tendencies. What the feudal residence of Anne de Montmorency really was, with its portcullis, its projecting parapets, its rough-walling and moats, we have only recently known from a print that I found among the engravings at the National Library. This print, however artless in execution, shows us Chantilly as it was in 1611, before the changes made by "Monsieur le Prince." In the picture may be seen on a lantern tower in one of the inner courts a hitherto unknown statue, clad in armor and wearing a helmet, which had been placed there by the High Constable. The Duc d'Aumale was greatly interested in this engraving, and had it been discovered earlier, perhaps the modern plans of restoring the château would have been changed; but it was too late.

We know almost everything concerning Chantilly as it was in the days of the



Prince de Condé by means of the numerous engravings, architectural plans, and prints representing the fêtes given there during the reign of Louis XIV. and throughout the whole of the eighteenth century. The only engraving missing is the one showing the Tsar Peter the Great during his visit to the château, the arrangements of which he much admired. Everything about the grounds to-day is nearly in the same condition as it was then, except that the work of restoration has somewhat changed the aspects. In a corner of the park may still be seen Sylvia's Pavilion, the hermitage where the poet Théophile de Viau received, under painful circumstances, hospitality from one of the Princesses of Condé. Quite recently the Duc d'Aumale had this little pavilion repaired, and requested M. Luc Olivier Merson to decorate the walls; but the prince had scarcely time before his sudden death to admire these beautiful compositions, which have only just been put in place. Merson's work is in every way what the Duc d'Aumale wished it should be—a modern work grafted on an old structure—as though the prince was anxious that neither his name nor his epoch should be forgotten later on, when the remembrance of them shall have grown dim, and historians shall write about him in their documental chronicles.

The magnificent generosity of the Duc d'Aumale in giving Chantilly and its treasures to the French Institute, far from restraining his activity and diverting his energy to other channels, served, on the contrary, to strengthen his idea of increasing and centralizing all these priceless objects. Always a soldier at heart and never losing his interest in military subjects, the prince suddenly revealed himself to the world as a scholar and an amateur of the highest order. Exceptionally endowed as he was mentally, he soon got over the first stages as a princely collector, and gained the higher summits of scientific criticism. What he desired to get he invariably obtained, though not for the vainglory of possessing what others did not have; he studied each object, interpreted its meaning, and drew from it unexpected philosophical conclusions. One of the features of his original and ready-witted mind was to seek the highest thoughts of an artist by the side lights that the work revealed; and to a circle of intimate friends seated round his

library table at Chantilly he used frequently to elucidate his deductions in choice and harmonious language, while he kept his interlocutors under the charm of his lovely light blue Capetian eye. When he strolled with his visitors through the picture-gallery he recounted in detail the history of each canvas; he explained, for instance, that Molière's eyes, in the portrait by Mignard, were swollen by the action of the foot-lights; that Napoleon, in the painting by Gérard, dreams of empire; that the Cardinal de Bourbon is a dissembler; and that the Bastard of Burgundy seemed to be "ill at ease in civil garb."

The Duc d'Aumale had an advantage over most persons who form collections: he never took anything that did not suit his purpose, and was therefore free from the anxieties of those amateurs who are constantly thinking of a posthumous sale. He knew that every object which found its way to Chantilly would remain there, and this assurance of stability enchanted him. All the great collectors of the present day are more or less tormented by the idea of "la belle vente." They remember the sales of San Donato, Hamilton, Destailleur, Spitzer, and Pichon, to mention only the most celebrated ones, while the prince until the close of his life had no other end in view than to glean the most valuable objects from public and private sales. He worked for the Institute, and this meant working for France. After the donation had been regularly accepted, his only desire was to increase the collections. Ever on the lookout, he watched, negotiated, and never let go any object that was worth having. At the same time, while enriching from year to year this splendid accumulation, he knew admirably how to combine his own interests with noble deeds of charity; he paid royally to persons in reduced circumstances for artistic relics that creditors had often considered beneath their notice, and always added the kind words of a well-born and refined gentleman. But everything thus bought was always an object of value.

## II.

The Duc d'Aumale's munificence was bestowed in two directions. One part of his fortune was reserved for the purchase of rare retrospective objects and masterpieces such as the best-endowed public





MLLE. DE CLERMONT READING POETRY NEAR SYLVIA'S PAVILION.

From one of the recent mural paintings in Sylvia's Pavilion by Luc Olivier Merson.

museums are often unable to acquire. In this direction he was extremely eclectic, his tastes extending from Grecian antiquity to pictures by Meissonier, and including in its broad range the Italian Renaissance, the French Renaissance, the art of the First Empire, and that of the middle of the present century. He had perhaps a preference for the paintings of what is called the 1830 period—the art that prevailed during his youth—and defended them against the criticisms of amateurs of more recent works. Gros, Gérard, and Ingres are especially well represented in the galleries at Chantilly, with Raffet, the genial artist of the African campaigns, and the recognized chronicler of an epic poem in which the prince had long played the leading part. The rest of the Duke's fortune was devoted to the works of living artists, to those of his illustrious colleagues of the Academy

of Fine Arts; to Daumet, his architect, a skilful and conscientious artist; to Baudry, who painted for the mantel-piece of the Galerie des Cerfs a strange Saint Hubert, representing the Duc de Chartres as the holy man, and the Duc d'Orléans as a groom of the hounds. Luc Olivier Merson, as we have seen, was selected to decorate Sylvia's Pavilion; Diogène Maillard was intrusted with the ceiling of the grand staircase; Paul Dubois made the statue of the High Constable, which is placed on the terrace, and recalls the ancient statue that was destroyed. For all these works the Duc d'Aumale retained the supreme direction; he had his own will and knew what he wanted. If the Constable is without a helmet in Dubois's statue, it is because a drawing at the National Library shows him in full armor and wearing a *toque*. In like manner every part of the architecture restored by



M. Daumet was submitted to the prince for his criticism; he studied all the plans and details, even to the minutest ornaments of the paving or the gates. All this was done at a time when, as Military Governor of Besançon, he was several hundreds of miles away from Chantilly.

During the last ten years of the Duc d'Aumale's life—that is to say, after the donation to the Institute and his return from exile—he made constant additions to the collections, the usufruct of which he had reserved for himself, and rendered them doubly important and magnificent. His anxiety about the restoration of the château having ceased, he turned his whole energy towards the enrichment of the interior. He accumulated books, manuscripts, paintings, and works of art; and although his tastes were eclectic, his ruling idea was to secure the most valuable objects, especially those that related in any way to Chantilly, to the High Constable, or to the Condés. He sought for portraits and relics that would not be out of place by the side of the flags of Rocroy and the paintings that had come down from “Monsieur le Prince.” Careful about having in his collections anything of doubtful origin, he required documentary proof concerning every object purchased. If he bought of Thibaudau, in 1885, the “Three Graces” by Raphael, and paid \$125,000 for the masterpiece, it was because he knew its history. Since then he had had all the æsthetic joy of one in possession. He studied this incomparable work, commented upon it, and discovered in it new and special allegories. He used to remain for hours in front of the painting, tracing out and explaining the poetic allusions implied by the figures as bearing on the three ages of woman. He had placed it in a small room leading to the Galerie de Psyché and reserved for the marvels of his collection. In the *Sanctuarium*, as this room was called, he also placed the sketches by Leonardo, the Virgin of Raphael known as the “Vierge d'Orléans,” the miniatures by Jean Fouquet, and the “Esther” of Filippo Lippi.

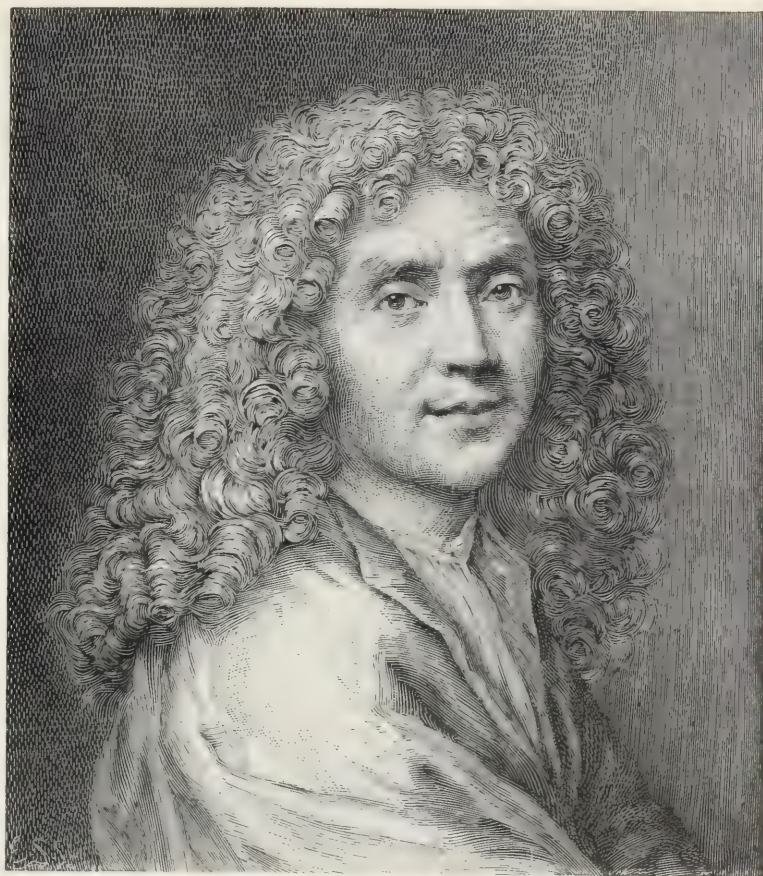
Stimulated by his philosophical and historical studies, and by way of relaxation in the interval of writing two books on the Condés, the prince opened his library, or examined one after another the objects in his museum. Invaluable things were then brought to light, which had

formerly been purchased in a lump from the Duke of Sutherland, and had originally belonged to Lenoir, who saved so many monuments of all kinds from destruction, or collected the fragments that had been ruthlessly scattered during the worst days of the Revolution. Without any great critical faculty, but having a fairly refined taste, Lenoir had collected a thousand artistic odds and ends: crayon drawings of the sixteenth century, portraits of the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries, paintings of the highest order and even worthless daubs. Among the lot was a piece of a broken bell, which, he claimed, was the one rung for the massacre of the Protestants on Saint Bartholomew's day. The Duc d'Aumale came into possession of all this litter, wherein several of the lords and ladies of the court of the Valois attracted his attention. Carefully sifting the good from the bad, and giving each work its rightful place, he suddenly found himself the owner of some of the most interesting relics in existence. Among the number was the “Bastard of Burgundy,” painted in the fifteenth century, and which had belonged to the Gaignières collection; this painting alone would have purchased all the rest. Then there was a Molière by Mignard, a real Molière, in his dressing-gown, a work in every way like the engraving by Nolin, the accuracy and the resemblance of which are guaranteed by the great dramatist's contemporaries. There were many other curious things. For example, several small female portraits of the time of Brantôme, prettily drawn and skilfully painted, which Lenoir had attributed without much reason to Clouet. I was able to re-establish their origin; they are unquestionably the work of Corneille of Lyons, about whom a great deal has been said, without, however, a genuine portrait by him ever having been shown. These discoveries delighted the Duke, who was overjoyed at having been induced to risk a high price for Lenoir's collection at a time when no one would have dared to give the sum asked by the Duke of Sutherland.

The Duc d'Aumale was also to receive from England another lot of portraits, the importance of which no one better than he was able to appreciate. It was in 1888, after his return to France, that Lord Carlisle offered to sell him the three hundred portraits in colored crayon pre-



served at Castle Howard, and which have been reproduced in auto-lithographs by Lord Ronald Gower. The prince hesitated, although the proposal was tempting, because the lithographic reproductions were not sufficiently distinct to give an idea of the artistic value of the collection. An expert was sent to England to examine the portraits, and as he returned full of enthusiasm about their worth, the three hundred drawings were brought to Chantilly within a fortnight. The price paid was seventy thousand dollars, which seems a very large sum, but is not out of proportion to the importance of the collection. At this one stroke Chantilly had recovered the immediate contemporaries of the Constable—the kings, queens, princes—in fact, nearly all the lords and ladies who had visited the château in the days of its early splendor, and some who were related by ties of blood to its recent owner. All these portraits were drawn from life, in honor of some illustrious personage—I know not whom; perhaps in honor of Monseigneur Anne of Montmorency himself. As works of art nothing can excel these light and graceful drawings, neither those at the Louvre nor those at the National Library; they recall those lifelike sketches of Holbein at Windsor, wherein the faithful subjects of Henry VIII. seem to live again. Who made these drawings? Clouet, say those persons best qualified to express an opinion on the subject, but Clouet the father and Clouet the son, at least, without counting many unknown artists, for the personages represented were sketched between 1530 and 1570, from François I. to Charles IX. At all events, the artists were superior workers, especially the older one, who reminds us of Holbein by the freedom and boldness of his touch,



MOLIÈRE.

Engraved from a photograph of Nolin's engraving (1685) of Mignard's portrait.

which is at once so personal and psychological that a stroke of his crayon reveals the very thought of his model, and lays bare, as it were, the entire soul.

In writing the history of these memorable personages, and comparing the drawings one with another, the Duc d'Aumale became convinced that several of them had been utilized for the precious miniatures of a manuscript at the National Library, the second volume of which happened to be in his possession. This discovery gave him great uneasiness, the more so as the volume included a portrait of Anne of Montmorency when a young man, in the days of the battle of Pavia, which he had never seen before. The crayon drawings brought from Castle Howard were made from life, and had evidently been used as documents for subsequent work. This fact was of great importance, as it threw light on the ways of the old painters, and showed their conscientiousness. But there was something better still in the volume; upon each of the effigies was a note written by the artist about the person represented, enumerating his titles and honors, and





ANNE DE MONTMORENCY, HIGH CONSTABLE OF FRANCE.

The original of this engraving, a crayon portrait from the collection of Lord Carlisle, preserved at Castle Howard, served as the original of the statue by Paul Dubois on the terrace of Chantilly.

often pointing out defects to be remedied in the likeness. Rectifications of this kind are valuable when the models are Diane de Poitiers, Marguerite de Valois, the Duchesse d'Étampes, all the "belles et honnestes dames" of Brantôme, so decried by him, and so vaunted and celebrated as none others ever have been. But how relative a thing is beauty, and what a matter of convention! Imagine the amazement of the prince and those whom he invited to visit these celebrated personages! Diane de Poitiers was of heavy build, Marguerite de Valois decidedly ugly, the Duchesse d'Étampes vulgar and pimpled; while all of them were stout, more like men than women, and some of them with a skulking, crafty look, com-

pressed mouth, and pinched nose. In the lot was an ordinary portrait that did not belong to the original series; Colnaghi sold it to Lord Carlisle, who put it in with the others. It is a portrait of Mary Stuart at the age of nine, and was painted by order of Catherine de Médicis in 1552. The Queen's letter has been preserved, and this portrait happens to be the one ordered by her. There can be no question about this, as the portrait and letter both bear the same date. It might be a long while before such another portrait of the little Queen of the Scots at that age is found; in fact, I believe it to be unique.

The Duc d'Aumale's library contained the finest editions of the poets and the historians of the court of the Valois. As



he was a great reader, and retained everything he read, he could not fail to enjoy as a dilettante these unexpected effigies. The "Étrennes" of the poet Marot and the fanciful flights of Pantagruel had, in his eyes, the attraction of works full of living actors, so well did he know the history of the personages, and how to unravel their roguish allusions and innuendoes. The prince requested me to prepare a methodical and anecdotal catalogue of these portraits, and I am deeply indebted to him for the pleasure derived from this fellowship. After such a task a writer may be said to have lived among those personages, to know what they think, to be able to weigh their actions. They were neither better nor worse than ourselves.

Two years after this triumphal entry of the Valois into Chantilly the prince was solicited to make another important purchase. It was a question this time of a series of splendid miniatures of the French school that had been in the possession of a Frankfort family for three-quarters of a century. Some poor reproductions in chromo-lithography had been formerly published by Curmer. The history of these marvels is somewhat hazy. The Book of Prayers to which they belonged had been ordered from Jean Fouquet, a Touraine artist, by Étienne Chevalier, a friend who owed a great deal to Agnès Sorel, treasurer of King Charles VII., and a contemporary of Joan of Arc. In the seventeenth century the book, mutilated and incomplete, became the property of Gaignières, an art-collector; afterwards, passing from hand to hand, it was perhaps thrown into the trunk of some *émigré* in the time of the Revolution, and thus turned up in Germany in the family of a Mr. Brentano. Several of its pages were scattered; one of them, "King David," was found at the British Museum; two, "Saint Margaret" and "Saint Martin," at the Louvre; and one, the "Holy Marys," at the National Library in Paris. Mr. Brentano possessed the forty other pages, pasted on card-board and framed; they were all in a surprisingly fresh condition. In 1890 these miniatures belonged to the heir of the first owner, Mr. Louis Brentano, a lawyer at Frankfort, who hung them on the wall of his billiard-room, where they were screened

from the sun by a curtain. Fronting them was a painting by Fouquet that Mr. Brentano had bought himself. After rejecting many offers, as he was unwilling to part with this "family property," he finally allowed himself to be tempted by the name of the Duc d'Aumale, mentioned by intermediaries, who counted upon a large commission. The prince did not hesitate, in spite of the high price named; he owed to the Institute and to France the return of these beautiful wanderers. He undertook the journey to



MARIE STUART AT THE AGE OF NINE.  
From a crayon portrait ordered by Catherine de Médicis.\*

Frankfort, and came back the owner of the miniatures. This purchase was one of his greatest joys, perhaps the greatest, for France and Frenchmen were specially

\* The inscription on the portrait above the left shoulder reads:

"Marie royne descoise en leage de neuf ans et six mois.

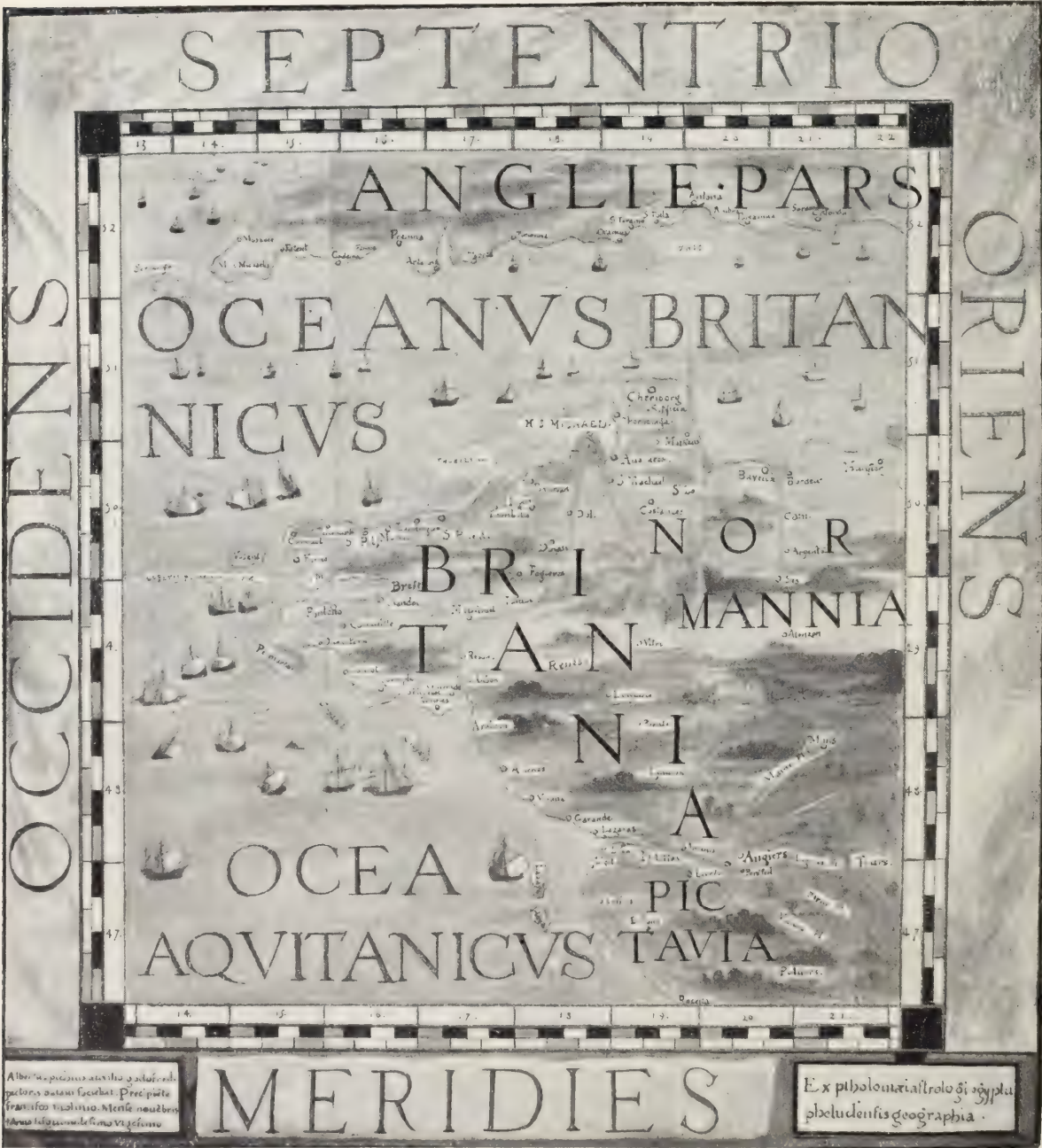
"Lan 1552 Av mois de Juillet."



concerned in these inimitable works, hitherto little known, notwithstanding Curmer's publication. The painting that Mr. Louis Brentano had bought and placed on the wall with the miniatures was a portrait of Étienne Chevalier; it also has a history. This painting formerly belonged to the church at Melun, where Chevalier was buried, and the diptych of which it was one of the shutters having been broken at the time of the Revolution, was separated in two. The portrait was afterwards found at Munich, but how it got there nobody seems to know; the other shutter, which represents Agnès

Sorel as the Virgin Mary, is in the Antwerp Museum. For a long time the Duc d'Aumale hoped to secure for Chantilly this incomparable portrait of Chevalier, but Mr. Louis Brentano's appetite having been whetted by the sale of the Fouquet miniatures, he raised the price to such a figure that negotiations fell through. The panel was recently purchased at a lower price for Berlin.

In their new frames, and placed in the *Sanctuarium* near the "Three Graces" and the "Vierge d'Orléans," Jean Fouquet's miniatures sustain a favorable comparison with these masterpieces. There



A SIXTEENTH-CENTURY MAP OF BRITTANY AND NORMANDY.  
In Cæsar's Commentaries on the Gallic War, illustrated by the Dutch painter Godeffroy.





# THE GRAND CONDÉ.

Painted in Holland by Teniers, and engraved by Lisebetten.

are forty in all, a fated number in a French academician's house, and each one is more wonderful, more striking, than the other. Historically speaking—and this was the most interesting point for the prince—all these small pictures painted in gouache on parchment, under pretext of recounting the lives of saints, reveal in reality the chronicles, manners, and life of the entire fifteenth century in France. Here and there are to be seen Paris streets, landscapes in Touraine, burghers, and the performance of a "Mystery," which gives a good idea of our mediæval theatre. The prince made a continual study of these miniatures, and found a thousand curious things in each

one of them. He could not have imagined a more splendid fête in honor of a crowned head than the one that he gave when the miniatures were brought to Chantilly. The masters of the contemporary school of French art were invited to inspect these marvels, which were exhibited in the print-room of the château before being placed in the *Sanctuarium*.

Thus year after year the Duc d'Aumale continued to enrich the collections of the illustrious body of which he felt proud to belong. The thought of Chantilly, the idea of the Constable and the Condés, always guided him, as in 1890, when he obtained from the Marquis de Biancourt, one of the luckiest of collectors, that





MACAULT READING HIS TRANSLATION OF DIODORUS OF SICILY TO FRANÇOIS I.

strange portrait of the Grand Condé, painted in Flanders by Teniers at a time when the hero, having taken things amiss, went over to Spain. This portrait, with its sad, emaciated head that appears ill at ease with the crown of laurel placed over it by the artist, furnished another occa-

sion to the prince for study and philosophizing. Condé in 1653 was thirty-one years of age, and had reached one of those turning-points in life where the slightest false step leads to the wrong path. No one better than the Duc d'Aumale, his historian, was able to interpret the hesi-



tations of that character; he did this with an infinite charm of conversation and in subtle remarks that carried full conviction. He said "Monsieur le Prince" as though, reverting back two hundred years, he expected to see the Grand Condé appear; and he always used this title in connection with his ancestor when he accompanied his visitors through the gallery where the battle scenes of the hero are painted.

In the *Sanctuarium*, which was reserved for the matchless masterpieces of his collection, the Duc d'Aumale placed, on May, 1892, what he called his last "extravaganza." This time the object was commonplace, without any connection with the château or its former masters—the "History of Esther," by Filippino Lippi. This work, a mere museum piece, but certainly of a high order, remained until 1840 in Italy, at the Palazzo Torregiani, where it formed part of a *cassone* since broken up and arranged into pictures. Léclanché secured in 1877 the principal panel, a fragment full of grace, and painted in the exquisite style of the Florentine school. In this "History of Esther" Lippi still remains the ethereal and refined Botticellist, a Florentine of the best time, wholly given up to simple and candid dreams, concentrating the entire interest of his poem in tender and gentle figures. Placed opposite Jean Fouquet's miniatures, Lippi's work is not at all unworthy of this proximity, which is saying a great deal, and all that can be said, for both artists strive after "prettiness" and distinction.

### III.

The library occupies a considerable place in the Condé Museum. M. Daumet has fitted it up after the English manner, in a large hall adjoining the Condé galleries. A terra-cotta bust of the Grand Condé is on the chimney-piece, and in the bay of a window hangs the Prince's hunting-horn, a Raoux, with its brass battered by many a forest ride. Near by are his table, his morocco-leather chair, his tobacco, and his soldier's pipe. From top to bottom of the walls are adjusted the shelves and cases wherein are ranged in perfect order the 1450 precious manuscripts, and the 7000 or 8000 printed volumes of the greatest rarity. The whole, or nearly all, was brought back from England, whither it had been transferred, and where it remained until 1888.

A profound silence reigns in this corner set apart for study, and when the Duke raised his voice to tell a story it was as though some one were speaking aloud in a church. At the other end of the library, to the left of the chimney-piece, is a small retiring-room, furnished with a camp-bed, while on the walls are the prince's portrait by Bonnat, and some amusing drawings by the Duc de Montpensier, including a portrait of Louis Philippe in a pigtail wig. The library was the Duc d'Aumale's favorite spot. He went there early in the morning, dressed in one of those costumes of an English nobleman such as Benjamin-Constant painted in the portrait shown at the recent Salon. His latest acquisitions were brought to him there, and he noted the particular features of each object, and expatiated on whatever curious points it suggested. Whether it was a question of the Psalter of Ingeburge, wife of King Philippe-Auguste, the Breviary of Jeanne of Evreux, the *Mystery of Saint Adrien*, or the *Heures de la Vierge*, bearing the arms of the Duc de Guise, and bought at the Hamilton sale for four hundred and ninety-five pounds sterling, he compared and set forth his views. A *Diodorus of Sicily*, translated by Macaulay in the sixteenth century, cost the prince five thousand dollars, and it was the miniature facing the title-page that induced him to buy the work. Only think of it! an artist of the court of the Valois shows in his frontispiece King François I. under a canopy surrounded by his three sons, who listen to the reading of Macaulay, the translator. Here and there may be seen seigniors of the court, whose names must be known, and whose features are so readily recognizable. Antoine, Cardinal du Prat, Admiral de Brion, King Henry of Navarre, husband of the Marguerite of Marguerites. To identify each personage the Duc d'Aumale had only to consult his crayon portraits bought from Lord Carlisle, which were the best possible elements of proof in case of discussion. And, in fact, he spent whole days over them, getting from them no end of enjoyment, as he often did from his rich bindings and unique letterpress typography. In bindings the library contains specimens of all the great amateurs: Grolier, Diane de Poitiers, François I., Henri II., Canevari—most of them purchased within the last few years from the Hamilton, Seil-



lière, Destailleur, and Lignerolles sales. From Morgand, his bookseller, he bought at one stroke fourteen thousand dollars' worth of bindings to be found nowhere else. He received from the same source a Book of Hours, written by Jarry (the one who calligraphed the *Guirlande de Julie*) for the Abbess of Chelles; a *Regimento de los Principes*, bound by Grolier; the *Lunettes des Princes*, bearing the arms of the Emperor Charles-Quint; a *Ronsard* that once belonged to Marguerite de Valois, daughter of Henri II., our Queen Margot. One of the last fancies of the prince was to buy at the De Bordes sale, in February, 1897, a copy of the *Manège Royal*, by Pluvinel.

It may truly be said of the Duc d'Aumale that he was a singularly interesting

figure in the second half of the nineteenth century. He had all the acuteness, the perseverance, and the extraordinary tact in judging men and things that belong to a man of his race, and was besides remarkably gifted with artistic tastes and a nice penetration. With his sceptical and Gallic air he could say witty things in chosen language like his father, King Louis Philippe. The amiable and sympathetic generation to which he belonged will never be replaced in France. By his death a whole epoch disappears—I was on the point of saying a whole race. At all events a rare character has passed out of sight. Such minds, said La Rochefoucauld, are of pure gold; they have been tested, and are precious because they have suffered.

## UNDERCURRENTS IN INDIAN POLITICAL LIFE.

BY F. H. SKRINE.

### I.

"THE end of governments," says Imbert de St.-Amand in one of his studies on the French Revolution, "is seldom a natural one. It is generally a suicide. They perish because, while they possess the force of right, they hesitate to use the right of force." Recent events in India would show that its rulers have not shaped their course by the beacon-light of history. A hundred and thirty years ago they inherited a sceptre which had fallen from the debile hands of the Great Mogul, and found his empire a prey to anarchy. The feudatory chiefs had proclaimed their independence. Military adventurers had carved kingdoms for themselves from his broad domains. The Mahrattas were tyrannizing over the Deccan from Poona, and extending their raids to distant Bengal. The evolution of order was a tardy process; and the third decade of the present century had closed ere a truce from wars of self-preservation and conquest gave breathing-time for the completion of the administrative system. It was India's misfortune that the period when the mechanism of government was assuming a definite form was one of political upheaval at home. The middle classes were in revolt against the oligarchy who had steered the ship of state through the storms of the revolutionary era and Napo-

leon's wars, and had wrested from them a measure of Parliamentary reform which gave themselves a preponderating influence. Lord Macaulay, a statesman who epitomized the failings as well as the virtues of the medium in which he was born, was despatched to India as member of the Supreme Council, and his genius gave him a manifest ascendancy over his colleagues. Amongst the measures which his sturdy optimism carried into effect was the supersession of the vernacular languages by English as vehicles of higher education. He assumed that an insight into the glories of our literature would necessarily attach the upper classes to our side. He reckoned, however, without the ingrained conservatism, the *vis inertiae*, of the Asiatic character, and the influence retained by a selfish and highly organized priesthood. For a time it seemed as though the day-dreams of the great doctrinaire would be realized. The alumni of the old Hindu College were imbued with Western culture to an extent which is never seen in the present generation. With the upper classes of Bengal, the most advanced of Indian provinces, Anglomania became as fashionable as it had been in France half a century earlier. But for a chain of events which Macaulay could hardly have foreseen, the introduction of the English language might



have effected a silent revolution in the social communities of India. The turning-point in her history was the mutiny of 1857, which first taught the people at large that the European was not invulnerable, and inflicted a blow on his prestige from which it has never entirely recovered. Now if there is a principle which needs to be proclaimed on the house-tops throughout the Eastern possessions of Great Britain, it is the supremacy of the white man. This it is which has enabled a few thousand Englishmen to maintain law and order in a population of three hundred millions scattered over a territory as large as Europe, Russia alone excepted. The breach in the still imposing edifice made by the mutiny has been widened by the policy adopted after its suppression. Most of the measures attending the assumption of direct government by the crown showed an astounding lack of political foresight. And the famous proclamation itself, brimming over as it does with enlightened sympathy, is so worded as to encourage the wildest aspirations. But mere theories, however crude and inflammatory, would have been powerless to influence the peoples of India had not government unwittingly provided a mechanism for disseminating them. This is the educational system, which, as I have remarked, is under state control, and is based on the assumption that English is the only language which merits serious cultivation. It has received an enormous development of recent years, and every district of the empire is now studded with colleges and high-schools, which yearly turn many thousands of youths loose on a society not advanced enough to offer a career to more than a tithe of them. Thus has been formed a vast army of malcontents, whose voice is heard loudly in the public press, freed as it has been from all wholesome restraints since Lord Ripon's viceroyalty. The importance of a newspaper in India must not be gauged by the number printed. Judged by that standard the circulation of all the organs of public opinion in the most advanced and thickly peopled province is wholly insignificant. It is certainly not half that of a single British or American journal of the first class. In point of fact wealth is in few hands, and the extreme thriftiness of the people in all matters unconnected with litigation and religious and

social ceremony restricts the number of subscribers. But printed matter is vested with mysterious virtues in the minds of the vulgar of all countries. Hence vernacular rags teeming with veiled sedition, gross misrepresentations of the aims of government, and grosser personal attacks on Europeans pass freely from hand to hand. They are read everywhere to enthralled audiences gathered in the village post-office or under the wide-spreading tree which is the rendezvous of gossips everywhere at the close of the "long, long Indian day." The chief executive officers of government are able to skim the cream of this mischievous literature in a weekly summary, published by local governmental secretariats, entitled *The Spirit of the Native Press*. Scraps of useful information may occasionally be extracted from the falsehoods with which its columns teem, but there are few numbers of these "elegant extracts" which would not give some servant of the state material for a prosecution for libel.

I have alluded to the royal proclamation of 1858 as offering encouragement to inflated political ambition. The textbooks prescribed by the educational departments of government are still more open to misconception. Mill's *Essay on Liberty*, for instance, has been learnt by heart by countless Indian youths, who, owing to the influences of heredity and environment alike, are unable to assimilate the strong meat of its aggressively democratic teachings. Mr. H. J. S. Cotton's *New India* has exercised an influence, due in large measure to the writer's official position. It was the forerunner of that persistent agitation on the part of "Young Bengal" in favor of equal political rights which is known as the Congress movement, and has estranged forces which united might have dispersed the dense phalanxes of ignorance and superstition surrounding them. But the English in India have to contend against other influences than these monsters of their own making. There was a time when men fondly hoped that history would repeat itself, and the cross would triumph over effete religious systems through the East. But Saint Pauls are not produced in every age, and Henry Martyn died young and left no successor. The great missionary societies have abandoned the task of proselytizing in silent despair, and now focus their energies on



educational agency. The colleges and schools maintained by them are only nominally on a religious basis, and differ not one whit in essentials from those subsidized by the state and local bodies. A policy of absolute non-interference in matters of religion was handed down to us by the East India Company, and has been scrupulously observed under the new régime. Thus Hinduism and the creed of Mohammed have had the freest hand, and the present generation has witnessed a marvellous growth in the elasticity and vigor of each. The centres of the Hindu revival are Poona, Benares, and Kalighat, a much-frequented shrine in southern Calcutta. Its propaganda is carried on by thousands of religious mendicants, who wander throughout the empire, received royally everywhere. Mahratta Brahmins monopolize positions of trust in the Decan, and have secured a preponderance in district government in the Madras Presidency. Bengali Hindus style themselves the Scotch of the East; and however ridiculous the implied parallel may seem, they merit the appellation by their ubiquity and intense clannishness. The movement is directed by wire-pullers well versed in the management of men, and able to appeal with force to their prejudices and passions. They take the fullest advantage of our railways, posts, and telegraphs; while English has become a *lingua franca*, and has given solidarity to the forces of discontent from Cape Comorin to Peshawur. To machinations thus astutely conceived was due the agitation against the slaughter of kine, which, although ostensibly directed against Mohammedans, was intended to cover Europeans with hatred and contempt. The tree-smearing which followed it was inspired by similar intrigues, as is a movement now in progress, the battle-cry of which is "India for the Indians"—its aim to boycott foreign importations.

This great Hindu renaissance finds its parallel in the recent history of Islam. It is well known that the Empress of India has more Mohammedan subjects than the Sultan of Turkey. The vast majority of these inhabit the rich and fertile districts of eastern Bengal. They are descendants of low-caste Hindus, converted at the point of the sword by the lieutenants of the late Mogul emperors. Religions propagated by such means are

apt to lose their hold on the popular mind when once the pressure from above has been removed. This was the case with the Mohammedans of the lower Gangetic delta during the earlier years of British rule. Cut off as they were by geographical position from the great centres of Mohammedan thought and action, and surrounded by heathenism, their faith grew cold. They assumed Hindu names, took part in Hindu ceremonies, and worshipped the myriad gods of the rival pantheon. The first step towards reform was due to the promulgation of the Wahabi dogma by certain fanatics who had made the obligatory pilgrimage to Mecca, and found a stern puritanism dominant there. For the history of Islam presents a striking analogy with that of Christianity. A century and a half ago it had sunk even lower than the Church of Rome fell ere the conscience of Christendom was stirred by Luther's clarion-call. The simplicity and fervor which characterized it in earlier times had disappeared, and men worshipped the creature rather than the Creator by a superstitious veneration of the founder of their faith. The revelations of Allah's will as made in the Koran were overlaid by masses of oral and written legend. Mosques had waxed great and glorious within. Their art treasures and display of barbaric wealth suggested sensuous ideas displeasing to Him who "dwelleth not in temples made with hands." Towards the close of the eighteenth century a movement strongly resembling our Reformation shook the decaying fabric of Islam to its foundation. Its John Knox was a learned Arabian named Mahammad Abdul Wahab, who preached unitarianism with the fanaticism of his Scottish prototype and a savagery which was all his own. The Wahabis, as his followers were called, gained powerful adherents and made the freest use of the secular arm. The Turkish forces were defeated by them in pitched battles, the holy places Mecca and Medina taken and pillaged. Not until 1818 was their political influence shattered, by Mehemet Ali, the terrible Viceroy of Egypt, while the spiritual side of Abdul Wahab's teachings survived to leaven all Islam. In Bengal its spread was extremely rapid. The preachers of the new Crusade understood, like Carnot the elder, how to organize victory. They parcelled out the eastern districts into circles, each under a



recognized head, who collected the offerings of the faithful in the shape of a definite proportion of every man's produce. They formed a code of rules covering the whole range of religious and social duty, and prescribed penalties of great severity for the minutest transgression. Thus any form of association with unbelievers, as well as the use of coffee, tobacco, and intoxicants, was strictly forbidden. Christian schools were placed under a taboo, and the punctual observance of fasts, prayer, and ceremonies was enjoined. Obedience to these behests was assured by a system of mutual espionage and periodical visits from spiritual teachers, who travelled through the country during the cold season, confirming the brotherhood in their allegiance, and gathering in abundant contributions in money and kind towards the good cause. Little is known of the destination of these sinews of war—for such they are in the eyes of fanatical Wahabis. With them the doctrine prevails that all countries not under the sway of orthodox rulers are "gates of war," *dar-ul-harb*, and that it is incumbent on true believers to attack the powers that be in such case whenever a religious war, *jihad*, is proclaimed by the leaders of Islam. These teachings first bore fruit about sixty years ago, when a rebellion broke out in eastern Bengal, which was not extinguished without bloodshed. In 1871-2 a much more dangerous conspiracy was unearthed at Patna, and it led to a series of state trials for treason. It is commonly believed that Wahabi contributions are largely embezzled, but no one doubts that a proportion finds its way to the northwestern frontier, and serves to foment disturbances among the frontier tribes. The Sunnis, or old-fashioned Moslems—so called because they adopt the *Sunna*, or second book of the holy living—were, till recent years, influenced by milder views. In their eyes India is a *dar-ul-salâm*, a "gate of peace," because the freest exercise of the faith is permitted there; and the more liberal are inclined to draw a distinction between Christians, whom they term "People of the Book," and heathen, branded as *Kafirs*, unbelievers. Now the bulk of Islam is still Sunni. The Turks belong to that sect, as do the Amir of Afghanistan and most of the Indian frontier tribes, as well as the majority of upper-class Mohammedans

throughout the peninsula, descendants of the Afghan and Persian hosts which swept over it in successive waves of conquest and founded the Mogul Empire. As all Sunnis regard the Sultan of Turkey as the Commander of the Faithful, his successes during the late war have caused a ferment from Mysore to Peshawur. It is believed that his dissatisfaction with the attitude of Great Britain during the Turko-Greek imbroglio has found vent in intrigues against England, which have culminated in distinctly anti-European riots in Calcutta, and far more serious unrest on the northwest frontier. Moreover, the upper sections of Mohammedan society have other causes of dissatisfaction with the existing régime. A more than rudimentary knowledge of English is taught in schools subsidized by government or local bodies, and is regarded as a shibboleth for candidates for public employ. The Hindus accept the educational policy of their rulers, and therefore have secured a virtual monopoly of subordinate executive and judicial offices throughout India. Mohammedans, on the other hand, are prevented by religious scruple or innate conservatism from taking advantage of this mechanism. Their youth have recourse to Madrissas, institutions on a religious basis, teaching Arabic, Persian, and the vernacular. Thus has it come to pass that Mohammedans are to be met with in thousands who are *Hafiz*—i. e., know the entire Koran by heart—who are poets of no mean ability, polished and highly educated men of the world, but who starve on the merest pittance as teachers. This exclusion from the goal of every young Indian's ambition rankles deeply in Mohammedan minds, and inspires an intense jealousy of the pliant, clannish Hindu, and a rather illogical dislike of a government recruited almost entirely from unbelievers. Loyalty cannot be expected from men who smart under a real or fancied injustice.

The process of disintegration due to vast and uncontrollable popular movements has found an ally in the weakness of the civil power. This is primarily the result of a pernicious usage which permits the *personnel* of the Indian government to spend three-fourths of each year in hill sanatoria. The "Simla Exodus," as it is familiarly styled in India, has attained proportions undreamt of by Lord



Lawrence, who inaugurated it a generation back; for a retreat which is susceptible of justification when confined to the Viceroy and his immediate advisers becomes a dereliction of duty if it is indulged in by the staffs of a score of great departments whose sphere of action lies wholly in the plains. It has produced an empire within an empire—a secretariat caste who jealously guard their privileges and monopolize the higher executive posts, to the intense dissatisfaction of those who literally bear the burden and heat of the day. It favors excessive centralization and elaborateness in official work, leaving the heads of districts no leisure for self-culture, and seriously impairing their prestige with the people at large. And, worst of all, the exodus removes men on whose wisdom depends the happiness of many millions from the influence of public opinion and the broad current of human life. “The government itself,” says Mr. Cotton, in his *New India*, “is not in a position to grasp the true meaning of the situation. Far removed in the serene Himalayan heights, it is not susceptible to the influence to which it would be subjected in the great capitals; and it labors under the disadvantage that it is surrounded by advisers whose experience has been gained elsewhere than in the metropolis, and otherwise than by association with the real leaders of native thought.” The example set by the central power of burying itself in the bowels of the Himalayas during the hot and rainy months has been imitated by the provincial governments of all degrees, and the outcome will infallibly be a paralysis of the civil arm in times of stress. This was the case during the recent Calcutta riots, which might have been quelled without bloodshed, *pulveris exigui jactu*, had the *personnel* of the Bengal government been at its proper post.

Revolutions are often heralded by severe and widespread distress, and this is now endemic in India. Many are the factors in the situation. Hindus and Moslems are restrained by no prudential motives from increasing and multiplying, while the lower classes cling with limpet-like tenacity to the overburdened soil. Hence there are large congested districts which afford object-lessons in Malthusianism on a scale undreamt-of by their amiable enunciator. The prices of food-grains have maintained a very high level

of late years—a fact due to short crops, and to excessive exports induced by extended means of conveyance. The great middle class, which subsist on fixed incomes drawn from service or small shares in landed property, are especial sufferers, and their education enables them to voice their woes in the press. Landlords are aggrieved by the one-sided character of recent agrarian legislation, and cultivators regard with indignation the shrinkage of sixty per cent. in the rupee value of their hoards of silver ornaments which has followed the closure of the mints in 1893. Thus there has grown up an eager longing for change in populations ignorant of the far greater miseries from which settled government protects them. There can be no doubt, too, that latent dissatisfaction has passed into an acute stage owing to the train of calamities which have recently afflicted the empire—ascribed as they are by the priestly castes to the wrath of the gods aroused by the land's submission to non-Hindu rulers.

## II.

One of the most momentous discoveries of our times is the identity of the laws governing the growth and transformation of organisms and those which control human energies displayed in the formation of communities. Neither in nature nor in human history is progress uniformly maintained. It is subject to æons of rise and fall, like the heart's action of systole and diastole. In the annals of England the abject subservience of all classes to the tyranny of Henry the Eighth is followed by the spacious times of the Virgin Queen; the social and political dry-rot of Charles the Second's reign, by grandeur in literature and war under Queen Anne. The transitions are generally so slow as to be almost imperceptible; but they are sometimes sharp and sudden, bringing about in a few years organic changes which are ordinarily the work of centuries. In the latter category must be ranged the Indian mutiny of 1857, which produced a revolution as drastic as that of 1789. The two events present many parallels. There were in both a craving for change at all costs, a destruction of old landmarks, a breaking away from a time-honored past. The East India Company's splendid European forces were replaced by drafts of weedy lads recruited on the short-service system, who



are decimated by enteric fever and diseases the result of the moral weakness and fierce passions so common in early manhood, while the survivors quit the country when the acclimatizing process is complete. The Indian navy, with its glorious bead-roll of achievements, was swept away, the officers of all ranks receiving pensions equivalent to the full pay of their grades; and though an attempt has tardily been made to correct this grievous blunder, it has been rendered almost abortive by the jealousy of the British Admiralty. Recruitment of the covenanted civil service by open competition was at the same time introduced in all its rigor. The change has radically altered the character of that eminent body. The *esprit de corps*, the mutual sympathy so essential to healthy corporate existence, has given place to fierce jealousies, bred by the struggle for well-paid offices enabling their holders to shirk the hard conditions of Indian service by spending the unhealthy months in bracing hill stations. Nay, the East India Company itself, that mighty association of merchant princes, with its vast stores of special knowledge, the accumulation of a century of rule, was swept away by a stroke of the pen, and its place taken by a council composed of veterans who are content to register the decrees of the Secretary of State. But that high official is under the control of the House of Commons, which, during the present reign, has secured an overwhelming preponderance in the state. And thus the anomaly has come to pass that an empire inhabited by three hundred millions of Asiatics is continually dragged into the narrow arena of party politics, and becomes a prey to the "faddists." The latter, like the power given to irresponsible politicians to thrust sticks into the mechanism of a delicate and complicated administration, is essentially a product of the Victorian era—a time of heaped-up riches, of the rapid growth of a vast leisured class, whose redundant energies, the heritage of the race, find no outlet in war, and are controlled by no special knowledge.

To these fanatics we owe the spectacle, so often repeated, of needless and harassing interference with the affairs of India. At one moment the House of Commons passes a resolution censuring the excise administration, and forces ruinous fiscal changes on local authorities. Anon the

vials of its wrath are poured out on the opium traffic, with equally little cause. Again its thunders are launched against the precautions taken to protect our young soldiers from physical mischief due to indulging the cravings of imperious nature, and free trade in vice is established, which has sensibly weakened the mainspring of British authority. Does Lancashire seek fresh fields for her textile industries suffering from foreign competition? Straightway pressure is put on the government in the House of Commons, and a differential tariff is conceded which shakes the people's confidence in British impartiality. It is to party politics that we owe the appointment as Viceroy of Lord Ripon. But for the application of the maxim *spolia victoribus*, a radical doctrinaire would not have been permitted to sit in the seat of Wellesley and Cornwallis. His advent to power was another turning-point in Indian affairs. Race feeling had hitherto slumbered, and as much cordiality prevailed between European and natives as difference of birth and habits admitted. By his ill-judged attempt to level downwards, to wrest from his European fellow-subjects their birthright of trial by their peers, he let loose a flood of fierce passions which profoundly modified the relations between the races. Contempt was bred on the one side, and on the other hatred, jealousy, and the rage of ungratified ambition. But Lord Ripon's mischievous activity went much further. He forced on India an ill-digested measure of self-government, which was strangled at its birth by the all-powerful lawyer class, and its failure has brought municipal institutions into contempt. The liberty of the press is another battle-cry of his party, and one which has great force when applied to a nation which has wrought out its own salvation with blood and tears. That congeries of decayed communities which we call India is certainly not so situated, and when Lord Ripon emancipated the vernacular prints from wholesome control he merely increased their power as engines for libelling and the levy of blackmail. To this unhappy era belongs the origin of the Congress movement, which was avowedly inspired by the flabby sentiment on which Lord Ripon's domestic policy was based. It is, as most people are aware, an attempt to import the mechanism of political agita-



tion into India. Annual assemblies are held at the provincial capitals in turn, which are attended by delegates nominally elected by the inhabitants of the various districts, but in point of fact by the army of briefless lawyers to be found in every large town. Year after year resolutions are passed by these caucuses in favor of simultaneous examinations for admission to the civil service in India and at home, the repeal of an act which forbids the possession of fire-arms by natives of India unprovided with licenses, and the divorce of executive from judicial functions in certain officials. The congresses have had no practical result, because they are conducted by doctrinaires who aspire to be men of action, but are not men of the world; because social reforms must march *pari passu* with political; and history furnishes no precedent of the evolution of national life in a community of timid sciolists. "Only by blood and tears are nations

saved." The agitation has, however, left behind it a legacy of heart-burning and class hatred, and has widened a gulf which it must be the wish of every lover of humanity to bridge.

Such are the principal factors in the ferment which is stirring the Indian Empire of Great Britain. That it will be stilled, as far as external symptoms are concerned, is not at all improbable; but, unless the causes which conspire to produce it be grappled with, England will find her Eastern possessions a source of ever-growing weakness and anxiety. Her first duty is *debellare superbos*—to restore implicit obedience to her rule; her next, to direct an impartial inquiry into the social and political conditions which menace its duration. The cautery must be applied with an unsparing hand; but those charged with the duty of reorganization must remember that men can be governed only by exciting their sympathy or their fears.

## AN INCIDENT.

BY SARAH BARNWELL ELLIOTT.

IT was an ordinary frame house standing on brick legs, and situated on a barren knoll, which, because of the dead level of marsh and swamp and deserted fields from which it rose, seemed to achieve the loneliness of a real height. The south and west sides of the house looked out on marsh and swamp; the north and east sides on a wide stretch of old fields grown up in broom-grass. Beyond the marsh rolled a river, now quite beyond its banks with a freshet; beyond the swamp, which was a cypress swamp, rose a railway embankment leading to a bridge that crossed the river. On the other two sides the old fields ended in a solid black wall of pine-barren. A roadway led from the house through the broom-grass to the barren, and at the beginning of this road stood an out-house, also on brick legs, which, save for a small stable, was the sole out-building. One end of this house was a kitchen, the other was divided into two rooms for servants. There were some shattered remnants of oak-trees out in the field, and some chimneys overgrown with vines, showing where in happier times the real homestead had stood.

It was toward the end of February; a clear afternoon drawing toward sunset; and all the flat, sad country was covered with a drifting red glow that turned the field of broom-grass into a sea of gold; that lighted up the black wall of pine-barren, and shot, here and there, long shafts of light into the sombre depths of the cypress swamp. There was no sign of life about the dwelling-house, though the doors and windows stood open; but every now and then a negro woman came out of the kitchen and looked about, while within a dog whined.

Shading her eyes with her hand, this woman would gaze across the field toward the ruin; then down the road; then, descending the steps, she would walk a little way toward the swamp and look along the dam that, ending the yard on this side, led out between the marsh and the swamp to the river. The over-full river had backed up into the yard, however, and the line of the dam could now only be guessed by the wall of solemn cypress-trees that edged the swamp. Still, the woman looked in this direction many times, and also toward the railway em-

bankment, from which a path led toward the house, crossing the head of the swamp by a bridge made of two felled trees.

But look as she would, she evidently did not find what she sought, and muttering "Lawd! Lawd!" she returned to the kitchen, shook the tied dog into silence, and seating herself near the fire, gazed sombrely into its depths. A covered pot hung from the crane over the blaze, making a thick bubbling noise, as if what it contained had boiled itself almost dry, and a coffee-pot on the hearth gave forth a pleasant smell. The woman from time to time turned the spit of a tin kitchen wherein a fowl was roasting, and moved about the coals on the top of a Dutch oven at one side. She had made preparation for a comfortable supper, and evidently for others than herself.

She went again to the open door and looked about, the dog springing up and following to the end of his cord. The sun was nearer the horizon now, and the red glow was brighter. She looked toward the ruin; looked along the road; came down the steps and looked toward the swamp and the railway path. This time she took a few steps in the direction of the house; looked up at its open windows, at the front door standing ajar, at a pair of gloves and a branch from the vine at the ruin, that lay on the top step of the piazza, as if in passing one had put them there, intending to return in a moment. While she looked the distant whistle of a locomotive was heard echoing back and forth about the empty land, and the rumble of an approaching train. She turned a little to listen, then went hurriedly back to the kitchen.

The rumbling sound increased, although the speed was lessened as the river was neared. Very slowly the train was moving, and the woman, peeping from the window, watched a gentleman get off and begin the descent of the path.

"Mass Johnnie!" she said. "Lawd! Lawd!" and again seated herself by the fire until the rapid, firm footstep having passed, she went to the door, and standing well in the shadow, watched.

Up the steps the gentleman ran, pausing to pick up the gloves and the bit of vine. The negro groaned. Then in at the open door, "Nellie!" he called, "Nellie!"

The woman heard the call, and going back quickly to her seat by the fire, threw her apron over her head.

"Abram!" was the next call; then, "Aggie!"

She sat quite still, and the master, running up the kitchen steps and coming in at the door, found her so.

"Aggie?"

"Yes, suh."

"Why didn't you answer me?"

The veiled figure rocked a little from side to side.

"What the mischief is the matter?" walking up to the woman and pulling the apron from over her face. "Where is your Miss Nellie?"

"I dun'no', suh; but yo' supper is ready, Mass Johnnie."

"Has your mistress driven anywhere?"

"De horse in de stable, suh." The woman now rose as if to meet a climax, but her eyes were still on the fire.

"Did she go out walking?"

"Dis mawnin', suh."

"This morning!" he repeated, slowly, wonderingly, "and has not come back yet?"

The woman began to tremble, and her eyes, shining and terrified, glanced furtively at her master.

"Where is Abram?"

"I dun'no', suh!" It was a gasping whisper.

The master gripped her shoulder, and with a maddened roar he cried her name—"Aggie!"

The woman sank down. Perhaps his grasp forced her down. "'Fo' Gawd!" she cried—"fo' Gawd, Mass Johnnie, I dun'no'!" holding up beseeching hands between herself and the awful glare of his eyes. "I'll tell you, suh, Mass Johnnie, I'll tell you!" crouching away from him. "Miss Nellie gimme out dinner en supper, den she put on she hat en gone to de ole chimbley en git some de brier what grow dey. Den she come back en tell Abram fuh git a bresh broom en sweep de ya'd. Lemme go, Mass Johnnie, please, suh, en I tell you better, suh. En Abram teck de hatchet en gone to'des de railroad fuh cut de bresh. 'Fo' Gawd, Mass Johnnie, it's de trute, suh! Den I tell Miss Nellie say de chicken is all git out de coop, en she say I muss ketch one fuh unner supper, suh; en I teck de dawg en gone in de fiel' fuh look fuh de chicken. En I see Miss Nellie put 'e glub en de brier on de step, en walk to'des de swamp, like 'e was goin' on de dam—'kase de water ent rise ober de dam den—en den I



gone in de broom-grass en I run de chicken, en I ent ketch one tay I git clean ober to de woods. En when I come back de glub is layin' on de step, en de brier, des like Miss Nellie leff um—" She stopped, and her master straightened himself.

"Well," he said, and his voice was strained and weak.

The servant once more flung her apron over her head, and broke into violent crying. "Dat's all, Mass Johnnie! dat's all! I dun'no' wey Abram is gone; I dun'no' what Abram is do! Nobody ent been on de place dis day—dis day but me—but me! Oh, Lawd! oh, Lawd en Gawd!"

The master stood as if dazed. His face was drawn and gray, and his breath came in awful gasps. A moment he stood so, then he strode out of the house. With a howl the dog sprang forward, snapping the cord, and rushed after his master.

The woman's cries ceased, and without moving from her crouching position she listened with straining ears to the sounds that reached her from the stable. In a moment the clatter of horses' hoofs going at a furious pace swept by, then a dead silence fell. The intense quiet seemed to rouse her, and going to the door, she looked out. The glow had faded, and the gray mist was gathering in distinct strata above the marsh and the river. She went out and looked about her as she had done so many times during that long day. She gazed at the water that was still rising; she peered cautiously behind the stable and under the houses; she approached the wood-pile as if under protest, gathered some logs into her arms and an axe that was lying there; then turning toward the kitchen, she hastened her steps, looking back over her shoulder now and again, as if fearing pursuit. Once in the kitchen she threw down the wood and barred the door; she shut the boarded window-shutter, fastening it with an iron hook; then leaning the axe against the chimney, she sat down by the fire, muttering, "If dat nigger come sneakin' back yer now, I'll split 'e haid open, *sho*."

Recovering a little from her panic, she was once more a cook, and swung the crane from over the fire, brushed the coals from the top of the Dutch oven, and pushed the tin kitchen further from the blaze. "Mass Johnnie 'll want sump'h'n to eat some time dis night," she said; then, after a pause, "en I gwine eat *now*." She got a plate and cup, and

helped herself to hominy out of the pot, and to a roll out of the oven; but though she looked at the fowl she did not touch it, helping herself instead to a goodly cup of coffee. So she ate and drank with the axe close beside her, now and then pausing to groan and mutter—"Po' Mass Johnnie!—po' Mass Johnnie!—Lawd! Lawd!—if Miss Nellie had er sen' Abram atter dat chicken—like I tell um—Lawd!" shaking her head the while.

Through the gathering dusk John Morris galloped at the top speed of his horse. Reaching the little railway station, he sprang off, throwing the reins over a post, and strode in.

"Write this telegram for me, Green," he said; "my hand trembles."

*"To Sam Partin, Sheriff, Pineville:*

*"My wife missing since morning. Negro, Abram Washington, disappeared. Bring men and dogs. Get off night train this side of bridge. Will be fire on the path to mark the place.*

JOHN MORRIS."

"Great God!" the operator said, in a low voice. "I'll come too, Mr. Morris."

"Thank you," John Morris answered. "I am going to get the Wilson boys, and Rountree and Mitchell," and for the first time the men's eyes met. Determined, deadly, sombre, was the look exchanged; then Morris went away.

None of the men whom Morris summoned said much, nor did they take long to arm themselves, saddle, and mount, and by nine o'clock Aggie heard them come galloping across the field; then her master's voice calling her. There was little time in which to make the signal-fire on the railroad embankment, and to cut lightwood into torches, even though there were many hands to do the work. John Morris's dog followed him a part of the way to the wood-pile, then turned aside to where the water had crept up from the swamp into the yard. Aggie saw the dog, and spoke to Mr. Morris.

"Dat's de way dat dawg do dis mawn-in', Mass Johnnie, an' when I gone to ketch de chicken, Miss Nellie was walkin' to'des dat berry place."

An irresistible shudder went over John Morris, and one of the gentlemen standing near asked if he had a boat.

"The bateau was tied to that stake this morning," Mr. Morris answered, point-



ing to a stake some distance out in the water; "but I have another boat in the top of the stable." Every man turned to go for it, showing the direction of their fears, and launched it where the log bridge crossed the head of the swamp, and where now the water was quite deep.

The whistle was heard at the station, and the rumble of the on-coming train. The fire flared high, lighting up the group of men standing about it, booted and belted with ammunition-belts, quiet, and white, and determined.

Many curious heads looked out as the sheriff and his men—six men besides Green from the station—got off; then the train rumbled away in the darkness toward the surging, turbulent river, and the crowd moved toward the house.

Mr. Morris told of his absence in town on business. That Abram had been hired first as a field-hand; and that later, after his marriage, he had taken Abram from the field to look after his horse and to do the heavier work about the house and yard.

"And the woman Aggie is trustworthy?"

"I am sure of it; she used to belong to us."

"Abram is a strange negro?"

"Yes."

Then Aggie was called in to tell her story. Abram had taken the hatchet and had gone toward the railroad for brush to make a broom. She had taken the dog and gone into the broom-grass to catch a fowl, and the last she had seen of her mistress she was walking toward the dam, which was then above the water.

"How long were you gone after the chicken?"

"I dun'no', suh; but I run um clean to the woods 'fo' I ketch um, en I walk back slow 'kase I tired."

"Were you gone an hour?"

"I spec so, suh, 'kase when I done ketch de chicken I stop fuh pick up some light-wood I see wey Abram been cuttin' wood yistiddy."

"And your mistress was not here when you came back—nor Abram?"

"No, suh, nobody; en 'e wuz so lonesome I come en look in dis house fuh Miss Nellie, but 'e ent deyyer; en I look in de bush fuh Abram, but I ent see um nudder. En de dawg run to de water en howl en ba'k en ba'k tay I tie um up in de kitchen."

"And was the boat tied to the stake this morning?"

"Yes, suh; en when I been home long time en git scare, den I look en see de boat gone."

"You don't think that your mistress got in the boat and drifted away by accident?"

"No, suh, nebber, suh; Miss Nellie 'fraid de water lessen Mass Johnnie is wid um."

"Is Abram a good boy?"

"I dun'no', suh; I dun'no' nuffin 'tall 'bout Abram, suh; Abram is strange nigger to we."

"Did he take his things out of his room?"

"Abram t'ings? Ki! Abram ent hab nuttin' ceppen what Miss Nellie en Mass Johnnie gi'um. No, suh, dat nigger ent hab nuttin' but de close on 'e back when 'e come to we."

The sheriff paused a moment. "I think, Mr. Morris," he said at last, "that we'd better separate. You, with Mr. Mitchell and Mr. Rountree, had better take your boat and hunt in the swamp and marsh, and along the river-bank. Let Mr. Wilson, his brothers, and Green take your dog and search in the pine-barren. I'll take my men and my dogs and cross the railroad. The signal of any discovery will be three shots fired in quick succession. The gathering-place 'll be this house, where a member of the discovering party 'll meet the other parties and bring 'em to the discovery. And I beg that you'll refrain from violence, at least until we can reach each other. We've no proof of anything—"

"Damn proof!"

"An' our only clew," the sheriff went on, "the missing boat, points to Mrs. Morris's safety." A little consultation ensued; then agreeing to the sheriff's distribution of forces, they left the house.

The sheriff's dogs—the lean, small hounds used on such occasions—were tied, and he held the ropes. There was an anxious look on his face, and he kept his dogs near the house until the party for the barren had mounted and ridden away, and the party in the boat had pushed off into the blackness of the swamp, a torch fastened at the prow casting weird, uncertain shadows. Then ordering his six men to mount and to lead his horse, he went to the room of the negro Abram and got an old shirt. The two lean lit-



the dogs were restless, but they made no sound as he led them across the railway. Once on the other side, he let them smell the shirt, and loosed them, and was about to mount, when, in the flash of a torch, he saw something in the grass.

"A hatchet!" he said to his companions, picking it up; "and clean, thank God!"

The men looked at each other, then one said, slowly, "He coulder drowned her?"

The sheriff did not answer, but followed the dogs that had trotted away with their noses to the ground.

"I'm sure the nigger came this way," the sheriff said, after a while. "Those others may find the poor young lady, but I feel sure of the nigger."

One of the men stopped short. "That nigger's got to die," he said.

"Of course," the sheriff answered, "but not by Judge Lynch's court. This circuit's got a judge that'll hang him lawfully."

"I b'lieve Judge More will," the recalcitrant admitted, and rode on. "But," he added, "if I know Mr. John Morris, that nigger's safe to die one way or another."

They rode more rapidly now, as the dogs had quickened their pace. The moon had risen, and the riding, for men who hunted recklessly, was not bad. Through woods and across fields, over fences and streams, down by-paths and old roads, they followed the little dogs.

"We're makin' straight for the next county," the sheriff said.

"We're makin' straight for the old Powis settlement," was answered. "Nothin' but niggers have lived there since the war, an' that nigger's there, I'll bet."

"That's so," the sheriff said. "About how many niggers live there now?"

"There ain't more than half a dozen cabins left now. We can easy manage that many."

It was a long rough ride, and in spite of their rapid pace it was some time after midnight before they saw the clearing where clustered the few cabins left of the plantation quarters of a well-known place, which in its day had yielded wealth to its owners. The moon was very bright, and, save for the sound of the horses' feet, the silence was intense.

"Look sharp," the sheriff said; "that nigger ain't sleepin' much if he's here, and he might try to slip off."

The dogs were going faster now, and yelping a little.

"Keep up, boys!" and the sheriff spurred his horse.

In a few minutes they thundered into the little settlement, where the dogs were already barking and leaping against a close-shut door. Frightened black faces began to peer out. Low exclamations and guttural ejaculations were heard as the armed men scattered, one to each cabin, while the sheriff hammered at the door where the dogs were jumping.

"It's the sheriff!" he called, "come to get Abram Washington. Bring him out and you kin go back to your beds. We're all armed, and nobody need to try runnin'."

The door opened cautiously, and an old negro looked out. "Abram's my son, Mr. Partin," he said, "an' 'fo' Gawd he ent yer."

"No lyin', old man; the dogs brought us straight here. Don't make me burn the house down; open the door."

The door was closing, when the sheriff, springing from his horse, forced it steadily back. A shot came from within, but it ranged wild, and in an instant the sheriff's pistol covered the one room, where a smouldering fire gave light. Two of the men followed him, and one, making for the fire, pushed it into a blaze, which revealed a group of negroes—an old man, a young woman, some children, and a young man crouching behind with a gun in his hand. The sheriff walked straight up to the young man, whose teeth were chattering.

"I arrest you," he said; "come on."

"That's the feller," confirmed one of the guard; "I've seen him at Mr. Morris's place."

"Tie him," the sheriff ordered, "while I git that gun. Give it to me, old man, or I'll take you to jail too." It was yielded up—an old-time rifle—and the sheriff smashed it against the side of the chimney, throwing the remnants into the fire. "Lead on," he said, and the young negro was taken outside. Quickly he was lifted on to a horse and tied there, while the former rider mounted behind one of his companions, and they rode out of the settlement into the woods.

"Git into the shadows," one said; "they might be fools enough to shoot."

Once in the road, the sheriff called a halt. "One of you must ride back to Mr.





“ ‘YOU’RE HANGING YOURSELF, BOY,’ THE SHERIFF SAID.”



Morris's place and collect the other search-parties, while we make for Pineville jail. Now, Abram, come on."

"I ent done nuttin', Mr. Partin, suh," the negro urged. "I ent hot Mis' Morris."

"Who said anything 'bout Mrs. Morris?" was asked, sharply.

The negro groaned.

"You're hanging yourself, boy," the sheriff said; "but since you know, where *is* Mrs. Morris?"

"I dun'no', suh."

"Why did you run away?"

"Kase I 'fraid Mr. Morris."

"What were you 'fraid of?"

"Kase Mis' Morris gone."

They were riding rapidly now, and the talk was jolted out.

"Where?"

"I dun'no', suh, but I ent tech um."

"You're a damned liar."

"No, suh, I ent tech um; I des look at um."

"I'd like to gouge your eyes out!" cried one of the men, and struck him.

"None o' that!" ordered the sheriff.

"And you keep your mouth shut, Abram; you'll have time to talk on your trial."

"Blast a trial!" growled the crowd.

"The rope's round his neck now," suggested one, "and I see good trees at every step."

"Please, suh, gentlemen," pleaded the shaking negro, "I ent done nuttin'."

"Shut your mouth!" ordered the sheriff again, "and ride faster. Day'll soon break."

"You're 'fraid Mr. Morris'll ketch us 'fore we reach the jail," laughed one of the guard. And the sheriff did not answer.

The eastern sky was gray when the party rode into Pineville, a small, straggling country town, and clattered through its one street to the jail. To the negro, at least, it was a welcome moment, for, with his feet tied under the horse, his hands tied behind his back, and a rope with a slip-knot round his neck, he had not found the ride a pleasant one. A misstep of his horse would surely have precipitated his hanging, and he knew well that such an accident would have given much satisfaction to his captors. So he uttered a fervent "Teng Gawd!" as he was hustled into the jail gate and heard it close behind him.

Early as it was, most of the town was up and excited. Betting had been high

as to whether the sheriff would get the prisoner safe into the jail, and even the winners seemed disappointed that he had accomplished this feat, although they praised his skilful management. But the sheriff knew that if the lady's body was found, that if Mr. Morris could find any proof against the negro, that if Mr. Morris even expressed a wish that the negro should hang, the whole town would side with him instantly; and the sheriff knew, further, that in such an emergency he would be the negro's only defender, and that the jail could easily be carried by the mob.

All these thoughts had been with him during the long night, and though he himself was quite willing to hang the negro, being fully persuaded of his guilt, he was determined to do his official duty, and to save the prisoner's life until sentence was lawfully passed on him. But how? If he could quiet the town before the day brightened, he had a plan, but to accomplish this seemed wellnigh impossible.

He handcuffed the prisoner and locked him into a cell, then advised his escort to go and get food, as before the day was done—indeed, just as soon as Mr. Morris should reach the town—he would probably need them to help him defend the jail.

They nodded among themselves, and winked, and laughed a little, and one said, "Right good play-actin'"; and watching, the sheriff knew that he could depend on only one man, his own brother, to help him. But he sent him off along with the others, and was glad to see that the crowd of townspeople went with his guard, listening eagerly to the details of the suspected tragedy and the subsequent hunt. This was his only chance, and he went at once to the negro's cell.

"Now, Abram," he said, "if you don't want to be a dead man in an hour's time, you'd better do exactly what I tell you."

"Yes, suh, please Gawd."

"Put on this old hat," handing him one, "and pull it down over your eyes, and follow me. When we get outside, you walk along with me like any ordinary nigger going to his work; and remember, if you stir hand or foot more than a walk, you are a dead man. Come on."

There was a back way out of the jail, and to this the sheriff went. Once outside, he walked briskly, the negro keeping step with him diligently. They did not

meet any one, and before very long they reached the sheriff's house, which stood on the outskirts of the town. Being a widower, he knocked peremptorily on the door, and when it was opened by his son, he marched his prisoner in without explanation.

"Shut the door, Willie," he said, "and load the Winchester."

"Please, suh—" interjected the negro.

For answer, the sheriff took a key from the shelf, and led him out of the back door to where, down a few steps, there was another door leading into an underground cellar.

"Now, Abram," he said, "you're to keep quiet in here till I can take you to the city jail. There is no use your trying to escape, because my two boys 'll be about here all day with their repeating rifles, and they can shoot."

"Yes, suh."

"And whoever unlocks this door and tells you to come out, you do it, and do it quick."

"Yes, suh."

Locking the door, the sheriff turned to his son. "You and Charlie must watch that door all day, Willie," he said, "but you mustn't seem to watch it; and keep your guns handy, and if that nigger tries to get away, kill him; don't hesitate. I must go back to the jail and make out like he's there. And tell Charlie to feed the horse and hitch him to the buggy, and let him stand ready in the stable, for when I'll want him I'll want him quick. Above all things, don't let anybody know that the nigger's here. But keep the cellar key in your pocket, and shoot if he tries to run. If your uncle Jim comes, do whatever he tells you, but nobody else, lessen they bring a note from me. Now remember. I'm trusting you, boy; and don't you make any mistake about killing the nigger if he tries to escape."

"All right," the boy answered, cheerfully, and the father went away. He almost ran to the jail, and entering once more by the back door, found things undisturbed. Presently his brother called to him, and the gates and doors being opened, came in, bringing a waiter of hot food and coffee.

"I told Jinnie you'd not like to leave the jail," he said, "an' she fixed this up."

"Jinnie's mighty good," the sheriff answered, "and sometimes a woman's mighty handy to have about—sometimes;

but I'd not leave one out in the country like Mr. Morris did; no, sir, not in these days. We could do it before the war and during the war, but not now. The old niggers were taught some decency; but these young ones! God help us, for I don't see any safety for this country 'cept Judge Lynch. And I'll tell you this is my first an' last term as sheriff. The work's too dirty."

"Buck Thomas was a boss sheriff," his brother answered; "he found the niggers all right, but the niggers never found the jail, and the niggers were 'fraid to death of him."

"Maybe Buck was right," the sheriff said, "and 'twas heap the easiest way; but here comes the town."

The two men went to the window and saw a crowd of people advancing down the road, led by Mr. Morris and his friends on horseback.

"I b'lieve you're the only man in this town that 'll stand by me, Jim," the sheriff said. "I swore in six last night, and I see 'em all in that crowd. Poor Mr. Morris! in his place I'd do just what he's doin'. Blest if yonder ain't Doty Buxton comin' to help me! I'll let him in; but see here, Jim, I'm goin' to send Doty to telegraph to the city for Judge More, and I want you to slip out the back way right now, and run to my house, and tell Willie to give you the buggy and the nigger, and you drive that nigger into the city. Of course you'll kill him if he tries to escape."

"The nigger ain't here!"

"I'm no fool, Jim. And I'll hold this jail, me and Doty, as long as possible, and you drive like hell! You see?"

"I didn't know you really *wanted* to save the nigger," his brother remonstrated; "nobody b'lieves that."

"I don't, as a nigger. But you go on now, and I'll send Doty with the telegraph, and make time by talkin' to Mr. Morris. I don't think they've found anything; if they had, they'd have come a-gallop, and the devil himself couldn't have stopped 'em. Gosh, but it's awful! Who knows what that nigger's done! When I look at Mr. Morris, I wish you fellers had overpowered me last night, and had fixed things."

He let his brother out at the back, then went round to the front gate, where he met the man whom he had called Doty Buxton.



"Go telegraph Judge More the facts of the case," he said, "an' ask him to come. I don't believe I'll need any men if he'll come; and besides, he and Mr. Morris are friends."

As the man turned away, one of the horsemen rode up to the sheriff.

"We demand that negro," he said.

"I supposed that was what you'd come for, Mr. Mitchell," the sheriff answered; "but you know, sir, that as much as I'd like to oblige you, I'm bound to protect the man. He swears that he's never touched Mrs. Morris."

"Great God, sheriff! how can you mention the thing quietly? You know—"

"Yes, I know; and I know that I'll never do the dirty work of a sheriff a day after my term's up. But we haven't any proof against this nigger except that he ran away—"

"Isn't that enough when the lady can't be found, nor a trace of her?"

"I found the hatchet."

"And—!"

"It was clean, thank God!"

Mr. Mitchell jerked the reins so violently that his horse, tired as he was, reared and plunged.

"Mr. Morris declines to speak with you," he went on, when the horse had quieted down, "but he's determined that the negro shall not escape, and the whole county 'll back him."

"I know that," the sheriff answered, patiently, "and in his place I'd do the same thing; but in my place I must do my official duty. I'll not let the nigger escape, you may be sure of that, and I've telegraphed for Judge More to come out here. I've telegraphed the whole case. Surely Mr. Morris 'll trust Judge More?"

Mitchell dragged at his mustache. "Poor Morris is nearly dead," he said.

"Of course; won't he go and eat and rest till Judge More comes? Every house in the town 'll be open to him."

"No; he'll not wait nor rest; and we're determined to hang that negro."

"It 'll be mighty hard to shed our blood—friends and neighbors," remonstrated the sheriff—"and all over a worthless nigger."

"That's your lookout," Mr. Mitchell answered. "A trial and a big funeral is glory for a negro, and the penitentiary means nothing to them but free board and clothes. I tell you, sheriff, lynching is the only thing that affects them."

"You won't wait even until I get an answer from Judge More?"

"Well, to please you, I'll ask." And Mitchell rode back to his companions.

The conference between the leaders was longer than the sheriff had hoped, and before he was again approached Doty Buxton had returned, saying that Judge More's answer would be sent to the jail just as soon as it came.

"You'll stand by me, Doty?" the sheriff asked.

"'Cause I like you, Mr. Partin," Doty answered, slowly; "not 'cause I want to save the nigger. I b'lieve in my soul he's done drowned the po' lady's body."

"All right; you go inside and be ready to chain the gate if I am run in." Then he waited for the return of the envoy.

John Morris sat on his horse quite apart even from his own friends, and after a few words with him, Mitchell had gone to the group of horsemen about whom the townsmen were gathered. The sheriff did not know what this portended, but he waited patiently, leaning against the wall of the jail and whittling a stick. He knew quite well that all these men were friendly to him; that they understood his position perfectly, and that they expected him to pretend to do his duty to a reasonable extent, and so far their good-nature would last; but he knew equally well that in their eyes the negro had put himself beyond the pale of the law; that they were determined to hang him, and would do it at any cost; and that the only mercy which the culprit could expect from this upper class to which Mr. Morris belonged was that his death would be quick and quiet. He knew also that if they found out that he was in earnest in defending the prisoner he himself would be in danger, not only from Mr. Morris and his friends, but from the townsmen as well. Of course all this could be avoided by showing them that the jail was empty; but to do this would be at this stage to insure the fugitive's capture and death. To save the negro he must hold the jail as long as possible, and if he had to shoot, shoot into the ground. All this was quite clear to him; what was not clear was what these men would do when they found that he had saved the negro, and they had stormed an empty jail.

He was an old soldier, and had been in many battles; he had fought hardest

when he knew that things were most hopeless; he had risked his life recklessly, and death had been as nothing to him when he had thought that he would die for his country. But now—now to risk his life for a negro, for a worthless creature who he thought deserved hanging—was this his duty? Why not say, "I have sent the negro to the city?" How quickly those fierce horsemen would dash away down the road! Well, why not? He drew himself up. He was not going to turn coward at this late day. His duty lay very plain before him, and he would not flinch. And he fixed his eyes once more on the little stick he was cutting, and waited.

Presently he saw a movement in the crowd, and the thought flashed across him that they might capture him suddenly while he stood there alone and unarmed. He stepped quickly to the gate, where Doty Buxton waited, and standing in the opening, asked the crowd to stand back, and to send Mr. Mitchell to tell him what the decision was. There was a moment's pause; then Mitchell rode forward.

"Mr. Morris says that Judge More cannot help matters. The negro must die, and at once. We don't want to hurt you, and we don't want to destroy public property, but we are going to have that wretch if we have to burn the jail down. Will you stop all this by delivering the prisoner to us?"

The sheriff shook his head. "I can't do that, sir. But one thing I do ask, that you'll give me warning before you set fire to the jail."

"If that 'll make you give up, we'll set fire now."

"I didn't say it'd make me surrender, but only that I'd like to throw a few things out—like Doty Buxton, for instance," smiling a little.

"All right; when we stop trying to break in, we'll be making ready to smoke you out. The jail's empty but for this negro, I hear."

"Yes, the jail's empty; but don't you think you oughter give me a little time to weigh matters?"

"Is there any chance of your surrendering?"

"To be perfectly honest," the sheriff answered, "there isn't." Then, seeing the crowd approaching, he slipped inside the heavy gate, and Doty Buxton chained it. "Now, Doty," he said, "we'll peep

through these auger-holes and watch 'em; and when you see 'em coming near, you must shoot through these lower holes. Shoot into the ground just in front of 'em. It's nasty to have the dirt jumpin' up right where you've got to walk. I know how it feels. I always wanted to hold up both feet at once. I reckon they've gone to get a log to batter down the gate. They can do it, but I'll make 'em take as long as I can. We mustn't hurt anybody, Doty, but we must protect the State property as far as we're able. Here they come! Keep the dirt dancin', Doty. See that? They don't like it. I told you they'd want to take up both feet at once. When bullets are flying round your head, you can't help yourself, but it's hard to put your feet down right where the nasty little things are peckin' about. Here they come again! Keep it up, Doty. See that? They've stopped again. They ain't real mad with me yet, the boys ain't; only Mr. Morris and his friends are mad. The boys think I'm just pretending to do my duty for the looks of it; but I ain't. Gosh! Now they've fixed it! With Mr. Morris at the front end of that log, there's no hope of scare. He'd walk over dynamite to get that nigger. Poor feller! Here they come at a run! Don't hurt anybody, Doty. Bang! Wait; I'll call a halt by knocking on the gate; it'll gain us a little more time."

"What do you want?" came in answer to the sheriff's taps.

"I'll arrest every man of you for destroying State property," the sheriff answered.

"All right; come do it quick," was the response. "We're waitin', but we won't wait long."

"I reckon we'll have to go inside, Doty," the sheriff said; then to the attacking party, "If you'll wait till Judge More comes, I promise you the nigger'll hang."

For answer there was another blow on the gate.

"Remember, I've warned you!" the sheriff called.

"Hush that rot," was the answer, followed by a third blow.

The sheriff and Doty retreated to the jail, and the attack went on. It was a two-story building of wood, but very strongly built, and unless they tried fire the sheriff hoped to keep the besiegers at bay for a little while yet. He stationed



Doty at one window, and himself took position at another, each with loaded pistols, which were only to be used as before—to make “the dirt jump.”

“To tell you the truth, Doty,” the sheriff said, “if you boys had had any sense, you’d have overpowered me last night, and we’d not have had all this trouble.”

“We wanted to,” Doty answered, “but you’re new at the business, an’ you talked so big we didn’t like to make you feel little.”

“Here they come!” the sheriff went on, as the stout gate swayed inwards. “One more good lick an’ it’s down. That’s it. Now keep the dirt dancin’, Doty, but don’t hurt anybody.”

Mr. Morris was in the lead, and apparently did not see the “dancin’ dirt,” for he approached the jail at a run.

“It’s no use, Doty,” the sheriff said; “all we can do is to wait till they get in, for I’m not going to shoot anybody. It may be wrong to lynch, but in a case like this it’s the rightest wrong that ever was.” So the sheriff sat there thinking, while Doty watched the attack from the window.

According to his calculations of time and distance, the sheriff thought that the prisoner was now so far on his way as to be almost out of danger by pursuit, and his mind was busy with the other question as to what would happen when the jail was found to be empty. He had not heard from Judge More, but the answer could not have reached him after the attack began. He felt sure that the judge would come, and come by the earliest train, which was now nearly due.

“The old man ’ll come if he can,” he said to himself, “and he’ll help me if he comes; and I wish the train would hurry.”

He felt glad when he remembered that he had given the keys of the cells to his brother, for though he would try to save further destruction of property by telling the mob that the jail was empty, he felt quite sure that they would not believe him, and in default of keys, would break open every door in the building; which obstinacy would grant him more time in which to hope for Judge More and arbitration. That it was possible for him to slip out once the besiegers had broken in never occurred to him; his only thought was to stay where he was until the end

came, whatever that might be. They were taking longer than he had expected, and every moment was a gain.

Doty Buxton came in from the hall, where he had gone to watch operations. “The do’ is givin’,” he said; “what ’ll you do?”

“Nothin’,” the sheriff answered, slowly.

“Won’t you give ’em the keys?”

“I haven’t got ’em.”

“Gosh!” and Doty’s eyes got big as saucers.

Very soon the outer door was down, and the crowd came trooping in, all save John Morris, who stopped in the hallway. He seemed to be unable even to look at the sheriff, and the sheriff felt the averted face more than he would have felt a blow.

“We want the keys,” Mitchell said.

The sheriff, who had risen, stood with his hands in his pockets, and his eyes, filled with sympathy, fastened on Mr. Morris, standing looking blankly down the empty hall.

“I haven’t got the keys, Mr. Mitchell,” he answered.

“Oh, come off!” cried one of the townsmen. “Rocky!” cried another. “Yo’ granny’s hat!” came from a third; while Doty Buxton said, gravely, “Give up, Partin; we’ve humored this duty business long enough.”

“Do I understand you to say that you won’t give up the keys?” Mitchell demanded, scornfully.

“No,” the sheriff retorted, a little hotly, “you don’t understand anything of the kind. I said that I didn’t have the keys; and further,” he added, after a moment’s pause, “I say that this jail is empty.”

There was silence for a moment, while the men looked at each other incredulously; then the jeering began again.

“There is nothing to do but to break open the cells,” Morris said, sharply, but without turning his head. “We trusted the sheriff last night, and he outwitted us; we must not trust him again.”

The sheriff’s eyes flashed, and the blood sprang to his face. The crowd stood eagerly silent; but after a second the sheriff answered, quietly,

“You may say what you please to me, Mr. Morris, and I’ll not resent it under these circumstances, but I’ll swear the jail’s empty.”

For answer Morris drove an axe furiously against the nearest cell door, and the crowd followed suit. There were not

many cells, and as he looked from a window the sheriff counted the doors as they fell in, and listened for the whistle of the train that he hoped would bring Judge More. The doors were going down rapidly, and as each yielded the sheriff could hear cries and demonstrations. What would they do when the last one fell?

Presently Doty Buxton, who had been making observations, came in, pale and excited. "You'd better git yo' pistols," he said, "an' I'll git mine, for they're gittin' madder an' madder every time he ain't there."

"Well," the sheriff answered, "I want you to witness that I ain't armed. My pistols are over there on the table, unloaded. Thank the good Lord!" he exclaimed, suddenly; "there's the train, an' Judge More! I hope he'll come right along."

"An' there goes the last do'!" said Doty, as, after a crash and a momentary silence, oaths and ejaculations filled the air. He drew near the sheriff, but the sheriff moved away.

"Stand back," he said; "you've got little children."

In an instant the crowd rushed in, headed by Morris, whose burning eyes seemed to be starting from his drawn white face. Like a flash Doty sprang forward and wrenched an axe from the infuriated man, crying out, "Partin ain't armed!"

For answer a blow from Morris's fist dropp'd the sheriff like a dead man. A sudden silence fell, and Morris, standing over his fallen foe, looked about him as if dazed. For an instant he stood so, then with a violent movement he pushed back the crowding men, and lifting the sheriff, dragged him toward the open window.

"Give him air," he ordered, "and go for the doctor, and for cold water!" He laid Partin flat and dragged open his collar. "He's not dead—see there; I struck him on the temple; under the ear would have killed him, but not this, not this! Give me that water, and plenty of it, and move back. He's not dead, no; and I didn't mean to kill him; but he has worked against me all night, and I didn't think a white man would do it."

"He's comin' round, Mr. Morris," said Doty, who knelt on the other side of the sheriff; "an' he didn't bear no malice against you—don't fret; but it's a good

thing I jerked that axe outer yo' hand! See, he's ketchin' his breath; it's all right," as Partin opened his eyes slowly and looked about him.

A sound like a sigh came from the crowd, then a voice said, "Here comes Judge More."

Morris was still holding his wet handkerchief on the sheriff's head when the old judge came in.

"My dear boy!" he said, laying his hand on John Morris's shoulder. But Morris shook his head.

"Let's talk business, Judge More," he said, "and let's get Partin into a chair where he can rest; I've just knocked him over."

Then Morris left the room, and Mitchell with him, going to the far side of the jail-yard, where they walked up and down in silence. It was not long before Judge More and the sheriff joined them.

"The evidence was too slight for lynching," the judge said, looking straight into John Morris's eyes.

"Great God!" Morris cried, and struck his hands together.

"What more do you want?" Mitchell demanded, angrily. "His wife has disappeared, and the negro ran away."

"True, and I'll see to the case myself; but I'm glad that you did not hang the negro."

A boy came up with a telegram.

"From Jim, I reckon," the sheriff said, taking it. "No; it's for you, Mr. Morris."

It was torn open hastily; then Morris looked from one to the other with a blank, scared face, while the paper fluttered from his hold.

Mitchell caught it, and read aloud slowly, as if he did not believe his eyes:

*"Am safe. Will be out on the ten-o'clock train."*  
ELEANOR."

Morris stood there, shaking, and sobbing hard dry sobs.

"It 'll kill him!" the sheriff said. "Quick, some whiskey!"

A flask was forced between the blue, trembling lips.

"Drink, old fellow," and Mitchell put his arm about Morris's shoulders. "It's all right now, thank God!"

Morris was leaning against his friend, sobbing like a woman. The sheriff drew his coat sleeve across his eyes, and shook his head.





"MORRIS, STANDING OVER HIS FALLEN FOE, LOOKED ABOUT HIM AS IF DAZED."



"What made the nigger run away?" he said, slowly—adding, as if to himself, "God help us!"

A vehicle was borrowed, and the judge and the sheriff drove with John Morris over to the station to meet the ten-o'clock train. The sheriff and the judge remained in the little carriage, and the station agent did his best to leave the whole platform to John Morris. As the moments went by the look of anxious agony grew deeper on the face of the waiting man. The sheriff's ominous words, falling like a pall over the first flash of his happiness, had filled his mind with wordless terrors. He could scarcely breathe or move, and could not speak when his wife stepped off and put her hands in his. She looked up, and without a query, without a word of explanation, answered the anguished questioning of his eyes, whispering,

"He did not touch me."

Morris staggered a little, then drawing her hand through his arm, he led her to the carriage. She shrank back when she saw the judge and the sheriff on the front seat; but Morris saying, "They must hear your story, dear," she stepped in.

"We are very thankful to see you, Mrs. Morris," the judge said, without turning his head, when the sheriff had touched up the horse and they moved away; "and if you feel able to tell us how it all happened, it'll save time and ease your mind. This is Mr. Partin, the sheriff."

Mrs. Morris looked at the backs of the men in front of her; at their heads that were so studiously held in position that they could not even have glanced at each other; then up at her husband, appealingly.

"Tell it," he said, quietly, and laid his hand on hers that were wrung together in her lap. "You sent Aggie to catch the chickens, and the dog went with her?"

"Yes," fixing her eyes on his; "and I sent"—she stopped with a shiver, and her husband said, "Abram"—"to cut some bushes to make a broom," she went on. "I had been for a walk to the old house, and as I came back I laid my gloves and a bit of vine on the steps, intending to return at once; but I wished to see if the boat was safe, for the water was rising so rapidly." She paused, as if to catch her breath, then, with her eyes still fixed on her husband, she went on, "I did not think that it was safe, and I untied the rope and picked up the paddle that was

lying on the dam, intending to drag the boat further up and tie it to a tree." She stopped again. Her husband put his arm about her.

"And then?" he said.

"And then—something, I don't know what; not a sound, but something—something made me turn, and I saw him—saw him coming—saw him stealing up behind me—with the hatchet in his hand, and a look—a look"—closing her eyes as if in horror—"such an awful, awful look! And everybody gone. Oh, John!" she gasped, and clinging to her husband, she broke into hysterical sobs, while the judge gripped his walking-stick and cleared his throat, and the sheriff swore fiercely under his breath.

"I was paralyzed," she went on, recovering herself, "and when he saw me looking he stopped. The next moment he threw the hatchet at me, and began to run toward me. The hatchet struck my foot, and the blow roused me, and I sprang into the boat. There were no trees just there, and jumping in, I pushed the boat off into the deep water. He picked up the hatchet and shook it at me, but the water was too deep for him to reach me, and he ran back along the dam and turned toward the railroad embankment. I was so terrified I could scarcely breathe; I pushed frantically in and out between the trees, further and further into the swamp. I was afraid that he would go round to the bridge and come down the bank to where the outlet from the swamp is and catch me there, but in a little while I saw where the rising water had broken the dam, and the current was rushing through and out to the river. The current caught the boat and swept it through the break. Oh, I was so glad! I am so afraid of water, but not then. I used the paddle as a rudder, and to push floating timber away. My foot was hurting me, and I looked at last and saw that it was cut."

A groan came from the judge, and the sheriff's head drooped.

"All day I drifted, and all night. I was so thirsty, and I grew so weak. At daylight this morning I found myself in a wide sheet of water, with marshes all round, and I saw a steamboat coming. I tied my handkerchief to the paddle and waved it, and they picked me up. And, John, I did not tell them anything except that the freshet had swept me away. They were kind to me, and a friendly



woman bound up my foot. We got to town this morning early, and the captain lent me five dollars, John—Captain Meakin—so I telegraphed you, and took a carriage to the station and came out. Have—have you caught him? And, oh—but I am afraid—afraid!” And again she broke into hysterical sobs.

She asked no explanation. The negro's guilt was so burnt in on her mind, that she was sure that all knew it as well as she.

“You need have no further fears,” her husband comforted. And the judge shook his head, and the sheriff swore again.

A white-haired woman in rusty black stood talking to a negro convict. It was in a stockade prison camp in the hill country. She had been a slave-owner once, long ago, and now for her mission-work taught on Sundays in the stockade, trying to better the negroes penned there.

This was a new prisoner, and she was asking him of himself.

“How long are you in for?” she asked.

“Fuhrebber, ma'm; fuh des es long es I lib,” the negro answered, looking down to where he was making marks on the ground with his toes.

“And how did you get such a dreadful sentence?”

“I ent do much, ma'm; I des scare a white lady.”

A wave of revulsion swept over the teacher, and involuntarily she stepped back. The negro looked up and grinned.

“De hatchet des cut 'e foot little bit; but I trow de hatchet. I ent tech um; no, ma'm. Den atterwards 'e baby daid; den dey say I muss stay yer fuhrebber. I ent sorry, 'kase I know say I hab to wuck anywheys I is; if I stay yer, if I go 'way, I hab to wuck. En I know say if I git outer dis place Mr. Morris 'll kill me sho—des sho. So I like fuh stay yer berry well.”

And the teacher went away, wondering if her work—if *any* work—would avail; and what answer the future would have for this awful problem.

## CONTENT.

BY MADISON CAWEIN.

WHEN I behold how some pursue  
Fame, that is care's embodiment,  
Or fortune, whose false face looks true,—  
A humble home, with sweet content,  
Is all I ask for me and you.

A humble home, where pigeons coo,  
Whose path leads under breezy lines  
Of frosty-berried cedars to  
A gate, one mass of trumpet-vines,  
Is all I ask for me and you.

A garden, which, all summer through,  
The roses old make redolent,  
And morning-glories, gay of hue,  
And tansy, with its homely scent,  
Is all I ask for me and you.

An orchard, that the pippins strew,  
From whose bruised gold the juices spring;  
A vineyard, where the grapes hang blue,  
Wine-big and ripe for vintaging,  
Is all I ask for me and you.

A lane, that leads to some far view  
Of forest and of fallow-land,  
Bloomed o'er with rose and meadow-rue,  
Each with a bee in its hot hand,  
Is all I ask for me and you.

At morn, a pathway deep with dew,  
And birds to vary time and tune;  
At eve, a sunset avenue,  
And whippoorwills that haunt the moon,  
Is all I ask for me and you.

Dear heart, with wants so small and few,  
And faith, that's better far than gold;  
A lowly friend, a child or two,  
To care for us when we are old,  
Is all I ask for me and you.

## RECENT DEVELOPMENT OF MUSICAL CULTURE IN CHICAGO.

BY GEORGE P. UPTON.

THE great fire of 1871 drew a red line nearly midway through the history of the young city of Chicago. The Chicagoan locates all details of municipal progress with reference to this line. Whatever has happened since the fire is contrasted or measured with what happened before it. In the ante-fire period there was no decided musical culture. Music was pursued as a recreation in the midst of the serious work of developing the material resources of the city and laying the foundations of its industrial and commercial future. There was neither time nor opportunity for musical culture. Chicago all that time was growing up. How young it is yet may be appreciated when it is remembered that its first regular orchestra was not organized until 1860; that it did not hear Italian opera until 1859, nor German opera until 1865, in which year its first opera-house was built. Less than fifty years spans the history of music in Chicago.

Before that disastrous October Sunday of 1871 music had made a little progress. Then came the conflagration, and all the daughters of music were brought low. It destroyed every audience-room in the city, disrupted every musical society, laid every music-store in ashes, drove nearly every teacher of music away from the city, and compelled them to seek employment in more favored localities. A new city was to be built, and in the reconstruction it was thought music, being a luxury, would be last considered. Its revival, however, came sooner than was anticipated, and in its renaissance it began to assume a new phase. It was destined gradually to change from a mere source of popular entertainment to a vigorous

educational force, as well defined in its purpose and methods as the University or the Art Institute, which, together with the Public, Newberry, and John Crerar libraries and the Field Columbian Museum, are among the noblest products of the post-fire period.

The foundation for this great work had been laid by Theodore Thomas, whose name is indissolubly associated with the history of music in Chicago. He first came to this city in 1869, bringing with him the orchestra so well known at the Central Park Garden of New York city, and gave three concerts; but they were not well attended. The first night's programme would now provoke a smile among the patrons of the Chicago Orchestra. It included such numbers as Weber's "Invitation to the Dance," Schumann's "Träumerei," a fantasia on the *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, the overture to *William Tell*, Strauss's "Blue Danube" waltz, and two of the same composer's polkas, one of Meyerbeer's garish torch-dances, a solo for trombone, and the allegretto movement from Beethoven's Eighth Symphony as a saving clause. Mr. Thomas was feeling his way. He had skilfully adapted his programme to the knowledge and appreciation of his audience. The performance, however, made a decided impression upon the musical people of the city, and was the theme of much discussion. A little incident will illustrate the nature of the change in prospect. On the evening previous a local orchestra had given a concert in the same hall, and played the "Träumerei," scored for full band, including even the percussion instruments, with a zest and strident clamor worthy of the *Tannhäuser*



"Bacchanale." The Thomas orchestra, the next evening, played it with the strings alone, and with a delicacy of treatment and light dreamy touch that was a genuine revelation. It was the first step indicating the coming change from the old meretricious, popular style to the new artistic and educational product. Mr. Thomas came again the next year, and his orchestra played to large audiences. He had found his way to the hearts of the people of Chicago, and he has kept his place there from that day to this. Between 1869 and 1877 he visited Chicago several times, bringing with him many eminent artists, among them Rubinstein, Wieniawsky, Anna Mehlig, Myron W. Whitney, Madeline Schiller, Campanini, and others, and during this period his programmes show a gradual increase in excellence. He was progressing slowly but surely in his work of elevating and educating the popular musical taste.

Mr. Thomas's real work of education, however, began in the remarkable series of Summer-Night concerts given in the old Exposition Building, and covering the period from 1877 to 1890. The environment of these concerts was not unlike that of the Central Park Garden concerts in New York, but, apart from their eminently social and, in a certain sense, *al fresco* character, there was manifest a strict educational purpose. To make the concerts more attractive, symphony, national, popular, ball-room, and composers' programmes were presented, and each week one "Request" programme was played, made up from requests sent in during that time. It was always these programmes which Mr. Thomas watched with the greatest interest. They were the unfailing guide-posts on his musical journey, showing how far his audience had travelled towards the high ideal which he had set up, and from which no amount of opposition or popular clamor has induced him to swerve. At the outset these Request programmes invariably included some of the dance music of Strauss, Mendelssohn's "Spring Song," the "Amaryllis," the "Träumerei," Handel's "Largo," Gounod's "Ave Maria," Weber's "Invitation to the Dance," Mendelssohn's "Wedding March," and a monotonous array of German and Italian overtures. At the close of these interesting concerts the most successful Request programme contained six successive num-

bers by Sebastian Bach and the Dvorák symphonic variations in the first part, Beethoven, Brahms, and Wagner compositions in the second part, while Liszt's Twelfth Rhapsody and a portion of one of Moszkowsky's suites were the lightest numbers in the third part. Programmes of this kind show that the popular education was advancing. Speaking of these programmes, Mr. Thomas once said, "So high a class of music was asked for in the last few seasons of these concerts that I could have made up a regular symphony programme of the most classic order every week without departing in the least from numbers actually requested, had it seemed wise to do so."

The success of the Summer-Night concerts induced Mr. Thomas to leave New York and make his home in Chicago. It also led to another and most important step in the development of musical culture in Chicago, which has now passed the tentative period, and has given this city, like Boston, a permanent orchestra of the highest character, under the leadership of Mr. Thomas and the administration of an association of public-spirited citizens. The work which has been accomplished in Boston as the generosity of one man, who has assumed the responsibilities and deficits of its symphony orchestra, was undertaken by an association of fifty members in Chicago. The sixth season of the concerts under its auspices has just closed. Each year the deficit has grown smaller. The advance subscriptions for the seventh season were larger than ever before, and there can be no question that before long the deficit will be extinguished and the concerts established upon a paying basis, though the association has not once considered them merely from the box-office point of view. It has come at last to be acknowledged that the Chicago Orchestra is no longer only a medium of entertainment, but an educational institution, as much so in its way as the University or the three great libraries of the city. At the close of the third season Mr. Thomas, who has been a close observer of the educational progress which has always been the key-note of his work, said, in an interview, in which he compared the Orchestral Association concerts with the Summer-Night concerts: "Our audience has learned that the master-works of the great composers contain more food for brain and soul



than the prettiest waltzes that ever were penned; it has discovered that there is a deeper joy and a nobler spirituality to be gained from familiarity with the higher art forms than it ever dreamed of seeking in the lower. It has discovered that while Strauss or Bizet will charm the ear, Beethoven and Wagner will warm and thrill the whole nature. Hence I find that our popular programmes do not now draw as large an audience as our symphony programmes, the largest audiences in the last three years having been those last winter when Beethoven's Ninth Symphony was performed—with the exception of those at which Paderewski played."

The programme-book of the closing concert of the sixth season contains the titles of all the works performed by the orchestra within the period of these concerts. The list is an extraordinary one, especially as considered from the symphonic point of view. Fifty-six symphonies, by Beethoven, Berlioz, Brahms, Brückner, Chadwick, Dvorák, Goldmark, Haydn, Mendelssohn, Mozart, Paine, Raff, Rubinstein, Saint-Saëns, Schönfeld, Schubert, Schumann, Sinding, and Tschai-kowsky have been given, the number of performances being ninety-four. In this imposing array Beethoven holds the place of honor, fifty-six performances being credited to him, the list including all nine of his symphonies. Besides these, nineteen symphonic poems, twenty-one suites, seventy-three overtures, Vorspiels, and preludes, numerous detached movements of symphonies, and thirty-three concertos, representing the higher classical form, besides a great number of works of composers of the modern romantic school, and numerous compositions by rising European writers, have been given their first hearing in this country. The Request programmes in these six seasons confirm the progress of musical education. The programme of the first Request concert, April 23, 1892, included the Introduction to the second part of Bach's *Christmas Oratorio*; Brahms's Symphony in F, No. 3; Mr. Thomas's transcription of Chopin's "Funeral March"; overture to Wagner's *Tannhäuser*; Theme and Variations from Schubert's D minor Quartet, and Liszt's "Preludes." The last one, given May 1, 1897, included Bach's "Chorale and Fugue," Beethoven's "Pastoral Symphony," the finale of Tschai-kowsky's "Symphony Pathé-

tique," Massenet's suite "Les Erinnyes," Saint-Saën's Tarantelle for flute and clarinet, and "Siegfried's Rhine Journey," from Wagner's *Götterdämmerung*. These programmes show a long advance from the Spring songs, waltzes, Amaryllises, and other tuneful prettinesses of a few years ago, which were clamorously demanded and enthusiastically applauded. The present year is the fiftieth anniversary of Mr. Thomas's musical service in the United States. The larger part of that service was performed in New York, and was begun in that city when Chicago was scarcely more than a trading-post, "way out West," but no feature of his long and successful career can be more gratifying to him than the educational work he has performed in the metropolis of the West. How highly he esteems it is demonstrated by the fact that he has organized a string quartet which gives chamber music under his immediate direction, and an auxiliary mass chorus, drilled by the assistant conductor, Mr. Arthur Mees, lately of New York, as new agencies for the enlargement of the educational scheme. Although Mr. Mees's chorus is as yet small, and has had but a few months' study, and is only in evidence when Mr. Thomas wishes to present some new work combining both vocal and instrumental excellence of a high order, yet its remarkable facility in reading, certainty of tone and attack, and sympathy with the orchestra show that the conductor has an admirable collaborator in his assistant, and one familiar with his methods of leading as well as his artistic interpretation. With these auxiliaries of the string quartet and chorus, Mr. Thomas has now the material requisite for extending his educational scheme, and for including in his curriculum many of the higher works of music which are impossible of performance by the orchestra alone; and during the season of 1897-8 he has entered upon his work with every promise of still more satisfactory results as the outcome of these accessions.

An important factor in this recent development of musical culture in Chicago has been the strong feeling of mutual sympathy between the educator and his pupils. It goes without the saying that Mr. Thomas has had unfriendly and sometimes malicious criticism, which was none the less malignant because it was ignorant. All conductors have had this ex-



perience, especially when they have refused to yield to popular clamor. The philistines are as numerous in young as in old cities, and perhaps even more vociferous in the expression of their shallowness and in the display of their prejudices. Mr. Thomas has had to encounter some of their spite-work in the course of his regular orchestral concerts, and he met with a conspicuous display of these qualities during his service as musical director of the Columbian Exposition. The musical scheme which he formulated for the White City was one of the most dignified and comprehensive ever presented on a festival occasion, and it was in keeping with all the other imposing artistic features of that memorable event. Mr. Thomas is an ideal programme-maker, and the series which he prepared for the exposition period will rank with any in the history of music. And yet commercial greed joined hands with official ignorance to break down his scheme, subject him and prominent artists whom he had engaged to treatment bordering upon personal insult, and gave the philistines an opportunity to vent their spleen. It is due to the musical public of Chicago, however, to say that the collapse of this splendid scheme was not its work. The history of that conspiracy may some day be written, and the blame fastened where it belongs. It will then be shown how one of the most important and brilliant features of the art scheme of the White City was partially ruined by his enemies because he would not prostitute his ideals, sacrifice his art to business, or allow himself to be dragged down to the levels of mediocrity and ignorance. This faithful adherence to the highest and best is the quality in Mr. Thomas which has commended him most heartily to the musical people of Chicago, and it is this strong sympathy with him that has enabled him to do so much for musical education without in the least sacrificing his lofty ideals. He has made no concessions to the popular clamor, but has steadily pursued his way, undisturbed by vulgar prejudice or petty criticism. He has lived up to his purpose, without paying any tribute to merely temporary popularity. It has not been an easy task, however. He has had to endure the opposition of those who regard music only as a form of amusement, and to struggle against the allied forces of ignorance, self-sufficiency, and sensa-

tionalism. He has, however, moved steadily along the course he marked out for himself, thankless as it was for a time, confident that he should witness the fruition of his efforts. The courage and firmness which he has displayed have been rewarded. Year by year he has added to his following, until now he has a large constituency of educated patrons, and the experiment of six years ago has become a success practically and artistically. Chicago has its permanent orchestra, and will retain it, and that orchestra to-day is beginning to be recognized as one of the prominent educational institutions of the city.

One of the most prominent elements of Mr. Thomas's success as an educator is his absolute command of his orchestra. In rehearsal and in concert his will is law. He is even despotic at times in his sway, and a martinet in discipline; but he commands the respect of his players, as well as their admiration, and there is not a man, from his kettle-drummer who has served under him for years, to the boyish concertmeister who has just finished his first season with him, who does not obey him unquestioningly, and recognize that there can be no appeal from his dictum. As a matter of fact, Mr. Thomas does not have to lean upon his first-violin desk, as many conductors do. He is his own concertmeister, by virtue of the rare good fortune that he is a violinist himself, with the invaluable advantage of long experience as a soloist, and as a quartet and orchestral player. There are other conductors who may interpret a score as well, but there are few so intimately acquainted with the technique of the string section of the orchestra as he, and few, therefore, in whom the string-players confide so implicitly. Hence it is that he has met with such success in all those details of technique which go to make up the ensemble of performance, as well as in the scholarly and intelligent reading of the scores. Master of his orchestra, he is equally master of himself—notwithstanding his naturally imperious nature—which accounts for the grace, dignity, and repose of his conducting. Given such qualities, and adding to them the possession of liberal culture in music; the utter absence of sensationalism, which is the latter-day popular tendency; the fixing of high ideals and resolute adherence to them; implicit faith in himself, and un-



yielding tenacity of purpose; hearty hatred of shams, and insensibility to flattery; catholicity of taste grounded in the classics, and yet recognizing what is highest and best in modern music—Mr. Thomas has the equipment requisite for the great work of developing musical culture and educating and elevating the popular taste.

In seeking to describe the recent development of musical culture in Chicago I have laid special stress upon the orchestra and its conductor, because they constitute the chief factors in the educational scheme. The opera is at best only a luxurious form of musical entertainment, which is too expensive and fashionable to appeal to the masses. The oratorio in the United States is wellnigh defunct. Americans are not an oratorio-loving people, like the English. Most concerts are managed from the box-office point of view, and their success is measured by the receipts. They contribute but little in the way of education, and doubtless it would be better for music if there were fewer of them, and more attention were paid to their quality.

It would be unjust, however, not to recognize a few other agencies, which have played a more or less important part in the development of musical culture in Chicago. One of these is the Apollo Musical Club, a mixed chorus, which has just celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary. This club is not only one of the most important choral organizations of the city, but it takes special pride in the fact that its birth, in the summer of 1872, was the first musical event in Chicago that happened after the great disaster of the previous year. It was organized as a Männerchor, and three years later was changed into a mixed chorus, under the leadership of Mr. William A. Tomlins, who still remains its conductor. Its first concert gave a new impulse to music; and now, after twenty-five years of work, its members can look back over a period of continuous success, and an array of concerts and programmes which has had a marked influence upon musical progress in Chicago, and has given to their city a national reputation.

Another valuable contributor to musical culture in Chicago is the Amateur Musical Club, an organization composed exclusively of women, who are amateurs of more than ordinary ability and intelligence. It has now several hundred

members, both active and associate, engaged in the work of developing their own musical talent and promoting the art interests of the city by concerts, both of a public and private character. It has its annex in the form of a Juvenile Amateur Club, in which candidates are prepared for admission to the parent organization, and it also devotes its surplus finances to the higher education of young and promising musicians. It therefore occupies a conspicuous place in the development of musical culture.

It only remains to call attention to the Newberry Library as one of the most influential promoters of musical education in Chicago. Its music department contains the largest and rarest collection of scores, periodicals, and literature to be found in the United States. The original list of books, which occupied nearly two years in preparation, was submitted to Theodore Thomas, Professor J. K. Paine, of Harvard College, and other experts, and met with their hearty approval. Professor Paine wrote to the compiler: "That is the best list of musical works I have ever seen. If you get them all you will have the best musical library in the country. I think of nothing to be added to it, but I find a number of books in it which I should like to see the Harvard Library get." All the books in the list were obtained, and since that time several private libraries have been purchased, and the collection has been still further enriched with all the important current publications. The gems of the library are the original edition of Jacopo Peri's opera *Eurydice*—the first opera ever publicly performed in the world, the occasion of its representation being the festivities attending the marriage of Maria de' Medici of Italy to Henry IV. of France—and the libretto containing Rinuccini's poem. It adds to the interest of the score that it is the only known copy of the first edition in the world, the score in the possession of the British Museum being a second edition. It was published in Florence in 1600, and may be considered unique. The library also contains the works of Boethius, Francesco Soto, Sponstone, Zarlino, Brunelli, Cifra, Pellegrini, Palestrina, Athanasius Kircher, Andrea da Modena, Padre Martini, Marcello, and of many other famous writers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, besides unusually complete collections of scores



of operas, oratorios, cantatas, symphonies, and chamber music, psalmody and hymnology, biographies, histories, dictionaries, scientific and technical works, treatises on instrumentation and histories of instruments, songs and ballads, letters and collected writings of composers, theme catalogues, periodicals, librettos, special and first editions, and curiosities and miscellany. In a word, it is now possible for the student to study music in all departments from original sources in this library without crossing the ocean, or even going to the seaboard, and the

opportunity is improved most generously.

In the light of this general statement of the development of its musical culture, the writer modestly submits that Chicago is not altogether occupied with its Board of Trade or its stock-yards, and that it is not wholly absorbed in stocks, grain, lumber, provisions, and politics, but finds leisure for the higher things which are "better than meat," and is making commendable progress on all the lines which lead to the enrichment of life with "sweetness and light."

## EDITOR'S STUDY.

### I.

THE impression widely prevails that prose fiction of the present day is much better than it has been in any other period in history. This assumption is not made for verse fiction. Indeed, it is admitted that in narrative poetry, whether of the epic or dramatic sort, this age is greatly inferior to its predecessors. If we leave out Tennyson's story of Enoch Arden and his lyrical Maud, and Longfellow's Evangeline, we have in late years produced very little that is specially attractive or that promises to be permanent.

There is also an impression that literature generally has reached a higher plane. In regard to history there is a foundation for this belief. The formal adoption of the inductive method and the definiteness derived from scientific investigation have produced histories that appear to us real and sane, and more nearly to approximate truth than the preceding histories, even those of the last generation. But it remains to be seen what history has lost, as a real interpreter of life, by the want in some recent historians of the quality of imagination. For it is getting to be suspected that, equally with the poet and with the novelist, the historian needs imagination in order to comprehend the relation of facts to each other, and in order to apprehend "personality," which is such a large equation in all events.

In regard to literature generally, a

backward glance may well sober our modern conceit. In the technicalities of verse-making there has probably been scientific progress in the last quarter of a century. That is, a greater proportion of people can now make correct verse than formerly. But when we speak of poetry as a matter of inspiration, or expression of real emotion (not simulated), or even of melody, our late days exhibit an actual poverty compared with any preceding times. Nor can we congratulate ourselves upon any improvement in the essay, in meditative prose writing, in the sort of semi-narrative, delicately humorous and perceptive, views of human nature in the pages of Sterne and Heine. In biographies, while we lose a certain naïveté and simplicity, we may gain in the art of construction, as we gain in our histories. Yet even here it must be admitted that some of the old, and the oldest, biographies have a charm which ours lack in the closing years of this century. And it is to be counted for at least commercial sanity that our book-manufacturers have a sort of mania for reproducing the best literature of this sort.

But it is upon the prose fiction, the novel, that we plume ourselves. In regard to amount of production, we may well do so. The world must have a reading habit unattained by our ancestors, and there must be a taste for fiction unprecedented, or it would not pay publishers to run presses and flood the shops, the news-stands, and the railway carriages



with this deluge of fiction. Any one who will take the trouble to look over publishers' lists or book-store counters will be amazed at the multitude of writers, mostly unknown, some of whom have produced for the market fifty and even a hundred stories; and at the number of new books, added to every day by the active presses, mostly novels, from the Sunday-school and domestic type all the way to those written for the regeneration of the slums or for the entertainment of the slums. This phenomenon has a partly commercial explanation. It pays paper-makers and ink-makers and manufacturers of books to set these stories afloat, sometimes merely for the advertisements they carry on the covers. It pays usually, however, because there is an increasing number of readers who have low tastes, or unformed tastes, and little discrimination of quality. And for these readers the books must be cheap, and it is no objection that they are as ephemeral as newspapers, and even more ephemeral than magazines. The old respect for a "book," as such, has much weakened. It should be said, however, in defence of the publishers, that they also use their opportunity for making money by putting out an immense number of standard works, of the highest literary quality, at less than the price of ordinary magazines.

But the question is about the fiction of a higher quality, the novels that we declare superior, both in art and in their relation to human life, to all previous fiction. This claim is not usually based on "style," but upon the fact that they are introspective, that they are more real, that they are truer in psychological analysis, that they deal adroitly with problems of common interest, and that they are, in short, in better form and more "knowing" about life as it is. One attraction is that they study women *au fond*, and another is that they expose men in the same abysmal fashion.

The Study is not prepared to say that all this is not true; nor, on the other hand, would it dare say that the next generation will not judge our fiction as we judge that which preceded ours. It is almost impossible for a reader to guess what will be permanent in contemporary fiction, and it is not easy to say what current fiction is an unprejudiced picture of current manners. But there are considerations that should teach us caution in

bragging about the enduring quality in the fiction of our day.

Every age has been pleased with its own fiction. In every age also there is some fiction, in prose or verse, that every succeeding age has thought worth possessing, because it has not only a permanent literary quality, but because it is sure to be true to human nature. Every age has also been more or less mistaken as to the permanent qualities of its contemporary fiction. Looking backward we can see why much that was most popular in a preceding period did not survive, because it was based on a momentary fad, upon a fleeting event, upon a whim of the public, or upon questions once vital but now either settled and no longer disputable, or dead as vagaries. A curious instance of this is in the case of some work of Balzac in our own century. He seems to have had the idea that some of his most important works were those based upon the study of mesmerism, the interest of which, from his point of view, science has now left high and dry.

Upon a superficial point of view there seems to be a fashion in fiction, that is to say, in the fiction of the progressive races, which changes from time to time as fashion of dress changes. In races little progressive for hundreds of years the literary fashion abides, like the costumes of peasants in remote districts; for instance, a modern Arab story has still quite the character of an *Arabian Nights* tale. In all Occidental fiction we can mark these changes with distinctness. We see the difference between *Don Quixote* and *I Promessi Sposi*, between *The Grand Cyrus* and *Sir Charles Grandison*, between *Tom Jones* and *Oliver Twist*, between *Evelina* and *The Newcomes*, between *Cranford* and *The Country of the Pointed Firs*, between *The Monastery* and *The Scarlet Letter*. We find the reading of Madame Scudéry and Richardson very tedious, while we take kindly to some modern story of passion or wild adventure that has not half the genius of many of the older fictions. The change is not merely in the form, it is in the motive and in the social atmosphere. But it is safe to say that the readers of the sentimental fiction of France, of Germany and England, in the eighteenth century would have no more relished the fiction of our period than we relish their fiction. It is therefore no doubt true that the fiction of



every period is that which is best adapted to the wants of that period. And when we plume ourselves on our great advance in the development of fiction, we really mean that our novels are better suited to our time than preceding novels. Where does the standard of comparative excellence rest? We have little more than fragments of the early Greek fiction, commonly only short stories. We cannot say that these were not absolutely sufficient for the time in which they were written. In fact, we do not know exactly what they were to the people who read them; only we may be sure that those readers would have made little out of *Daniel Deronda*. Stories that depend for their interest upon the assistance of sylvan deities or the intervention of pagan gods may be as vapid to us as the mediæval romances that rest upon the powers of enchanters and the virtues of mediæval saints; but these ancient stories and romances were as entertaining in their day and as eagerly read as the romances of Walter Scott in his day.

We do not know how the novels of the end of our century will be regarded by the readers at the end of the twentieth century. But it is not hazardous to suppose that they will be as alien and antiquated to them as the novels of the eighteenth century are to us. We think we can see a steady growth and development in the novel, so called. But all that we can be sure of is that our novel suits us better than any other. And we do not like it simply for its form, but because it discusses problems and situations peculiar to our own stage of civilization. When these problems are settled or passed by, and these situations are changed for others in a further developed civilization, then novels that depend on these for their interest will become stale and uninforming.

Is there, then, no literary standard in fiction, nothing by which we can judge our own as to its essential qualities, as to its chance of enduring? It seems to me that there is a common quality in all literary work, ancient and modern, that preserves it in spite of all the sophistications and fashions of a period. And that is its truth to human nature, and also its literary power of going directly to the heart of the matter and to the heart of the reader. All the lasting fiction has these qualities, and in whatever age we

find them they give us the same sort of pleasure that we get from our own fiction; only from our own fiction we get the added enjoyment of its relation to our immediate conditions. Probably the next age will enjoy our fiction not for that which most directly appeals to us, but because it contains the permanent interest that makes permanent the story of Esther, and the little fragments of tales of Greek life. Three generations is enough to completely change the taste in fiction. The old lady of the beginning of this century turned with disgust from the nastiness of the fiction that she read as a girl with delight and without injury. We may be sure that some of the fiction which young girls are permitted to read now, and which they discuss with innocent eagerness, they will loath when they are threescore.

It is quite possible that more of the fiction of this nineteenth century will survive than of the fiction of the eighteenth century; there is much more of it, for one thing, and it deals with a greater variety of interests. But it is not improbable that the philosophical critic of the year 2000 will say that the people in 1900 had the fiction they deserved.

## II.

There are two camps of literary criticism: in one there is a belief that there is discoverable a scientific standard by which all literary production may be judged; in the other it is a belief that criticism is, after all, a matter of individual taste. In another department of art, namely, painting, it has been asserted that there can be no fixed canon for the guidance of a learner. In both these arts "impressionism" is substituted for general laws. Without entering upon this discussion, I wish to call attention to the recent formation of an institution in New York which may have some bearing upon this matter of criticism, and consequently upon the cultivation of the faculty of discrimination in readers. It is called "The Comparative Literature Society," and begins its operations in this month of February in Carnegie Hall, in a series of conferences under the care of Professor Charles Sprague-Smith, director. A number of the leading scholars in the country are interested in this enterprise. It is announced that the object of this undertaking is "the purpose of deepening the



understanding of what has already been accomplished in literature, and stimulating to higher literary production." This is directly to be attained by a comparative study of all the great literatures, in outline, in different races and periods. The work will be opened by Saturday morning conferences on the Dawn of Literature, and evening conferences on the Contemporary Drama. Some of the topics of the first are Nature and Man, by Professor N. S. Shaler; Literature in China and Japan, by Professor F. Wells Williams; in India, by Professor C. R. Lanman; in Egypt and Babylonia, by Professor C. H. Toy; in Greece and Italy, by Professor Thomas Davidson; in Persia, by Professor A. V. W. Jackson; in Arabia, by Dr. Talcott Williams; in Scandinavia, by Professor Sprague-Smith; and Literature before the Dawn among Savage Tribes, by Professor D. G. Brinton. The conferences on the Contemporary Drama will be, in France, by Professor Adolphe Cohn; in Spain and Italy, by Professor Luis A. Baralt; in Germany, by Professor Kuno Francke; and in Scandinavia, by Professor Sprague-Smith.

The direct object of these conferences is to give a view of the "oneness" of all genuine literature, and to broaden the basis of our judgment and appreciation. It will also serve to correct our impression of real values as to quality and permanence of any particular literature. This sort of study is nowhere more needed than in the United States, which is apparently on the eve of a considerable literary production.

Incidentally this society has another purpose. It will, no doubt, if the plans of its promoters are carried out, be the parent of many similar societies throughout the country. These will not be societies for the mutual admiration of a local product, but centres of study of the entire field, and will create enthusiasm for the cultivation of literature, and restrain local conceit. Furthermore, these societies will bring together, from time to time, literary workers for the purpose of conference and comparison. Perhaps it would be going too far to expect that they will set up any standard, but they will at least be foci of understanding and interpretation. It may not be well that literature should be organized in any such formal way as in the French Academy: such an institution is not practicable in

this country. But it cannot be useless that the literary productions of the country should have some sort of organization as a force and authority. Every science is organized, and is in communication and in comparison with its kindred in all other countries. There is scarcely an interest in life—scientific, economic, and business—that is not visibly organized, and that is not all the more effective for home conferences and foreign connections. Literature alone in the United States is an interest that is powerless, and without the stimulus of comparative criticism and conferences. When you think of the vast interests at stake, why is it not as reasonable and as necessary to have an Academy of Letters as an Academy of Sciences? Nobody dreams of putting literature upon a scientific basis, and it is doubtful if, in America or England, there could ever be an Academy which shall stand in the same relation to the English language that the French Academy stands to the French language; but it is perfectly practicable to bring men of letters and scholars into closer communion, and to add to the dignity of literature in the eyes of the world by some organization of it as a force.

### III.

A curious comment upon our sanitary condition as a nation is furnished by a legend prominently displayed on one of the tall house walls in the æsthetic city of Boston. It is this: *Pill after Pie*. It is a general statement, as if it were an accepted and undisputed rule of life in Boston. No mention is made, in sight, of any particular brand of pill or pie. It may not be a city ordinance. It may be only an advertisement; but if it is, it is a very shrewd one, and shrewd in two particulars. It seizes upon an established habit, upon which it can reckon as a basis of pecuniary profit. There is and must be pie in the daily life of the city. Taking this for granted, it then suggests pills as the necessary sequence. It does not make the blunder of offering pie as an inducement to take the pill advertised. It understands human nature too well for that. Comparatively few people could be induced to eat pie for the sake of getting pill. Still fewer could be tempted to swallow pill on the bribe of pie afterwards. No. But lots of people will do wrong with the expectation of repenting after they have enjoyed themselves. And



lots of people will eat pie knowing that pill must follow it, who would on no account take their punishment before their pleasure. Therefore it is that "Pie after Pill" would be a less attractive statement than "Pill after Pie." No doubt that the manufacturer who advertised, "Every taker of one of these pills shall have a piece of pie afterward," would fail; but the pill that is advertised by this cynical dealer as an antidote to the pie is a Boston favorite.

A great many thoughts will be suggested to the reader by this simple advertising statement. One of them is the perfection of modern advertising, and another is the abject subjection of the public to the exploiters who use personal habits as a means of profit. The advertiser is too cunning to say, "Do not eat pie, or you will have to take medicine." He accommodates himself to the public taste and sells his compounds. Another thought is, what will be the comment upon our civilization of an observer who explores the ruins of Boston in some distant age and reads the legend we have quoted? Will he say that we perished by pill, or pie?

#### IV.

Speaking of poetry, it is noticeable how much more the admiring critic has to say about the felicity of certain lines than about the conception and structure of the poem as a whole. The reviewer gives us "gems," which we infer are strung upon the string of verses, and that the string has no structural value—is merely a device for hanging the stray "noble lines" together. And the reader of modern verse is thankful for "gems" and "noble lines," and does not always stop to think whether the poem has a purpose, or any discernible structural form. The poem is weak, and does not "get anywhere," says the patient reader. Yes, says the critic, but see what a fine line this is! The cynic, who has been wandering around for weeks in the ambitious vagueness of modern verse, says that most of the short poems are too long. It seems as if the writer, who had an impulse to begin to express a mood or a feeling, did not know where to leave off, and so maundered on and on, in the hope of striking a "noble line."

Another critic thinks of a poem as he thinks of any other work of art—a picture or a piece of architecture—as a con-

ception, having definite form and proportion. The painter must have unity in his canvas; he is not credited with success if he only sticks in here and there a well-painted gem in a wilderness of purposeless color. The architect knows well that if he wishes to make a house, he must have at the beginning a definite conception of it as a whole, in its perfection, all its lines conspiring to the effect of beauty or grandeur. It is not satisfactory if it only has here and there a fine member, while the whole is disorganized and confusing to the eye. The architect soon learns that he cannot join various styles into a harmonious whole, nor can he make one style pleasing and noble unless he has, to begin with, singleness of conception.

This want of structural unity is quite as apparent in poems, so called, as in pictures and houses. The poet has this advantage over the painter and the architect, that he is not in similar bonds of time and place, and that he is not limited by the external conditions which almost always hinder the execution of the free conception of the architect. But the task of the poet is as difficult as the work of either of the other artists. Nor can he find an excuse in this country for vaguely wandering in his subject because he sees so many unsightly buildings and so many pictures that he never cares to see twice. It sometimes seems as if it were a sort of competition between the verse-makers and the builders of America to see which could produce the most commonplace or the most bizarre structures. But the poet, because of the freedom of his opportunity, is held to a stricter performance than other artists. The perfect poem would have no line, no word, that is not structurally necessary to the conception. He cannot be allowed, as the architect is sometimes by reason of the necessities of his site or his neighborhood, to "buttress" up a weak point. The poet has the absolute freedom of a blank sheet of paper. All he needs is ideas, and ever-vigilant practice, and the highest technical knowledge of his art, a knowledge so absorbed and assimilated that all traces of it disappear in the poem, which reveals nothing of the mechanical construction measured by the eye of the writer, and flows to the reader as melody. These seem not unreasonable things to ask of the coming and "come" American poets.



## THE SNORING BEAUTY.

BY ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK.

**L**AUNCELOT MAINWARING had never thought Paris the place in which to fall in love. Whenever he had considered the subject at all, he had placed himself on a background of country scenery in England, with a skylark singing somewhere above, plenty of primroses and violets about, a general atmosphere of spring greenness and freshness, and a tinkling brook among the trees: a properly poetical setting—a setting that would sound well in a sonnet.

Mr. Mainwaring wrote very pretty sonnets in the intervals of more serious literary work, but to-day, as he walked slowly down the Boulevard Haussmann, after having accomplished the most decisive act of his life, he felt no impulse to embody that supreme moment in verse. He realized that no sonnet could do so—no sonnet, at least, of which he was capable. For Mr. Mainwaring had fallen in love very completely and irrevocably, and if Paris was not an ideal place for the operation, the girl herself was more than ideal, for her charm far surpassed that of the rather misty, undefined goddess hastily taken for granted, along with the skylark, in that mental landscape of his. He had always hoped to fall in love at first sight; and he had also hoped to fall in love with a girl whose beauty it would be his pride alone to fully appreciate. And certainly Miss Elizabeth Thayler had a charm which any painter would be proud to put on his canvas. Mainwaring had met her, accompanied by her brother and aunt, walking down the Champs Élysées only an hour or so before. He paused for nothing, but immediately and desperately fell in love! It was only when they had almost met that he recognized in her male companion an old Oxford college chum, a friend never so dear as now, when Mainwaring greeted him with a warmth he almost feared to be deceitful.

"Why, Thayler, old boy," he cried, "I haven't seen you for an age! How are you?"

Thayler responded with corresponding vigor, and presented him to his aunt and sister with a beaming recommendation in his favor.

"What hotel are you stopping at?" Mainwaring asked, for by such banalities is love accompanied—and this was a very necessary one. He loved Miss Elizabeth Thayler, but certain formalities must be gone through with before he could marry her and retire to the country with the poets and "worship made perfect" on £10,000 a year, and the first for-

mality was a call. His delight may be imagined when Thayler named his own hotel.

"This is very lucky for me; I am there too," he said. "May I call this evening?"

"We are going to the opera," said Thayler. "I tell you what, Mainwaring, come along with us. I know that Elizabeth is longing to talk to you, for she was quite wild over that clever book of yours; so you'll get on together."

"You see, Mr. Mainwaring, that I have a very loyal brother," put in Miss Thayler, who had laughed outright at the end of her brother's speech.

And Mrs. Grantleigh, the aunt, who was stout and good-humored, added: "Do come, Mr. Mainwaring. I am, like my nephew, a good deal of a philistine in matters of art, but I feel quite safe in referring you to Elizabeth."

Mrs. Grantleigh felt that a certain agreeable possibility gained strength from the polite ardor of Mr. Mainwaring's acceptance. "It is decidedly visionary of me to imagine such a thing," she thought; "the dear girl has hardly opened her lips, but he certainly looks like a delighted man." She cast a glance at him.

A delighted man? Mainwaring felt himself a very demi-god among men as he joyously walked along beside Miss Thayler. Well named Elysian Fields! The asphalt seemed to blossom with narcissus and asphodel beneath his feet.

It was *Romeo and Juliet* at the Opéra that night. Mainwaring sat behind Miss Thayler in the box, dreamily listening to the music as he studied its effect on her charming face. There was no blasé affectation here; the gray eyes were wide with an almost childish pleasure. During the love-scene she smiled and sighed with unconscious sympathy.

"But if Romeo were only a little slimmer!" she said to Mainwaring. "What a pity one can't forget that he likes his dinner better than his Juliet! But I will try to forget it." And she did so so effectually that Mainwaring saw two great tears brim over her eyes and hang in the most poetical violet-and-dewdrop manner on her long lashes during the last tragic duet.

Mainwaring went up to his room in the hotel. The last glimpse he had of Miss Thayler below before parting for the night was stamped vividly on his heart.

"Well, I am done for," he remarked. "She is simply adorable."

He took up Browning, Keats, and Shelley,



glanced into Heine and de Musset, but none of these fitted the lofty rapture of his mood. He was living in poetry now, with no need to search it in books, so he went to the open window, and leaning into the soft spring night, gazed earnestly at the stars.

He had been for some time engaged in this highly commendable and loverlike occupation when a real sound, a sound solidly real, of the earthy order, struck his ear, producing on his nerves as disagreeable a sensation as would a pitcher of very cold water poured suddenly over him. It was a snore. Mainwaring had few masculine fads; was, in fact, as regarded most physical and many mental discomforts, serenely stoical. Only one thing he simply could not and would not endure, and that one thing was snoring. He said this to himself, turning hastily from the window—a sudden dampness springing to his forehead—in quite a rage at this most unexpected, incongruous, and intensely disagreeable interruption, as the second snore, a deep, long-drawn, guttural grunt, pierced with fatal clearness through the thin wall dividing his room, and pierced as well the very marrow of his bones.

Mainwaring ran his fingers through his hair. "I can't stand that," he said to himself; "and it is evidently a fixture for the night. I know the fiendish species, warranted to keep one madly awake till morning;" and a little chill trickled down his spine and settled in the small of his back as the third snore rolled out its long crescendo.

He listened with rigid reflection to the fourth snore. "Some great hulk of a fellow, I suppose, lying on his back with his mouth open. By Jove! I never heard more ferocious energy! His friends—his relations ought to tie his jaws up. It's a positive outrage."

Mainwaring felt absolutely murderous as the fifth and sixth snores filled the vibrating atmosphere with a certain majesty in their relentless volume of sound. By the time ten, eleven, and twelve had come, verging now on the shrill and whistling order, Mainwaring felt that he was at fever-point. He put on his hat and went out.

He was fond of Paris by night, and as he looked down the long sweep of the Champs Élysées, with its fringe of golden lights, to the Place de la Concorde, he felt soothed, forgot the snores, and thought of Elizabeth. It was past six when he returned to the hotel, decidedly tired and sleepy.

As he entered the long passage where his room was—No. 24—he heard the sound of a turning handle, and prudently stepping back, saw, with eyes in which a certain horror slowly dawned, Miss Thayler emerge from No. 25, the room next his—the room of the snorer!

Miss Thayler was in a flowing dressing-gown of white, and looked an angel with her unbound hair. She stepped rapidly down the passage away from him, one hand gathering

her snowy draperies about her, the other holding to her side a soft heap of garments, and pausing before a door, knocked. Mainwaring heard her say, "It is I, auntie; very early, I know, but may I come in?" saw her disappear, and fairly fell back against the wall, the ghastliness of a sudden conjecture that was almost certainly depriving him of breath.

"That ethereal-looking angel to snore like a trooper!" he muttered. "Can it be possible?"

But the last straw of hope was ruthlessly snatched from him, for in a few minutes came soft footfalls up the hall. His door was ajar; he could hear their light approach, their pause at the room next his, the closing of the door, and then, then, after some moments—wonderfully short they seemed—of silence came again a low, long snore, as of one lying down to pleasant slumber.

"Good heavens!" whispered Mainwaring, clutching his hair with desperation, "it is she!" He sat there listening (was ever lover placed in such a tragically comical position?), sat listening to his lady's snores, succeeding each other with growing force, until at last, quivering in a fantastic treble, they broke on a high whistling note, and after a hurried connecting snort or so, resumed the deep, rumbling, sonorous bass once more. "Good heavens! Good heavens!" he repeated, mechanically. "This is terrible; this is ghastly!"

Yet he could not leave her. There was a blissful pain in suffering for and through her. He would not give up his room and expose her to the possibility of insulting cries and wall-rappings from some less loving neighbor. To crown all, he must learn to endure the snores, for he loved her.

"I will train myself to listen calmly," he thought. "I will conquer this unmanly weakness of mine. I will learn to like them; I will learn to love them; but she must never know that I am here beside her, must never see me leaving or entering this room. I must come to bed late, and get up early. I had better change these evening clothes and get out now, for, upon my word, another hour would kill me."

And Mainwaring, scourged by those direful sounds, tubbed, dressed, and took a turn outside to cool his fevered temples, and then went into one of the smaller dining-rooms, where his table was laid, and ordered his breakfast.

Hardly had the crisp *petits pains* and the steaming milk and coffee been placed before him when Miss Thayler appeared in the doorway, attired with the most punctilious care. Evidently she was a quick dresser; but Mainwaring forgot those sleepless hours, forgot the snores, as he looked at her, as he realized that she was going to sit down at the table beside him and have her breakfast too. This was the Princess free of the night's odious enchantment; the Princess with her sweet smile, her grave, pure eyes. Mainwaring rose to greet her



“‘CAN YOU FORGIVE ME?’ HE ASKED.”

“So you aren’t lazy, either,” she said, giving him her cool little hand. “Jack always turns French when he comes to Paris, but I am more patriotic and energetic. What a lovely morning!—such sunshine! and all those dear little pale green buds on the blue sky! I do love the trees along the streets in Paris; they seem to border the pavements with poetry. One feels quite ashamed of hanging over vulgar shop windows when one can look up at them on the sky. Do you think me very sentimental?” she added, smiling a little at him over her shoulder as she stood at the window. “Don’t, please; for, to be honest, I like the shop windows too.”

“I am glad you own to such a healthy taste, but still more glad that you prefer the buds.”

“I can’t say I despise diamonds and pearls and other pomps and vanities. Did you sleep well, Mr. Mainwaring, after poor Romeo and Juliet?”

Mainwaring shivered; in spite of himself, his eyes fixed themselves on that delicate, dainty nose of hers. Was it possible?

“Yes, I had a good night,” he answered, truthfully in a sense—for had not rapture mingled with his pains? “And you? I hope the alouette did not disturb your slumber.”

“Oh, not at all! I quite forgot that cruel alouette for a good many hours. The rossignol must have been singing.”

She laughed as though something amused her, and was adding, “I sleep—” when Main-

waring interrupted her hastily. The subject of their conversation was painful to him.

“What are you going to do to-day?” he asked, watching her pour her coffee and milk together with a charming dexterity. “Spend it in ‘Vanity Fair,’ I suppose, among Virot hats and Doucet gowns?”

“Well, I really don’t know” (she put in three lumps of sugar, Mainwaring observed, with loving interest). “I thought of the Salon this morning, if auntie or Jack will only listen to the alouette in time.”

“Don’t allow their laziness to spoil your morning,” Mainwaring hastened to say. “I should be only too happy, too delighted, if you will let me take you there.”

“I should like that very much,” said Miss Thayler, who was an independent young lady, and who, besides, had heard all sorts of pleasant things concerning Mr. Mainwaring from her brother. “If auntie isn’t up, I shall certainly take advantage of your kindness.”

“Kindness?” cried Mainwaring, and put up his coffee-cup only just in time to prevent his eyes becoming too eloquent; for he must allow himself no love-making until he had grown to love—the snores.

In spite of this resolution, nobly as it was kept, so far as words were concerned, Mainwaring and Miss Thayler felt themselves to be very good friends—oh! very good friends indeed, by the time the Palais de l’Industrie was reached; and Mainwaring felt a good deal



more than that, so far as friendship was concerned, though it was very pleasant to find in her such delightful sympathy or intelligent differing in literature, painting, and music.

Mainwaring paid very little attention to French art that morning, as he was more engaged in looking at Miss Thayler than at the pictures. She was all pretty interest and grave attention while listening to his remarks and criticisms. In the afternoon these two and Mrs. Grantleigh took a long drive in the Bois, up the Avenue des Acacias, sparkling with sunshine and gay toilets, and round the lakes where the swans slowly floated above their white reflections in the blue water. Mainwaring could have believed the night previous a bad dream as he watched the answering smiles in Miss Thayler's gray eyes.

The Thaylers dined with friends that night, and Mainwaring too had an engagement; but though it was very late when he crept cautiously to his room, he might have spared himself the trouble, for, before he reached it, the fateful sounds he already knew too well greeted his ear.

She was asleep—asleep and more, for she was snoring. With Spartan firmness Mainwaring undressed and laid him down upon his bed of torture, a wet towel bound about his forehead, his hands crossed on his breast like a knight's effigy, rigid with determination. He needed all that he could muster, for the sound passed all bounds in direfulness. As he lay with aching eyes closed, his pulses throbbing, it seemed to him, in mocking unison with the rousing cadences, he longed, he prayed for sleep; but sleep came not. Only the snoring grew and grew; it filled the room with solemn thunder, curdled his blood with shrill shakes and quavers.

Mainwaring won his spurs that night; never was vigil more terrible. But fatigue, absolute fatigue prevailed at last, and after hours that dragged by with agonizing slowness, he fell asleep. He dreamed of thunderous waterfalls above which Miss Thayler floated, smiling, in a mist of foam. A roll of distant drums rapidly approaching, until they were beating at his ear, seemed to awaken him, and he started up listening. The drums were snores! but it was broad daylight, and he had slept. He had certainly slept—that was a comfort; but he did not yet love the discomfiting concert, and he could not tell her that he loved her until he had accomplished that feat. Besides, it was too soon, too sudden; she would think him bold. Mainwaring resolved to keep a tight rein upon himself; but his resolution was broken.

In the afternoon he escorted Mrs. Grantleigh and Miss Thayler to the Louvre. Mrs. Grantleigh soon subsided into a seat in the Salon Carré, and the two young people wandered from picture to picture. Miss Thayler to-day was a little less interested in art, perhaps, a little more conscious of that pair of handsome eyes beside her, their adoration only

veiled by good breeding. She met it, though, as she turned from the haunting smiles of the Mona Lisa, and though Mainwaring hastened to change his expression into one of polite attention, she almost understood, and looked back at the Mona Lisa with a sort of girlish confusion. The smile seemed to have gained meaning in that brief moment.

"She looks as though she knew all our secrets," said Miss Thayler, "and were gently mocking us. I wonder if she is kind or cruel?"

"I am sure she is kind to us," said Mainwaring. That soft flush on her cheek, that sweet coldness in her averted eyes, were altogether too fascinating. "I wish she would tell you a secret she and I know of," he added, almost before he knew what he was thinking of. "I don't dare to."

Miss Thayler bent a little nearer the picture's face, with a smile hovering about her mouth. "I don't want her to tell me. I don't believe I would like the secret; besides, she is mocking us; I feel sure of it. I don't trust her, Mr. Mainwaring, really I don't." And she looked at him with delicate coquetry.

Mainwaring suddenly thought of the snores, and as he glanced back at the smiling sphinx, it seemed to him that her subtle eyes were full of malicious meaning. "Perhaps you are right. I don't believe she knows my secret, after all."

"And *you* don't dare tell it, so I shall never know," said Miss Thayler, lightly.

"Perhaps I shall dare some day; it depends on you"—Mainwaring just restrained himself from adding, "you beautiful, exquisite, adorable girl," which would certainly have startled her.

They were before a Rembrandt now. Miss Thayler looked at it with gentle gravity, and she replied,

"Some day, yes; you don't know me well enough yet."

"I know you well enough to love you," said Mainwaring, a great shadow seeming to him to settle down around them as he spoke, and to wrap them together away from the wandering tourists and sight-seers.

Miss Thayler looked silently at him. "Oh, but you don't—really you don't!" she said; and then she turned hurriedly, shyly away, and went to her aunt.

Mainwaring, as he stood looking with unseeing eyes at the Rembrandt, was afraid he had been too bold, too sudden. Or was it possible? Could she be thinking of the snores? His heart filled with the tenderest, most adoring pity; but how to tell her that he knew that too?

They hardly spoke to each other on the way home, for a strange constraint had grown between them. That night he fancied that he bore the snores more bravely. He slept a little longer too, though the night after was again sleepless—but perhaps the snores were

particularly bad. At all events, on the succeeding night he slept really well.

Miss Thayler certainly avoided him, but she seemed neither angry nor displeased, though when they were together she gently but firmly warded off questions of sentiment. It was not until a week had passed that he found himself alone with her again.

Mainwaring flattered himself with the thought that by this time he had conquered his weakness. He could certainly sleep. Once or twice he had forgotten that the snores were ringing in his ears. And this afternoon he had been taking tea with Miss Thayler and her aunt in their cozy little drawing-room, and Mrs. Grantleigh had gone out on some excuse, leaving them leaning together over a big portfolio of photographs. They were silent until they came to the photograph of the Mona Lisa, and then Mainwaring said, "May I dare more now than I could the other day?"

"You don't know me much better," said Miss Thayler, a little pale, but smiling; "you have known me hardly over a week."

"I am sure you have heard of love at first sight."

"Yes, I have *heard* of it," said she.

"I loved you from the moment I saw you."

Miss Thayler was silent, and Mainwaring possessed himself of the little hand.

"Will you give me hope, darling? Will you give me leave to go on loving you forever?—for I shall, you know, with or without it."

"Isn't it rather useless to ask, then?" said Miss Thayler, as she definitely yielded up her hand, and, as Mainwaring rapturously kissed it, "But you mustn't idealize me. I am only a very every-day girl, very bad-tempered too, sometimes, and, and—"

Mainwaring suddenly flushed very red. She was longing yet afraid to tell him.

"Elizabeth," he said, "will you forgive me if I speak plainly—if I tell you that I know, and love you all the more for it?"

"For what?" asked Miss Thayler, staring at him with wide-open eyes.

Mainwaring took both her hands in his. "My room is next to yours," he said, all his courage mustered.

Miss Thayler's eyes were suddenly lit up with laughing horror. "Why, then—why, then you must have heard—" she began.

"Yes, I heard your—your snoring." (Miss Thayler started.) "I knew it was you," Mainwaring continued, rapidly. "I determined not to let it interfere with my love for you. I lay awake for several nights, I own; but now, now, my darling, I can truthfully say that they don't disturb me in the least."

Miss Thayler had drawn her hands away, had risen to her feet, and was looking at him with an expression he could not comprehend.

"Forgive me for having spoken of this," he went on.

"Oh! oh! oh!" cried Miss Thayler. Was it

anguish or shame in her voice? She dropped into a chair and covered her face with her hand. "Oh! oh!" she almost shrieked. Her shoulders shook.

Mainwaring stood looking at her, white with confusion and horror. He should always have pretended not to know.

"Elizabeth!" he ventured, despairingly, and then, overcome by the sight of her grief, he turned and rushed blindly from the room. Would she ever forgive him? Could she? Had he not blighted with his vulgar anxiety the lovely blossom of their love? He stumbled up stairs to his room. His door and hers were both ajar, and outside his lay a small coverlet, as though some one had dropped it there—a coverlet wadded, lined with silk, and the word "Toto" embroidered on it in red letters.

Mainwaring looked at it wonderingly. Then he staggered back, for the air was full of snores, and this time they came from his own room. He pulled himself together, his heart filled with overpowering joy, for they were *the* snores. He knew every note, every inflection by heart, and whosoever they might be, angel's or devil's, they were not hers. Mechanically he picked up the little blanket, went in, looked about, and then burst into wild laughter.

There on the bed, curled upon the pillow, where, because of him, Mainwaring's head had so often lain hot with agony, was a very stout, very placid, most aristocratic old pug-dog. He turned his large eyes on Mainwaring, their luminous brown and his black nose marking three dark values on his gentle frosted face. He looked calmly, quietly at Mainwaring, and he snored—Heavens, how he snored! It was all explained now. This was Toto, and Toto was hers. Finding the door open, he had wandered out, dropping his blanket on the way. He was probably an invalid, and he was the bundle Miss Thayler had been carrying into her aunt's room that morning. But Mainwaring had too much sense of humor to grudge his wasted heroism, or to feel otherwise than tenderly towards his innocent torturer. He wrapped the blanket carefully round Toto, smoothed his brow, which had become rather anxiously wrinkled, and carrying him gently, descended to Miss Thayler's drawing-room. She was sitting where he had left her, her handkerchief before her eyes.

Mainwaring walked in quietly. "Can you forgive me?" he asked. "In the name of this innocent yet guilty animal, I beg you to forgive me."

"Forgive you?" cried Miss Thayler. "You are a perfect hero! What you must have suffered! No one can endure the poor pet's snoring but me," and again she burst out laughing.

Then Mainwaring told her the tale of the past nights.

"I think," said Elizabeth, when he had done, "that you are a man to be adored."



## ASKING THE WAY.

WHEN I was in the Tennessee mountains last summer I had occasion to make a trip of thirty miles on horseback to see a certain Major Thornton. After I had gone about twenty-five miles, following the directions I had received before starting, I came to a cross-roads on the mountain summit, and was then utterly at a loss which way to take.

While I sat on my horse cogitating, a man came along with a rifle over his shoulder, and accompanied by a number of dogs.

He took no notice of me whatever, although his dogs snarled and barked at me. The hunter would have passed by without a word if I had not hailed him, and then he answered my questions curtly.

"Sir," said I.

"Speakin' to me?" he asked.

"Certainly," I replied. "I don't see any one else in the neighborhood."

"Well?" he said, surlily.

"Can you tell me where Major Thornton lives?"

"I reckon I can."

"Well, where does he live?"

"About six miles farther on that road," indicating the direction from which he had come.

"Are there many houses on the road before I reach the Major's?"

"Yes."

"How many?"

"Four or five."

"How can I tell Thornton's?"

"Big log house, chimbleys in both ends, pigs runnin' aroun' loose in the front yard."

"Do you know whether the Major is at home or not?"

"He was there 'bout two hours ago."

With this he whistled up his dogs and stalked off, while I took the road he had indicated.

After jogging along for a little over an hour I came to a stream where a solitary horseman was giving his beast a drink.

"Can you tell me how far it is to Major Thornton's?" I asked him.

"'Bout half a mile," he replied, and added, "Did you want to see the Major?"

"Yes; I want to see him on a matter of rather important business."

"Well, he isn't at home."

"Are you sure?"

"Sartain. I wanted to see him myself, and have just left his house."

"Well," said I, "he was there not a great while ago, for I met a man a few miles from here who had seen him this morning."

"What sort of a looking man was he?"

"He was about sixty, I should say, with light blue eyes and a Roman nose—"

"Meanin' a nose crooked like a poll parrot's?" the man interrupted.

"Yes. His hair was nearly white," I continued; "and I noticed, as he grasped his rifle, that he had lost the little finger of his right hand."

"Are you personally acquainted with Major Thornton?" asked the mountaineer.

"No."

"I 'lowed as much."

"Why?"

"'Cause that was the Major himself."

WILLIAM HENRY SIVITER.

## A TRIUMPH.

THE learned professor was wandering aimlessly through the crowded rooms.

He looked and felt out of place. What were these gala costumes to him, the renowned archæologist? He would be more at home delving through the débris of Copan and Nippur.

Even as he walked about his mind was constantly reverting to the unfinished problems that occupied him in his study. He continually recalled the undeciphered hieroglyphs and the strange-shaped vessels and instruments whose use he was vainly endeavoring to determine.

He would fain have returned to his curious bronzes, wrought gold, and copper, and quaintly carved stones. But he was not allowed to do so. It was the day of his daughter's wedding, and for the sake of appearance he was forced to be present with the happy throng. He looked upon it as a day wasted, and his heart was sore.

As he wandered about he finally entered a room whence cries of admiration issued constantly. A wonderful sight met his gaze. On every side he saw the most curious products of the jeweller's and silversmith's art. They were spread out on the bureau, on the bed, on the chairs, on the window-sills—in short, everywhere.

The professor was really not interested, but to pass the time he began to examine the various articles. Outside of six fish-knives, ten French clocks, and several carving sets, he was unable to determine what any of the things he saw were intended for.

To his studious mind the matter soon took on the form of a problem, and like a true lover of knowledge he began to inquire of the different guests what each article was to be used for. After hearing a number of explanations a great light suddenly flashed through his mind.

"Eureka!" he shouted. "I have at last solved one of the greatest problems that archæologists have had to contend with!"

In response to the inquiries of the guests he explained, excitedly:

"Why, it is as plain as day to me now! All the curious instruments that have been dug up from ancient ruins, things that looked as if they were mere freaks of some artistic workman's imagination, and things whose usefulness we have vainly endeavored to discover, are now quite intelligible. They were all used for wedding-presents."

And who shall say that the professor was not right?





### WRITING THE VALENTINE.

"I am afraid I'll have to give it up, Mollie. I can't think of a rhyme to lover that will do in that last couplet."

"I tell you what you can do. Write the last two syllables illegibly, and let him find out what it is for himself."

#### THE GOLFER'S VALENTINE.

WHERE'ER I look, whate'er the place,  
 Mine eyes are stymied by thy face!  
 Whate'er I try to do the while,  
 My stroke is fozzled by your smile!  
 Where'er I walk, I can't disguise,  
 My steps are bunkered by thine eyes!  
 If I would speak to thee, perchance,  
 I slice my words beneath thy glance!  
 Some days when thou art kind to me  
 My heart is lofted gloriously.  
 But when, alas! I have thy frown,  
 'Tis topped and sinks, and sinks deep down!  
 Sometimes, when listening to thy sigh,  
 I pray for some great brassie lie  
 With which to strike the ball of dole  
 And drive it hence to ease thy soul.  
 Sometimes, when listening to thy mirth,  
 I'd try to loft the whole glad earth,  
 And make each mortal on it see  
 How sweet life's fair green is to me.  
 Ah, Phyllis dear, my soul's so rapt  
 To think of thee, I'm handicapped!  
 But on my knees I beg the joy  
 Of being just thy caddie-boy.  
 Two up are we upon this day—  
 Let's seek the priest—with one to play;  
 Or, if 'tis medal play, 'twill do  
 Were we to make it one off two!

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

#### TWICE BEATEN

A RATHER blunt-spoken old minister, who sometimes forgot that politeness was a virtue, was a great friend of Deacon Stubbs of Conservative Corners. One evening recently, at a

business meeting, they differed, and the deacon secured a majority, somewhat to the parson's dissatisfaction. Then, with a smile that savored of sarcasm, he remarked, "I think Brother Stubbs is a fool to-night."

To which the deacon readily replied, "No, I am not a fool, but if you claim the privilege of calling me brother, I admit that I am akin to one."

#### SATISFACTORY TO ALL.

IN the country around the town of Daleyville, Georgia, there live a number of "crackers," who are as deeply religious as they are ignorant and illiterate.

For many years Dr. Jones has been the favorite physician among these people, who always wanted him to name the new babies as they arrived, and invariably insisted on having Bible names. Finally the doctor's patience gave out, and he declared he would not name any more children; it was enough for him to have the responsibility of their safe arrival in this vale of tears, without racking his brain for new and attractive Bible names. But one day twins arrived in the family of one of his "cracker" patients, and the proud parents insisted that the doctor should make an exception to his rule on such an occasion.

Remonstrance was in vain, but the doctor was in a bad humor, and said, "All right, then; I'll name them Belshazzar and Beelzebub; then you can call the girl Belle and the boy Bub."

"Them's mighty fine names, doc," said the father. "Hi, maw!" calling to the grandmother. "Doc bez named the youngsters Belshazzar an' Beelzebub!"

"Waal," she replied, as she entered the room, "ef they's only ez good ez them they's named fer, hit's all I ask."





ONE!



TWO!!



THREE!!!

THE POWER OF MUSIC.







See page 530.

THE SATYR WREATHED.

Engraved by Frank French from the painting by George R. Barse, Jr.

# HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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MARCH, 1898

No. DLXXIV

## AN AMERICAN ARMY MANŒUVRE.

BY FRANKLIN MATTHEWS.

THE sound of a single gunshot in the wooded crest that skirts the eastern edge of Van Cortlandt Park—a sound that might suggest the death of a partridge or a squirrel at a hunter's hands on the beautiful autumn day it was—was the signal that the sham battle on October 9 last between the divided forces of the First Brigade of the National Guard of the State of New York had begun. Ten minutes later a similar sound was heard, followed by several more in quick succession. The noise was like the explosion of half a dozen large fire-crackers. In a few minutes there was an irregular and spiteful rattle, as if a long string of giant fire-crackers had been exploded. The racket ceased in less than three minutes, with increasing intervals between the straggling poppings that marked its close. Except for the thin line of smoke that curled itself for a hundred yards or more into fantastic shapes as it disappeared in delicate wisps above the red leaves of the trees in the cool northern breeze, one might have imagined that the sounds marked some Chinese celebration, or that the calendar had been turned back, and that Young America was rejoicing on a Glorious Fourth in the woods.

Then there was a long wait, without sound or suggestion to indicate that within a little more than a square mile of territory 5000 soldiers were approaching each other cautiously for battle. These forces were marching, halting, reconnoitring, and deploying along certain roads, hidden from each other and from the 25,000 spectators that fringed the plain in the park where the spectacular part of the contest was to end. To the sight-seers, who had come out to look at a military show on a large scale, in and on every sort of conveyance, and

with a keen anticipation of a spirited encounter between real soldiers, much as the thousands poured out of Washington at the first battle of Bull Run, the opening of the battle seemed not only distressingly slow, but almost farcical. It seemed ridiculous to dignify with the word battle a contest that began with the pop of a gun here and there, and an occasional rattle of fire-cracker sounds.

Most of the spectators knew that, with the exception of the sham battle between the same forces in 1890, there had not been so large a force in battle array in this country since some of the contests with the Indians shortly after the close of the civil war. It was known that one side in this battle represented the left flank of an army invading New York city, whose forces extended from the eastern edge of Van Cortlandt Park westward to the Hudson River, and that the other side represented the right flank of an army defending the city, whose line extended over the same territory. It was also known that the parts of the lines which reached to the Hudson from the western edge of the park were imaginary, owing to the settled condition of the territory and the lack of men to operate there. The on-lookers, however, had come to see battle rushes, volley firing, and smoke and fire belching from cannons' mouths.

Half an hour passed and a battalion of infantry slowly deployed from behind a hill at the upper end of the park's great parade-ground. The men were acting as skirmishers, and they advanced with deliberation. They discharged their guns in occasional volleys, and now and then in rapid firing, as they saw an artillery company swing into position on a hill-top three-quarters of a mile away. The battalion, after standing in an exposed posi-



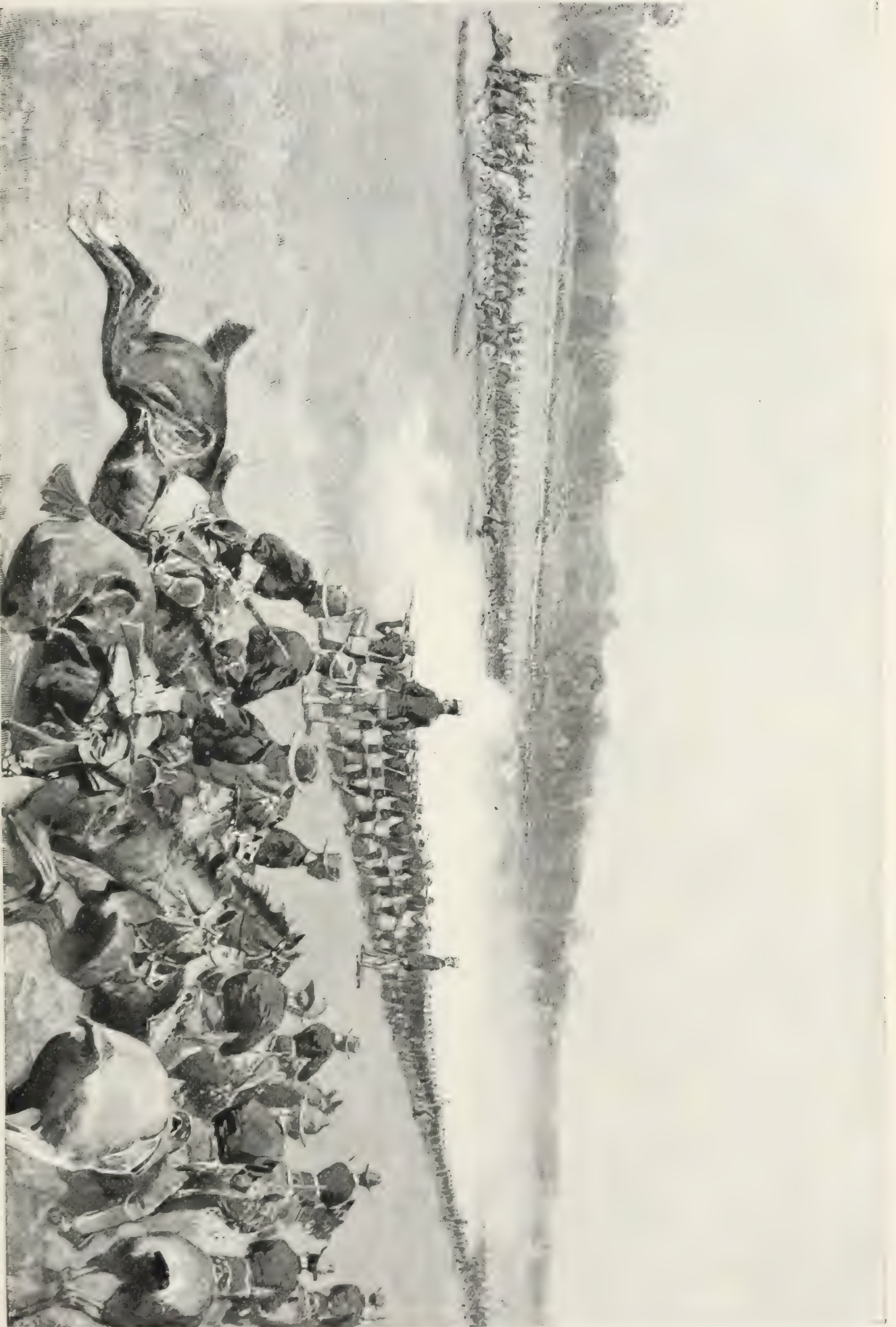
tion for a time, lay down in the long grass, and the fight dragged again. It was noticed, however, that the firing in the woods on the crest to the east was becoming more spirited. An orderly dashed in and out of the trees, and at intervals infantrymen could be seen running from place to place. The shooting was frequently by company volleys, and more than once it lasted from seven to eight minutes in rapid helter-skelter fashion. On a little knoll back of the deployed soldiers on the plain one could see also that there was some commotion.

Soon the horsemen of a cavalry squadron that had passed toward the south early in the day were seen to come upon the southern end of the parade-ground in some confusion. The men turned their horses and shot off their fire-arms, and then swung back in open order a hundred yards or more. There they turned again and fired once more. Out from the trees toward which they aimed another cavalry force debouched. With horses prancing and small-arms barking they advanced in quick dashes. The retreating force dismounted during a lull and fired from behind their horses. They sprang into their saddles again as the advancing force formed in close order, and then followed a charge up the parade-ground which set the spectators' nerves a-tingling. With drawn sabres and a wild series of whoops and yells, the cavalry of the invading army was driven back up the field until it came near the place where the battalion of infantry lay hidden in the edge of the long grass. Sharp commands were heard, and the infantrymen arose as the retreating cavalry swept around their ends, and poured volley after volley into the ranks of the advancing horsemen. The dashing charge was checked instantly, and, with a turn and on a sharp trot, the cavalry force from the south disappeared from view.

Meanwhile over to the east the crackling in the woods showed that several regiments had met in extended formation and were moving from place to place rapidly. Soon a long thin line of the forces defending New York was seen going southward through the open places to come around the lower end of the lake that runs through the centre of the field of operations. Companies stopped here and there and fired, now in volleys, and again in quick, irregular shooting. Two

regiments were sweeping back and forth over the open spaces, and it was evident that two other regiments were being withdrawn. Far to the north, in a few minutes, a line of gleaming guns on the shoulders of the soldiers was seen coming down a railroad track, and a regiment deployed across the open plain where the infantry battalion had been hidden in the grass. The artillery battery on the hill to the south then opened fire with resounding cannon booms on this infantry force to the north, and from the knoll where a commotion had been noticed an hour before there came the answering shots of another battery. The battery to the south on Gun Hill was exposed. The one to the north on the little knoll was masked, and only as one could follow the balls of smoke that darted past the trees and through the undergrowth could its location be fixed. A duel between the two batteries followed, while the infantrymen were deployed as skirmishers, by companies, battalions, and regiments. Look where one would he could see men running and marching. The crackling of the rifles was now continuous.

Down at the lower end of the parade-ground, where the cavalry from the south had disappeared, a regiment of the invading force, which had been moved there by a roundabout road, soon came flying into view. They were retreating in battle formation. They made short dashes of about one hundred yards, and then they turned and fired by companies. Out from the trees dashed their pursuers with a long skirmish-line in front. Men were now springing up everywhere. It was as if some wizard were playing grand magic and pulling strings that made this game of mimic war realistic and thrilling. The hoarse shouts of the officers, the shrill whistles they blew in giving their orders, the cheers of the advancing force from the south, the terrific boom of the cannons, the dashes of the men fifty yards at a time, followed by a prolonged run of 200 yards, with a cheer that rose clear above the sound of cannons and rifles, made a picture that only those who had been in actual war had ever seen. The two regiments, one of the defending force and one of the attacking force, swept up the 100-acre field; and then the force to the north—the regiment that was being driven in and the one that had deployed down the railroad track—united, and with



A CAVALRY CHARGE SQUADRON A.





R. F. Zogbaum  
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RECONNOITRING.  
(Colonel Appleton's Staff)

spirited rushes hurled the lower force back to the middle of the parade-ground. The two lines of battle were firing, now in open formation, now by companies, battalions, and by regiments. Advances were not made steadily, but by intermittent rushes. Most of the time the men fired lying prone. Again they fired kneeling, and toward the end some splendid exhibitions were given of regimental firing as the men stood in solid ranks. Ammunition was now being exhausted, and as a signal that the fight was over the drums started up, and an orderly, with the commanding general's compliments for the way the general movement had been executed, sped from line to line.

Out of sight across the lake two regiments between whom rivalry existed refused to stop fighting. A stone wall protected one, and its commander refused to retreat, as was expected of him.

When the order to break ranks was given for a rest previous to the grand re-

view of the afternoon, the parade-ground transformed itself suddenly into a monster picnic-ground, where thousands of the soldier boys sought the company of their sweethearts and sisters, in pretty groups upon the grass, for an outing luncheon.

Such was the battle as the spectators saw it. They could understand neither its scope nor its extent. They could see that battles in these days are not fought nor won by a steady onward movement, with men marching erect and shooting as they go, but by a series of rushes, with the combatants throwing themselves flat upon the ground to avoid the fire of their opponents. The more observant of the spectators could see also that victory in battle meant the gaining of certain positions rather than the mere killing of men. But to all, to guardsmen as well as to spectators, the great puzzle of the day was how it was all done. What power was there that could bring these forces, without sign of command or communication of any kind between them, into a series of positions, with retreats and advances over hill-tops and plains, through ravines, and around swamps and over bridges; that brought order out of great confusion; that

made each soldier finally a mere unit at rest in a long line of other units at rest, where but a moment before each man had been running, leaping, cheering, shooting, under that most powerful stimulant in battle, the smell of powder?

Not more than twenty-five men in all the thousands that were on or near the field knew exactly what was going on during the various phases of the fight. The others were more or less in the bewildered condition of a young woman, whose manner of speech unmistakably proclaimed that she was from Boston, and who said, with a spirit of resignation loud enough to be heard several feet away:

"Oh dear! It's just as well that I'm not a man. I don't think my mind could traject itself into situations such as these."

Success or failure in deriving military benefit from a sham battle lies primarily, like success or failure in most of the important things of life, in the way it is

planned. Its object is simple. It is to give officers and men practical experience in moving about in the open country under the conditions that would prevail in actual warfare. Its foremost object is to furnish opportunity to officers to give orders in time of great noise and confusion, and also opportunity to their subordinates to obey those orders promptly and with intelligence. As General Fitzgerald, the commanding officer of the brigade, put it:

"This battle is intended neither as a spectacle nor as an exhibition of strategy. It closes on the open plain chiefly because that is the only large place in the park for the manœuvring of the men. The only piece of strategy in it, if such it may be called, is a forward movement by the left flank, the movement Grant used to use so much. We simply want to show the officers and men what they must expect in a way if ever they are called to go into battle in defence of their country."



INFANTRY IN RETREAT.





ARTILLERY ON GUN HILL.

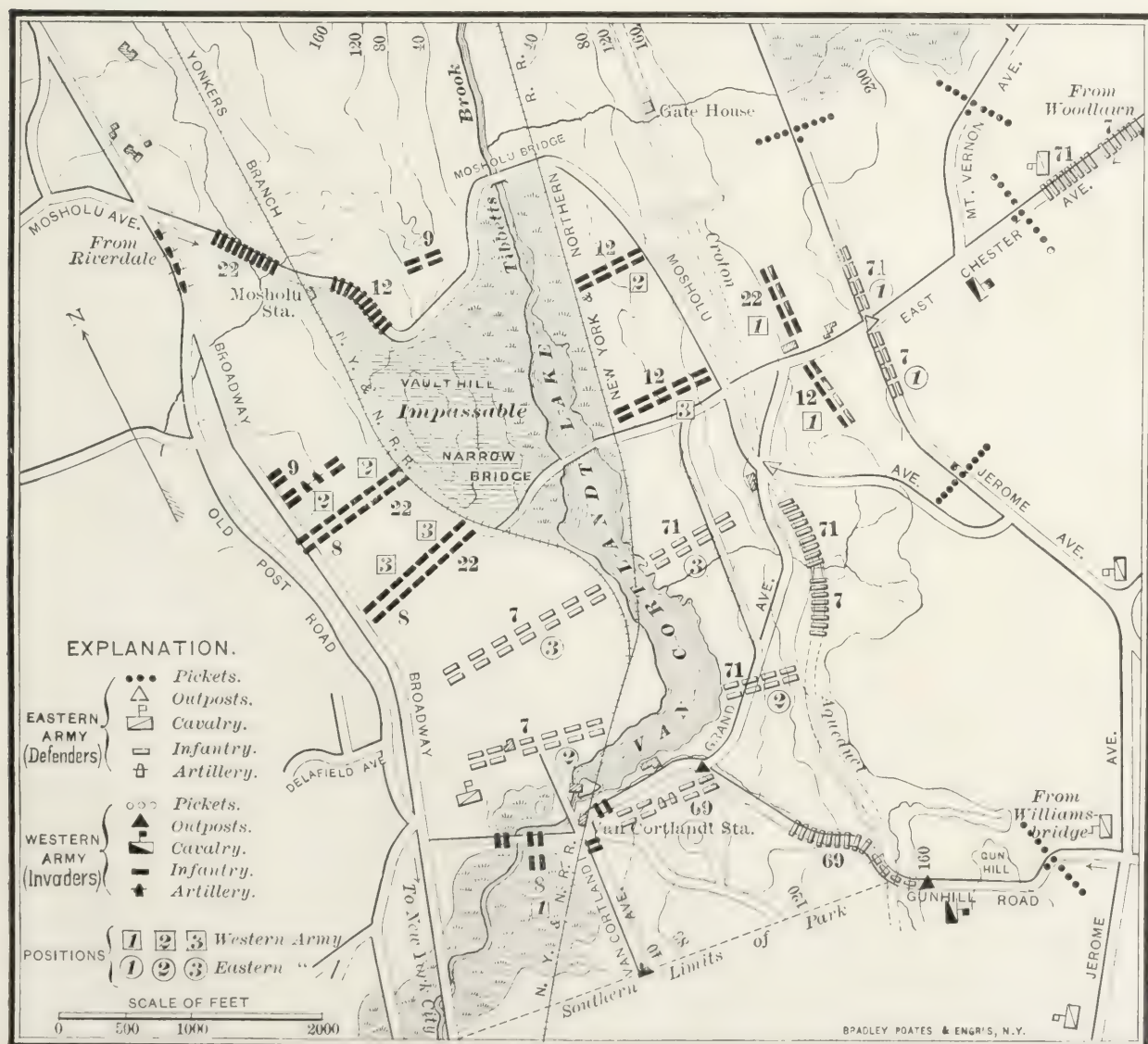
The first thing to be considered in planning a military exercise of this kind is the number of men that are to be used, and the size and character of the field of operations. The men numbered approximately 5000. They were divided into seven regiments of infantry, a squadron of cavalry consisting of three troops, and two batteries of field-artillery of four 3-inch guns each. The field of operations was the only available plot of ground in New York city (before consolidation took place), the beautiful Van Cortlandt Park, practically rectangular in shape, rich in the rugged beauties of nature, comprising a little more than 1100 acres, and situated almost midway between the Hudson and East rivers, at the northernmost limits of the city. A reference to

the map will show that along the eastern boundary of the park runs a wide highway called Jerome Avenue, and that along the western edge is the old post-road, transformed into an avenue called Broadway. Well up in the northern part of the park is a road that crosses the park from east to west in a series of windings and over a narrow bridge that spans a creek. This road is Mosholu Avenue. Down at the southern edge of the park another road, known as Gun Hill Road, practically crosses from east to west. A long narrow lake, running north and south, occupies almost the entire centre of the park. Parallel with Jerome Avenue on the east, and well within the limits of the park, is the crest of a wooded rise, on the top of which runs the great water ca-

nal of the Croton Aqueduct. To the south, where the Gun Hill Road comes into the park, there is a commanding hill known as Gun Hill, an admirable place for the operation of an artillery battery. Directly in the centre of the park is Vault Hill, adjoining the upper end of the lake to the west. It was around this hill that the battle of 1890 occurred, the battle which the guardsmen still speak of as "great fun." Vault Hill and the triangular territory about it, bounded by the lake on the east, a railroad track on the west, and Mosholu Avenue on the north, this year had to be considered "impassable ground," because it is fenced in and occupied by the Park Department's buffalo herd. This complicated the military situation, and made it necessary to plant an artillery battery on a knoll on the western edge of the parade-ground.

Now at a glance it may be seen that there are two general ways in which a battle may be fought in this territory.

One is with lines stretching from north to south, the way the battle of 1890 was fought, and the other is from east to west, with lines stretching across the lake. Owing to the impassable ground around Vault Hill it was decided by General Fitzgerald and staff, after close study of the situation, to combine the two plans, or, in other words, to begin the fight with lines stretching from north to south, and to end it with lines stretching from east to west. The force invading New York was to arrive on the scene early enough to occupy the park and the strategic places of approach. It was to have a line running north and south far over on the eastern edge of the park, and a position of control at a bridge on the southern limits of the park. The defending force was to meet it at these places, turn its left flank, cause it to make an alignment from east to west well toward the north, after which the invaders were to rally and drive the defenders of the city





back to the centre of the general field, where the fight was to end without distinct advantage to either force.

Having decided upon the general features of the battle, the next thing to do was to divide the forces and assign to each side its work. It was decided to give the invaders the preponderating force of a few hundred men. This force consisted of the Eighth, Ninth, Twelfth, and Twenty-second regiments, with one battery of artillery and one cavalry troop. Approximately it consisted of 2700 men. The artillery was assigned to play the part of a masked battery on the little knoll on the western edge of the parade-ground. The Ninth Regiment was split in two parts to protect the battery. The cavalry was to advance down through the lower edge of the parade-ground, far out on the Gun Hill Road, where it was to meet opposing cavalry, and be driven back until it came under the protection of the Ninth Regiment force that was guarding the invaders' artillery. The Eighth, Twelfth, and Twenty-second regiments were to do the infantry fighting. The Eighth was to take possession of a bridge at the swampy ground at the lower end of the park, after the defending cavalry had made its retreat. The Twelfth and Twenty-second were to meet the defenders far over to the east. The Twenty-second was to be withdrawn across the narrow Mosholu bridge, and to come to the assistance of the Eighth as it was being driven up the parade-ground by the defenders.

The defenders consisted of the Seventh, Sixty-ninth, and Seventy-first regiments, with one battery of artillery and two troops of cavalry. The artillery was to act as an exposed battery on Gun Hill, to be supported on each flank by the Sixty-ninth Regiment. One troop of cavalry was to advance along the Gun Hill Road to drive back the cavalry of the invaders across the parade-ground, and the other troop was to act with the Seventy-first and Seventh regiments on the eastern edge of the park, where the chief infantry fighting at the beginning of the battle was to take place. The Seventy-first was to turn the flank of the Twenty-second, and then to remain to fight the Twelfth on the eastern side of the lake. The Seventh was then to be withdrawn around the lower bridge to drive in the Eighth, which was to retreat and form a

new line with the Twelfth at the upper end of the parade-ground, where an advance was to be made, and then the Eighth and Twenty-second, supported by cavalry and artillery, were to drive back the Seventh, also supported by cavalry and artillery in its rear. While this closing engagement was to take place in the open on the parade-ground with great rattle and dash, the Twelfth and Seventy-first were to fight the battle out cut off from the main forces, in the main line of battle extended across the lake, and in a region partly wooded and partly open, over rough ground intersected by several stone walls.

These general details of the battle being fixed, the next move was to transport the conflicting forces to the ground, and to calculate time and distances nicely so that they might meet each other in the places agreed upon, with pickets and skirmishers thrown out in advance. The infantry of the invaders took cars from their armories and detrained at one station to the westward of the fighting-ground. The infantry of the defenders detrained from their cars at two stations to the eastward of the field of operations. The cavalry went up the day before and pitched their tents on the southern edge of the parade-ground, dividing into two forces on the morning of the battle. The artillery forces started from their quarters in the city before daylight on the morning of the fight, and by easy marching were to reach the scene of operations by the time the infantry and cavalry reported.

It was a pretty problem in mobilized co-operation, and upon its success depended in a large measure the success of the battle. Colonel Seward, senior in command, had charge of the invading force, and Colonel Appleton, senior in command, had charge of the defending force. The officers of General Fitzgerald's staff were divided, part going with Colonel Seward and part going with Colonel Appleton, while General Fitzgerald himself, with General Merritt, commanding the Department of the East, of the regular army, and supported by half a dozen members of the signal corps brigade, remained near the centre of the general field of operations as spectators to watch the successive moves in the game of war.

Looking now at the map of operations, it will be seen that the figures 1, 2, 3 are



THE LAST STAND OF THE FIGHT.



placed in circles or squares to indicate the positions of each regiment at various stages of the fight.

To each regimental commander a map was given the night before the contest, showing the stations on his side of the contest. He knew only the moves of the regiments on his side. He neither knew what regiment was to be opposed to him, nor the disposing of the forces on the other side. He simply knew that he was to take a certain position, and then to retreat or advance to another position, and then to still another, where the fight was to end. The details of doing this were left to his judgment. This arrangement, it will be seen, left a wide latitude to the regimental commanders as to the method and time of deploying skirmishers, as to the best way to fire, and to retreat or advance. The general details of the contest had been planned by General Fitzgerald's staff, some of whom had seen service in the regular army. The minor details were left to be carried out by the regimental commanders under orders from their commanding officers, as circumstances demanded.

It was ten o'clock in the morning when the forces had detrained and inspection had been made of cartridge-boxes to see that only blank cartridges were carried in them. The cavalry of the invaders swung down Broadway and out on Gun Hill Road. The Twenty-second and Twelfth regiments marched across the upper part of the park on Mosholu Avenue. Their supporting battery hid behind its knoll on the north. The Ninth Regiment deployed to its support. The Eighth went by a roundabout road to gain possession of the lower bridge. On the side of the defenders the Seventy-first and Seventh regiments advanced along East Chester Avenue, with a cavalry troop in support; and the artillery, the Sixty-ninth, and a cavalry troop came up toward the battle-field along the Gun Hill Road. The first hitch, and in a complicated problem of moving a large body of men on a sharp time schedule hitches were to be expected, occurred when the chief force of defending infantry arrived at the intersection of Jerome and East Chester avenues fifteen minutes before the invaders reached there. This necessitated a retreat for about half a mile, when the forward march was resumed. Scouts and skirmishers were thrown out, and it was

the single gunshot from an outpost when the forces neared each other that marked the opening of the battle. Immediately there was great activity. Messengers were sent flying here and there. The Seventy-first was opposed to the Twenty-second and the Seventh to the Twelfth. The line of the invaders was soon turned at right angles. The Seventy-first drove the Twenty-second off the field, and then took the place of the Seventh in fighting the Twelfth, while the Seventh was moved by the left flank around to meet the Eighth and Twenty-second on the parade-ground.

Puzzling as were the moves to the spectators and to the members of the guard as they were being moved hither and thither, now on the double-quick and again in quick or slow marching, firing lying prone or kneeling or standing, there was one rule that unlocked the secret of the changes in position. It was that the retreating force in all moves was to take the initiative. Each commander knew exactly from his map how many moves he had to make, and could tell who was to make the first retreat. For example, the first position of the Twelfth was just beyond the aqueduct, on the right flank of the main invading force. The map showed its commander that he was to retreat to the head of the lake. There he was to make a stand, and was then to drive his opponents southward along the lake, and to end the battle in his third position, directly opposite the centre of the lake. It was the strict application of this rule of retreat that brought the opposing forces on the great parade-ground from the north and the south at the proper time, that governed the spirited charges back and forth, and that led to the wide diversity in the methods of firing in retreat or advance. All formations that are available in fighting were brought into play, and the lessons to officers and men in field operations were valuable and lasting.

Curiously enough, it was the violation of this rule of retreat that brought on one of the most interesting episodes of the day, and one which of itself was not without its lesson in showing that independent action by a commander is justifiable sometimes, when successful, but an act of great disobedience when unsuccessful.

This violation occurred because of the



rivalry that exists between the Twelfth and Seventy-first regiments. It occurred after a neat bit of work by both colonels. The colonel of the Seventy-first noticed that the colonel of the Twelfth was withholding his fire in their running fight along the eastern edge of the lake. Suspecting a trap of some kind, the colonel of the Seventy-first threw out a flanking force of two companies on his right. This force had gone only a short distance in the woods before it met a similar force thrown out from the left flank of the Twelfth. The two flanking parties had a brush, and then each retreated to its regiment. Directly after their return the two regiments resumed their contest up and down the side of the lake. Finally it came the Twelfth's turn to retreat. Its colonel had deployed his men behind a stone wall, and being practically secure in that position, he saw no reason why his men, who were filled with the spirit of fight, and whose eagerness could scarcely be restrained, should be ordered back. This resulted in the stone-wall fight, the most exciting episode of the day to those who participated in the battle. The Twelfth would not or could not be made to yield. They had reserved their ammunition, and they poured volley after volley

#### THE GALLANT STAND OF THE TWELFTH.

into the Seventy-first in a way that was not set down in the plans, and that quite upset the expectations of the general management. The fight was kept up long after hostilities had ceased elsewhere, and the colonel of the Twelfth had the satisfaction of firing at the Seventy-first until it disappeared on its way to the parade-ground for rendezvous for the brigade review.

So thoroughly in earnest were the men of the Twelfth that at one time a score or more of them leaped to the top of one of the stone walls that sheltered them, and began to shoot into the regiment that was attacking. The colonel of the Twelfth saw this exposed position, and, it is said, he rushed toward them and shouted with an emphasis peculiar to an army officer:

"Get down out of that. Don't you know enough to stay behind a stone wall to hold it? In real battle you'd all be dead men."

The men showed that they were very much alive by obeying orders quickly.

Illustrating the earnestness which seizes men, even in sham battle, was an incident



which occurred near the lower bridge. A lieutenant, with a small detachment, had been sent out to do some reconnoitring. A company upon a hill-top had seen the detachment and had fired upon it. The lieutenant was quite sure that such action was not to be expected, and he resented it hotly. Seeing General Fitzgerald standing near, the lieutenant rushed up to him as the first officer of higher rank he could reach. With great indignation the lieutenant said:

"General, I went down there with a detachment and those men fired on me."

With an impassive face and a manner that did not betray his secret amusement the general replied:

"Do you mean to say they fired on you?"

"Yes, sir, they did."

"Well, why didn't you fire back?"

"Oh!" said the lieutenant, with some confusion and astonishment, and then he drew himself up, saluted, and retired with his men.

At one time during the fight Colonel Appleton and his staff rode out to the front, protected by a detachment of cavalry, to make a personal observation of the situation. As the party was returning they were met by the commanding officer of the detachment.

"Hurry through," cried the cavalry officer. "I've been holding back the enemy's outpost of cavalry as long as I could. You'll have to go quick to get back."

This work by the young cavalry officer saved Colonel Appleton's retreat. Had he and his staff been cut off they would have had to take a circuit to reach their force of from one to two miles.

An encounter had been expected at the lower end of the battle-ground between the Eighth and the Sixty-ninth, but through some misunderstanding it did not occur. In the main, however, the battle passed off precisely as it had been planned. Taken all in all, the day was most instructive to officers and men, and when the general's staff went over the reports later and discussed the day, it was seen that there was good reason for felicitation over the results. Not the least occasion for honest pride was the fact that the 5000 men had marched many miles, had discharged nearly 100,000 rounds of ammunition, and that not

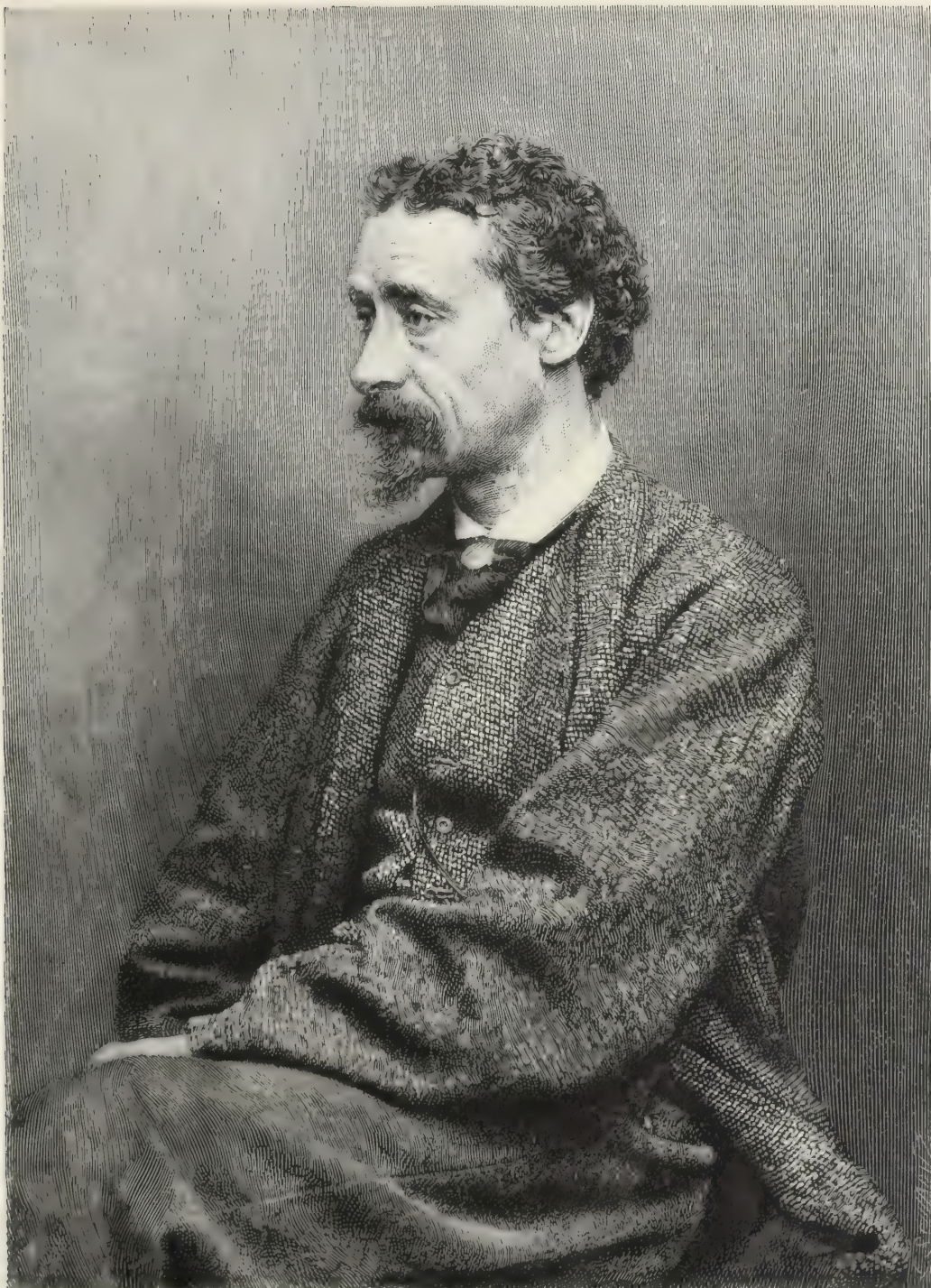
a serious accident had occurred, nor had there been the slightest manifestation in the ranks of drunkenness or disorder from early in the morning until the men had been dismissed at their armories at nightfall.

Although the day's manœuvres, in size, could not be compared to the great sham battles that take place in England, France, Germany, and elsewhere, military critics did not hesitate to assert that they would bear favorable comparison with those displays in the thoroughness of the work. The spectators probably saw as much as spectators can see from any given place in the great contests that take place in Europe, where the forces engaged number as many as 150,000 instead of 5000 men. To those who participated in the fighting it was just as real, just as vivid, as though twenty-five times the number of men were taking part.

In recent years the National Guard of most of the States of the Union have shown on many occasions their sterling worth, and have given full justification for their existence. They have served with credit repeatedly in time of riot. Only last fall the Pennsylvania guard gave a most vivid exhibition of its facility in mobilization to check disorder which was the outcome of a riot in the coal regions. In Colorado the guard withstood the rigor of terrific cold and deep snow for months by service in one of the highest altitudes in that State. The New York guard has never failed to make a most creditable exhibition, whether serving in time of riot or marching in some splendid pageant.

The great lesson in this battle in Van Cortlandt Park was the visual proof that if the large body of active military reserves which exists in the various States should be called upon to do battle for the country, to preserve national existence, or to assert national honor, the men would go about that solemn duty in a way that would dignify the calling of a soldier and appeal to the confidence and pride of the people. It was well, therefore, that General Fitzgerald permitted part of the battle to become something of a spectacle. In truth, it may be said of the National Guard of New York State, and undoubtedly of the militia of other States, that in no sense are they holiday soldiers.





From a photograph by Elliott and Fry, London.

CHARLES KEENE.

## SOCIAL PICTORIAL SATIRE.

BY GEORGE DU MAURIER.

### PART II.

**E**XCEPT for a certain gentleness, kindness, and self-effacing modesty common to both, and which made them appear almost angelic in the eyes of many who knew them, it would be difficult to imagine a greater contrast to Leech than Charles Keene.

Charles Keene was absolutely unconventional, and even almost eccentric. He dressed more with a view to artistic picturesqueness than to fashion, and despised gloves and chimney-pot hats, and black coats and broadcloth generally. Scotch tweed was good enough for him in town



and country alike. Though a Tory in politics, he was democratic in his tastes and habits. He liked to smoke his short black pipe on the tops of omnibuses; he liked to lay and light his own fire and cook his mutton chop upon it. He had a passion for music and a beautiful voice, and sang with a singular pathos and charm, but he preferred the sound of his bagpipes to that of his own singing, and thought that you must prefer it too!

He was forever sketching in pen and ink, in-doors and out—he used at one time to carry a little ink-bottle at his button-hole, and steel pens in his waistcoat pocket, and thus equipped he would sketch whatever took his fancy in his walks abroad—houses, 'busses, cabs, people—bits of street and square, scaffoldings, boardings with advertisements—sea, river, moor, lake, and mountain—what has he not sketched with that masterly pen that had already been so carefully trained by long and arduous practice in a life-school? His heart was in his work from first to last; beyond his bagpipes and his old books (for he was a passionate reader), he seemed to have no other hobby. His facility in sketching became phenomenal, as also his knowledge of what to put in and what to

leave out, so that the effect he aimed at should be secured in perfection and with the smallest appearance of labor.

Among his other gifts he had a physical gift of inestimable value for such work as ours—namely, a splendid hand—a large, muscular, well-shaped, and most workmanlike hand, whose long deft fingers could move with equal ease and certainty in all directions. I have seen it at work—and it was a pleasure to watch its acrobatic dexterity, its unerring precision of touch. It could draw with nonchalant facility parallel straight lines, or curved, of just the right thickness and distance from each other—almost as regular as if they had been drawn with ruler or compass—almost, but not *quite*. The quiteness would have made them mechanical, and robbed them of their charm of human handicraft. A cunning and obedient slave, this wonderful hand, for which no command from the head could come amiss—a slave, moreover, that had most thoroughly learnt its business by long apprenticeship to one especial trade, like the head and like the eye that guided it.

Leech no doubt had a good natural hand, that swept about with enviable freedom and boldness, but for want of early



THE SNOWSTORM, JAN. 2, 1867.

CABBY (*petulantly—the Cabbies even lose their tempers*). "It's no use your a-calling o' me, Sir! Got such a Job with these 'ere Two as'll last me a Fortnight!"—*Punch*, January 19, 1867.





#### WAITING FOR THE LANDLORD!

RIBBONMAN (*getting impatient*). "Bedad, they ought to be here be this toime! Sure, Tirince, I hope the ould gintleman hasn't mit wid an accidint!!!"—*Punch*, July 27, 1878.

discipline it could not execute these miracles of skill; and the commands that came from the head also lacked the preciseness which results from patiently acquired and well-digested knowledge, so that Mr. Hand was apt now and then to zigzag a little on its own account—in backgrounds, on floors and walls, under chairs and tables, whenever a little tone was felt to be desirable—sometimes in the shading of coats and trousers and ladies' dresses.

But it never took a liberty with a human face or a horse's head; and whenever it went a little astray you could always read between the lines and know exactly what it meant.

There is no difficulty in reading between Keene's lines; every one of them has its unmistakable definite intimation; every one is the right line in the right place!

We must remember that there are no such things as lines in nature. Whether we use them to represent a human profile, the depth of a shadow, the darkness of a cloak or a thunder-cloud, they are mere conventional symbols. They were invented a long time ago, by a distinguished sportsman who was also a heaven-born amateur artist—the John Leech of his day—who engraved for us (from life) the picture of a mammoth on one of its own tusks.

And we have accepted them ever since as the cheapest and simplest way of interpreting in black and white for the wood-engraver the shapes and shadows and colors of nature. They may be scratchy, feeble, and uncertain, or firm and bold—thick and thin—straight, curved, parallel, or irregular—cross-hatched once, twice, a dozen times, at any angle—every artist has his own way of getting his effect. But some ways are better than others, and I think Keene's is the firmest, loosest, simplest and best way that ever was, and—the most difficult to imitate. His mere pen-strokes have, for the expert, a beauty and an interest quite apart from the thing they are made to depict, whether he uses them as mere outlines to express the shape of things animate or inanimate, even such shapeless irregular things as the stones on a sea-beach—or in combination to suggest the tone and color of a dress-coat, or a drunkard's nose, of a cab or omnibus—of a distant mountain with miles of atmosphere between it and the figures in the foreground.

His lines are as few as can be—he is most economical in this respect, and loves to leave as much white paper as he can; but one feels in his best work that one line more or one line less would impair the perfection of the whole—that of all the many directions, curves, and thick-





A STROKE OF BUSINESS.

VILLAGE HAMPDEN ("who with dauntless breast" has undertaken for siapence to keep off the other boys). "If any of yer wants to see what we're a Paintin' of it's a 'Alfpenny a 'Ead, but you marn't make no Remarks"—*Punch*, May 4, 1867.

nesses they might have taken he has inevitably hit upon just the right one. He has beaten all previous records in this respect—in this country at least. I heard a celebrated French painter say: "He is a great man, your Charles Keene; he take a pen and ink and a bit of paper, and wiz a half-dozen strokes he know 'ow to frame a gust of wind!" I think myself that Leech could frame a gust of wind as effectually as Keene, by the sheer force of his untaught natural instinct—of his genius—but not with the deftness—this economy of material—this certainty of execution—this consummate knowledge of effect.

To borrow a simile from music, there are certain tunes so fresh and sweet and pretty that they please at once and forever, like "Home, Sweet Home," or "The Last Rose of Summer"; they go straight to the heart of the multitude, however slight the accompaniment—a few simple chords—they hardly want an accompaniment at all.

Leech's art seems to me of just such a happy kind: he draws—I mean he scores like an amateur who has not made a very profound study of harmony, and sings his pretty song to his simple accompaniment with so sweet and true a natural voice that we are charmed. It is the magic of nature, whereas Keene is a very Sebas-

tian Bach in his counterpoint. There is nothing of the amateur about him; his knowledge of harmony in black and white is complete and thorough; mere consummate scoring has become to him a second nature; each separate note of his voice reveals the long training of the professional singer; and if his tunes are less obviously sweet and his voice less naturally winning and sympathetic than Leech's, his æsthetic achievement is all the greater. It is to his brother artists rather than to the public at large that his most successful appeal is made—but with an intensity that can only be gained by those who have tried in vain to do what he has done, and who thereby know how difficult it is. His real magic is that of art.

This perhaps accounts for the unmistakable fact that Leech's popularity has been so much greater than Keene's, and I believe is still. Leech's little melodies of the pencil (to continue the parallel with the sister art) are like Volkslieder—national airs—and more directly reach the national heart. Transplant them to other lands that have pencil Volkslieder of their own (though none, I think, comparable to his for fun and sweetness and simplicity) and they fail to please as much, while their mere artistic qualities are not such as to find favor among foreign experts, whereas Keene actually gains by



such a process. He is as much admired by the artists of France and Germany as by our own—if not more. For some of his shortcomings, such as his lack of feeling for English female beauty, his want of perception, perhaps his disdain, of certain little eternal traits and conventions and differences that stamp the various grades of our social hierarchy, do not strike them, and nothing interferes with their complete appreciation of his craftsmanship.

Perhaps also Leech's frequent verification of our manly British pluck and honesty, and proficiency in sport, and wholesomeness and cleanliness of body and mind, our general physical beauty and distinction, and his patriotic tendency to contrast our exclusive possession of these delightful gifts with the deplorable absence of them in any country but our own, may fail to enlist the sympathies of the benighted foreigner.

Whereas there is not much to humiliate the most touchy French or German reader of *Punch*, or excite his envy, in Charles Keene's portraiture of our race. He is impartial and detached, and the most rabid Anglophobe may frankly admire him without losing his self-esteem. The English lower middle class and people, that Keene has depicted with such judicial freedom from either prejudice or prepossession, have many virtues; but they are not especially conspicuous for much vivacity or charm of aspect or gainliness of demeanor; and he has not gone out of his way to idealize them.

Also, he seldom if ever gibes at those who have not been able to resist the temptations (as Mr. Gilbert would say) of belonging to other nations.

Thus in absolute craftsmanship and technical skill, in the ease and beauty of his line, his knowledge of effect,

his complete mastery over the material means at his disposal, Charles Keene seems to me as superior to Leech as Leech is to him in grace, in human naturalness and geniality of humor, in accurate observation of life, in keenness of social perception, and especially in width of range.

The little actors on Leech's stage are nearly all of them every-day people—types one is constantly meeting. High or low, tipsy or sober, vulgar or refined, pleasant or the reverse, we knew them all before Leech ever drew them; and our recognition of them on his page is full of delight at meeting old familiar friends and seeing them made fun of for our amusement.

Whereas a great many of Keene's middle-class protagonists are peculiar and exceptional, and much of their humor lies in their eccentricity; they are characters themselves, rather than types of English characters. Are they really observed and drawn from life, do they really exist just as they are, or are they partly evolved



"NONE O' YOUR LARKS."

GIGANTIC NAVY. "Let's walk between yer, Gents; folks 'll think you've took up a Deserter."—*Punch*, October 19, 1861.



from the depths of an inner consciousness that is not quite satisfied with life just as it is?

They are often comic, with their exquisitely drawn faces so full of subtlety—intensely comic! Their enormous perplexities about nothing, their utter guilelessness, their innocence of the wicked

those unkempt, unspoiled, unspotted from the world brothers of the brush, who take in their own milk, and so complacently ignore all the rotten conventionalism of our over-civilized existence.

When he takes his subjects from the classes beneath these, he is, if not quite so funny, at his best, I think. His cos-



OMNIBUS DRIVER (to Coster). "Now then, Irish! pull a one side, will you? What are you gaping at? Did you never see a Milisher man before?"

[A disgustingly ignorant observation, in the opinion of young Longslip, Lieutenant in Her Majesty's Fusileer Guards.

—Punch, March 7, 1863.

world and its ways, make them engaging sometimes in spite of a certain ungainliness of gesture, dress, and general behavior that belongs to them, and which delighted Charles Keene, who was the reverse of ungainly, just as the oft-recurring tipsiness of his old gentlemen delighted him, though he was the most abstemious of men. I am now speaking of his middle-class people—those wonderful philistines of either sex; those elaborately capped and corpulent old ladies; those mutton-chop-whiskered, middle-aged gentlemen with long upper lips and florid complexions, receding chins, noses almost horizontal in their prominence; those artless damsels who trouble themselves so little about the latest fashions; those feeble-minded, hirsute swells with the sloping shoulders and the broad hips and the little hats cocked on one side;

termongers and policemen, his omnibus drivers and conductors and cabbies, are inimitable studies; and as for his 'busses and cabs, I really cannot find words to express my admiration of them. In these, as in his street scenes and landscapes, he is unapproached and unapproachable.

Nor must we forget his canny Scotsmen, his Irish laborers and peasants, his splendid English navvies, and least of all his volunteers—he and Leech might be called the pillars of the volunteer movement, from the manner, so true, so sympathetic, and so humorous, in which they have immortalized its beginning.

Charles Keene is seldom a satirist. His nature was too tolerant and too sweet for hate, and that makes him a bad and somewhat perfunctory hater. He tries to hate 'Arry, but he can't, for he draws an ideal 'Arry that surely never was, and thus his



shaft misses the mark; compare his 'Arry to one of Leech's snobs, for instance! He tries to hate the haw-haw swell, and is equally unsuccessful. When you hate and can draw, you can draw what you hate down to its minutest details—better, perhaps, than what you love—so that whoever runs and reads and looks at your pictures hates with you.

Who ever hated a personage of Keene's beyond that feeble kind of aversion that comes from mere uncongeniality, a slightly offended social taste, or prejudice? One feels a mere indulgent and half-humorous disdain, but no hate. On the other hand, I do not think that we love his personages very much—we stand too much outside his eccentric world for sympathy. From the pencil of this most lovable man, with his unrivalled power of expressing all he saw and thought, I cannot recall many lovable characters of either sex or any age. Here and there a good-natured cabby, a jolly navvy, a simple-minded flautist or bagpiper, or a little street arab, like the small boy who pointed out the gaol doctor to his pal and said, "That's my medical man."

Whereas Leech's pages teem with winning, graceful, lovable types, and here and there a hateful one to give relief.

But somehow one liked the man who drew these strange people, even without knowing him; when you knew him you loved him very much—so much that no room was left in you for envy of his unattainable mastery in his art. For of this there can be no doubt—no greater or more finished master in black and white has devoted his life to the illustration of the manners and humors of his time; and if Leech is even greater than he, and I for one am inclined to think he is, it is not as an artist, but as a student and observer of human nature, as a master of the light, humorous, superficial criticism of life.

Charles Keene died of general atrophy on January 4, 1891. It was inexpressibly pathetic to see how patiently, how resignedly, he wasted away; he retained his unalterable sweetness to the last.

His handsome, dark-skinned face, so strongly lined and full of character; his mild and magnificent light gray eyes, that reminded one of a St. Bernard's; his tall, straight, slender aspect, that reminded one of Don Quixote; his simplicity of speech and character; his love of humor, and the wonderful smile that lit up his face when he heard a good story, and the still more wonderful wink of his



"NOT UP TO HIS BUSINESS."

CROSS BUSS DRIVER. "Now why didn't you take that there party?"

CONDUCTOR. "Said they wouldn't go."

CROSS BUSS DRIVER. "Said THEY wouldn't go? THEY said they wouldn't go? Why, what do you suppose you're put there for? You call that conductin' a buss. Oh! THEY wouldn't go! I like that, &c., &c."—*Punch*, September 1, 1860.



left eye when he told one—all these will remain strongly impressed on the minds of those who ever met him.

I attended his funeral as I had attended Leech's twenty-six years before; Canon Ainger, a common friend of us both, performed the service. It was a bitterly cold day, which accounted for the sparseness of the mourners compared to the crowd that was present on the former occasion; but bearing in mind that all those present were either relations or old friends, all of them with the strongest and deepest personal regard for the friend we had lost, the attendance seemed very large indeed; and all of us, I think, in our affectionate remembrance of one of the most singularly sweet-natured, sweet-tempered, and simple-hearted men that ever lived, forgot for the time that a very great artist was being laid to his rest.

And now, in fulfilment of my contract, I must speak of myself—a difficult and not very grateful task. One's self is a person about whom one knows too much and too little—about whom we can never hit a happy medium. Sometimes one rates one's self too high, sometimes (but less frequently) too low, according to the state of our digestion, our spirits, our pocket, or even the weather!

In the present instance I will say all the good of myself I can decently, and leave all the rating to you. It is inevitable, however unfortunate it may be for me, that I should be compared with my two great predecessors, Leech and Keene, whom I have just been comparing to each other.

When John Leech's mantle fell from his shoulders it was found that the garment was ample to clothe the nakedness of more than one successor.

John Tenniel had already, it is true, replaced him for several years as the political cartoonist of *Punch*. How admirably he has always filled that post, then and ever since, and how great his fame is, I need not speak of here. Linley Sambourne and Harry Furniss, so different from each other and from Tenniel, have also, since then, brought their great originality and their unrivalled skill to the political illustrations of *Punch*—Sambourne to the illustration of many other things in it besides, but which do not strictly belong to the present subject.

I am here concerned with the social

illustrators alone, and besides only with those who have made the sketches of social subjects in *Punch* the principal business of their lives. For very many artists, from Sir John Millais, Sir John Gilbert, Frederick Walker, and Randolph Caldecott downwards, have contributed to that fortunate periodical at one time or another, and not a few distinguished amateurs.

Miss Georgina Bowers, Mr. Corbould, and others have continued the fox-hunting tradition, and provided those scenes which have become a necessity to the sporting readers of *Punch*.

To Charles Keene was fairly left that part of the succession that was most to his taste—the treatment of life in the street and the open country, in the shops and parlors of the lower middle class, and the homes of the people.

And to me were allotted the social and domestic dramas, the nursery, the school-room, the dining and drawing rooms, and croquet-lawns of the more or less well-to-do.

I was particularly told not to try to be broadly funny, but to undertake the light and graceful business, like a *jeune premier*. I was, in short, to be the tenor, or rather the tenorino, of that little company for which Mr. Punch beats time with his immortal bâton, and to warble in black and white such melodies as I could evolve from my contemplations of the gentler aspect of English life, while Keene, with his magnificent, highly trained basso, sang the comic songs.

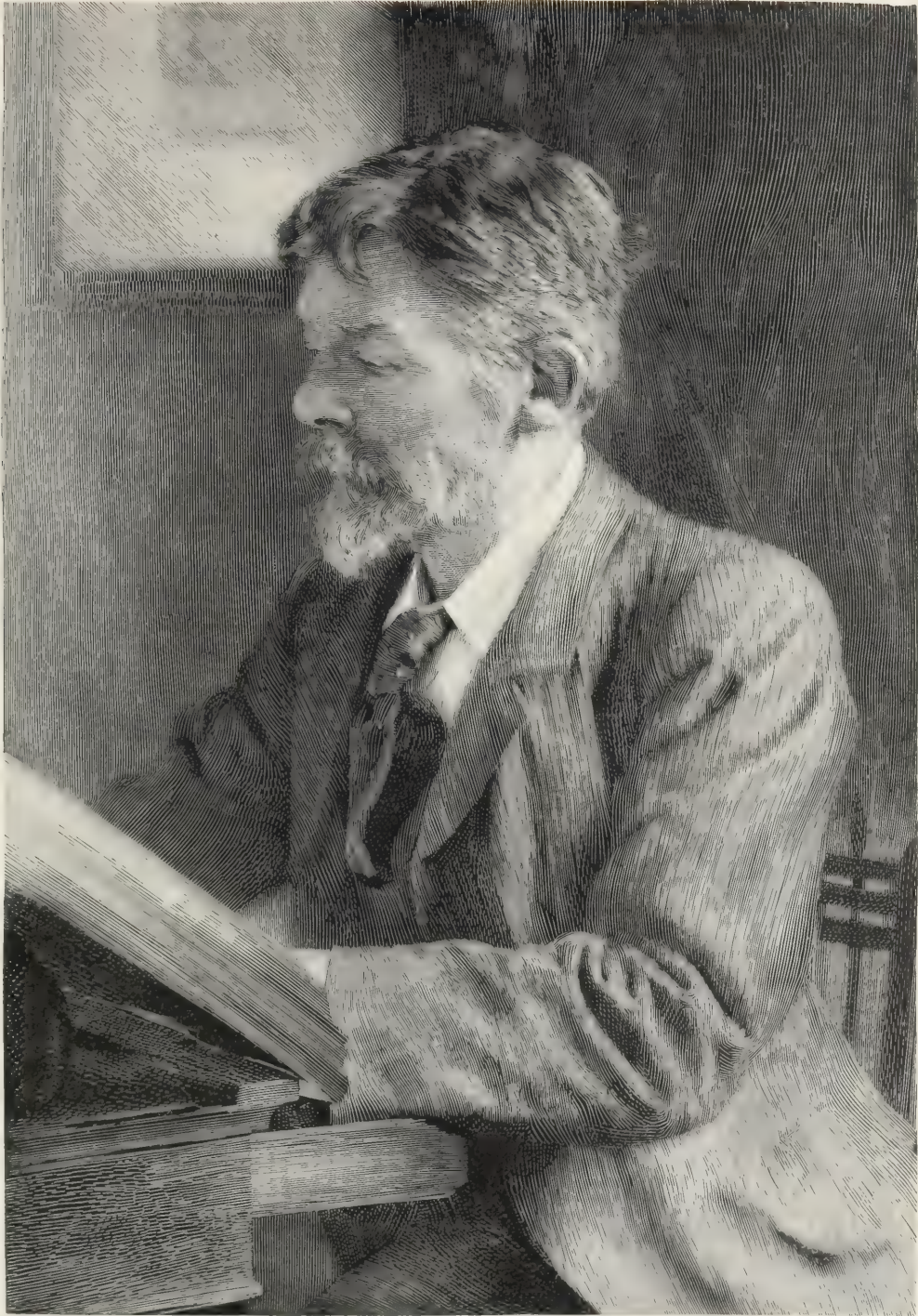
We all became specialized, so to speak, and divided Leech's vast domain amongst us.

We kicked a little at first, I remember, and whenever (to continue the musical simile) I could get in a comic song, or what I thought one, or some queer fantastic ditty about impossible birds and hearts and fishes and what not, I did not let the opportunity slip; while Keene, who had a very fine falsetto on the top of his chest register, would now and then warble, pianissimo, some little ballad of the drawing-room or nursery.

But gradually we settled into our respective grooves, and I have grown to like my little groove very much, narrow though it be—a poor thing, but mine own!

Moreover, certain physical disabilities that I have the misfortune to labor un-





GEORGE DU MAURIER.

From an unpublished Photograph by Fradelle and Young, London.

der make it difficult for me to study and sketch the lusty things in the open air and sunshine. My sight, besides being defective in many ways, is so sensitive that I cannot face the common light of day without glasses thickly rimmed with wire gauze, so that sketching out-of-doors is often to me a difficult and distressing performance. That is also partly why I am not a sportsman and a delineator of sport.

I mention this infirmity not as an excuse for my shortcomings and failures—for them there is no excuse—but as a rea-

son why I have abstained from the treatment of so much that is so popular, delightful, and exhilarating in English country life.

If there had been no Charles Keene (a terrible supposition both for *Punch* and its readers), I should have done my best to illustrate the lower walks and phases of London existence, which attract me as much as any other. It is just as easy to draw a costermonger or a washer-woman as it is a gentleman or lady—perhaps a little easier—but it is by no means so easy to draw them as Keene did! And to draw





FELINE AMENITIES.

"I wish you hadn't asked Captain Wareham, Lizzie. Horrid man! I can't bear him!"

"Dear me, Charlotte—isn't the World big enough for you both?"

"Yes; but your little Dining-room *isn't*!"

—*Punch*, February 16, 1889.

a cab or an omnibus after him (though I have sometimes been obliged to do so) is almost tempting Providence!

If there had been no Charles Keene, I might perhaps, with practice, have become a funny man myself—though I do not suppose that my fun would have ever been of the broadest!

Before I became an artist I was considered particularly good at caricaturing my friends, who always foresaw for me more than one change of profession, and *Punch* as the final goal of my wanderings in search of a career. For it was originally intended that I should be a man of science.

Dr. Williamson, the eminent chemist and professor of chemistry, told me not long ago that he remembers caricatures that I drew, now forty years back, when I was studying under him at the Laboratory of Chemistry at University College, and that he and other grave and

reverend professors were hugely tickled by them at the time. Indeed he remembers nothing else about me, except that I promised to be a very bad chemist.

I was a very bad chemist indeed, but not for long! As soon as I was free to do as I pleased, I threw up test tubes and crucibles, and went back to Paris, where I was born and brought up, and studied to become an artist in M. Gléyre's studio. Then I went to Antwerp, where there is a famous school of painting, and where I had no less a person than Mr. Alma-Tadema as a fellow-student. It was all delightful, but misfortune befell me, and I lost the sight of one eye—perhaps it was the eye with which I used to do the funny caricatures; it was a very good eye, much the better of the two, and the other has not improved by having to do a double share of the work.

And then in time I came to England, and drew for *Punch*, thus fulfilling the early prophecy of my friends and fellow-students at University College—though not quite in the sense they anticipated.

I will not attempt a description of my work—it is so recent and has been so widely circulated that it should be unnecessary to do so. If you do not remember it, it is that it is not worth remembering; if you do, I can only entreat you to be to my faults a little blind, and to my virtues very kind!

I have always tried as honestly and truthfully as lies in me to serve up to the readers of *Punch* whatever I have culled with the bodily eye, after cooking it a little in the brain. My raw material requires more elaborate working than Leech's. He dealt more in flowers and fruits and roots, if I may express myself so figuratively—from the lordly pine-apple and lovely rose, down to the hum-



ble daisy and savory radish. I deal in vegetables, I suppose. Little that I ever find seems to me fit for the table just as I see it; moreover, by dishing it up raw I should offend many people and make many enemies, and deserve to do so. I cook my green pease, asparagus, French beans, Brussels sprouts, German sauerkraut, and even a truffle now and then, so carefully that you would never recognize them as they were when I first picked them in the social garden. And they do not recognize themselves! Or even each other!

And I do my best to dish them up in good artistic style. O that I could ar-

any attempt at caricature. The better looking they are, the more my pencil loves them, and I feel more inclined to exaggerate in this direction than in any other.

Sam Weller, if you recollect, was fond of "pootiness and wirtue." I so agree with him! I adore them both, especially in women and children. I only wish that the wirtue was as easy to draw as the pootiness.

But indeed for me—speaking as an artist, and also perhaps a little bit as a man—pootiness is almost a wirtue in itself. I don't think I shall ever weary of trying to depict it, from its dawn in the



THE NEW SOCIETY CRAZE.

THE NEW GOVERNESS (through her pretty nose). "Waal—I come right slick away from Ne'York City, an' I ain't had much time for foolin' around in Europe—you bet! So I can't fix up your Gals in the Eu-rópean languages, no-how!"

BELGRAVIAN MAMMA (who knows there's a Duke or two still left in the Matrimonial Market). "Oh, that's of no consequence. I want my Daughters to acquire the American Accent in all its purity—and the Idioms, and all that. Now I'm sure you will do admirably!"—*Punch*, December 1, 1888.

range for you a truffle with all that culinary skill that Charles Keene brought to the mere boiling of a carrot or a potato! He is the *cordón bleu* par excellence. The people I meet seem to me more interesting than funny—so interesting that I am well content to draw them as I see them, after just a little arrangement, and a very transparent disguise—and without

toddling infant to its decline and setting and long twilight in the beautiful old woman, who has known how to grow old gradually. I like to surround it with chivalrous and stalwart manhood; and it is a standing grievance to me that I have to clothe all this masculine escort in coats and trousers and chimney-pot hats; worse than all, in the evening dress



of the period!—that I cannot surround my divinity with a guard of honor more worthily arrayed!

Thus, of all my little piebald puppets the one I value the most is my pretty woman. I am as fond of her as Leech was of his; of whom, by-the-way, she is the granddaughter! This is not artistic vanity; it is pure paternal affection, and by no means prevents me from seeing her faults; it only prevents me from seeing them as clearly as you do!

Please be not very severe on her, for her grandmother's sake. Words fail me to express how much I loved her grandmother, who wore a cricket cap and broke Aunt Sally's nose seven times.

Will my pretty woman ever be all I wish her to be? All she ought to be? I fear not!

On the mantel-piece in my studio at home there stands a certain lady. She is but lightly clad, and what simple garment she wears is not in the fashion of our day. How well I know her! Almost thoroughly by this time—for she has been the silent companion of my work for thirty years! She has lost both her arms and one of her feet, which I deplore; and also the tip of her nose, but that has been made good!

She is only three feet high, or thereabouts, and quite two thousand years old, or more; but she is ever young—

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale  
Her infinite variety!—

and a very giantess in beauty. For she is a reduction in plaster of the famous statue of the Louvre.

They call her the Venus of Milo, or Melos! It is a calumny—a libel. She is no Venus, except in good looks; and if she errs at all, it is on the side of austerity. She is not only pootiness, but virtue incarnate (if one can be incarnate in marble), from the crown of her lovely head to the sole of her remaining foot—a very beautiful foot, though by no means a small one—it has never worn a high-heel shoe!

Like all the best of its kind, and its kind the best, she never sates nor palls, and the more I look at her the more I see to love and worship—and, alas, the more dissatisfied I feel—not indeed with the living beauty, ripe and real, that I see about and around—mere life is such a beauty in itself that no stone ideal can

ever hope to match it! But dissatisfied with the means at my command to do the living beauty justice—a little bit of paper, a steel pen, and a bottle of ink—and, alas, fingers and an eye less skilled than they would have been if I had gone straight to a school of art instead of a laboratory for chemistry!

And now for social pictorial satire considered as a fine art.

Those who have practised it hitherto, from Hogarth downwards, have not been many—you can count their names on your fingers! And the wide popularity they have won may be due as much to their scarcity as to the interest we all take in having the mirror held up to ourselves—to the malicious pleasure we all feel at seeing our neighbors held up to gentle ridicule or well-merited reproof; most of all, perhaps, to the realistic charm that lies in all true representation of the social aspects with which we are most familiar, ugly as these are often apt to be, with our chimney-pot hats and trousers, that unfit us, it seems, for serious and elaborate pictorial treatment at the hands of the foremost painters of our own times—except when we sit to them for our portraits; then they have willy-nilly to make the best of us, just as we are!

The plays and novels that succeed the most are those which treat of the life of our own day; not so the costly pictures we hang upon our walls. We do not care to have continually before our eyes elaborate representations of the life we lead every day and all day long; we like best that which rather takes us out of it—romantic or graceful episodes of another time or clime, when men wore prettier clothes than they do now—well-imagined, well-painted scenes from classic lore—historical subjects—subjects selected from our splendid literature and what not; or, if we want modern subjects, we prefer scenes chosen from a humble sphere, which is not that of those who can afford to buy pictures—the toilers of the earth—the toilers of the sea—pathetic scenes from the inexhaustible annals of the poor; or else again landscapes and seascapes—things that bring a whiff of nature into our feverish and artificial existence—that are in direct contrast to it.

And even with these beautiful things how often the charm wears away with the novelty of possession! How often and how soon the lovely picture, like its







frame, becomes just as a piece of wall furniture, in which we take a pride, certainly, and which we should certainly miss if it were taken away—but which we grow to look at with the pathetic indifference of habit—if not, indeed, with aversion!

Chairs and tables minister to our physical comforts, and we cannot do without them. But pictures have not this practical hold upon us; the sense to which they appeal is not always on the alert; yet there they are hanging on the wall, morning, noon, and night, unchanged, unchangeable—the same arrested move-

ment—the same expression of face—the same seas and trees and moors and forests and rivers and mountains—the very waves are as eternal as the hills!

Music will leave off when it is not wanted—at least it ought to! The book is shut, the newspaper thrown aside. Not so the beautiful picture; it is like a perennial nosegay, forever exhaling its perfume for noses that have long ceased to smell it!

But little pictures in black and white, of little every-day people like ourselves, by some great little artist who knows life well and has the means at his com-

mand to express his knowledge in this easy simple manner, can be taken up and thrown down like the book or newspaper. They are even easier to read and understand. They are within the reach of the meanest capacity, the humblest education, the most slender purse. They come to us weekly, let us say, in cheap periodicals. They are preserved and bound up in volumes, to be taken down and looked at when so disposed. The child grows to love them before he knows how to read; fifty years hence he will love them still, if only for the pleasure they gave him as a child. He will soon know them by heart, and yet go to them again and again; and if they are good, he will always find new beauties and added interest as he himself grows in taste and culture; and how much of that taste and culture he will owe to them, who can say?

Nothing sticks so well in the young mind as a little picture one can hold close to the eyes like a book—not even a song or



REFINEMENTS OF MODERN SPEECH.

(SCENE—A Drawing-room in "Passionate Brompton.")

FAIR ÆSTHETIC (suddenly, and in deepest tones to Smith, who has just been introduced to take her in to Dinner.) "Are you Intense?"

—Punch, June 14, 1879.



poem—for in the case of most young people the memory of the eye is better than that of the ear—its power of assimilating more rapid and more keen. And then there is the immense variety, the number!

Our pictorial satirist taking the greatest pains, doing his very best, can produce, say, a hundred of these little pictures in

Thackeray, for me, and many others, the greatest novelist, satirist, humorist of our time, where so many have been great, is said to have at the beginning of his career wished to illustrate the books of others—Charles Dickens's, I believe, for one. Fortunately perhaps, for us and for him, and perhaps for Dickens, he did not



“READING WITHOUT TEARS.”

TEACHER. “And what Comes after S, Jack?”  
PUPIL. “T!”

TEACHER. “And what Comes after T?”  
PUPIL. “For all that we have Received,” &c., &c.  
—*Punch*, February 17, 1869.

a twelvemonth, while his elder brother of the brush bestows an equal labor and an equal time on one important canvas, which will take another twelvemonth to engrave perhaps, for the benefit of those fortunate enough to be able to afford the costly engraving of that one priceless work of art, which only one millionaire can possess at a time. Happy millionaire; happy painter—just as likely as not to become a millionaire himself! And this elder brother of the brush will be the first to acknowledge his little brother's greatness—if the little brother's work be well done. You should hear how the first painters of our time, here and abroad, express themselves about Charles Keene! They do not speak of him as a little brother, I tell you, but a very big brother indeed.

succeed; he lived to write books of his own, and to illustrate them himself; and it is generally admitted that his illustrations, clever as they are, were not up to the mark of his writings.

It was not his natural mode of expression—and I doubt if any amount of training and study would have made it a successful mode; the love of the thing does not necessarily carry the power to do it. That he loved it he has shown us in many ways, and also that he was always practising it. Most of my hearers will remember his beautiful ballad of “The Pen and the Album”—

I am my master's faithful old gold pen.  
I've served him three long years, and drawn since  
then  
Thousands of funny women and droll men....





#### THE HEIGHT OF IMPROPRIETY.

MISS GRUNDISON, JUNIOR. "There goes Lucy Holyroyd, all alone in a Boat with young Snipson as usual! So imprudent of them!"

HER ELDER SISTER. "Yes; how shocking if they were Upset and Drowned—without a Chaperon, you know!"—*Punch*, August 8, 1891.

Now conceive—it is not an impossible conception—that the marvellous gift of expression that he was to possess in words had been changed by some fairy at his birth into an equal gift of expression by means of the pencil, and that he had cultivated the gift as assiduously as he cultivated the other, and finally that he had exercised it as sedulously through life, bestowing on innumerable little pictures in black and white all the wit and wisdom, the wide culture, the deep knowledge of the world and of the human heart, all the satire, the tenderness, the drollery, and last, but not least, that incomparable perfection of style that we find in all or most that he has written—what a pictorial record that would be!

Think of it—a collection of little woodcuts or etchings, with each its appropriate legend—a series of small pictures equal in volume and in value to the whole of Thackeray's literary work! Think of the laughter and the tears from old and young, rich and poor, and from the thousands who have not the intelligence or the culture to appreciate great books, or lack time or inclination to read them.

All there was in the heart and mind of

Thackeray, expressed through a medium so simple and direct that even a child could be made to feel it, or a chimney-sweep! For where need we draw the line? We are only pretending.

Now I am quite content with Thackeray as he is—a writer of books, whose loss to literature could not be compensated by any gain to the gentle art of drawing little figures in black and white—"thousands of funny women and droll men." All I wish to point out, in these days when drawing is pressed into the service of daily journalism, and with such success that there will soon be as many journalists with the pencil as with the pen, is this, that the career of the future social pictorial satirist is full of splendid possibilities undreamt-of yet.

It is a kind of hybrid profession still in its infancy—hardly recognized as a profession at all—something half-way between literature and art—yet potentially combining all that is best and most essential in both, and appealing as effectively as either to some of our strongest needs and most natural instincts.

It has no school as yet; its methods are tentative, and its few masters have been



pretty much self-taught. But I think that a method and a school will evolve themselves by degrees—are perhaps evolving themselves already.

The quality of black and white illustrations of modern life is immeasurably higher than it was thirty or forty years ago—its average and artistic quality—and it is getting higher day by day. The number of youths who can draw beautifully is quite appalling; one would think they had learnt to draw before learning to read and write. Why shouldn't they?

Well, all we want, for my little dream to be realized, is that among these precocious wielders of the pencil there should arise here a Dickens, there a Thackeray, there a George Eliot or an Anthony Trollope, who, finding quite early in life that he can draw as easily as other men can spell, that he can express himself, and all that he hears and sees and feels, more easily, more completely, in that way than in any other, will devote himself heart and soul to that form of expression—as I and others have tried to do—but with advantages of nature, circumstances, and education that have been denied to us!

Hogarth seems to have come nearer to this ideal pictorial satirist than any of his successors in *Punch* and elsewhere. For he was not merely a light humorist and a

genial caricaturist; he dealt also in pathos and terror, in tragic passion and sorrow and crime; he often strikes chords of too deep a tone for the pages of a comic periodical.

But the extent of his productiveness was limited by the method of his production; he was a great painter in oils, and each of his life scenes is an important and elaborate picture, which, moreover, he engraved himself at great cost of time and labor, after the original time and labor spent in painting it. It is by these engravings, far more than by his pictures, that he is so widely known.

It is quite possible to conceive a little sketchy wood-cut no larger than a cut in *Punch*, and drawn by a master like Charles Keene, or the German Adolf Mensel, giving us all the essence of any picture by Hogarth, even more effectively, more agreeably, than any of Hogarth's most finished engravings. And if this had been Hogarth's method of work, instead of some fifty or sixty of those immortal designs, we should have had some five or six thousand! Almost a library!

So much for the great pictorial satirist of the future—of the near future, let us hope—that I have been trying to evolve from my inner consciousness. May some of us live to see him!



THINGS ONE WOULD WISH TO HAVE EXPRESSED DIFFERENTLY.

HE. "The fact is I never get any wild fowl shooting—never!"

SHE. "Oh, then you ought to come down to our Neighborhood in the Winter. It would just suit you, there are such a lot of Geese about—a—a—I mean *Wild Geese*, of course!"

—*Punch*, November 21, 1891.



# Poet and Crow

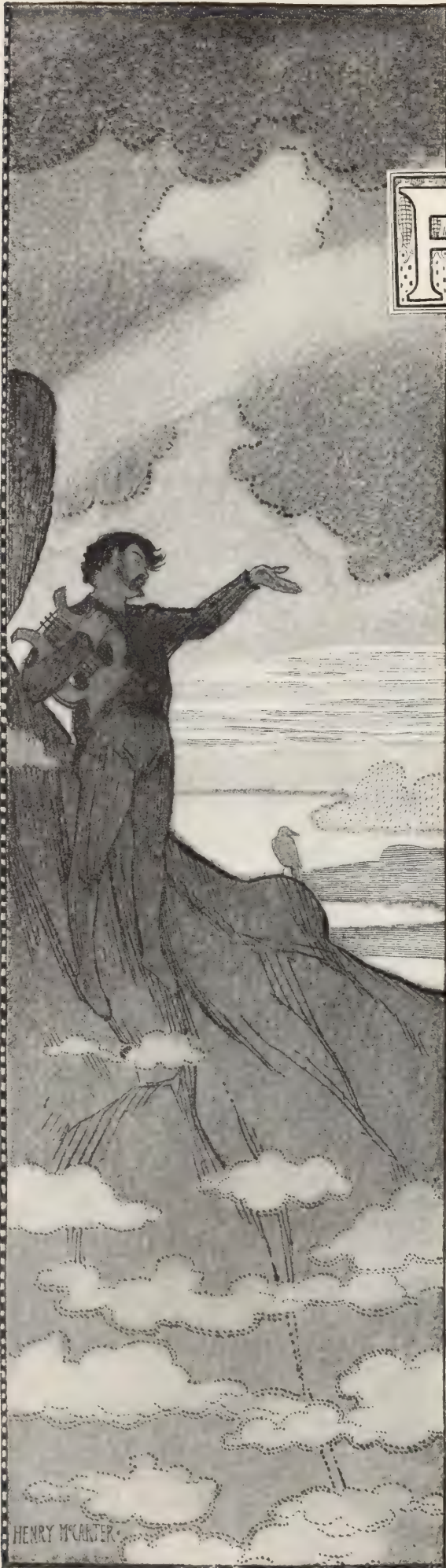
by John Vance Cheney

POET.



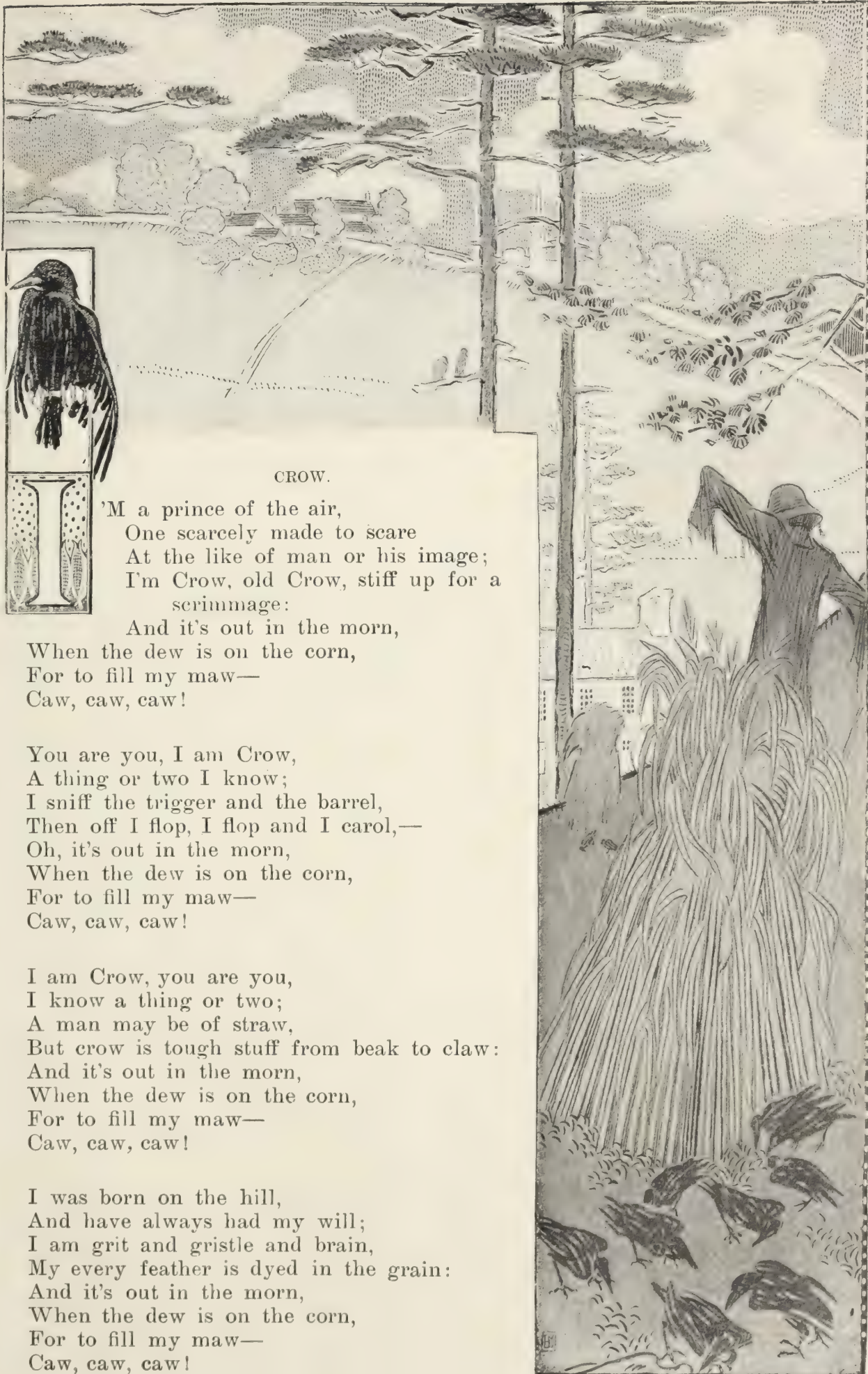
FOR once, old ebon buccaneer,  
A bit of panegyric hear.  
A few yet walk the earth  
Who know your place and worth.  
We dare avow it was your croak  
That first the mother silence broke,

And beardless Time stared round,  
Astonished at the sound.  
An elemental, cosmic hymn,  
Close as the bark is to the limb,  
None of the wild might trimmed away,  
Native as sunlight to the day,  
Your song, in valley and on hill,  
Holds fast the hale, unchanging art  
Of Nature, her unbroken will,  
The secret of her sturdy heart.  
That gride—indigenous, grim—  
That rasp on horror's rim,  
In one ear rings forever true,  
It thrills one bosom through and through—  
Nature's. To her you sing,  
To her, to her you cling;  
Your whole demeanor is devotion—  
All that grave and stately motion,  
That scorn of them that dare be bold  
Against the ancient iron mould.  
Courage from claw to beak,  
You brace us, worn and weak;  
'Tis marrow for the bones when forth  
You sally 'gainst the braggart North,  
Clinch with him as mixed foe with foe  
The elements, long, long ago,  
When slow toward form the crude earth  
curled,  
And chaos woke, and was a world.  
But you have, too, your gracious ways;  
Right well you love the buddy days,  
The rondeaus that the robins sing,  
The bluebird music, sweet with Spring.  
Then joy it is to see  
You on the dreamy tree,  
Armored in darkness, in your throat  
The potency of the olden note,  
Great faith's own minstrelsy:  
"Let none despair, nor once forget;  
Lo, there is corn in Egypt yet!"  
And when 'tis summer in the land,  
And all the rule is love's own hand,  
Then in yon speary field of mine  
Courtly you swagger, stride, and shine,  
Liege lord, by immemorial right,  
Throughout the kingdom of God's light.



HENRY MCCARTER





CROW.

I 'M a prince of the air,  
One scarcely made to scare  
At the like of man or his image;  
I'm Crow, old Crow, stiff up for a  
scrimmage:

And it's out in the morn,  
When the dew is on the corn,  
For to fill my maw—  
Caw, caw, caw!

You are you, I am Crow,  
A thing or two I know;  
I sniff the trigger and the barrel,  
Then off I flop, I flop and I carol,—  
Oh, it's out in the morn,  
When the dew is on the corn,  
For to fill my maw—  
Caw, caw, caw!

I am Crow, you are you,  
I know a thing or two;  
A man may be of straw,  
But crow is tough stuff from beak to claw:  
And it's out in the morn,  
When the dew is on the corn,  
For to fill my maw—  
Caw, caw, caw!

I was born on the hill,  
And have always had my will;  
I am grit and gristle and brain,  
My every feather is dyed in the grain:  
And it's out in the morn,  
When the dew is on the corn,  
For to fill my maw—  
Caw, caw, caw!





## THE SKELETON ON ROUND ISLAND.

BY MARY HARTWELL CATHERWOOD.

*On the 15th day of March, 1897, Ignace Pelott died at Mackinac Island, aged ninety-three years.*

*The old quarter-breed, son of a half-breed Chippewa mother and French father, took with him into silence much wilderness lore of the Northwest. He was full of stories when warmed to recital, though at the beginning of a talk his gentle eyes dwelt on the listener with anxiety, and he tapped his forehead—"So many things gone from there!" His habit of saying "Oh God, yes," or "Oh God, no," was not in the least irreverent, but simply his mild way of using island English.*

*While water lapped the beach before his door and the sun smote sparkles on the strait, he told about this adventure across the ice, and his hearer has taken but few liberties with the recital.*

I AM to carry Mamselle Rosalin of Green Bay from Mackinac to Cheboygan that time, and it is the end of March, and the wind have turn from east to west in the morning. A man will go out with the wind in the east, to haul wood from Boblo, or cut a hole to fish, and by night he cannot get home—ice, it is rotten; it goes to pieces quick when the March wind turns.

I am not afraid for me—long, tall fellow then; eye that can see to Point aux Pins; I can lift more than any other man that goes in the boats to Green Bay or the Soo; can swim, run on snow-shoes, go without eating two, three days, and draw my belt in. Sometimes the ice-floes carry me miles, for they all go east down the lakes when they start, and I have landed the other side of Drummond. But when you have a woman with you—Oh God, yes, that is different.

The way of it is this: I have brought the mail from St. Ignace with my traino—you know the train-au-galise—the birch sledge with dogs. It is flat, and

turn up at the front like a toboggan. And I have take the traino because it is not safe for a horse; the wind is in the west, and the straits bend and look too sleek. Ice a couple of inches thick will bear up a man and dogs. But this old ice a foot thick, it is turning rotten. I have come from St. Ignace early in the afternoon, and the people crowd about to get their letters, and there is Mamselle Rosalin crying to go to Cheboygan, because her lady has arrive there sick, and has sent the letter a week ago. Her friends say,

"It is too late to go to-day, and the straits are dangerous."

She say: "I make a bundle and walk. I must go when my lady is sick and her husband the lieutenant is away, and she has need of me."

Mamselle's friends talk and she cry. She runs and makes a little bundle in the house and comes out ready to walk to Cheboygan. There is nobody can prevent her. Some island people are descend from noblesse of France. But

none of them have travel like Mamselle Rosalin with the officer's wife to Indiana, to Chicago, to Detroit. She is like me, French.\* The girls use to turn their heads to see me walk in to mass; but I never look grand as Mamselle Rosalin when she step out to that ice.

I have not a bit of sense; I forget maman and my brothers and sisters that depend on me. I run to Mamselle Rosalin, take off my cap, and bow from my head to my heel, like you do in the dance. I will take her to Cheboygan with my traino—Oh God, yes! And I laugh at the wet track the sledge make, and pat my dogs and tell them they are not tired. I wrap her up in the fur, and she thank me and tremble, and look me through with her big black eyes so that I am ready to go down in the straits.

The people on the shore hurrah, though some of them cry out to warn us.

"The ice is cracked from Mission Point to the hook of Round Island, Ignace Pelott!"

"I know that," I say. "Good-day, messieurs!"

The crack from Mission Point—under what you call Robinson's Folly—to the hook of Round Island always comes first in a breaking up; and I hold my breath in my teeth as I skurry the dogs across it. The ice grinds, the water follows the sledge. But the sun is so far down in the southwest, I think "The wind will grow colder. The real thaw will not come before to-morrow."

I am to steer betwixt the west side of Round Island and Boblo. When we come into the shadow of Boblo we are chill with damp, far worse than the clear sharp air that blows from Canada. I lope beside the traino, and not take my eyes off the course to Cheboygan, except that I see the islands look blue, and darkness stretching before its time. The sweat drop off my face, yet I feel that wind through my wool clothes, and am glad of the shelter between Boblo and Round Island, for the straits outside will be the worst.

There is an Indian burying-ground on open land above the beach on that side of Round Island. I look up when the thick woods are pass, for the sunset ought to show there. But what I see is a skeleton like it is sliding down hill from the graveyard to the beach. It does not move. The

\* The old fellow would not own the Chippewa.

earth is wash from it, and it hangs staring at me.

I cannot tell how that make me feel! I laugh, for it is funny; but I am ashamed, like my father is expose and Mamselle Rosalin can see him. If I do not cover him again I am disgrace. I think I will wait till some other day when I can get back from Cheboygan; for what will she say if I stop the traino when we have such a long journey, and it is so near night, and the straits almost ready to move? So I crack the whip, but something pull, pull! I cannot go on! I say to myself, "The ground is froze; how can I cover up that skeleton without any shovel, or even a hatchet to break the earth?"

But something pull, pull, so I am oblige to stop, and the dogs turn in without one word and drag the sledge up the beach of Round Island.

"What is the matter?" says Mamselle Rosalin. She is out of the sledge as soon as it stops.

I not know what to answer, but tell her I have to cut a stick to mend my whip-handle. I think I will cut a stick and rake some earth over the skeleton to cover it, and come another day with a shovel and dig a new grave. The dogs lie down and pant, and she looks through me with her big eyes like she beg me to hurry.

But there is no danger she will see the skeleton. We both look back to Mackinac. The island have its hump up against the north, and the village in its lap around the bay, and the Mission eastward near the cliff; but all seem to be moving! We run along the beach of Round Island, and then we see the channel between that and Boblo is moving too, and the ice is like wet loaf-sugar, grinding as it floats.

We hear some roars away off, like cannon when the Americans come to the island. My head swims. I cross myself and know why something pull, pull, to make me bring the traino to the beach, and I am oblige to that skeleton who slide down hill to warn me.

When we have seen Mackinac, we walk to the other side and look south and south-east toward Cheboygan. All is the same. The ice is moving out of the straits.

"We are strand on this island!" says Mamselle Rosalin. "Oh, what shall we do?"

I tell her it is better to be prisoners on Round Island than on a cake of ice in the



straits, for I have tried the cake of ice and know.

"We will camp and build a fire in the cove opposite Mackinac," I say. "Maman and the children will see the light and feel sure we are safe."

"I have done wrong," says she. "If you lose your life on this journey, it is my fault."

Oh God, no! I tell her. She is not to blame for anything, and there is no danger. I have float many a time when the straits break up, and not save my hide so dry as it is now. We only have to stay on Round Island till we can get off.

"And how long will that be?" she ask.

I shrug my shoulders. There is no telling. Sometimes the straits clear very soon, sometimes not. Maybe two, three days.

Rosalin sit down on stone.

I tell her we can make camp, and show signals to Mackinac, and when the ice permit, a boat will be sent.

She is crying, and I say her lady will be well. No use to go to Cheboygan anyhow, for it is a week since her lady sent for her. But she cry on, and I think she wish I leave her alone, so I say I will get wood. And I unharness the dogs, and run along the beach to cover that skeleton before dark. I look and cannot find him at all. Then I go up to the graveyard and look down. There is no skeleton anywhere. I have seen his skull and his ribs and his arms and legs, all sliding down hill. But he is gone!

The dusk close in upon the islands, and I not know what to think—cross myself, two, three times; and wish we had land on Boblo instead of Round Island, though there are wild beasts on both.

But there is no time to be scare at skeletons that slide down and disappear, for Mamselle Rosalin must have her camp and her place to sleep. Every man use to the bateaux have always his tinder-box, his knife, his tobacco, but I have more than that; I have leave Mackinac so quick I forget to take out the storekeeper's bacon that line the bottom of the sledge, and Mamselle Rosalin sit on it in the furs! We have plenty meat, and I sing like a voyageur while I build the fire. Drift, so dry in summer you can light it with a coal from your pipe, lay on the beach, but is now winter-

soaked, and I make a fireplace of logs, and cut pine branches to help it.

It is all thick woods on Round Island, so close it tear you to pieces if you try to breakthrough; only four-footed things can crawl there. When the fire is blazing up I take my knife and cut a tunnel like a little room, and pile plenty evergreen branches. This is to shelter Mamselle Rosalin, for the night is so raw she shiver. Our tent is the sky, darkness, and clouds. But I am happy. I unload the sledge. The bacon is wet. On long sticks the slices sizzle and sing while I toast them, and the dogs come close and blink by the fire, and lick their chops. Rosalin laugh and I laugh, for it smell like a good kitchen; and we sit and eat nothing but toasted meat—better than lye corn and tallow that you have when you go out with the boats. Then I feed the dogs, and she walk with me to the water edge, and we drink with our hands.

It is my house, when we sit on the fur by the fire. I am so light I want my fiddle. I wish it last like a dream that Mamselle Rosalin and me keep house together on Round Island. You not want to go to heaven when the one you think about all the time stays close by you.

But pretty soon I want to go to heaven quick. I think I jump in the lake if maman and the children had anybody but me. When I light my pipe she smile. Then her great big eyes look off toward Mackinac, and I turn and see the little far-away lights.

"They know we are on Round Island together," I say to cheer her, and she move to the edge of the fur. Then she say "Good-night," and get up and go to her tunnel-house in the bushes, and I jump up too, and spread the fur there for her. And I not get back to the fire before she make a door of all the branches I have cut, and is hid like a squirrel. I feel I dance for joy because she is in my camp for me to guard. But what is that? It is a woman that cry out loud by herself! I understand now why she sit down so hopeless when we first land. I have not know much about women, but I understand how she feel. It is not her lady, or the dark, or the ice break up, or the cold. It is not Ignace Pelott. It is the name of being prison on Round Island with a man till the ice is out of the straits. She is so shame she want to die. I think I will

kill myself. If Mamselle Rosalin cry out loud once more, I plunge in the lake—and then what become of maman and the children?

She is quieter; and I sit down and cannot smoke, and the dogs pity me. Old Sauvage lay his nose on my knee. I do not say a word to him, but I pat him, and we talk with our eyes, and the bright camp fire shows each what the other is say.

"Old Sauvage," I tell him, "I am not good man like the priest. I have been out with the boats, and in Indian camps, and I not had in my life a chance to marry, because there are maman and the children. But you know, old Sauvage, how I have feel about Mamselle Rosalin, it is three years."

Old Sauvage hit his tail on the ground and answer he know.

"I have love her like a dog that not dare to lick her hand. And now she hate me because I am shut on Round Island with her while the ice goes out. I not good man, but it pretty tough to stand that."

Old Sauvage hit his tail on the ground and say, "That so." I hear the water on the gravel like it sound when we find a place to drink; then it is plenty company, but now it is lonesome. The water say to people on Mackinac, "Rosalin and Ignace Pelott, they are on Round Island." What make you proud, maybe, when you turn it and look at it the other way, make you sick. But I cannot walk the broken ice, and if I could, she would be left alone with the dogs. I think I will build another camp.

But soon there is a shaking in the bushes, and Sauvage and his sledgemates bristle and stand up and show their teeth. Out comes Mamselle Rosalin with a scream to the other side of the fire.

I have nothing except my knife, and I take a chunk of burning wood and go into her house. Maybe I see some green eyes. I have handle vild-cat skin too much not to know that smell in the dark.

I take all the branches from Rosalin's house and pile them by the fire, and spread the fur robe on them. And I pull out red coals and put more logs on before I sit down away off between her and the spot where she hear that noise. If the graveyard was over us, I would expect to see that skeleton once more.

"What was it?" she whisper.

I tell her maybe a stray wolf.

"Wolves not eat people, mamsellé, unless they hunt in a pack; and they run from fire. You know what M'sieu' Cable tell about wolves that chase him on the ice when he skate to Cheboygan? He come to great wide crack in ice, he so scare he jump it and skate right on! Then he look back, and see the wolves go in, head down, every wolf caught and drown in the crack. It is two days before he come home, and the east wind have blow to freeze that crack over—and there are all the wolf tails, stick up, froze stiff in a row! He bring them home with him—but los them on the way, though he show the knife that cut them off!"

"I have hear that," says Rosalin. "I think he lie."

"He say he take his oat on a book," I tell her, but we both laugh about M'sieu' Cable, and she is curl down so close to the fire her cheeks turn rosy. For a camp-fire will heat the air all around until the world is like a big dark room; and we are shelter from the wind. I am glad she is begin to enjoy herself. And all the time I have a hand on my knife, and the cold chills down my back where that hungry vild-cat will set his claws if he jump on me; and I cannot turn around to face him because Rosalin thinks it is nothing but a cowardly wolf that sneak away. Old Sauvage is uneasy and come to me, his fangs all expose, but I drive him back and listen to the bushes behind me.

"Sing, M'sieu' Pelott," says Rosalin.

Oh God, yes! it is easy to sing with a vild-cat watch you on one side and a woman on the other!

"But I not know anything except boat songs."

"Sing boat songs."

So I sing like a bateau full of voyageurs, and the dark echo, and that vild-cat must be astonish. When you not care what become of you, and your head is light and your heart like a stone on the beach, you not mind vild-cats, but sing and laugh.

I cast my eye behin sometimes, and feel my knife. It make me smile to think what kind of creature come to my house in the wilderness, and I say to myself: "Hear my cat purr! This is the only time I will ever have a home of my own, and the only time the woman I want sit beside my fire."





"I THINK THE CAMP GO AROUND AND AROUND ME."



Then I ask Rosalin to sing to me, and she sing "Malbrouck," like her father learn it in Kebec. She watch me, and I know her eyes have more danger for me than the vild-cat's. It ought to tear me to pieces if I forget maman and the children. It ought to be scare out the bushes to jump on a poor fool like me. But I not stop entertain it—Oh God, no! I say things that I never intend to say, like they are pull out of my mouth. When your heart has ache, sometimes it break up quick like the ice.

"There is Paul Pepin," I tell her. "He is a happy man; he not trouble himself with anybody at all. His father die; he let his mother take care of herself. He marry a wife, and get tired of her and turn her off with two children. The priest not able to scare him; he smoke and take his dram and enjoy life. If I was Paul Pepin I would not be torment."

"But you are not torment," says Rosalin. "Everybody speak well of you."

"Oh God, yes," I tell her; "but a man not live on the breath of his neighbors. I am thirty years old, and I have take care of my mother and brothers and sisters since I am fifteen. I not made so I can leave them, like Paul Pepin. He marry when he please. I not able to marry at all. It is not far I can go from the island. I cannot get rich. My work must be always the same."

"But why you want to marry?" says Rosalin, as if that surprise her. And I tell her it is because I have seen Rosalin of Green Bay; and she laugh. Then I think it is time for the vild-cat to jump. I am thirty years old, and have nothing but what I can make with the boats or my traino; the children are not grown; my mother depend on me; and I have propose to a woman, and she laugh at me!

But I not see, while we sing and talk, that the fire is burn lower, and old Sauvage has crept around the camp into the bushes.

That end all my courtship. I not use to it, and not have any business to court, anyhow. I drop my head on my breast, and it is like when I am little and the measles go in. Paul Pepin he take a woman by the chin and smack her on the lips. The women not laugh at him, he is so rough. I am as strong as he is, but I am afraid to hurt; I am oblige to take care of what need me. And I am

tie to things I love—even the island—so that I cannot get away.

"I not want to marry," says Rosalin, and I see her shake her head at me. "I not think about it at all."

"Mamselle," I say to her, "you have not any inducement like I have, that torment you three years."

"How you know that?" she ask me. And then her face change from laughter, and she spring up from the blanket couch, and I think the camp go around and around me—all fur and eyes and claws and teeth—and I not know what I am doing, for the dogs are all over me—yell—yell—yell; and then I am stop stabbing, because the vild-cat has let go of Sauvage, and Sauvage has let go of the vild-cat, and I am looking at them and know they are both dead, and I cannot help him any more.

You are confuse by such things where there is noise, and howling creatures sit up and put their noses in the air, like they call their mate back out of the dark. I am sick for my old dog. Then I am proud he has kill it, and wipe my knife on its fur, but feel ashame that I have not check him driving it into camp. And then Rosalin throw her arms around my neck and kiss me.

It is many years I have tell Rosalin she did that. But a woman will deny what she know to be the trut. I have tell her the courtship had end, and she begin it again herself, and keep it up till the boats take us off Round Island. The ice not run out so quick any more now like it did then. My wife say it is a long time we waited, but when I look back it seem the shortest time I ever live—only two days.

Oh God, yes, it is three years before I marry the woman that not want to marry at all; then my brothers and sisters can take care of themselves, and she help me take care of maman.

It is when my boy Gabriel come home from the war to die that I see the skeleton on Round Island again. I am again sure it is wash out, and I go ashore to bury it, and it disappear. Nobody but me see it. Then before Rosalin die I am out on the ice-boat, and it give me warning. I know what it mean; but you cannot always escape misfortune. I cross myself when I see it; but I find good luck that first time I land; and maybe I find good luck every time, after I have land.



## THE SATYR WREATHED.

FOR THE PAINTING BY GEORGE R. BARSE, JR.

BY J. RUSSELL TAYLOR.

THERE is a voice in silence, and in stone  
Still music, when the time is opportune,  
As now, when yet the wreath hangs on the hewn  
Old head, ere it be withered or wind-blown:  
The mother and the lifted child are gone  
That crowned me ignorant; but idle noon  
Hears, if it listen, pipes of Pan in tune;  
Sees, if it look, not that carved grin alone.

Satyrs and men, we are the seed of earth:  
The flower, for all its light and fragrant mirth,  
Leaves not its desperate grapple of roots uncouth;  
So flowers the spirit from the brute beneath;  
So may you see within a satyr's wreath,  
Obscure and terrible and sweet, the truth.

## STIRRING TIMES IN AUSTRIA.

BY MARK TWAIN.

### I.—THE GOVERNMENT IN THE FRYING-PAN.

HERE in Vienna in these closing days of 1897 one's blood gets no chance to stagnate. The atmosphere is brimful of political electricity. All conversation is political; every man is a battery, with brushes overworn, and gives out blue sparks when you set him going on the common topic. Everybody has an opinion, and lets you have it frank and hot, and out of this multitude of counsel you get merely confusion and despair. For no one really understands this political situation, or can tell you what is going to be the outcome of it.\*

Things have happened here recently which would set any country but Austria on fire from end to end, and upset the government to a certainty; but no one feels confident that such results will follow here. Here, apparently, one must wait and see what will happen, then he will know, and not before; guessing is idle; guessing cannot help the matter. This is what the wise tell you; they all say it; they say it every day, and it is the sole detail upon which they all agree.

\* Written early in November.—An explanation of the political and diplomatic basis of the disturbances will be found in an article by an Eastern diplomat on the traditional policy of Germany toward Austria and Turkey, on page 570 following.—Ed.

There is some approach to agreement upon another point: that there will be no revolution. Men say: "Look at our history—revolutions have not been in our line; and look at our political map—its construction is unfavorable to an organized uprising, and without unity what could a revolt accomplish? It is *disunion* which has held our empire together for centuries, and what it has done in the past it may continue to do now and in the future."

The most intelligible sketch I have encountered of this unintelligible arrangement of things was contributed to the *Traveler's Record* by Mr. Forrest Morgan, of Hartford, three years ago. He says:

The Austro-Hungarian Monarchy is the patchwork quilt, the Midway Plaisance, the national chain-gang of Europe; a state that is not a nation but a collection of nations, some with national memories and aspirations and others without, some occupying distinct provinces almost purely their own, and others mixed with alien races, but each with a different language, and each mostly holding the others foreigners as much as if the link of a common government did not exist. Only one of its races even now comprises so much as *one-fourth* of the whole, and not another so much as *one-sixth*; and each has remained for ages as unchanged in isolation, however mingled together in locality, as globules of oil in water. There is nothing else in the modern world that

is nearly like it, though there have been plenty in past ages; it seems unreal and impossible even though we know it is true; it violates all our feeling as to what a country should be in order to have a right to exist; and it seems as though it was too ramshackle to go on holding together any length of time. Yet it has survived, much in its present shape, two centuries of storms that have swept perfectly unified countries from existence and others that have brought it to the verge of ruin, has survived formidable European coalitions to dismember it, and has steadily gained force after each; forever changing in its exact make-up, losing in the West but gaining in the East, the changes leave the structure as firm as ever, like the dropping off and adding on of logs in a raft, its mechanical union of pieces showing all the vitality of genuine national life.

That seems to confirm and justify the prevalent Austrian faith that in this confusion of unrelated and irreconcilable elements, this condition of incurable disunion, there is strength—for the government. Nearly every day some one explains to me that a revolution would not succeed here. "It couldn't, you know. Broadly speaking, all the nations in the empire hate the government—but they all hate each other too, and with devoted and enthusiastic bitterness; no two of them can combine; the nation that rises must rise alone; then the others would joyfully join the government against her, and she would have just a fly's chance against a combination of spiders. This government is entirely independent. It can go its own road, and do as it pleases; it has nothing to fear. In countries like England and America, where there is one tongue and the public interests are common, the government must take account of public opinion; but in Austria-Hungary there are nineteen public opinions—one for each state. No—two or three for each state, since there are two or three nationalities in each. A government cannot satisfy all these public opinions; it can only go through the motions of trying. This government does that. It goes through the motions, and they do not succeed; but that does not worry the government much."

The next man will give you some further information. "The government has a policy—a wise one—and sticks steadily to it. This policy is—*tranquillity*: keep this hive of excitable nations as quiet as possible; encourage them to amuse themselves with things less inflammatory than

politics. To this end it furnishes them an abundance of Catholic priests to teach them to be docile and obedient, and to be diligent in acquiring ignorance about things here below, and knowledge about the kingdom of heaven, to whose historic delights they are going to add the charm of their society by-and-by; and further—to this same end—it cools off the newspapers every morning at five o'clock, whenever warm events are happening." There is a censor of the press, and apparently he is always on duty and hard at work. A copy of each morning paper is brought to him at five o'clock. His official wagons wait at the doors of the newspaper offices and scud to him with the first copies that come from the press. His company of assistants read every line in these papers, and mark everything which seems to have a dangerous look; then he passes final judgment upon these markings. Two things conspire to give to the results a capricious and unbalanced look: his assistants have diversified notions as to what is dangerous and what isn't; he can't get time to examine their criticisms in much detail; and so sometimes the very same matter which is suppressed in one paper fails to be damned in another one, and gets published in full feather and unmodified. Then the paper in which it was suppressed blandly copies the forbidden matter into its evening edition—provokingly giving credit and detailing all the circumstances in courteous and inoffensive language—and of course the censor cannot say a word.

Sometimes the censor sucks all the blood out of a newspaper and leaves it colorless and inane; sometimes he leaves it undisturbed, and lets it talk out its opinions with a frankness and vigor hardly to be surpassed, I think, in the journals of any country. Apparently the censor sometimes revises his verdicts upon second thought, for several times lately he has suppressed journals after their issue and partial distribution. The distributed copies are then sent for by the censor and destroyed. I have two of these, but at the time they were sent for I could not remember what I had done with them.

If the censor did his work before the morning edition was printed, he would be less of an inconvenience than he is; but of course the papers cannot wait many minutes after five o'clock to get his



verdict; they might as well go out of business as do that; so they print, and take the chances. Then, if they get caught by a suppression, they must strike out the condemned matter and print the edition over again. That delays the issue several hours, and is expensive besides. The government gets the suppressed edition for nothing. If it bought it, that would be joyful, and would give great satisfaction. Also, the edition would be larger. Some of the papers do not replace the condemned paragraphs with other matter; they merely snatch them out and leave blanks behind—mourning blanks, marked "*Confiscated.*"

The government discourages the dissemination of newspaper information in other ways. For instance, it does not allow newspapers to be sold on the streets; therefore the newsboy is unknown in Vienna. And there is a stamp duty of nearly a cent upon each copy of a newspaper's issue. Every American paper that reaches me has a stamp upon it, which has been pasted there in the post-office or downstairs in the hotel office; but no matter who put it there, I have to pay for it, and that is the main thing. Sometimes friends send me so many papers that it takes all I can earn that week to keep this government going.

I must take passing notice of another point in the government's measures for maintaining tranquillity. Everybody says it does not like to see any individual attain to commanding influence in the country, since such a man can become a disturber and an inconvenience. "We have as much talent as the other nations," says the citizen, resignedly, and without bitterness, "but for the sake of the general good of the country we are discouraged from making it over-conspicuous; and not only discouraged, but tactfully and skilfully prevented from doing it, if we show too much persistence. Consequently we have no renowned men; in centuries we have seldom produced one—that is, seldom allowed one to produce himself. We can say to-day what no other nation of first importance in the family of Christian civilizations can say: that there exists no Austrian who has made an enduring name for himself which is familiar all around the globe."

Another helper toward tranquillity is the army. It is as pervasive as the atmosphere. It is everywhere. All the

mentioned creators, promoters, and preservers of the public tranquillity do their several shares in the quieting work. They make a restful and comfortable serenity and reposefulness. This is disturbed sometimes for a little while: a mob assembles to protest against something; it gets noisy—noisier—still noisier—finally *too* noisy; then the persuasive soldiery come charging down upon it, and in a few minutes all is quiet again, and there is no mob.

There is a Constitution and there is a Parliament. The House draws its membership of 425 deputies from the nineteen or twenty states heretofore mentioned. These men represent peoples who speak eleven languages. That means eleven distinct varieties of jealousies, hostilities, and warring interests. This could be expected to furnish forth a parliament of a pretty inharmonious sort, and make legislation difficult at times—and it does that. The parliament is split up into many parties—the Clericals, the Progressists, the German Nationalists, the Young Czechs, the Social Democrats, the Christian Socialists, and some others—and it is difficult to get up working combinations among them. They prefer to fight apart sometimes.

The recent troubles have grown out of Count Badeni's necessities. He could not carry on his government without a majority vote in the House at his back, and in order to secure it he had to make a trade of some sort. He made it with the Czechs—the Bohemians. The terms were not easy for him: he must pass a bill making the Czech tongue the official language in Bohemia in place of the German. This created a storm. All the Germans in Austria were incensed. In numbers they form but a fourth part of the empire's population, but they urge that the country's public business should be conducted in one common tongue, and that tongue a world language—which German is.

However, Badeni secured his majority. The German element in parliament was apparently become helpless. The Czech deputies were exultant.

Then the music began. Badeni's voyage, instead of being smooth, was disappointingly rough from the start. The government must get the *Ausgleich* through. It must not fail. Badeni's majority was ready to carry it through; but



the minority was determined to obstruct it and delay it until the obnoxious Czech-language measure should be shelved.

The *Ausgleich* is an Adjustment, Arrangement, Settlement, which holds Austria and Hungary together. It dates from 1867, and has to be renewed every ten years. It establishes the share which Hungary must pay toward the expenses of the imperial government. Hungary is a kingdom (the Emperor of Austria is its King), and has its own parliament and governmental machinery. But it has no foreign office, and it has no army—at least its army is a part of the imperial army, is paid out of the imperial treasury, and is under the control of the imperial war office.

The ten-year rearrangement was due a year ago, but failed to connect. At least completely. A year's compromise was arranged. A new arrangement must be effected before the last day of this year. Otherwise the two countries become separate entities. The Emperor would still be King of Hungary—that is, King of an independent foreign country. There would be Hungarian custom-houses on the Austrian frontier, and there would be a Hungarian army and a Hungarian foreign office. Both countries would be weakened by this, both would suffer damage.

The Opposition in the House, although in the minority, had a good weapon to fight with in the pending *Ausgleich*. If it could delay the *Ausgleich* a few weeks, the government would doubtless have to withdraw the hated language bill or lose Hungary.

The Opposition began its fight. Its arms were the Rules of the House. It was soon manifest that by applying these Rules ingeniously it could make the majority helpless, and keep it so as long as it pleased. It could shut off business every now and then with a motion to adjourn. It could require the ayes and noes on the motion, and use up thirty minutes on that detail. It could call for the reading and verification of the minutes of the preceding meeting, and use up half a day in that way. It could require that several of its members be entered upon the list of permitted speakers previously to the opening of a sitting; and as there is no time limit, further delays could thus be accomplished.

These were all lawful weapons, and the

men of the Opposition (technically called the Left) were within their rights in using them. They used them to such dire purpose that all parliamentary business was paralyzed. The Right (the government side) could accomplish nothing. Then it had a saving idea. This idea was a curious one. It was to have the President and the Vice-Presidents of the parliament trample the Rules under foot upon occasion!

This, for a profoundly embittered minority constructed out of fire and gun-cotton! It was time for idle strangers to go and ask leave to look down out of a gallery and see what would be the result of it.

## II.—A MEMORABLE SITTING.

And now took place that memorable sitting of the House which broke two records. It lasted the best part of two days and a night, surpassing by half an hour the longest sitting known to the world's previous parliamentary history, and breaking the long-speech record with Dr. Lecher's twelve-hour effort, the longest flow of unbroken talk that ever came out of one mouth since the world began.

At 8.45, on the evening of the 28th of October, when the House had been sitting a few minutes short of ten hours, Dr. Lecher was granted the floor. It was a good place for theatrical effects. I think that no other Senate House is so shapely as this one, or so richly and showily decorated. Its plan is that of an opera-house. Up toward the straight side of it—the stage side—rise a couple of terraces of desks for the ministry, and the official clerks or secretaries—terraces thirty feet long, and each supporting about half a dozen desks with spaces between them. Above these is the President's terrace, against the wall. Along it are distributed the proper accommodations for the presiding officer and his assistants. The wall is of richly colored marble highly polished, its panelled sweep relieved by fluted columns and pilasters of distinguished grace and dignity, which glow softly and frostily in the electric light. Around the spacious half-circle of the floor bends the great two-storied curve of the boxes, its frontage elaborately ornamented and sumptuously gilded. On the floor of the House the 425 desks radiate fanwise from the President's tribune.

The galleries are crowded on this par-



ticular evening, for word has gone about that the *Ausgleich* is before the House; that the President, Ritter von Abrahamowicz, has been throttling the Rules; that the Opposition are in an inflammable state in consequence, and that the night session is likely to be of an exciting sort.

The gallery guests are fashionably dressed, and the finery of the women makes a bright and pretty show under the strong electric light. But down on the floor there is no costumery.

The deputies are dressed in day clothes; some of the clothes neat and trim, others not; there may be three members in evening dress, but not more. There are several Catholic priests in their long black gowns, and with crucifixes hanging from their necks. No member wears his hat. One may see by these details that the aspects are not those of an evening sitting of an English House of Commons, but rather those of a sitting of our House of Representatives.

In his high place sits the President, Abrahamowicz, object of the Opposition's limitless hatred. He is sunk back in the depths of his arm-chair, and has his chin down. He brings the ends of his spread fingers together in front of his breast, and reflectively taps them together, with the air of one who would like to begin business, but must wait, and be as patient as he can. It makes you think of Richelieu. Now and then he swings his head up to the left or to the right and answers something which some one has bent down to say to him. Then he taps his fingers again. He looks tired, and maybe a trifle harassed. He is a gray-haired, long, slender man, with a colorless long face, which, in repose, suggests a death-mask; but when not in repose is tossed and rippled by a turbulent smile which washes this way and that, and is not easy to keep up with—a pious smile, a holy smile, a saintly smile, a deprecating smile, a beseeching and supplicating smile; and when it is at work the large mouth opens and the flexible lips crumple, and unfold, and crumple again, and move around in a genial and persuasive and angelic way, and expose large glimpses of the teeth; and that interrupts the sacredness of the smile and gives it momentarily a mixed worldly and political and satanic cast. It is a most interesting face to watch. And then the long hands and the body—they furnish great and frequent help to

the face in the business of adding to the force of the statesman's words.

To change the tense. At the time of which I have just been speaking the crowds in the galleries were gazing at the stage and the pit with rapt interest and expectancy. One half of the great fan of desks was in effect empty, vacant; in the other half several hundred members were bunched and jammed together as solidly as the bristles in a brush; and they also were waiting and expecting. Presently the Chair delivered this utterance:

"Dr. Lecher has the floor."

Then burst out such another wild and frantic and deafening clamor as has not been heard on this planet since the last time the Comanches surprised a white settlement at midnight. Yells from the Left, counter-yells from the Right, explosions of yells from all sides at once, and all the air sawed and pawed and clawed and cloven by a writhing confusion of gesturing arms and hands. Out of the midst of this thunder and turmoil and tempest rose Dr. Lecher, serene and collected, and the providential length of him enabled his head to show out above it. He began his twelve-hour speech. At any rate, his lips could be seen to move, and that was evidence. On high sat the President imploring order, with his long hands put together as in prayer, and his lips visibly but not hearably speaking. At intervals he grasped his bell and swung it up and down with vigor, adding its keen clamor to the storm weltering there below.

Dr. Lecher went on with his pantomime speech, contented, untroubled. Here and there and now and then powerful voices burst above the din, and delivered an ejaculation that was heard. Then the din ceased for a moment or two, and gave opportunity to hear what the Chair might answer; then the noise broke out again. Apparently the President was being charged with all sorts of illegal exercises of power in the interest of the Right (the government side): among these, with arbitrarily closing an Order of Business before it was finished; with an unfair distribution of the right to the floor; with refusal of the floor, upon quibble and protest, to members entitled to it; with stopping a speaker's speech upon quibble and protest; and with other transgressions of the Rules of the House. One of the interrupters who made himself heard

was a young fellow of slight build and neat dress, who stood a little apart from the solid crowd and leaned negligently, with folded arms and feet crossed, against a desk. Trim and handsome; strong face and thin features; black hair roughed up; parsimonious mustache; resonant great voice, of good tone and pitch. It is Wolf, capable and hospitable with sword and pistol; fighter of the recent duel with Count Badeni, the head of the government. He shot Badeni through the arm, and then walked over in the politest way and inspected his game, shook hands, expressed regret, and all that. Out of him came early this thundering peal, audible above the storm:

"I demand the floor. I wish to offer a motion."

In the sudden lull which followed, the President answered, "Dr. Lecher has the floor."

Wolf. "I move the close of the sitting!"

P. "Representative Lecher has the floor." [Stormy outburst from the Left—that is, the Opposition.]

Wolf. "I demand the floor for the introduction of a formal motion. [Pause.] Mr. President, are you going to grant it, or not? [Crash of approval from the Left.] I will keep on demanding the floor till I get it."

P. "I call Representative Wolf to order. Dr. Lecher has the floor."

Wolf. "Mr. President, are you going to observe the Rules of this House?" [Tempest of applause and confused ejaculations from the Left—a boom and roar which long endured, and stopped all business for the time being.]

Dr. von Pessler. "By the Rules motions are in order, and the Chair *must* put them to vote."

For answer the President (who is a Pole—I make this remark in passing) began to jangle his bell with energy at the moment that that wild pandemonium of voices burst out again.

Wolf (hearable above the storm). "Mr. President, I demand the floor. We intend to find out, here and now, which is the hardest, a *Pole's skull* or a *German's*!"

This brought out a perfect cyclone of satisfaction from the Left. In the midst of it some one again moved an adjournment. The President blandly answered that Dr. Lecher had the floor. Which was

true; and he was speaking, too, calmly, earnestly, and argumentatively; and the official stenographers had left their places and were at his elbows taking down his words, he leaning and orating into their ears—a most curious and interesting scene.

Dr. von Pessler (to the Chair). "Do not drive us to extremities!"

The tempest burst out again; yells of approval from the Left, catcalls and ironical laughter from the Right. At this point a new and most effective noise-maker was pressed into service. Each desk has an extension, consisting of a removable board eighteen inches long, six wide, and a half-inch thick. A member pulled one of these out and began to belabor the top of his desk with it. Instantly other members followed suit, and perhaps you can imagine the result. Of all conceivable rackets it is the most ear-splitting, intolerable, and altogether fiendish.

The persecuted President leaned back in his chair, closed his eyes, clasped his hands in his lap, and a look of pathetic resignation crept over his long face. It is the way a country schoolmaster used to look in days long past when he had refused his school a holiday and it had risen against him in ill-mannered riot and violence and insurrection. Twice a motion to adjourn had been offered—a motion always in order in other Houses, and doubtless so in this one also. The President had refused to put these motions. By consequence, he was not in a pleasant place now, and was having a right hard time. Votes upon motions, whether carried or defeated, could make endless delay, and postpone the *Ausgleich* to next century.

In the midst of these sorrowful circumstances and this hurricane of yells and screams and satanic clatter of desk-boards, Representative Dr. Kronawetter unfeelingly reminds the Chair that a motion has been offered, and adds: "Say yes, or no! What do you sit there for, and give no answer?"

P. "After I have given a speaker the floor, I cannot give it to another. After Dr. Lecher is through, I will put your motion." [Storm of indignation from the Left.]

Wolf (to the Chair). "Thunder and lightning! look at the Rule governing the case!"



*Kronawetter.* "I move the close of the sitting! And I demand the ayes and noes!"

*Dr. Lecher.* "Mr. President, have I the floor?"

*P.* "You have the floor."

*Wolf* (to the Chair, in a stentorian voice which cleaves its way through the storm). "It is by such brutalities as these that you drive us to extremities! Are you waiting till some one shall throw into your face the word that shall describe what you are bringing about?\*" [Tempest of insulted fury from the Right.] *Is that what you are waiting for, old Grayhead?*" [Long-continued clatter of desk-boards from the Left, with shouts of "The vote! the vote!" An ironical shout from the Right, "Wolf is boss!"]

Wolf keeps on demanding the floor for his motion. At length—

*P.* "I call Representative Wolf to order! Your conduct is unheard-of, sir! You forget that you are in a parliament; you must remember where you are, sir." [Applause from the Right. *Dr. Lecher* is still peacefully speaking, the stenographers listening at his lips.]

*Wolf* (banging on his desk with his desk-board). "I demand the floor for my motion! I won't stand this trampling of the Rules under foot—no, not if I die for it! I will never yield! You have got to stop me by force. Have I the floor?"

*P.* "Representative Wolf, what kind of behavior is this? I call you to order again. You should have some regard for your dignity."

*Dr. Lecher* speaks on. Wolf turns upon him with an offensive innuendo.

*Dr. Lecher.* "Mr. Wolf, I beg you to refrain from that sort of suggestions." [Storm of hand-clapping from the Right.]

This was applause from the enemy, for *Lecher* himself, like *Wolf*, was an Obstructionist.

Wolf growls to *Lecher*: "You can scribble that applause in your album!"

*P.* "Once more I call Representative Wolf to order! Do not forget that you are a Representative, sir!"

*Wolf* (slam-banging with his desk-board). "I will force this matter! Are you going to grant me the floor, or not?"

And still the sergeant-at-arms did not appear. It was because there wasn't any. It is a curious thing, but the Chair has no effectual means of compelling order.

\* That is, *revolution*.

After some more interruptions:

*Wolf* (banging with his board). "I demand the floor. I will not yield!"

*P.* "I have no recourse against Representative Wolf. In the presence of behavior like this it is to be regretted that such is the case." [A shout from the Right, "Throw him out!"]

It is true, he had no effective recourse. He had an official called an "Ordner," whose help he could invoke in desperate cases, but apparently the Ordner is only a persuader, not a compeller. Apparently he is a sergeant-at-arms who is not loaded; a good enough gun to look at, but not valuable for business.

For another twenty or thirty minutes Wolf went on banging with his board and demanding his rights; then at last the weary President threatened to summon the dread order-maker. But both his manner and his words were reluctant. Evidently it grieved him to have to resort to this dire extremity. He said to Wolf, "If this goes on, I shall feel obliged to summon the Ordner, and beg him to restore order in the House."

*Wolf.* "I'd like to see you do it! Suppose you fetch in a few policemen too! [Great tumult.] Are you going to put my motion to adjourn, or not?"

*Dr. Lecher* continues his speech. Wolf accompanies him with his board-clatter.

The President despatches the Ordner, *Dr. Lang* (himself a deputy), on his order-restoring mission. Wolf, with his board uplifted for defence, confronts the Ordner with a remark which *Boss Tweed* might have translated into "Now let's see what you are going to do about it!" [Noise and tumult all over the House.]

Wolf stands upon his rights, and says he will maintain them till he is killed in his tracks. Then he resumes his banging, the President jangles his bell and begs for order, and the rest of the House augments the racket the best it can.

*Wolf.* "I require an adjournment, because I find myself personally threatened. [Laughter from the Right.] Not that I fear for myself; I am only anxious about what will happen to the man who touches me."

*The Ordner.* "I am not going to fight with you."

Nothing came of the efforts of the angel of peace, and he presently melted out of the scene and disappeared. Wolf went on with his noise and with his demands



DR. OTON LECHER.

that he be granted the floor, resting his board at intervals to discharge criticisms and epithets at the Chair. Once he reminded the Chairman of his violated promise to grant him (Wolf) the floor, and said, "Whence I came, we call promise-breakers rascals!" And he advised the Chairman to take his conscience to bed with him and use it as a pillow. Another time he said that the Chair was making itself ridiculous before all Europe. In fact, some of Wolf's language was almost unparliamentary. By-and-by he struck the idea of beating out a *tune* with his board. Later he decided to stop asking for the floor, and to confer it upon himself. And so he and Dr. Lecher now spoke at the same time, and mingled their speeches with the other

noises, and nobody heard either of them. Wolf rested himself now and then from speech-making by reading, in his clarion voice, from a pamphlet.

I will explain that Dr. Lecher was not making a twelve-hour speech for pastime, but for an important purpose. It was the government's intention to push the *Ausgleich* through its preliminary stages in this one sitting (for which it was the Order of the Day), and then by vote refer it to a select committee. It was the Majority's scheme—as charged by the Opposition—to drown debate upon the bill by pure noise—drown it out and stop it. The debate being thus ended, the vote upon the reference would follow—with victory for the government. But into the government's calculations had



not entered the possibility of a single-barrelled speech which should occupy the entire time-limit of the sitting, and also get itself delivered in spite of all the noise. Goliah was not expecting David. But David was there; and during twelve hours he tranquilly pulled statistical, historical, and argumentative pebbles out of his scrip and slung them at the giant; and when he was done he was victor, and the day was saved.

In the English House an obstructionist has held the floor with Bible-readings and other outside matters; but Dr. Lecher could not have that restful and recuperative privilege—he must confine himself strictly to the subject before the House. More than once, when the President could not hear him because of the general tumult, he sent persons to listen and report as to whether the orator was speaking to the subject or not.

The subject was a peculiarly difficult one, and it would have troubled any other

his city of Brünn, and was master of the situation. His speech was not formally prepared. He had a few notes jotted down for his guidance; he had his facts in his head; his heart was in his work; and for twelve hours he stood there, undisturbed by the clamor around him, and with grace and ease and confidence poured out the riches of his mind, in closely reasoned arguments, clothed in eloquent and faultless phrasing.

He is a young man of thirty-seven. He is tall and well-proportioned, and has cultivated and fortified his muscle by mountain-climbing. If he were a little handsomer he would sufficiently reproduce for me the Chauncey Depew of the great New England dinner nights of some years ago; he has Depew's charm of manner and graces of language and delivery.

There was but one way for Dr. Lecher to hold the floor—he must stay on his legs. If he should sit down to rest a moment, the floor would be taken from him by the enemy in the Chair. When he had been talking three or four hours he himself proposed an adjournment, in order that he might get some rest from his wearing labors; but he limited his motion with the condition that if it was lost he should be allowed to continue his speech, and if it carried he should have the floor at the next sitting. Wolf was now appeased, and withdrew his own thousand-times offered motion, and Dr. Lecher's was voted upon—and lost. So he went on speaking.

By one o'clock in the morning, excitement and noise-making had tired out nearly everybody but the orator. Gradually the seats of the Right underwent depopulation; the occupants had slipped out to the refreshment-rooms to eat and drink, or to the corridors to chat. Some one remarked that there was no longer a quorum present, and moved a call of the House. The Chair (Vice-President Dr. Kramarz) refused to put it to vote. There was a small dispute over the legality of this ruling, but the Chair held its ground.

The Left remained on the battle-field to support their champion. He went steadily on with his speech; and always it was strong, virile, felicitous, and to the point. He was earning applause, and this enabled his party to turn that fact to account. Now and then they applauded him a couple of minutes on a stretch, and during that time he could stop speaking



CARLOS WOLF.

deputy to stick to it three hours without exhausting his ammunition, because it required a vast and intimate knowledge—detailed and particularized knowledge—of the commercial, railroading, financial, and international banking relations existing between two great sovereignties, Hungary and the Empire. But Dr. Lecher is President of the Board of Trade of



THE PARLIAMENT HOUSE, VIENNA.

and rest his voice without having the floor taken from him.

At a quarter to two a member of the Left demanded that Dr. Lecher be allowed a recess for rest, and said that the Chairman was "heartless." Dr. Lecher himself asked for ten minutes. The Chair allowed him five. Before the time had run out Dr. Lecher was on his feet again.

Wolf burst out again with a motion to adjourn. Refused by the Chair. Wolf said the whole parliament wasn't worth a pinch of powder. The Chair retorted that that was true in a case where a single member was able to make all parliamentary business impossible. Dr. Lecher continued his speech.

The members of the Majority went out by detachments from time to time and took naps upon sofas in the reception-rooms; and also refreshed themselves with food and drink—in quantities nearly unbelievable—but the Minority staid loyally by their champion. Some distinguished deputies of the Majority staid by him too, compelled thereto by admiration of his great performance. When a man has been speaking eight hours, is

it conceivable that he can still be interesting, still fascinating? When Dr. Lecher had been speaking eight hours he was still compactly surrounded by friends who would not leave him and by foes (of all parties) who *could* not; and all hung enchanted and wondering upon his words, and all testified their admiration with constant and cordial outbursts of applause. Surely this was a triumph without precedent in history.

During the twelve-hour effort friends brought to the orator three glasses of wine, four cups of coffee, and one glass of beer—a most stingy re-enforcement of his wasting tissues, but the hostile Chair would permit no addition to it. But no matter, the Chair could not beat that man. He was a garrison holding a fort, and was not to be starved out.

When he had been speaking eight hours his pulse was 72; when he had spoken twelve, it was 100.

He finished his long speech in these terms, as nearly as a permissibly free translation can convey them:

"I will now hasten to close my examination of the subject. I conceived that





Dr. Oton Lecher.

Carlos Wolf.

SCENE IN THE AUSTRIAN PARLIAMENT DURING THE DELIVERY OF DR. LECHER'S TWELVE-HOUR SPEECH.



we of the Left have made it clear to the honorable gentlemen of the other side of the House that we are stirred by no in-temperate enthusiasm for this measure in its present shape. . . .

"What we require, and shall fight for with all lawful weapons, is a formal, comprehensive, and definitive solution and settlement of these vexed matters. We desire the restoration of the earlier condition of things; the cancellation of all this incapable government's pernicious trades with Hungary; and then—release from the sorry burden of the Badeni ministry!

"I voice the hope—I know not if it will be fulfilled—I voice the deep and sincere and patriotic hope that the committee into whose hands this bill will eventually be committed will take its stand upon high ground, and will return the *Ausgleich-Provisorium* to this House in a form which shall make it the protector and promoter alike of the great interests involved and of the honor of our father-land." After a pause, turning toward the government benches: "But in any case, gentlemen of the Majority, make sure of this: henceforth, as before, you will find us at our post. The Germans of Austria will neither surrender nor die!"

Then burst a storm of applause which rose and fell, rose and fell, burst out again and again and again, explosion after explosion, hurricane after hurricane, with no apparent promise of ever coming to an end; and meantime the whole Left was surging and weltering about the champion, all bent upon wringing his hand and congratulating him and glorifying him.

Finally he got away, and went home and ate five loaves and twelve baskets of fishes, read the morning papers, slept three hours, took a short drive, then returned to the House and sat out the rest of the thirty-three-hour session.

To merely *stand up* in one spot twelve hours on a stretch is a feat which very few men could achieve; to add to the task the utterance of a hundred thousand words would be beyond the possibilities of the most of those few; to superimpose the requirement that the words should be put into the form of a compact, coherent, and symmetrical oration would probably rule out the rest of the few, bar Dr. Lecher.

### III.—CURIOUS PARLIAMENTARY ETIQUETTE.

In consequence of Dr. Lecher's twelve-hour speech and the other obstructions furnished by the Minority, the famous thirty-three-hour sitting of the House accomplished nothing. The government side had made a supreme effort, assisting itself with all the helps at hand, both lawful and unlawful, yet had failed to get the *Ausgleich* into the hands of a committee. This was a severe defeat. The Right was mortified, the Left jubilant.

Parliament was adjourned for a week—to let the members cool off, perhaps—a sacrifice of precious time, for but two months remained in which to carry the all-important *Ausgleich* to a consummation.

If I have reported the behavior of the House intelligibly, the reader has been surprised at it, and has wondered whence these law-makers come and what they are made of; and he has probably supposed that the conduct exhibited at the Long Sitting was far out of the common, and due to special excitement and irritation. As to the make-up of the House, it is this: the deputies come from all the walks of life and from all the grades of society. There are princes, counts, barons, priests, peasants, mechanics, laborers, lawyers, judges, physicians, professors, merchants, bankers, shopkeepers. They are religious men, they are earnest, sincere, devoted, and they hate the Jews. The title of Doctor is so common in the House that one may almost say that the deputy who does not bear it is by that reason conspicuous. I am assured that it is not a self-granted title, and not an honorary one, but an *earned* one; that in Austria it is very seldom conferred as a mere compliment; that in Austria the degrees of Doctor of Music, Doctor of Philosophy, and so on, are not conferred by the seats of learning; and so, when an Austrian is called Doctor it means that he is either a lawyer or a physician, and that he is not a self-educated man, but is college-bred, and has been diplomaed for merit.

That answers the question of the constitution of the House. Now as to the House's curious manners. The manners exhibited by this convention of Doctors were not at that time being tried as a wholly new experiment. I will go back to a previous sitting in order to show



that the deputies had already had some practice.

There had been an incident. The dignity of the House had been wounded by improprieties indulged in in its presence by a couple of the members. This matter was placed in the hands of a committee to determine where the guilt lay, and the degree of it, and also to suggest the punishment. The chairman of the committee brought in his report. By this it appeared that, in the course of a speech, Deputy Schrammel said that religion had no proper place in the public schools—it was a private matter. Whereupon Deputy Gregorig shouted, "How about free love!"

To this, Deputy Iro flung out this retort: "Soda-water at the Wimberger!"

This appeared to deeply offend Deputy Gregorig, who shouted back at Iro, "You cowardly blatherskite, say that again!"

The committee had sat three hours. Gregorig had apologized; Iro had explained. Iro explained that he didn't say anything about soda-water at the Wimberger. He explained in writing, and was very explicit: "*I declare upon my word of honor* that I did not say the words attributed to me."

Unhappily for his word of honor it was proved by the official stenographers and by the testimony of several deputies that he *did* say them.

The committee did not officially know why the apparently inconsequential reference to soda-water at the Wimberger should move Deputy Gregorig to call the utterer of it a cowardly blatherskite; still, after proper deliberation, it was of the opinion that the House ought to formally censure the whole business. This verdict seems to have been regarded as sharply severe. I think so because Deputy Dr. Lueger, Bürgermeister of Vienna, felt it a duty to soften the blow to his friend Gregorig by showing that the soda-water remark was not so innocuous as it might look; that indeed Gregorig's tough retort was justifiable—and he proceeded to explain why. He read a number of scandalous post-cards which he intimated had proceeded from Iro, as indicated by the handwriting, though they were anonymous. Some of them were posted to Gregorig at his place of business, and could have been read by all his subordinates; the others were posted to *Gregorig's wife*. Lueger did not say—but everybody

knew—that the cards referred to a matter of town gossip which made Mr. Gregorig a chief actor in a tavern scene where siphon-squirting played a prominent and humorous part, and wherein women had a share.

There were several of the cards; more than several, in fact; no fewer than five were sent in one day. Dr. Lueger read some of them, and described others. Some of them had pictures on them; one a picture of a hog with a monstrous snout, and beside it a squirting soda-siphon; below it some sarcastic doggerel.

Gregorig deals in shirts, cravats, etc. One of the cards bore these words: "Much respected Deputy and collar-sewer—or *stealer*."

Another: "Hurrah for the Christian-Social work among the women-assemblages! Hurrah for the soda-squirter!" Comment by Dr. Lueger: "I cannot venture to read the rest of that one, nor the signature, either."

Another: "Would you mind telling me if . . . ." Comment by Dr. Lueger: "The rest of it is not properly readable."

To Deputy Gregorig's wife: "Much respected Madam Gregorig,—The undersigned desires an invitation to the next soda-squirt." Comment by Dr. Lueger: "Neither the rest of the card nor the signature can I venture to read to the House, so vulgar are they."

The purpose of this card—to expose Gregorig to his family—was repeated in others of these anonymous missives.

The House, by vote, censured the two improper deputies.

This may have had a modifying effect upon the phraseology of the membership for a while, and upon its general exuberance also, but it was not for long. As has been seen, it had become lively once more on the night of the Long Sitting. At the next sitting after the long one there was certainly no lack of liveliness. The President was persistently ignoring the Rules of the House in the interest of the government side, and the Minority were in an unappeasable fury about it. The ceaseless din and uproar, the shouting and stamping and desk-banging, were deafening, but through it all burst voices now and then that made themselves heard. Some of the remarks were of a very candid sort, and I believe that if they had been uttered in our House of Representatives they would have attract



ed attention. I will insert some samples here. Not in their order, but selected on their merits:

*Dr. Mayreder* (to the President). "You have lied! You conceded the floor to me; make it good, or you have lied!"

*Mr. Glöckner* (to the President). "Leave! Get out!"

*Wolf* (indicating the President). "There sits a man to whom a certain title belongs!"

Unto Wolf, who is continuously reading, in a powerful voice, from a newspaper, arrive these personal remarks from the Majority: "Oh, shut your mouth!" "Put him out!" "Out with him!" Wolf stops reading a moment to shout at Dr. Lueger, who has the floor but cannot get a hearing, "Please, Betrayer of the People, begin!"

*Dr. Lueger*. "Meine Herren—" ["Oho!" and groans.]

*Wolf*. "That's the holy light of the Christian Socialists!"

*Mr. Kletzenbauer* (Christian Socialist). "Dam—nation! are you ever going to quiet down?"

Wolf discharges a galling remark at Mr. Wohlmeyer.

*Wohlmeyer* (responding). "You Jew, you!"

There is a moment's lull, and Dr. Lueger begins his speech. Graceful, handsome man, with winning manners and attractive bearing, a bright and easy speaker, and is said to know how to trim his political sails to catch any favoring wind that blows. He manages to say a few words, then the tempest overwhelms him again.

Wolf stops reading his paper a moment to say a drastic thing about Lueger and his Christian-Social pieties, which sets the C. S.'s in a sort of frenzy.

*Mr. Vielohlawek*. "You leave the Christian Socialists alone, you word-of-honor-breaker! Obstruct all you want to, but you leave *them* alone! You've no business in this House; you belong in a gin-mill!"

*Mr. Prochazka*. "In a lunatic-asylum, you mean!"

*Vielohlawek*. "It's a pity that such a man should be leader of the Germans; he disgraces the German name!"

*Dr. Scheicher*. "It's a shame that the like of him should insult us."

*Strohbach* (to Wolf). "Contemptible cub—we will bounce thee out of this!"

[It is inferable that the "thee" is not intended to indicate affection this time, but to re-enforce and emphasize Mr. Strohbach's scorn.]

*Dr. Scheicher*. "His insults are of no consequence. He wants his ears boxed."

*Dr. Lueger* (to Wolf). "You'd better worry a trifle over your Iro's word of honor. You are behaving like a street arab."

*Dr. Scheicher*. "It is infamous!"

*Dr. Lueger*. "And *these* shameless creatures are the leaders of the German People's Party!"

Meantime Wolf goes whooping along with his newspaper-readings in great contentment.

*Dr. Pattai*. "Shut up! Shut up! Shut up! You haven't the floor!"

*Strohbach*. "The miserable cub!"

*Dr. Lueger* (to Wolf, raising his voice strenuously above the storm). "You are a wholly honorless street brat!" [A voice, "Fire the rascalion out!" But Wolf's soul goes marching noisily on, just the same.]

*Schönerer* (vast and muscular, and endowed with the most powerful voice in the Reichsrath; comes ploughing down through the standing crowds, red, and choking with anger; halts before Deputy Wohlmeyer, grabs a rule and smashes it with a blow upon a desk, threatens Wohlmeyer's face with his fist, and bellows out some personalities, and a promise). "Only you wait—we'll teach you!" [A whirlwind of offensive retorts assails him from the band of meek and humble Christian Socialists compacted around their leader, that distinguished religious expert, Dr. Lueger, Bürgermeister of Vienna. Our breath comes in excited gasps now, and we are full of hope. We imagine that we are back fifty years ago in the Arkansas Legislature, and we think we know what is going to happen, and are glad we came, and glad we are up in the gallery, out of the way, where we can see the whole thing and yet not have to supply any of the material for the inquest. However, as it turns out, our confidence is abused, our hopes are misplaced.]

*Dr. Pattai* (wildly excited). "You quiet down, or we shall turn ourselves loose! There will be cuffing of ears!"

*Prochazka* (in a fury). "No—not ear-boxing, but genuine *blows*!"

*Vielohlawek*. "I would rather take my hat off to a Jew than to Wolf!"



*Strohbach* (to Wolf). "Jew-flunky! Here we have been fighting the Jews for ten years, and now you are helping them to power again. How much do you get for it?"

*Holansky*. "What he wants is a strait-jacket!"

Wolf continues his readings. It is a market report now.

Remark flung across the House to *Schönerer*: "*Die Grossmutter auf dem Misthaufen erzeugt worden!*"

It will be judicious not to translate that. Its flavor is pretty high, in any case, but it becomes particularly gamy when you remember that the first gallery was well stocked with ladies.

Apparently it was a great hit. It fetched thunders of joyous enthusiasm out of the Christian Socialists, and in their rapture they flung biting epithets with wasteful liberality at specially detested members of the Opposition; among others, this one at *Schönerer*: "*Bordell in der Krugerstrasse!*" Then they added these words, which they whooped, howled, and also even sang, in a deep-voiced chorus: "*Schmul Leeb Kohn! Schmul Leeb Kohn! Schmul Leeb Kohn!*" and made it splendidly audible above the banging of desk-boards and the rest of the roaring cyclone of fiendish noises. [A gallery witticism comes flitting by from mouth to mouth around the great curve: "The swan-song of Austrian representative government!" You can note its progress by the applausive smiles and nods it gets as it skims along.]

*Kletzenbauer*. "Holofernes, where is Judith?" [Storm of laughter.]

*Gregorig* (the shirt-merchant). "This Wolf-Theatre is costing 6000 florins!"

*Wolf* (with sweetness). "Notice him, gentlemen; it is Mr. Gregorig." [Laughter.]

*Vielohlawek* (to Wolf). "You Judas!"

*Schneider*. "Brothel-knight!"

*Chorus of Voices*. "East-German of-fal-tub!"

And so the war of epithets crashes along, with never-diminishing energy, for a couple of hours.

The ladies in the gallery were learning. That was well; for by-and-by ladies will form a part of the membership of all the legislatures in the world; as soon as they can prove competency they will be admitted. At present, men only

are competent to legislate; therefore they look down upon women, and would feel degraded if they had to have them for colleagues in their high calling.

Wolf is yelling another market report now.

*Gessman*. "Shut up, infamous louse-brat!"

During a momentary lull Dr. Lueger gets a hearing for three sentences of his speech. They demand and require that the President shall suppress the four noisiest members of the Opposition.

*Wolf* (with a that-settles-it toss of the head). "The shifty trickster of Vienna has spoken!"

Iro belonged to *Schönerer's* party. The word-of-honor incident has given it a new name. Gregorig is a Christian Socialist, and hero of the post-cards and the Wimberger soda-squirting incident. He stands vast and conspicuous, and conceited and self-satisfied, and roosterish and inconsequential, at Lueger's elbow, and is proud and cocky to be in such great company. He looks very well indeed; really majestic, and aware of it. He crows out his little empty remark, now and then, and looks as pleased as if he had been delivered of the *Ausgleich*. Indeed, he does look notably fine. He wears almost the only dress vest on the floor; it exposes a continental spread of white shirt-front; his hands are posed at ease in the lips of his trousers pockets; his head is tilted back complacently; he is attitudinizing; he is playing to the gallery. However, they are all doing that. It is curious to see. Men who only vote, and can't make speeches, and don't know how to invent witty ejaculations, wander about the vacated parts of the floor, and stop in a good place and strike attitudes—attitudes suggestive of weighty thought, mostly—and glance furtively up at the galleries to see how it works; or a couple will come together and shake hands in an artificial way, and laugh a gay manufactured laugh, and do some constrained and self-conscious attitudinizing; and *they* steal glances at the galleries to see if they are getting notice. It is like a scene on the stage—by-play by minor actors at the back while the stars do the great work at the front. Even Count Badeni attitudinizes for a moment; strikes a reflective Napoleonic attitude of fine picturesqueness—but soon thinks better of it and desists. There are two who



do not attitudinize—poor harried and insulted President Abrahamowicz, who seems wholly miserable, and can find no way to put in the dreary time but by swinging his bell and by discharging occasional remarks which nobody can hear; and a resigned and patient priest, who sits lonely in a great vacancy on Majority territory and munches an apple.

Schönerer uplifts his fog-horn of a voice and shakes the roof with an insult discharged at the Majority.

Dr. Lueger. "The Honorless Party would better keep still here!"

Gregorig (the echo, swelling out his shirt-front). "Yes, keep quiet, pimp!"

Schönerer (to Lueger). "Political mountebank!"

Prochazka (to Schönerer). "Drunken clown!"

During the final hour of the sitting many happy phrases were distributed through the proceedings. Among them were these—and they are strikingly good ones:

Blatherskite!

Blackguard!

Scoundrel!

Brothel-daddy!

This last was the contribution of Dr. Gessman, and gave great satisfaction. And deservedly. It seems to me that it was one of the most sparkling things that was said during the whole evening.

At half past two in the morning the House adjourned. The victory was with the Opposition. No; not quite that. The effective part of it was snatched away from them by an unlawful exercise of Presidential force—another contribution toward driving the mistreated Minority out of their minds.

At other sittings of the parliament, gentlemen of the Opposition, shaking their fists toward the President, addressed him as "Polish Dog." At one sitting an angry deputy turned upon a colleague and shouted,

"———!"

You must try to imagine what it was. If I should offer it even in the original it would probably not get by the Magazine editor's blue pencil; to offer a translation would be to waste my ink, of course. This remark was frankly printed in its entirety by one of the Vienna dailies, but the others disguised the toughest half of it with stars.

If the reader will go back over this

chapter and gather its array of extraordinary epithets into a bunch and examine them, he will marvel at two things: how this convention of gentlemen could consent to use such gross terms; and why the users were allowed to get out of the place alive. There is no way to understand this strange situation. If every man in the House were a professional blackguard, and had his home in a sailor boarding-house, one could still not understand it; for although that sort do use such terms, they never *take* them. These men are not professional blackguards; they are mainly gentlemen, and educated; yet they use the terms, and take them too. They really seem to attach no consequence to them. One cannot say that they act like schoolboys; for that is only almost true, not entirely. Schoolboys blackguard each other fiercely, and by the hour, and one would think that nothing would ever come of it but noise; but that would be a mistake. Up to a certain limit the result would be noise only, but that limit overstepped, trouble would follow right away. There are certain phrases—phrases of a peculiar character—phrases of the nature of that reference to Schönerer's grandmother, for instance, which not even the most spiritless schoolboy in the English-speaking world would allow to pass unavenged. One difference between schoolboys and the law-makers of the Reichsrath seems to be that the law-makers have no limit, no danger-line. Apparently they may call each other what they please, and go home unmutated.

Now, in fact, they did have a scuffle on two occasions, but it was not on account of names called. There has been no scuffle where *that* was the cause.

It is not to be inferred that the House lacks a sense of honor because it lacks delicacy. That would be an error. Iro was caught in a lie, and it profoundly disgraced him. The House cut him, turned its back upon him. He resigned his seat; otherwise he would have been expelled. But it was lenient with Gregorig, who had called Iro a cowardly blatherskite in debate. It merely went through the form of mildly censuring him. That did not trouble Gregorig.

The Viennese say of themselves that they are an easy-going, pleasure-loving community, making the best of life, and not taking it very seriously. Neverthe-



less, they are grieved about the ways of their parliament, and say quite frankly that they are ashamed. They claim that the low condition of the parliament's manners is new, not old. A gentleman who was at the head of the government twenty years ago confirms this, and says that in his time the parliament was orderly and well-behaved. An English gentleman of long residence here endorses this, and says that a low order of politicians originated the present forms of questionable speech on the stump some years ago, and imported them into the parliament.\* However, some day there will be a Minister of Etiquette and a sergeant-at-arms, and then things will go better. I mean if parliament and the Constitution survive the present storm.

#### IV.—THE HISTORIC CLIMAX.

During the whole of November things went from bad to worse. The all-important *Ausgleich* remained hard aground, and could not be sparred off. Badeni's government could not withdraw the Language Ordinance and keep its majority, and the Opposition could not be placated on easier terms. One night, while the customary pandemonium was crashing and thundering along at its best, a fight broke out. It was a surging, struggling, shoulder-to-shoulder scramble. A great many blows were struck. Twice Schönerer lifted one of the heavy ministerial fauteuils—some say with one hand—and threatened members of the Majority with it, but it was wrenched away from him; a member hammered Wolf over the head with the President's bell, and another member choked him; a professor was flung down and belabored with fists and choked; he held up an open pen-knife as a defence against the blows; it was snatched from him and flung to a distance; it hit a peaceful Christian Socialist who wasn't doing anything, and brought blood from his hand. This was the only blood drawn. The men who got hammered and choked looked sound and well next day. The fists and the bell were not properly handled, or better re-

sults would have been apparent. I am quite sure that the fighters were not in earnest.

On Thanksgiving day the sitting was a history-making one. On that day the harried, bedeviled, and despairing government went insane. In order to free itself from the thralldom of the Opposition it committed this curiously juvenile crime: it moved an important change of the Rules of the House, forbade debate upon the motion, put it to a stand-up vote instead of ayes and noes, and then gravely claimed that it had been adopted; whereas, to even the dullest witness—if I without immodesty may pretend to that place—it was plain that nothing legitimately to be called a vote had been taken at all.

I think that Saltpeter never uttered a truer thing than when he said, "Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad." Evidently the government's mind was tottering when this bald insult to the House was the best way it could contrive for getting out of the frying-pan.

The episode would have been funny if the matter at stake had been a trifle; but in the circumstances it was pathetic. The usual storm was raging in the House. As usual, many of the Majority and the most of the Minority were standing up—to have a better chance to exchange epithets and make other noises. Into this storm Count Falkenhayn entered, with his paper in his hand; and at once there was a rush to get near him and hear him read his motion. In a moment he was walled in by listeners. The several clauses of his motion were loudly applauded by these allies, and as loudly disapproved—if I may invent a word—by such of the Opposition as could hear his voice. When he took his seat the President promptly put the motion—persons desiring to vote in the affirmative, *stand up!* The House was already standing up; had been standing for an hour; and before a third of it had found out what the President had been saying, he had proclaimed the adoption of the motion! And only a few heard *that*. In fact, when that House is legislating you can't tell it from artillery-practice.

You will realize what a happy idea it was to side-track the lawful ayes and noes and substitute a stand-up vote by this fact: that a little later, when a deputation of deputies waited upon the President and asked him if he was actually

\* "In that gracious bygone time when a mild and good-tempered spirit was the atmosphere of our House, when the manner of our speakers was studiously formal and academic, and the storms and explosions of to-day were wholly unknown," etc.—*Translation of the opening remark of an editorial in this morning's Neue Freie Presse, December 11.*



willing to claim that that measure had been passed, he answered, "Yes—and *unanimously*." It shows that in effect the whole House was on its feet when that trick was sprung.

The "Lex Falkenhayn," thus strangely born, gave the President power to suspend for three days any deputy who should continue to be disorderly after being called to order twice, and it also placed at his disposal such force as might be necessary to make the suspension effective. So the House had a sergeant-at-arms at last, and a more formidable one, as to power, than any other legislature in Christendom had ever possessed. The Lex Falkenhayn also gave the House itself authority to suspend members for *thirty* days.

On these terms the *Ausgleich* could be put through in an hour—apparently. The Opposition would have to sit meek and quiet, and stop obstructing, or be turned into the street, deputy after deputy, leaving the Majority an unvexed field for its work.

Certainly the thing looked well. The government was out of the frying-pan at last. It congratulated itself, and was almost girlishly happy. Its stock rose suddenly from less than nothing to a premium. It confessed to itself, with pride, that its Lex Falkenhayn was a master-stroke—a work of genius.

However, there were doubters; men who were troubled, and believed that a grave mistake had been made. It might be that the Opposition was crushed, and profitably for the country, too; but the *manner* of it—the *manner* of it! That was the serious part. It could have far-reaching results; results whose gravity might transcend all guessing. It might be the initial step toward a return to government by force, a restoration of the irresponsible methods of obsolete times.

There were no vacant seats in the galleries next day. In fact, standing-room outside the building was at a premium. There were crowds there, and a glittering array of helmeted and brass-buttoned police, on foot and on horseback, to keep them from getting too much excited. No one could guess what was going to happen, but every one felt that *something* was going to happen, and hoped he might have a chance to see it, or at least get the news of it while it was fresh.

At noon the House was empty—for I do not count myself. Half an hour later

the two galleries were solidly packed, the floor still empty. Another half-hour later Wolf entered and passed to his place; then other deputies began to stream in, among them many forms and faces grown familiar of late. By one o'clock the membership was present in full force. A band of Socialists stood grouped against the ministerial desks, in the shadow of the Presidential tribune. It was observable that these official strongholds were now protected against rushes by bolted gates, and that these were in ward of servants wearing the House's livery. Also the removable desk-boards had been taken away, and nothing left for disorderly members to slat with.

There was a pervading, anxious hush—at least what stood very well for a hush in that house. It was believed by many that the Opposition was cowed, and that there would be no more obstruction, no more noise. That was an error.

Presently the President entered by the distant door to the right, followed by Vice-President Fuchs, and the two took their way down past the Polish benches toward the tribune. Instantly the customary storm of noises burst out, and rose higher and higher, and wilder and wilder, and really seemed to surpass anything that had gone before it in that place. The President took his seat, and begged for order, but no one could hear him. His lips moved—one could see that; he bowed his body forward appealingly, and spread his great hand eloquently over his breast—one could see that; but as concerned his uttered words, he probably could not hear them himself. Below him was that crowd of two dozen Socialists glaring up at him, shaking their fists at him, roaring imprecations and insulting epithets at him. This went on for some time. Suddenly the Socialists burst through the gates and stormed up through the ministerial benches, and a man in a red cravat reached up and snatched the documents that lay on the President's desk and flung them abroad. The next moment he and his allies were struggling and fighting with the half-dozen uniformed servants who were there to protect the new gates. Meantime a detail of Socialists had swarmed up the side steps and overflowed the President and the Vice, and were crowding and shouldering and shoving them out of the place. They



crowded them out, and down the steps and across the House, past the Polish benches; and all about them swarmed hostile Poles and Czechs, who resisted them. One could see fists go up and come down, with other signs and shows of a heady fight; then the President and the Vice disappeared through the door of entrance, and the victorious Socialists turned and marched back, mounted the tribune, flung the President's bell and his remaining papers abroad, and then stood there in a compact little crowd, eleven strong, and held the place as if it were a fortress. Their friends on the floor were in a frenzy of triumph, and manifested it in their deafening way. The whole House was on its feet, amazed and wondering.

It was an astonishing situation, and imposingly dramatic. Nobody had looked for this. The unexpected had happened. What next? But there *can* be no next; the play is over; the grand climax is reached; the possibilities are exhausted: ring down the curtain.

Not yet. That distant door opens again. And now we see what history will be talking of five centuries hence: a uniformed and helmeted battalion of bronzed and stalwart men marching in double file down the floor of the House—a free parliament profaned by an invasion of brute force!

It was an odious spectacle—odious and awful. For one moment it was an unbelievable thing—a thing beyond all credibility; it must be a delusion, a dream, a nightmare. But no, it was real—pitifully real, shamefully real, hideously real. These sixty policemen had been soldiers, and they went at their work with the cold unsentimentality of their trade. They ascended the steps of the tribune, laid their hands upon the inviolable persons of the representatives of a nation,

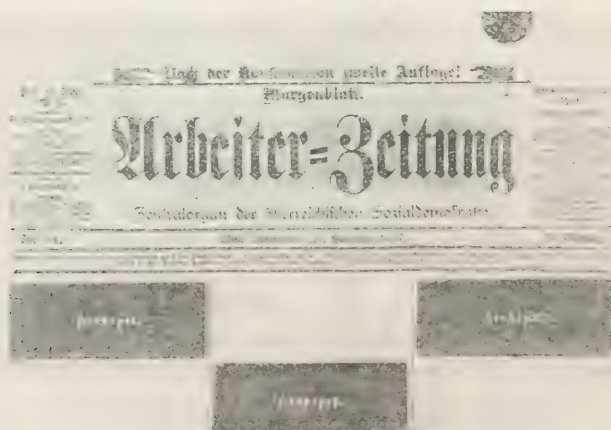
and dragged and tugged and hauled them down the steps and out at the door; then ranged themselves in stately military array in front of the ministerial estrade, and so stood.

It was a tremendous episode. The memory of it will outlast all the thrones that exist to-day. In the whole history of free parliaments the like of it had\* been seen but three times before. It takes its imposing place among the world's unforgettable things. I think that in my lifetime I have not twice seen abiding history made before my eyes, but I know that I have seen it once.

Some of the results of this wild freak followed instantly. The Badeni government came down with a crash; there was a popular outbreak or two in Vienna; there were three or four days of furious rioting in Prague, followed by the establishing there of martial law; the Jews and Germans were harried and plundered, and their houses destroyed; in other Bohemian towns there was rioting—in some cases the Germans being the rioters, in others the Czechs—and in all cases the Jew had to roast, no matter which side he was on. We are well along in December now;\* the new Minister-President has not been able to patch up a peace among the warring factions of the parliament, therefore there is no use in calling it together again for the present; public opinion believes that parliamentary government and the Constitution are actually threatened with extinction, and that the permanency of the monarchy itself is a not absolutely certain thing!

Yes, the Lex Falkenhayn was a great invention, and did what was claimed for it—it got the government out of the frying-pan.

\* It is the 9th.—M. T.



## DESTINY.

BY GRACE KING.

IMAGINE, if you please, that it is a balmy summer night, and that near an open window are seated, conversing, two old, two very old and intimate friends, M. Théodule Drouet and Mademoiselle Minerve O'Mouroy. They are seated near enough the window to see the night—that is, the heavens—but, according to good creole wisdom, not near enough to feel it—that is, the dampness.

The parlors are almost as dark as the night outside, the lights burning within their white globes as dimly as the furthest stars in the Milky Way.

And one must imagine that M. Théodule had asked for the particulars of an event which his absence from the city had prevented his knowing—the intimate particulars which intimate friends have a right to ask, in virtue of the lien and privilege of a long and carefully sustained affection. Mademoiselle was answering with the frankness which the same conditions and circumstances constrain—not that reasons were necessary to elicit frankness from her, for she was frank by nature and under all circumstances:

"I had gone to fulfil my yearly obligation of a visit to my old aunt O'Mouroy." She pronounced her name in French, Mou-roi. "And between you and me, my friend, if she were not ninety-five, and twenty years older than I, I would renounce the obligation. And just as I was preparing to say adieu, the devil sent me an attack of rheumatism. It was Aunt Mouroy's old cook, Adelma, who heard it in the market, that Théodora was very ill. I bounded from my bed when she told me. 'What! Théodora given up by her physician! Not twenty-four hours to live! I do not believe it! I do not believe a word of it! It is only one of your usual cancons picked up at market, gossiping when you should be attending to your business! And la grippe! What is it? Only a cold. People do not die of la grippe. Bah! You have no sense, Adelma. And a woman of your age not to know better!'

"I fell into a perfect rage with the old woman. She herself was excited.

"'Would to God, mamzelle, that it should be as you say, but I ran there at once. They were all crying in the kitchen. Dr. Cambier himself had announced it to them; he himself had condemned their madam.'

"By this time, of course, I was out of bed, and out of my attack of rheumatism too, putting on my clothes, abusing Cambier for keeping me in bed with his abominable notions and misrepresentations, and berating myself for believing him.

"Ah, heavens! why had I allowed myself to be put to bed for two weeks—and that absurd idea of concealing it from her! What is anxiety in comparison to— My God! we mortals should never let a day pass without seeing one another. There is nothing so sure to happen as death!

"I got into the street, tying on my bonnet. A car was passing, but I suffered a hundred deaths before the mule reached St. Louis Street. Once upon the banquette, I made up for the slowness of the mule, I can tell you. As usual, the banquette was well sprinkled with groups of idle women and trifling servants, exchanging the news of the day—and it was Adelma's news—and they were all waiting to see the priest arrive—that pious crowd of St. Louis Street! You know we have ceased to contend with the police any longer about that street, and we are resigned to the fact that the patron saint of France names about as great a thoroughfare to hell as exists in the city. I opened the front door, and flew through the corridor to the kitchen. The servants and all their families were assembled there, just as Adelma had left them.

"'Well, Placide?' I called out to Théodora's old factotum.

"'Oh, Mamzelle Minerve! Mamzelle Minerve!' he answered, bursting into tears; and all, following his example, burst into tears, and 'Mamzelle Minerve! Mamzelle Minerve!'

"But I was very stern and indignant. 'What do you mean by not letting me know immediately?'

"'Not let you know, Mamzelle Minerve! Not let you know! I sent you word day before yesterday. Before that she was



so well she expressly forbade my sending you word, not to worry you.'

"Ah, these subterfuges between friends! But I pass that over.

"'As soon as she got worse,' continued Placide, 'you were the first person I sent word to.'

"'You did no such thing! I have just heard it from Adelma, who picked it up at market. A little more and I should not have heard it at all.'

"'Before God, Mamzelle Minerve!'—sobbed old Placide. 'But where is Lisabeth? Where is she? Let her tell you if I did not send her day before yesterday.'

"Lisabeth swore that she, having the toothache, had given the car fare and message to Fillette; and Fillette swore by all the saints in heaven that, as she could not go, she had given message and car fare to Italie; and Italie, a good-for-nothing specimen, if ever there was one, confessed that she had forgotten the message and spent the car fare. Under ordinary circumstances Placide would have settled with Italie then and there. Now he could only wipe his eyes and whimper, 'Oh, Mamzelle Minerve! Mamzelle Minerve!' his chorus following him. I commanded them to make plenty of good strong coffee and drink it, and left them.

"Of course we, among the old, can expect only death; what else have we to expect? And Théodora and I were not sentimentalists over the prospect; but we were not sentimentalists over anything practical. And of course there is no longer anything new to be said or thought about death. By this time everything possible on that subject has been felt and suffered. The greatest poets even are now condemned to platitudes and commonplaces about it. But—at least it is always a new person that dies; and, I assure you, my friend, I seemed to think and feel about the death of Théodora what I had never felt or thought about death before. In the first place, as I passed from the kitchen—there was the old house, so respectable and so solid; built when there was so much more confidence in the stability of wealth and position than now—and the court-yard with its garden of shrubbery in tubs and pots, some of it older than I, and the handsome twisting staircase—I do not know why, but there was some quality in everything I saw to increase the originality of the event.

"The funeral seemed already to have

commenced upstairs. You know what a mixture of friends and relations assembles on such occasions, and what a curious etiquette of whispers and eye-liftings they observe. And, as usual, it was which one should tell the greatest story about her intimacy with Théodora, and make greatest display of knowledge about her private affairs and—patati! patata! I have often asked myself in such emergencies why God could not have given women real brains instead of the imitation ones they have in their heads.

"Cambier seemed preparing to leave. You may imagine his surprise at seeing me. I believe confidently that at that very moment he was thinking of his morning visit to me.

"Théodora was sleeping. I sat down by the bed in the chair Cambier had just vacated. There was no use to question him. You know, his mania is to pretend to understand less about life and death the more he knows about it. There was nothing to do but to sit and wait.

"And if death appeared original to me in the garden and on the stairway, you may imagine how it appeared now. In fact, it seemed impossible that it was all to end—our future, so, now; after so short a time. I saw it as only yesterday, the day when, as it were, it commenced; our future—the day when I was taken by her father to her house to live, after my father was killed in his last duel—the duel that has passed into history; but all his duels were historical, for as an Irishman he would fight only Englishmen. I could feel the scratching of the black bombazine gown on my skin as it passed over my head when I was dressing for the funeral. Théodora's father was my father's best friend and my godfather, and I was confided to him—according to what seemed my father's invariable custom when preparing for such occasions. And it was a wise precaution too, for my father's estate amounted only to an Irishman's dreams—of fortune.

"There is no greater truth than that our childhood furnishes us our fatalities for life. My godfather therefore took his precautions well. I may say confidently that there was not a grain of earth in our childhood out of which a fatality could grow. My poor godfather! He was so wise, so grand, so imposing, so correct! I can truthfully say he inspired every sentiment except love. And Théodora re-

seemed her father in a great many respects. She had his dignity, his reserve, his coldness, and his immaculate discretion. She resembled him in the essentials, just as I resembled my Irish father. The year after my father's death we left the city and lived entirely on the plantation. Oh, the dignity, the reserve, the seriousness, the implacable correctness, of our life there! and for studies, an unceasing *marmotage* of grammar, catechism, French history, and etiquette. 'Théodora,' I used to say, 'your father is preparing us for a heaven presided over by Louis XIV. as God.'

"We should have petrified—I am sure we should have petrified had it not been for Bibi—Bélisaire Martin, my godfather's nephew. But you knew him. He was one, for example, who did not resemble Mr. Martin; on the contrary, I should say that Bibi was capable of inspiring no sentiment but love. He was an accomplished good-for-naught. My poor godfather disapproved of him in every way; but what could he do? To permit Bibi to live in the city was to invite a crevasse in his fortune. It is true, keeping him on the plantation was as damaging to his philosophy; but philosophy is acquired easier in this world than money, so Bibi was kept on the plantation. He did not like the arrangement any better than my uncle did. He called the plantation his Bastille, and said that living under the eye of his uncle was as comfortable as living under the eye of God. Oh, he had no religion; none whatever! He used to say that religion was the great discomfort of a pleasant world. Every now and then he would make little escapades to the city to pay his respects to the devil. But, after all, he was only twenty-five, and it was not given him to practise philosophy.

"As you may fancy, Théodora and I adored him; he made, as we say, our rain and sunshine for us. As he had nothing to do for himself but play the piano and study out problems in solitaire, he had abundance of time to bestow upon us. In fact, he did everything for us—our sums, our grammatical exercises, our résumés, our compositions. He even managed to secure our governess's book and teach us our dictation in advance. He showed us easy ways of reciting our lessons, so that the governess could not really tell whether we had stud-

ied them or not. It goes without saying that our governess was detestable, from an interesting point of view. Bibi taught us dance music, which was not at all in Papa Martin's programme, and taught us dances—such as ladies dance, not governesses. He told us stories about society: he could tell any kind of story he wanted, and knew the continuation of all the tales in the *Magasin des Enfants*. He knew our dolls better than we did ourselves; he named them for us, told us how to dress them, and related such things about them—such interesting and astonishing sentiments and relations as would have been incredible from any one but him. And then he could mimic the governess, and even Mr. Martin, deliciously.

"When we were twelve, and it was time for us to go to the convent and make our first communion, we regretted Bibi more than all the plantation put together. We more than regretted him. The truth is, we had become so dependent upon him for arithmetic, grammar, exercises, everything, that it struck terror to us, the idea of our ignorance without him—our naked ignorance. Even our catechism, how could we prepare for our first communion without his telling us how to remember this and that answer—by associating it with the most incongruous things? And I never could understand why it was we never had any difficulty in remembering the incongruous things, but only answers in the catechism. He promised everything he could think of to console and encourage us; but the only rainbow in our heavens was the assurance that he would visit us on the reception days, and would manage to assist us in our lessons in some way. As the convent was almost in sight of the plantation, this would have been quite feasible; but after two visits Bibi was forbidden the convent, after Heaven knows what adventure in the pious precincts. It was one of his favorite ideas that temptations were merely adventures for the adventurous.

"The life at the convent, although it was only four years, seems always the longest part of life to me. I suppose one never recovers from the impression of such a life. Even now, do you know, when I say my prayers at night, I do not say them as a wrinkled old woman wrapped in a shawl for fear of rheuma-



tism, but as a slim young girl with long black plaits hanging down over an angelic white robe—and after that to sleep, the whole dormitory full of us, with our hands crossed over our breasts in case we died before daylight.

“Bibi, however, did not consider himself absolved from his promise by his adventure or misadventure. With him obstacles never failed to stimulate enterprise. My godfather had, of course, exacted that his own correspondence with us should be released from inspection. With such a man the sisters naturally felt they were securely warranted. They counted without reckoning Bibi. There never came to us a letter from my godfather in which Bibi did not manage to insert a communication from himself. Not that he wrote from himself; no, that did not suit his genius at all. He wrote from everybody and from everything imaginable but himself—from our dolls, pets, furniture; our desks, chairs, and pillows; from the rose-vine on the gallery, the oak-tree in the yard that held our swing—in short, from the plantation in general, from the plantation in detail, all of which seemed to be following our studies, writing our compositions, doing everything we were doing, even to preparing for a first communion. We never answered; naturally we could not. When he had exhausted the novelty of every possible correspondent in his environment, he hit upon a device which pleased him so much that he continued it to the end—and it pleased us as much as it pleased him. This was writing letters to us from the page Gentil Galant and the chevalier Preux Vaillant. Ah, if you think those names did not interest us, or imagine that they were absurd to us, you do not know convent girls, and you underestimate Bibi's literary and poetical accomplishments. Gentil Galant wrote to Théodora, Preux Vaillant to me. Of course as personages there was no pretence as to their reality, which made them more interesting—for illusion then, with us, was our reality.

“And do not imagine otherwise than that they were perfectly discreet with us. They were models in that regard; my godfather himself could not surpass them. I may say that their mission was simply to assist us in our classes, and keep the fool's cap from our heads, for we were never able to retrieve those first years of not learning with our governess; and I

may say that our whole career at the convent was devoted to concealing that we did not know what we were supposed to know. We were both of us absolutely without foundations. And our poor governess used to boast to my godfather about our foundations. Oh, I assure you, Gentil Galant and Preux Vaillant played a rôle in our lives! Gentil Galant was young, timid, hesitating, and bashful, of the kind that would have most influence upon Théodora. Preux Vaillant was a bluff, brusque, battle-scarred warrior, of whose kind I used to love to hear Bibi relate adventures. A man was never a hero to me at that time unless he was bold, bluff, rough-skinned, rough-mannered, swearing great oaths, doing impossible deeds. All that was what I adored. And Théodora liked none but gentle pages, with silken hose and curling locks, saintly morals and chivalrous manners, playing the lute and composing verses to some high-born lady, for whom he performed miracles of courage—until he died, young and fair and unhappy, with her name on his lips. As you see, we could never be rivals. Of course Preux Vaillant had an extraordinary past, and sometimes he incorporated his grammatical examples in examples of his prowess; and, to tell you the truth, the more extraordinary his past was, the better I liked it and the firmer I believed it, and I never thought of his grammatical examples. Gentil Galant seemed to hope for as extraordinary a future, which he loved to couch in rhetorical examples and poetical exercises. Oh, la! la! as we used to exclaim then. I do not know what Théodora's idea upon the subject was, because to obtain it would have been to confess my own; and we were too well reared for such confidences. But there was a young boy on the plantation—a young boy whose parents had died, and who lived with the overseer. We used to see him sometimes when we rode out into the fields with Mr. Martin. He was always so timid that he never raised his eyes to us, but stood blushing until we passed. He never did anything but pursue birds and insects. It seemed he had a passion for that. Well, in my idea, he assumed the rôle of Gentil Galant. What if Théodora had suspected it! The protégé of the overseer! She would never have forgiven me. But I would not have had the idea except as



an illusion, and I have always had a weakness for illusions. In fact, I can resist everything except an illusion. As for Preux Vaillant, I had arranged him also thoroughly in my mind. I figured to myself that he looked like the lion in our favorite book, *Les animaux peints par eux-mêmes*; and that he lived—that was my most extraordinary illusion! Fancy? On our way to the village church we passed a kind of enclosure—that is the only way I can describe it—a fence that seemed to be pushed out into the road by a hedge, and a mass of shrubbery inside; acacia-trees, magnolias, and myrtles that were in fact woven together by wistaria and rose vines; and far, far inside one could see the roof of a house. I had never heard of any one living there. Heaven knows whether any one ever did live there; but no place on earth suited me so well for a residence for Preux Vaillant. And it suited him so well, my distinguished warrior in absolute retirement—limping slightly. I do not know why, but it was indispensable to me for him to limp slightly.

"It was of the utmost importance, and it was the great mystery of our lives, to destroy these epistolary aids to our education. And it seemed to be a point of honor to destroy them in the presence of one another. But I—oh, I never dreamed for an instant of destroying mine. When Théodora, after reading her letter, would tear it into shreds, and roll them into a ball to fling away, I would slip a piece of paper out of my pocket with which to imitate her admirable example. It was the great terror of my life and my secret of the confessional that she should discover the deception; and, in fact, it kept me preoccupied and absent-minded.

"And, despite all of Bibi's genius, we graduated ignominiously as to honors, failing even to obtain the contemptible prize of Christian conduct.

"Poor Bibi, we never saw him again. Just before we returned from the convent he made one of his escapades to the city. It was during an epidemic of cholera, which inspired him to give a dinner composed of all the forbidden articles of diet. And that was the end of him, and of most of his dinner party. Cambier escaped; but he was a physician, and, it is supposed, carried his antidotes in his pocket.

"I can best describe our life afterwards

at the plantation by saying that I do not remember it any more than I remember a long sleep. The only event was going to church on Sunday, and the quarrel my godfather had with Poursine, the overseer, who ventured to adopt a new theory about mat-laying cane. Poursine and his whole family were summarily dismissed the plantation, including the young boy, whom we could see from time to time in the distance pursuing his insects.

"And society, in the city afterwards, was not interesting to us; we found it, on the contrary, stupid—stupid as our daily bread. There was such an utter absence of poets and heroes in it! Then my godfather died, and we have lived here in the city ever since. And that is all our adventure, I may say. Our life was filled full with what did not happen to us. I have often thought how stupid and commonplace it was to write novels about what happens to people; what does not happen to them is far more interesting and exciting.

"Of course, as long as my godfather lived, he managed everything for us. When he was dead, we tried to manage for one another, and so in conformity with my duty I used to preach common-sense to Théodora.

"Some women prefer going direct to novenas and candles, and even to the expense of sending to Europe for what is efficacious, to obtain what they desire. I, however, preferred reserving these means for cases of failure.

"‘Come, now, Théodora,’ I would say, ‘let us be frank and reasonable with one another. Tell me what it is you have in your head about this life of yours.’

"‘I have nothing in my head about life. That is, I have nothing in my head except what has been put there. I am not wise enough to invent ideas, as you know.’

"‘Théodora, how can you affect to be so silly? Do you wish me to ask you point-blank, like a washer-woman, what is the reason you do not get married?’

"‘My reason! But it is the same, doubtless, as your reason. Why do not you get married?’

"‘That is what you always do—instead of answering me reasonably, you try to exasperate me. But I will not follow your example. I will answer you reasonably. I will ask you, am I an heiress? Am I—not to flatter, but to speak the



truth—am I beautiful? Have I, to use the polite metaphor, young men sighing at my feet? If you had not a *dot*, if you were not as you are, if you, in short, had not every opportunity, I should say nothing.'

"'Ah! if I had no choice in the matter, of course there would be no choice.'

"'The choice in the matter should not necessarily be your choice, but the choice of those who are wiser than you. Heavens! I should think you had learned that well enough from your father.'

"She would shrug her shoulders at this argument. 'I am going to do in life, Minerve, just what you do!'

"'This would make my blood boil, but I would conceal the fact under the greatest coolness and patience.

"'Well, then, you should start in life by being just like me. Am I a blonde? Have I the blue eyes and the light hair and the complexion of an angel? No; you know very well I am as dark as an Indian, with black eyes, black hair—in fact, ugly.'

"'It would seem that you steal from my fence to mend your own!'

"'If you mean anything by that, I do not understand it. And to return to our subject, I was only asking you for your idea.'

"'Well, that is my idea!'

"'But what is your idea? And what does it amount to? If that is your idea, for God's sake, abandon it! Go and get somebody else's idea!'

"'If you will not allow me to have an idea of my own, perhaps you will permit me to say taste!'

"'Taste, Théodora! Taste! As if it were a question of taking coffee with or without milk! That is unworthy of you, Théodora! What do you take me for, to answer in that way?'

"'Well, my dear friend, I suppose the truth is, I have a feeling against—'

"'A feeling! Oh, that is more senseless than ever. Tell me, I beg you to tell me, have you a feeling for the sun, the moon, the—the— Bah!'

"'Perhaps it is my intelligence—that—forbids.'

"'Your intelligence! Oh, la! la! You have no more intelligence than the great majority of women in this world. And if they—if they do it, why cannot you?'

"'But the great majority of women, they can believe, they can trust—'

"'Ah! believe! trust! I like that! You cannot believe, you cannot trust. You can trust your whole fortune to Davide! And I presented her with a few items of M. Davide's biography. 'And you believe Cambier about your very life—Cambier, who himself does not believe either in God or man. Do you believe a miracle has been performed to satisfy you about Davide and Cambier?'

"'Nonsense!'

"'How do you know what is nonsense? How can you tell? You, who the whole time you were at the convent could never, except by cheating, get beyond the twelve times twelve.'

"'Well, if you will have it so, say it is a sentiment.'

"'But I will not have it so; I will not say it is a sentiment! I will never say it is a sentiment! With women a sentiment is always good; it is never bad. When you say, a woman's sentiments, you say that which God alone inspires a woman to feel. Oh, Théodora, you, who are a woman, how can you speak that way about a woman's sentiments?'

"'After all, my dear Minerve, to come down to the fine point of it all, it is, as you know, in God's hands. If He desired me to— In fact, He rules us, and He makes us to act according to His designs.'

"'Oh, Théodora! You cannot mean to assert that! You do not know what you are saying! You cannot mean that God made my poor father fight his duels; that He made your poor father act as he did to Poursine! Poor old Poursine, who had served him so long and faithfully, who would have laid down his life for him! Just because he had a theory which did not coincide with your father's, about mat-laying cane, he must be put off the plantation with ignominy—even his wife and children treated as if they were enemies!'

"This argument seemed always to strike Théodora, but she would never let me finish it—would always try to turn me aside, which was the very reason I would not allow myself to be turned aside. 'You remember, we did not acquiesce in that as in the will of God. On the contrary, Heaven knows how we exerted ourselves to prevent it. We knew it would break old Poursine's heart to leave the place, after he had lived there so long, and we said then it was not the will of God that injustice should be committed about differences in theories about mat-laying.



No; it is God's will when the best happens; and if we want to conform to His will we must do the best.'

"'But how do you know what is best? That is the difficulty.'

"'I see no difficulty—I do not admit there is any difficulty. Bah! Women know very well what is best for them; but when their fathers are dead, and there is no one to enforce it, they pretend to be in doubt. You cannot deny, Théodora, if my godfather, your poor father, had lived, you would have been married by this time, firm and fast. It is because he is not here that you fabricate these delusions that you give me for arguments. You cannot deny it.' And she never attempted to deny it, for she knew that Mr. Martin had a way of interpreting God's will in the matter of our destiny that neither of us could resist.

"'Well, put it that way if you choose—put it any way you like—what difference does it make now?'

"'Théodora, quite simply and frankly, you are a fool.'

"This was the result every time I tried to argue with her, and I would determine never to speak to her again. I have no patience with a person who takes a false position and maintains it absolutely."

A comment from M. Théodule steered the monologue back into the home waters of practical information.

"All this time Cambier had apparently been thinking of something else. Returning, after an absence from the chamber, he communicated to me what he termed the business duty of the moment. He said he had written to you to come without loss of time, but that we had better provide against the emergency of your arriving too late. And he unfolded his recommendations and advice. You must confess, if men have real brains, they have only imitation hearts. Oh, that was not the first time the reflection came to me! My godfather produced and cultivated it in me all the time during my life with him, and the sentiment of his own death was sacrificed entirely to affairs. Indeed, it would not be an exaggeration to say that with men the voyage from life to death means no more than a business journey. God knows that on such occasions a man in his senses thinks more about the disposition of his money than of his soul. Of course I told Cambier to wait until you came; that you

would arrange all; that, in fact, my godfather had expressly commanded us, on his death-bed, to do absolutely nothing in life without consulting you.

"Cambier insisted that I look in Théodora's desk and see if she had provided, like a business woman, for the disposition of her affairs. I refused as long as I could; for I am not a man, and business affairs are to me the affairs of least importance in life. I went to her desk. It was in our sixteenth year, on our return from the convent, that my godfather, with much ceremony, presented desks to us. He had ordered them from Paris. Mine was inlaid with a rose-colored design, Théodora's with blue. Théodora really loved blue so passionately that she had a prejudice against rose. We arranged our little papers in them exactly alike, and they are arranged so still. Old women, when left to themselves, do not change much, after all. You may be sure my godfather did not provide secret drawers in our desks, any more than he provided secrets in our lives, so I found great difficulty in disposing of my package of letters—my Bibi's Preux Vaillant correspondence—so that Théodora should not suspect their existence. How we invent mystery for ourselves when it does not exist! I assure you that concealment from Théodora was the charming mystery of my life—and, heavens! how frank we were with one another otherwise!

"Well, my friend, you will appreciate this—you who know us all so well, who know us better than we do ourselves—you who know that my greatest pleasure in life is enjoying my own sagacity.

"'A will,' I said to myself, 'is always hidden, secreted,'—and I put my hand in the secret place I had devised,—and I drew out—Bibi's Gentil Galant correspondence, and— At any rate, you arrived in time to arrange everything."

And, at any rate, as Mademoiselle Minerve would have expressed it, it was time to retire; the nine-o'clock bell was ringing. She arose stiffly, on account of her rheumatism.

M. Théodule had observed, in his long professional life, that those who apparently possessed least self-control exercised the most in critical moments, and that it was the most indiscreet women who exercised the most discretion in regard to important information. As his own discretion, like Cambier's ignorance



about life and death, was a mania with him, he was somewhat dependent upon the indiscretions of others. And he had a mind that could not rest amid uncertain surmises. He remained in his seat until the half-hour struck. He then retired to the chamber that had been placed at his disposal ever since it had been necessary for him to journey from the country to the city to attend to the affairs of the family. Old Placide attended him. M. Théodule availed himself of him as he availed himself of every opportunity.

"Placide," he said, selecting a folded paper from a package taken from his pocket, "take this document to Mademoiselle Minerve."

He waited by the window, looking into the court-yard, with the garden of shrub-

bery in pots and tubs. On Placide's return he asked, without turning his head, "I hope you did not disturb Mademoiselle Minerve, Placide?"

"No, sir," answered the old negro; "she was sitting at her desk."

"Writing at this time of night!"

"No, sir; she was reading some old letters."

"Ah!" exclaimed M. Théodule, involuntarily, for all his discretion.

It was also one of the greatest pleasures of his life, the enjoyment of his own sagacity; and his sagacity was never more enjoyable to him than when experimenting for proofs of itself among the delicate processes which go into the making up of ladies' lives—or destinies, as they are called.

## IN THE WAKE OF A WAR.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

THE slender story of the Turco-Greek war is already hackneyed, and the whole affair proved a bagatelle among wars even to the Turks, however much interest its possibilities aroused before it became evident that the Greeks had no stomach for their own quarrel. Therefore this story will only embrace the personal experience of a correspondent gotten in the wake of the war, in getting to the front through Macedonia in Turkey and Thessaly in Greece, in the heart of a procession of hundreds of thousands of men, amid scenes which otherwise had suffered no marked change since Alexander was born in Macedonia and went forth to conquer the world. The strangeness or foreignness of the car-window scenery on the way to Edham Pasha's camp began in Servia, on the second day out from Paris. We were in a shepherds' land, and my mind flew back to the Cherokee country in Indian Territory. Everything wore the same rough look. The streams trickled down the middles of pebbly wastes laid bare by freshets, the brushwood was disorderly, the roads were guttered and rutted by rain, and even the infrequent plantations were unkempt. The sheds were falling in, the garnered hay was stored in the tree-tops, the fences were tatterdemalion, and the small one-storied

houses were shabby and poor. Thousands of sheep and goats and a few cattle and pigs were the mainstay of the people. The most picturesque of all the shepherds we saw was a youth who sat on the edge of a bank of earth and tootled upon a flaring-mouthed pipe, shaped like the barrel of a blunderbuss, while his sheep grazed near by. The strangest shepherd was a boy who had stripped himself for a bath, and was pulling his only charge, a cow, toward the muddy ditch that tempted him. Sometimes the shepherd of a flock would be a mite of a girl, and frequently women in pairs had brought their cattle together that they might sit side by side and gossip. Where villages were close by we often saw a dozen women in a group on the grass, while an equal number of their flocks were scattered about. The women wore white or yellow kerchiefs on their heads; dark trousers peeped beneath their simple skirts, and their moccasin-looking sandals had upturned pointed toes that showed us we were nearing the Orient. The men had on round caps, blouses that flared out over their hips like ballet skirts, and baggy trousers whose seats fell below the bottoms of their blouses. They had scarfs wound round their waists, in which some especially, who wore great hats of sheep's



wool, carried a knife and pistol, with the handles sticking up. Wherever there were villages they rose like islands above the rolling seas of grass, so closely were the houses huddled together, in deference to the not-far-gone days when brigands ravaged the land, and wars and marching armies were common scourges.

In the afternoon we reached Nish or Nissa, the second city in Servia, where the great Constantine was born. We found it a dirty, sprawling place, made up of single and double storied houses of blue and white stucco, facing two main streets of cobbles and many dirty little lanes. It held a great garrison of soldiers in broad-topped, small-peaked caps of Russian pattern, and in blue coats and bright red trousers. We put up at a very Oriental one-storied hotel built around a court, where the bedroom windows looked on the street and the doors all opened into the court. The fearful sun of spring had captured the town, and only a few little boys and old women were to be seen, lounging about smoking cigarettes. But when the sun hung low the whole population turned out in its best costume, and Nish became *en fête*. No one before that would have dreamed so forlorn a place held such *fin de siècle* clothing or such feminine beauty as appeared to match the dandified officers in blue and gold and with fashion-plate mustachios. The people took chairs upon the sidewalks before the cafés to smoke cigarettes and drink mastic, coffee, and Pilsener beer. Thus in Servia we began our Turkish experiences, for the customs in Turkey were not very different. We even looked out upon the first minaret of a mosque as we ate our dinner of beefsteak, served with horseradish, slices of boiled beets, and a blob of French mustard, all upon one plate. This was followed by rye bread and goat's-milk cheese and Turkish coffee, which is the finest coffee in the world—if you don't drink any of the mud at the bottom.

On the next morning we were in Turkey, and found that the train carried to the war one other besides ourselves. He was a French war-correspondent, and because he constantly used a peculiar phrase we nicknamed him "Monsieur Addam." He said: "Do you go to ze war? Well, I go too; I do not care addam." The phrase fitted him like his complexion. He was the happiest, most devil-may-care,

lightest-minded, easiest-going man I ever saw. Small and spare and delicate, there was nothing of the bravado about him, and he made no pretence of bravery. It simply was that nothing troubled him, nothing surprised him, nothing mattered. "I am just coming from one war in Africa," said he. "Zaire ze poison harrows are bothairsome—if zey 'it you. But they 'ave nevaire 'it me, so I don't care addam." Only once was he excited, and that was only in a French way, I thought, for the effect of appearing to be excited. We had just made his acquaintance, and had also just reached the Turkish frontier, where our passports were demanded, and our luggage was taken into the customs-room at the station. We were bandied about among a great many officers and soldiers who could only speak Turkish, and whose manner was dispiritingly firm and grave. At last one appeared who spoke French; but, alas, his French was worse for us than Turkish, for he asked for our pistols, and took them away from us. Then it was that M. Addam raged up and down, ran his thin cigarette-stained fingers through his hair, and talked much too fast for a Congressional stenographer, declaring that he was a Frenchman; that he was the victim of an outrage; that the law forbidding foreigners to carry pistols in Turkey did not apply to war-correspondents; and that never since he was born—*peste! bah! br-r-r-r! mon Dieu!* etc., etc. We were fined and our arms were confiscated, but we got receipts for our money and revolvers, and both were returned to us at Salonica—as a result of the boulevardian outburst, I am certain. When the train began to move away, M. Addam tossed himself upon one of the seats in our carriage, and saying, "Now zat we 'ave not ze pistole, we shall find ourself at ze maircy of ze bwigand, eh? Well, I do not care addam," fell at once into a sound and infantile sleep.

We stopped half an hour at Uskup, famous as one of the most Oriental and most ancient towns in Turkey in Europe, but the crowd at the station proved more interesting than the place. In it were scores of cheaply clad, shabby soldiers, sent there from Anatolia to help keep order in Albania during the war: hundreds of hard-featured Albanians, in costumes as gorgeous as one sees in a comic opera, all rushing, unbidden and unwelcome, to the war, to resent dis-



cipline and gorge themselves with plunder; shepherds; a Greek priest or two; and many Jews in dirty gabardines. Beyond the swarming station we found ourselves upon a large, hot, treeless square, covered thick with dust and fleas, deep in which lively powder sat scores of Turks of the country round, resting, smoking, and chattering, with their horses tethered to the fence and to some trees beyond it, whose shade was thrown inhumanly away from the furnacelike square. What we saw of the town was a single street of tiny dirty shops, wide open, with their inmates squatting at their work—and all so filthy, so odoriferous of garlic and fried fat, and so noisy with loud talk, that every sight and sound and louder smell swept me back to the true Far East with a rush. Our way beyond Uskup lay through the bare hills of northern Macedonia, where we had been warned that brigands abound, who stop the trains and take off well-appearing passengers, to hide them in the mountain fastnesses until their friends send money for ransom—sometimes mailing the ear of a captive when the money is slow to come. But we were to have no entertainment by these robbers. Turkey, which is the only country of which we are informed that orders disorder, and can turn violence and murder on and off, as we do gas in our houses, had been upon its best behavior since the Armenian massacres of a few months before, and the railway was now fenced with soldiers, only a few hundreds of yards apart. Moreover, the brigands, scenting more loot and excitement in Greece, had left the old, the young, and the women, and gone to the war. To see their bare, stony country, parched even in spring, was to wonder whether they would ever come back to it, for the loot of the highway must be its most profitable crop, and that is thin and uncertain.

Early in the night we rolled into Salonica, and, in a certain sense, reached the scene of war; for this was the base of supplies for the Turkish army, and the place of rendezvous of the re-enforcements for the field. It was throbbing with excitement, fear of bombardment, patriotism, treason, vagabondage, espionage, and the movement of troops, prisoners, and wounded men. It has been for centuries one of the most interesting cities in the world, as well as one of the most beautiful; now it was, next to Ed-

hem Pasha's *quartier central*, the point of extremest interest, where the pulse of Turkey beat closest to the surface. Through hundreds of soldiers, amid trains laden with the cannon and steeds of artillery regiments, and past hill-like mounds of boxed cartridges and gunpowder, rifles, and other stores of war, I made my way to a carriage, and presently was whirling through a city yellowed by gas-light and all but deserted. I noticed a street of barbers, like a leaf torn out of the *Arabian Nights*, where every shop contained a barber shaving or trimming the hair of a customer. In another minute I alighted at the stucco gate of the main hotel. Here the language was Italian and the appointments were European, but all was not commonplace, for, after dinner, led by sounds of music, I opened a door and found myself in a great concert-hall crowded with men listening to Sousa's "High-school Cadets," played by a band of eight young Jewesses. M. Addam was enchanted, especially when the music ceased and the performers descended from the platform to mix with the men, and seat themselves at the tables of acquaintances, there to sip coffee and throw upon the dull background of masculine voices the gay, high-keyed chatter and merry laughter of their fresh girlish tones. M. Addam caught one of the girls by one wrist as she was passing, but got back such a look of surprise and indignation that even he was nonplussed. I lost sight of him for perhaps half an hour, when he returned with a sparkle of pleasurable excitement in his eyes.

"Thees ees extrordinaire!" said he. "I haf learn zat all zis girl are most respectable. I am ovaircome wiz one grand emotion. Yes, eet ees true; zey are virtuous. I shall make of zis somesing wheech shall surprise Paris. I shall write all zese sing I haf learned. Zere sits ze fathaire of Eugenie, ze most beautiful one. Eet ees hees custom to sit here wiz hees heyes and hears on ze *qui vive* to disco-vaire ze most marriageable of all ze men who come. I haf been inform zat zere came to Salonique once before, some years ago, such anothaire band, and hall ze young lady haf made marriage most 'appy, wiz men 'aving plenty monnaie, also ze most 'igh position social. So zen ze cousins and seestaire—zese lady are hall cousins and seestaire—make once again anothaire orchestre to return and



make again one grand conquest of hall ze reech bachelor of ze city. Eet ees not hof-ten I can find somesing so naïve and poétique. I shall forget hall ze war, and make of zis band of ze Jewish virgin ze sheef affaire of Salonique."

While the band played, at intervals, the merriest music, while the waiters moved from table to table, filling the glasses, and while laughter, drink, and the boldest flirtation occupied the crowd, a sober citizen, warned to meet me on my arrival, told me a tale as discordant with the scene as was the downpour of lava on Pompeii, or the writing on the wall at Belshazzar's feast. He said that Salonica's streets usually swarmed by night as well as by day, but now a great fear hung over all the people. Those who sat around us were mainly foreigners and the hangers-on of the army, but even they came out at night with fear and trembling, in carriages. A massacre of the Greeks, which might take in many foreigners, was among the possibilities that kept the city nervous. The Greek fleet was hourly, momentarily expected to bombard the place. It had, within two or three days, destroyed two towns in the near neighborhood, and was not at the moment above twenty miles away. The consuls of the great powers had met and asked for war-ships to protect them, and these were coming one by one, and were being met in the offing and asked not to salute one another or the Turkish forts, lest the cannonading be mistaken for the Greek bombardment, and be a signal for the Turks to fall upon the foreigners. This I learned only by leaning forward and concentrating my attention upon my visitor, and by sifting his words out of the din of music, laughter, and merry-making around us.

For five blessed days, now thrown on the heap of odds and ends of recollection, I lived in Salonica, waiting upon the Shadow of God on Earth to send me a permit to join his army. His consul in London had said I would be warmly welcomed in Turkey as the only American on that side in the war, and scarcely needed papers at all. That was characteristic Turkish talk—very gratifying and utterly worthless. In London, Paris, Vienna, and Nish I bombarded Minister Terrell with requests to expedite my journey, and I knew he was doing his best; yet, when at last I reached Salonica, I spent

nearly a week in visiting the konak, or government-house, daily, and even twice a day, only to be told most courteously that nothing was known about me, nothing had come for me from the Yildiz Kiosk, the palace of the Padishah, as they call the Sultan. The konak was high up the hill upon whose slope the city was built, to face the beautiful blue gulf and snow-capped Olympus by its side. It is a fine large white building, bearing on its façade only the tughra or signature of the Sultan—that spiderlike character which is on all the coins and stamps, and which Murad I., in 1360, made by smearing his palm with ink and pressing it on a state paper because he could not write his name. Every time that we entered the building we gave small backsheesh to the porter, whose predecessors used to guard the shoes that visitors were obliged to put off upon entering the konak, and who continues to receive the pay though the custom is abandoned. In the building—quite as roomy and modern and clean as any city hall in America—we always pushed our way through crowds of Greeks who had been notified to leave Turkey, and were there to get their passports viséed. A board of solemn Turks was examining each one, and every now and then one—always a rich one, the Greeks said—was thrown into the White Tower, which decked the head of the gulf like a jewel, on suspicion of inciting disorder among the Greeks. A very singular people, the Greeks of Salonica; far more civilized than the Turks, yet extremely difficult to understand. There were 28,000 there, 3500 being Greek subjects. Nearly all the talk I heard of and from them was of their awfully dangerous meetings and conspiracies. They wept like children when they spoke of Greece; they conspired (it seemed to me) like beings without reason, and yet one heard little of their trying to join their countrymen and fight—if one may call that fighting which was done by the Greeks.

Every day the secretary of the vali, or military governor, left his desk and saw us seated, and with infinite politeness and a feline smile expressed his regret that he could do nothing for us. And therefore every day we walked the extraordinary streets of this queer place, of which some of its Christian people speak as "all one great ghetto," so many are



its Jews, who compose two-thirds of the population. The Turkish Jew is poor, and for once outside of Russia the very word Jew is synonymous with misfortune and helplessness. The Greek and Armenian—the Greek especially—have taken the Jew in and done for him. The Levantine Christians say that it requires two Jews to get the better of a Scotchman in trade, but three Scots are needed to worst a Greek. On my way farther towards Edhem Pasha's camp two of our Jew servants were hobnobbing with two Turkish officers, and I heard one of the Jews say that it was a pity the Jews were not allowed in the army, so that they could fight for Turkey. "Oh, no matter," said one of the officers. "We are your friends. We are all very sorry for you. And besides, we are lions, and do not need any one to help us fight." In the true ghetto, in the noisome and odoriferous heart of the town, where the cobbled streets run slimy and the people chaffer with the butchers for the refuse of the slaughter-house and chicken-block, you see the unchanged Jew of the Middle Ages. Be he bearded grandsire or tiny boy, he wears a long loose gabardine to his heels, and the fez of his masters. If he is well-to-do, the garment may be fur-bordered or it may be of silk, but it could not more surely be soiled and greasy if the law required it so. With marriage this survivor of the dark ages grows a beard, full and thick and grizzled in the old men, wiry and black and very sparse in the younger heads of families. This is as it is in East Broadway and Chicago and Berlin; but when you look upon the wives and daughters in Salonica's ghetto you see mediæval characters who have staid in the East but sent no representatives abroad. These Jewesses love display and court admiration. They are much fairer than the men, milky skinned, with a pale pink flush, as if they were hot-house bred. Their clothes are gay, red, green, and blue being their favorite colors, and the married women all wear décolleté bodices fashioned very low in front, and showing a fancy shirt of embroidery and lace, which either reveals the mould of their forms or makes startling exposures of the forms themselves. Their chests are always quite bare. This in a land where the other women expose nothing but their eyes is all the more astonishing. On their crowns the Jewish ma-

trons wear very showy, often beautiful, head-dresses, composed of a cap of red, green, and yellow silk or cloth, that is carried down the back of the head in a bag that envelops their tresses. Often these bags are finished at the bottom with heavy gold braid.

The moment that a stranger manifests even the most casual interest in the display in the wide-open shops of the ghetto, each with its single little counter in front, some Jew, lounging there, approaches him and tries to open a conversation. Unless driven away with emphatic language, he will cling to his prey all through the ghetto, expecting a tip, and returning to each shop where purchases were made to get his commissions. If a Jewish merchant does not keep what is asked for he directs his visitor to some neighboring shop, and sends a clerk along to see the purchase and demand a commission. In every shop, unless the exact money is paid, a small coin is exacted for making change. Having been in the East before, I flattered myself that I knew how to buy, but undoubtedly I was fleeced more or less wherever I went. "How much?" I used to ask. "Two pounds," was the reply. "Good-by," I said; "I will go to some shop where they do business seriously. I did not come here to be joked with." "What? you will not pay two pounds?" "No; I am not crazy." Then the Jew says: "Don't go away. Give what you please—your own price, effendi." In this way, by very slow degrees, a fair bargain is brought about, but never without five or six persons, employés, relatives, and neighbors, loudly jabbering their praises of the goods, assurances of their cheapness, and lamentations over the unfeeling conduct of the customer the whole time.

But the setting of such sordid scenes in Salonica is far more interesting. There are the tiny shops gaping at one another from opposite sides of the roads, which are so narrow as to be in the shade of the hot sun most of each day, or else are roofed over with boards. In the streets sit the money-changers beside their glass-lidded boxes of coins, and clattering past over the rough and slippery stones of the roads, which are at once sewer, street, and refuse-dumping ground, are Greek priests in tall black stove-pipe fezzes; décolletée Jewesses; bands of street boys in gabardines like dark cloth night-



gowns; currish dogs, with their tails between their legs, sniffing everywhere for a stray mouthful to eat; stout, round-faced Turks in European dress, except for their fezzes, moving in a lordly way through the crowds; Albanian volunteers in white fezzes and startling suits of red or white or blue, elaborately patterned over with heavy braid; Turkish women with a second dress, or overskirt, thrown over each one's head, and a white yashmak covering the whole of each face except their rolling, roving eyes—or with black lace veils (instead of the yashmak), after a fashion brought from Egypt. Then there are the kawas, or door-porters, such as one sees at the gates of the foreign consuls and rich foreigners in the better part of the town, wearing the white petticoats of certain of the Greeks and Albanians—a series of skirts forming a mass three inches thick, yet not long enough to hide the knees. The little donkeys, also, bearing disproportioned burdens heaped on high saw-buck saddles; and other donkeys, ridden by men whose legs all but trail on the cobblestones; ox-carts, and now and then, a disreputable old landau, such as they use for the public hackney service of the city; patrols of mounted soldiers, moving slowly through the town on police duty; and, finally, beggars without number, of both sexes and every age, but not of all the nationalities, for I saw no Turkish beggars. This was a truly Oriental medley. The smells of grease and garlic, the narrow streets, the little hole-in-the-wall

shops, with the people at work under the public eye, the profuse display of fowls and cakes of curd, the old men puffing at chibouks, the babel of voices and clatter of feet, the crowds and their habit of squeezing all together at one side when a



THE CALL TO PRAYERS.

vehicle came along—all this brought China back to me, three thousand miles in a minute.

At least five mosques are within pistol-shot of the konak, and I used to walk there to hear the muezzin sound the azan, or invitation to prayer, five times a day. I heard this everywhere I went in Turkey, and always with delight. It is one



of the prettiest customs that any religion has developed, and a novelist could easily conceive a very pretty story of some rich Turkish girl falling in love with the mere voice of the young muezzin, and watching and listening for him to appear in the bracelet of a minaret, to send his quivering song down to her in her garden. There stand the tall white or yellow shafts—among the prettiest of ornaments of earthly cities—all silent and dead until, at the appointed hours, suddenly a tiny figure of a man appears in each circular balcony up near each tower's top, and begins his pious song:

"Allahu Akbar;  
Allahu Akbar;  
Allahu Akbar;  
Allahu Akbar.  
Ashadu an la ilala illa 'llah;  
Ashadu an la ilala illa 'llah.  
Ashandu anna Mohammedan rasulullah;  
Ashandu anna Mohammedan rasulullah.  
Hayya 'ala 's-salati;  
Hayya 'ala 's-salati.  
Hayya 'Ala'l-falah;  
Hayya 'Ala'l-falah.  
Allahu Akbar;  
Allahu Akbar."\*

The way that skilled muezzins make their voices tremble and quaver is as pleasing as it is difficult, even though their tones are commonly nasal. The words "illa 'llah" are made to sound il-lul-lul-la lul-lul-lul-lah, and thus the whole invitation or summons quivers and trembles in the upper air, to fall softly and swayingly upon the ears of the faithful, as feathers sink, wavering through still air. On one day I was in the konak when a strapping young Turk, who had been crying from the nearest tower, came into the building and called the azan from the balcony of the inner court. An older man stood by, waiting for him to finish, and when the crier had ended a beautiful and artistic performance of the call, he turned and slapped his friend on the back and spake laughingly, as if he must have said, "How was that, old chap? Didn't I do it well?" But mechanical and perfunctory as all such performances usually become, this muezzin-call is none the less a beautiful feature of life in Turkey.

\* The meaning of this is: "God is most great. Great One, I confess there is no God but God. I avow Mohammed to be his prophet. Come to prayer. Come to salvation. Save our souls. There is but one God, the only God. God is most great."

I will not tell the trouble there was in finding a man fit to serve as dragoman, or interpreter, and others who could cook, take care of horses, and give good "characters" as servants. At last I made my selection of two Jews for dragoman and cook, bought my canned provisions, pots and pans, cups and dishes, knives and forks, and finally two horses. Then came the secretary of the vali with my passport (declaring me a good friend of the Sultan, and anxious to witness the glories of the Turkish arms), together with letters to Edhem Pasha, and to the military governor of Sorovitch, commanding him to give me a guard of soldiers on the wagon-road beyond the railway.

The station beyond the mud-colored, castellated wall of the city must usually be a quiet place, in the midst of a bare deserted plaza prettily hedged about with ailantus-trees, and luxuriant laurels and locusts, in whose shade stand two or three tavern buildings with café attachments, that can do little or no trade except when the very infrequent trains come and go. But now three battalions of bashi-bazouks (literally, "empty-heads") from Albania were about to be despatched to Sorovitch, whence a wagon-road led to the camp of Edhem Pasha. Crowds were there to see them off, to sell them food and drink and souvenirs, and beside the multitude were still the hill-like stores of rifles, cannons, gun-carriages, horse-provender, tents, baggage, and the rest. The usually bare plaza was hid under the feet of the crowd. First there were the lawless Albanians, accepted unwillingly as volunteers, and clothed in new very cheap blue cloth suits edged with red cord, in new white fezzes—where every one else of every nationality wore the red fez of the land—and with bandages of white cloth wound around their legs below their knees. Then there were their gorgeous officers in uniforms of the choicest blue and red cloth, with festoons of heavy gold cord across their breasts, with trailing, clanking swords, and with one touch of savagery in the silver-knobbed or inlaid sheaths and handles of the daggers in their belts. Some wore patent-leather shoes, eyeglasses, and kid gloves, and were as great dandies as ever show themselves on Rotten Row, but they expressed the queer democracy of the Turkish people by their plain red fezzes, for outside the official

class there is no caste; there are no nobles; there is no difference in dress except as money buys it. And beggars and pashas alike wear the same red fezzes, the only difference being that the pasha has his ironed every day or two.

The bashi-bazouks were well dressed for the first time in many of their lives, but none would wear shoes. They preferred sandals, which were only leather soles tied to their feet. They were very proud and happy, because they had money in their pockets and bread in their knapsacks, and were going to war. Their knapsacks were mere bundles done up in white cotton and slung behind them by two pieces of string or white tape. Seated among these war-greedy volunteers were their parents and brothers and sisters and friends, come to bid them God-speed. Some of these men wore splendidly braided bolero jackets, and baggy trousers colored and braided to match, with gorgeous waist-belts, in which they carried fancifully ornamented knives and huge pepper-box revolvers. The best dressed among these showy people also wore necklaces and ornamental breastplates of silver worked in repoussé. They were also fond of covering their fezzes with gay silk kerchiefs to keep off the sun. Moving through the crowd were boys with stone jars peddling water, men balancing great trays laden with bread upon their heads, other peddlers with cigarette and cigar holders, and, finally, a never-ending stream of women with red earthen-ware vases going to and from a public fountain, and another of donkeys laden with hay for the army in the field. The young Albanians did not like their mothers to cry over them in public. One mother was not to be dissuaded from expending an ecstasy of affectionate concern upon her stalwart boy's breast, and though he ran and twisted and doubled upon himself and shied away from his mother, she still pursued him, holding her emotions in check wonderfully well while she chased him, but drenching her face with tears whenever she caught him, even though it was only for an instant at a time. Wherever this couple flew—the boy shamefaced, with hangdog look, and the mother purple with the scald of her tears—the great

crowd surged after them with silent, stolid curiosity. There were several Jewish volunteers in the crowd, and it must be added that three of the four servants in my party, eager to share the dangers of war, were also Jews.

Over, in, and through all the excitement and noise at this crowded spot there sounded something like muffled guns fired at regular, short intervals. I followed the noise, and found that as I approached nearer the sounds of barbaric music rose above the booming, which proved to be the noise of several great loose-headed drums. An Albanian dance was in progress, and proved to be one of the most spirited and quaintest rude dances I ever saw—much more finished and advanced than the best dances of our plains Indians, which it somewhat resembled. Four fifiers playing bell-mouthed pipes stood at one side, with four drummers beating rudely shaped, very large drums. The



A STREET SCENE.



music of the pipes was high-keyed and barbaric, very like what one hears in Japan, China, or Ceylon—a few simple bars repeated interminably. Each drummer beat his instrument on top with a thick flat stick fifteen or eighteen inches long, and one—the leader—also beat the bottom of his drum with a small rod of metal four times the size of a darning-needle. This filled in, with a sharp tremolo, the spaces between the heavy thuds, or sent them dying away in a tremulous echo. The dancers, men of a fierce robber race which the Turks have never been able wholly to control, were five or six young men at a time, who clasped hands as girls do when skipping together, and swung round and round the ring formed by the spectators, beginning slowly, but dancing more and more rapidly as the musicians steadily quickened their time. They danced with limber legs and toes kept pointed downwards, constantly passing one foot over the other, as skaters do in the trick called “the outer edge.” The leader was always the best dancer, and carried a handkerchief which he waved with his one free arm, but all, by their laughing faces and spirited, free, and graceful movements, showed equally keen enjoyment of the sport. As fast as one set tired another was formed, and the dance went on for hours, as though the musicians were men of wood or iron.

In an empty baggage-car on a military train we began camp life by cooking our own coffee and eating cold fowl and dry bread. We stretched our camp-beds and blankets on the shaking board floor, and might have passed a fairly wretched night had not two drunken Turkish officers assisted to make it hideous. They begged to be allowed to share the car with us, and then kept us awake by singing, interlarded with the brandishing of a dagger big enough to carve up an ox, with which one threatened the other. They opened and drained a fresh bottle of brandy after they came into the car. “American, eh?” one asked of our servants. “What language do Americans speak?” Our men replied that we spoke “a mixture.” The officer asked, “A mixture of what?” “Well,” said one of the servants, “part English and half American.”

About thirty hacks had been seized in the streets of Salonica, to be used as ambulances. They went on our train and

were unloaded at Sorovitch, where we left the cars. It was suggested that we lend our horses to the officers, and ride in these carriages, so it fell out that for the first time in the history of our craft, perhaps, we rode to war in a landau, and through provinces in which landaus themselves were curiosities. The adventure reads better than it felt, for the way was over a hundred to a hundred and twenty miles of rough and rocky road, under a broiling sun. It was most tiresome to sit cramped up in an old-fashioned carriage for ten or fourteen hours every day, and it was too hot to walk. Ours was a caravan of the most modern sort, threading the most primitive corner of Europe. With our mounted officers and soldiers, baggage-wagons and carts laden with hay, baggage, and clothing, we made a long dark line upon the white and glaring road—a line that brought the country folk to the edges of the hills and the sides of the road to see what manner of men we were. It was still Macedonia that we travelled—just here a pastoral country of smooth brown hills on which grazed hundreds of thousands of long-haired sheep whose wool looked as if it had been combed. And here and there, in the house-yards, or out at pasture in the care of a child, we saw the Bairam sheep which each family was fattening for that greatest festival of the Mussulman year. Water-buffalo stood neck-deep in the pools or lay beside the roads, chewing their cuds, and presently we overtook another, far greater caravan than our own, composed of ox-carts laden with cartridges, and donkeys carrying gunpowder. We came to the summit of the hill we were crossing—a spur of old Olympus—and looking down, saw Cozeni. It is a Greek town in Turkey, a town without a mosque, and the most beautiful spot we were destined to see in the entire great field of the war. What we first saw, from far on high, was only a little clump of white houses, red roofs, and square white towers in a cloud of the foliage of great trees, yet even then Cozeni was as beautiful as a jewel in the dull setting of that sun-tanned country.

As we descended we saw the whole body of the inhabitants running toward the main street to see us pass. They saluted us all, individually, with an eagerness that we ascribed to great politeness until we heard afterward how, when the





THE ALBANIAN DANCE.

Turkish army invested other Greek towns, the people hurraed for the Sultan. It is a spick-and-span little town, and its people also looked clean as whistles. The queerest thing we noticed about them was that their wives wore fezzes, shaped like the men's, but black instead of red, and that after braiding their hair they coiled the braids around the bottoms of these hats.

In the middle of the town, where the houses cramped the streets, we saw a picturesque fountain, and beside it a large tree set like a monument upon a high circular pedestal of earth walled about with stone.

There was another such tree in another street, and we will none of us forget the beautiful effect of these as ornaments in

narrow, otherwise treeless Oriental streets. Our caravan of landaus halted here, and we ordered our driver to take us into the principal *han*—or inn—which was the filthy counterpart of one of those coaching inns of Elizabeth's time that still remain in England, having a square galleried court in the middle, upon which all the rooms looked out. The inns of these lands are dirty places. The beds stand or lie upon floors caked with dirt, and the best I saw, a thin wafer of mattress covered with an ancient sheepskin, I thought too dreadful for words, though it came about that I was afterward glad to sleep



in such a place. We were cheerfully making a choice of the horrors of this han while the kamakan, or mayor, the vali, and the patriarchal-looking Greek priest were welcoming our companions of the caravan in the thick of the mob out-of-doors, when we were missed, sent for, presented to the local dignitaries, and told that proper quarters, befitting our station, had been assigned to us.

We followed an army officer back through the town to the imposing walled garden and mansion of Papa Michel Constantinov, banker, and one of the richest men of the town—a Greek like all the rest. In the bare-floored but clean central hall of his house we found the banker, his wife, two grown sons, two little daughters, and their servants drawn up to salute and welcome us. The Turkish officer looked on and saw that this ceremony bore at least the appearance of sincerity. Our shoes were demanded of us, and slippers were exchanged for them. Thus prepared, we went into the parlor, where the father and sons, in their best clothes, sat stiffly on straight-backed chairs, and held painful and tedious converse with us in the bad French of one of the young men. The banker had put on his fur-bordered ceremonial coat to do us honor, or, rather, to satisfy the Turkish officer who sat in silence with us, seeing that we were thoroughly well entertained. The parlor had a bare floor, and was appointed with sofas in each corner, a centre-table, decked with a double circle of little china saucers, and many bent-wood chairs. A huge picture of the lugubrious-looking Sultan was the only wall ornament I remember, and that was quite enough of its kind. All the floors in the house were bare, except that of a room opposite the front door. That was bordered with broad thin cushions, on which the men sat to smoke and be at ease.

The wife was soon in the kitchen, in her working-dress, superintending the preparation of our dinner, and keeping her smallest daughter busy waiting upon us. Elsewhere we noticed, or it happened, that it was always the smallest daughter who was deputed to perform this task. The little Constantinov girl wore a gown of dull-colored stuff which seemed to be padded over her hips, and had her hair combed straight back to a flat coil behind. First she brought us a basin and ewer, in

which we washed our hands. Both implements were of white metal, and highly ornamental in shape and with decoration. The basin had a double bottom, whose upper plate was perforated to let the water through, and rose to a flat centre made to rest the soap upon. We held our hands over the basin, one of us at a time, and the child poured water upon them from the slender curved spout of the beautiful ewer. At the end she handed us the towel she had carried in upon her arm. The child went away, but presently returned with a tray bearing a dish of preserved lemon-peel in syrup, several glasses of water, and as many spoons. One spoonful of preserve was the portion of each guest, and we were to put each spoon in a glass of water when returning it to the tray. Next the little girl brought Turkish cigarettes, and then small glasses of mastic, a Turkish drink which an American woman would say was like paregoric, but a Parisian would liken to very mild absinthe. It is a winning drink, an appetizer of such potency that after a glass of it one feels a prompting to go out on the street and eat a small horse and its harness. After a few moments, in all probability after reporting the reception accorded to the mastic, the child brought more of it, and the banker took pains to explain that it was the custom thus to kill time while dinner was preparing.

The dinner, which came within an hour after our arrival, was a repast that might have been served on neighboring Olympus to the despairing gods without risking their displeasure. It began with a delicious cream soup, and then tenderloin of beef roasted and served with gravy and new spring vegetables. Next was brought in a baronial platter on which rested the whole body of a baby lamb, also roasted, and cut up into generous portions. I should not respect myself if I thought I could ever forget that lamb. It was so tender that one could eat the rib-bones, and yet there was plenty of fat and crackle with the meat. Next came a pudding which the young man with the small allowance of French called "riz zo lait," because it was made of rice, sugar, and milk. It was like—to borrow an Irish mode of expression—a more rich and exquisite rice pudding than any I ever ate. It was followed by a dish of clabber, or milk thickened by rennet, I



suppose. Much red and white wine of the neighborhood, very like our California claret, was pressed upon us during the meal, and at the end, after the pudding, the little daughter came again with her balloon skirts and ewer, basin, towel, and soap. The wife returned from the kitchen, in her best clothes once more. Coffee and cigarettes followed, and then we relieved the vigil of the Turkish officer by going to bed—in a very ordinary room on very ordinary iron beds, except that the counterpanes were silk, buttoned by innumerable glass buttons to a thin padded spread. We were off with the caravan very early in the morning, having no time for more breakfast than a glass of hot milk and another of very old white wine. The Turkish officer was on hand before we rose, waiting to ask us if we had been properly entertained. On my return to Christendom I reached Cozeni at ten o'clock, when the inhabitants were all abed. The merry old governor was obliged to wake and dress and come to the konak, and while we smoked cigarettes with him an officer aroused the family of Joanides Tchipoti, on which we were to be thrust for the night. All the Tchipotis arose and dressed themselves in their best to receive us—the man and wife putting on their fur-bordered coats. They lived finely in a house with a galleried inner court, and windows looking in upon it from the surrounding rooms on both floors. Again the wife put off her best and labored in the kitchen; again a little daughter brought in the ewer and basin, and later served us with sugared fruit, white wine, and cigarettes; and

again a silent Turkish army officer sat with us to see that nothing short of the best was done for us. It was after midnight when the coffee and cigarettes closed the dinner. Beds were laid for us



THRUST ON A GREEK FAMILY.

on the floor of the parlor, with its wall-sofas along its sides.

Once beyond Cozeni, on our forward journey, the scenes were again all Turkish as we descended upon a great rolling valley, all splashed with blood-red acres of wild poppies in bloom. Suddenly my dragoman shouted, "You are lucky, efendi; here is a village wedding—something I have never seen, though I have lived here all my life." It was another patch of bright color. First came the drummers and fifer, and then the bride's



aged father in an old-style turban. He rode a horse, and younger horsemen rode beside him. Then came the bride, with her feet straight out on the neck of her horse. Of her face only the eyes were to be seen, yet she flirted with me with reckless boldness, rolling her soft black eyes at me in a way I had never seen eyes used before. Behind her came many women on horses and serving-folk afoot. We passed some drunkenly graveyards, with their monuments slanting in every direction, as they all do in Turkey. The men's tombs were marked by a fez carved on top of each stone, or a turban, if the graves were very old. Each tomb was an open box made to let in the sunshine and allow the rain to fall direct from heaven upon the ashes of the sleepers. One European told me that if I would examine a graveyard I would find that the women's head-stones have carved vines or flowering plants upon them, a blossom or a bunch of grapes representing each child the woman had borne, because women have no hope of entering Paradise except by pleasing their husbands so well that they wish them there, and the surest way toward this end is to bear them many children.

Our caravan of disreputable old Viennese landaus—for they were the cast-off toys of the Ringstrasse—was now become quite disorderly. Bales of hay protruded from some carriage windows, boxes and trunks from others, and pails, bridles, and water-buckets hung from the axles of many. Overcoats, swords, mattresses, and even common soldiers were seen in a few, and the ribs of the poor old hack horses cast shadows on their hides in the fierce sunlight. M. Addam was in the procession. He had started without provisions, horses, or a dragoman, though warned that the Turks speak no language but their own, as a rule, and that he must starve unless he took provisions and a cook. "I have waited too much already," said he; "my motto is 'always advance.' I do not care addam." And lo! now he was chumming with the French army officer detailed to watch the war, who had providentially appeared. He had no need to care. We came upon the Albanian volunteers, who had left Salonica ahead of us, now roaming at large over the fields and roads, apparently without officers or discipline, and our gold-plated Turkish companions invited

two of them, round-cheeked lads of thirteen or fourteen, in full uniform, to ride with two of our drivers. The way-side fountains, everywhere enclosed in stone by some rich man of each neighborhood, were picturesque in themselves, and doubly so when Oriental crowds were round about them. All day long we passed strings of ox-carts, on wheels made of boards held together with iron straps, and dragged by shrivelled and shrunken dwarf oxen that a strong man could lift with one arm. These ox-carts carried biscuits to the army. One great field was covered by resting donkeys, overweighted with gunpowder, and driven by men on other donkeys seated on high padded saddles of rough wood and rude design—saddles so high as to make a little donkey suggest a camel, hump and all.

We were admiring a town called Serbije as we approached it, because of its long line of white buildings close against a high dark mountain, with a handsome kiosk of white pillars and arches at one end, and the ruins of an enormous fortress or castle high above it. The caravan halted in the town, and we were sent for to pay our respects to Hafiz Pasha, the vali. We found him in an upper room of his house, a square chamber having a wide divan along two walls, all covered by costly and beautiful rugs. The window-blinds were of lattice, such as one always sees the women peering through whenever one walks in the towns. There were a few chairs in the room, and a tiny table upon which were cigarettes, ash-receivers, and matches. A Turkish motto in golden characters was over one of the two doors. Hafiz Pasha, a handsome, stalwart man, bearded all over his face beneath his gentle black eyes, strode forward, grasped our hands in European fashion, and greeted us in French. We found our own pasha, commandant of our caravan, in state on one of the sofas. To him we bowed in Turkish fashion—that is to say, we brought our right hands, held cup-shaped, up to our breasts, our noses, and our foreheads, which was to signify that as it is no longer the custom to prostrate one's self, we would defer to the old custom by pretending to lift a handful of earth and touch it to those upper parts of our bodies which would rest on the ground were we lying face down before him. Then we chose our seats,



THE WEDDING PROCESSION.

and turned and repeated the salutation to both pashas. Such is the Turkish custom. The queer salutation is quickly performed—in only twice the time it takes a soldier to touch his cap to a comrade. Cigarettes were handed to us, and we smoked. Then a general came in, and Hafiz Pasha, to pay him high honor, tried to kiss his hand. A short struggle en-

sued before the general permitted this homage. He staid to luncheon, at which we all partook of a soup made very sour with rennet or lemon, stewed tenderloin of beef and several common vegetables, roasted baby mutton, a course of vegetable marrow—which is more delicious there than in northern Europe—Italian and Turkish macaroni eaten together, blanc-



mange, curds, and preserved plums. We noticed that the red wine served to us was not offered to the Turks, and I was told afterward that Hafiz Pasha did not eat a mouthful during the meal. Since to eat salt with a guest is to give him a bond of friendship, this might have been an ominous omission or an insult; but as he was entertaining two pashas, there must have been some good reason for it, which we missed by not understanding Turkish.

We halted next at Ellassona, where the authorities assigned to us and our servants rooms in the great house abandoned by the Greek consul. The other rooms were disposed of in the same way, and the mansion hummed like a beehive. There we set up our alcohol-stove, opened our tins of meat, milk, tomatoes, and coffee, cooked a supper, washed the dishes and cups, and made camp-beds on the floor, for the house was bare of furniture, though clean as it could be. A piazza on my floor looked over the old town below us, and in the morning the view reached far down a glorious green valley, in which we saw the crowded military road, a black and tremulous belt across the plain with a white film of dust hanging over it. While we were boiling the necessary water for the day we learned that our araba-je ("araba" means wagon and "je" means man) had gone whining to the vali to say that he could not go any farther, as his horses were tired. The vali replied: "Be quiet; you are only a servant. If we need you we take you, and you have nothing to say." This pasha was a typical Turk of the governing class, slender, black-haired, with a refined face and a nose such as God only gives to Turks, Jews, and great men. We found him at a desk in a small room in the dirtiest of konaks. His room was furnished with a cheap carpet, two small divans, and the inevitable table with cigarettes upon it. It was late in the morning when we started onward, and the sun literally smote us blows with its beams. We were obliged to bind handkerchiefs under our hats to shield the backs of our necks.

Mount Olympus, thick-capped with snow, had been close at hand in Salonica and ever since, and still we were winding around it and not getting visibly nearer. On the near-by mountains, after we left Ellassona, goats in vast flocks clung like flies to the steep sides of rock. We

passed a large artillery camp, and overtook a great caravan of asses laden with Russian petroleum. Other stores for the army continued the apparently interminable line of carts, mules, horses, and donkeys, carrying biscuits, clothing, cartridges, and powder, and each division having its military guard. Before this I realized not only that Greece had not the means to engage in war with such a power as Turkey, but, from a broader view-point, how vast was the cost of war! We were on a road one hundred miles long at least, and every rod of it was as busy as Broadway or Piccadilly on a week-day noon, and every man, every beast, every pound of goods, even every mouthful of food for all these mouths, yes, and the clothing on the men, for the most part, was paid for by Turkey. Beside the road shepherds tended their flocks, and merchants lolled on the grass by their pack-horses to rest and look at us. These were the scenes up to the time when we were asked to get out of our carriages while the wretched horses climbed a steep mountain. That mountain-side was the battle-field of Maluna—the Turkish position at the beginning of the fight. We picked up a bullet and a cartridge-shell, and saw the dead body of a horse, but for the rest it was merely a vast sweep of mountain-side dotted with furze and littered with rocks. The road which bisected it was white with three inches of dust and crowded with horsemen, ox-carts, soldiers on foot, officers in carts with improvised canopies over them, trains of ammunition and of Greek spoils—all noiselessly creeping through the fearful heat. On the very crest of the mountain was a small white stone block-house, and in its single room, on a pallet, lay an officer shot in the groin. With him we had coffee and shade and rest.

From the crest the view of the next valley was superb. The mountain suddenly broke in two as curtains are pulled apart, and the opening disclosed a magnificent level valley, the plain of Larissa. It was a little empire, green as emerald, filled with young grain that waved and shivered in the wind, dotted with tiny clusters of trees with the red roofs of villages peeping through the verdure, and white roads leading to and beyond them. And at one place, like a gleaming jewel, a river burst out of one of the mountain walls of the valley. The road down to

the valley was a ribbon of white dust flung in loops that fell upon descending terraces. Our glasses showed us an indescribable traffic everywhere along the road—the only road to the front. Here

mountain-side we saw the full scheme of the first great battle, the rows upon rows of stone breastworks built by the Greeks, the protecting batteries on the heights above, the two hills—twin breasts—at the



THE INTERIOR OF A TURKISH HOUSE.

was a battery of great Krupp guns that looked like bronze telescopes; there was the usual line of munitions going forward, and another of captured Greek munitions coming back; regiments of volunteers and of regulars plodding to the front, and trains of empty vehicles returning for new loads; companies of artillery riding furiously in clouds of dust, and little knots of Greek prisoners under heavy guards hurrying to Constantinople. As we began the descent of the

foot of the pass, on which the Greek artillery so commanded the pass that not a single goat could have come down it had they been in earnest. It was more than ever a mystery why the Greeks had been beaten there.

We gorged ourselves with crystal water at the river that burst from the hill, and we clung to the grass and the tree shade by the water until we were ashamed to keep the caravan longer. On face to face inspection the beautiful valley



showed something more than waving grain. It was as if it had been prepared for a great battle-field, and the *débris* of skirmish fights and of a fleeing army was scattered all over it. Every here and there were trenches and earth-works, and now and then, in spots where the grass was trampled flat, we saw the wreckage of Greek petticoats strewn upon the ground. Some persons told us that there the Greeks had stripped their own dead, leaving them in their drawers and undershirts, for this was not an unknown thing. Others said that in those places the unspeakable Turks had denuded the lower parts of the bodies of their enemies to shame them even after death, and this I know that the Turks did. Thus there can be alternatives and yet no choice. But almost as strange a thing was the ditch beside the road in which we saw coats, caps, knapsacks, leggings, bayonet-sheaths, canteens—as if the flying Greeks had torn off and flung aside everything they could possibly rid themselves of. Beyond Turnavo the litter left by the panic-stricken Greeks was still greater and more amazing.

Turnavo lies well within the plain, and was the first captured town we had come upon in Greece, though we saw several smaller ones nearer Maluna Pass. Turnavo was dead and gaping like a fish left upon the sea-shore by the waves. The gates in the garden walls were burst open or left ajar, and we saw the houses vomiting mattresses, clothing, furniture, and broken pottery into the gardens. My dragoman saw the bodies of several dead Greeks lying in the *débris*. All the streets were deserted except for a knot of Turkish soldiers resting around the public fountain in the market-place. Here and there we saw squares of red cotton hung on sticks out of dwelling-house windows, evidently to notify the Turks that their fellow-countrymen lived there. At sunset we rode into the considerable city of Larissa, and found it already a Turkish city, though the hearths for which their owners had failed to fight may be said to have been still warm from Greek fires. It was a Turkish camp rather than a city, for soldiers composed nearly its entire population. Its governor was a general—Sefullah Pasha—and its police were sentinels on the street corners.

By the central square, in a great man-

sion just vacated in mad haste by the Greek princes, we found Edhem Pasha, a composite in looks of Jay Gould and Abraham Lincoln. The doors were always open, and the crowds off the streets moved in and out as if it was a railroad station, or the house of a Presidential candidate at home at election-time. We were sent to get quarters from the governor, for whom a shepherd-boy in uniform, who knew nothing of cities, hunted with a lantern. After many adventures we found the governor, who sent his dragoman across the street with us to a beautiful house in a charming walled garden, gay with marigolds and set about with locust-trees. Despising the keys he held in his hand, the dragoman burst in the front door with a kick, and we followed him into an excellent house that had been abandoned by a Greek professor.

"Will this house do?" the dragoman asked.

"Perfectly well," said I.

"Well, take it, then," said he. "Bring your horses into the yard and have the beds made up. I will send you in a hot supper and some bottles of Greek wine, red or white, as you prefer. In the morning, if this does not suit you, I'll take you to see more houses. We have a cityful at your service."

We lived in Larissa five days, and became quite at home in our house. It was a square blue and white mansion, one story high, with a Greek portico upheld by stone columns upon a high stone porch. A cock, two hens, and some baby chicks inhabited the garden. The interior of the house was cut up into a large central hall, with four bedrooms opening out of it. We found fully appointed brass beds in two rooms, a table in the hall—where we ate our meals—and some platters, cups, knives, forks, onions, and bread in the kitchen. There were a baby's shoes under my bed, and women's bonnets in boxes in one corner. One room we kept out of, because the professor's papers were there, in some trunks. The kitchen and offices were in an addition at the farther end of the house, and under this wing we found a row of large earthen jars buried to keep cool. In these we kept pure water bought of peddlers, who brought it to town on mules' backs in skins. We were warned to wear fezzes, as it was not safe to go about in European hats. We enjoyed the protection of

the governor's sentinel across the way; nevertheless, some Albanians scaled our wall to rob us, but were driven off by Ibrahim, my cook, who called out "We are Turks!" The Turks tried to protect all captured property, yet I saw soldiers going in and out of unprotected houses in many of the quieter streets, and my servants reported that nearly every Albanian had some sort of plunder, which he was trying to sell. Wine, cigarettes, tobacco, Greek arms, brandy, mastic, fezzes, cologne, rugs, clocks, and other loot were purchased in this way by me or by my servants or friends. Soldiers by the thousand roamed the streets, and hung in crowds in the open squares and around the cafés — the only shops open in the city.

To me the most peculiar thing about Larissa was the life in the air above us. To see one, two, even four, storks on almost every one of the heavy roofs of bent red tiles remained a novelty to the end of my stay. No one ever disturbed the great birds. They built their large, flat, basket-like nests on the most exposed gables, and used to stand on the most prominent points as a sort of architectural finish to the blue and white houses. The rattle of their bills, as of dry and hollow bones, sounded all night long. Falcons, pigeons, and crows were even more abundant, but the storks monopolized my interest.

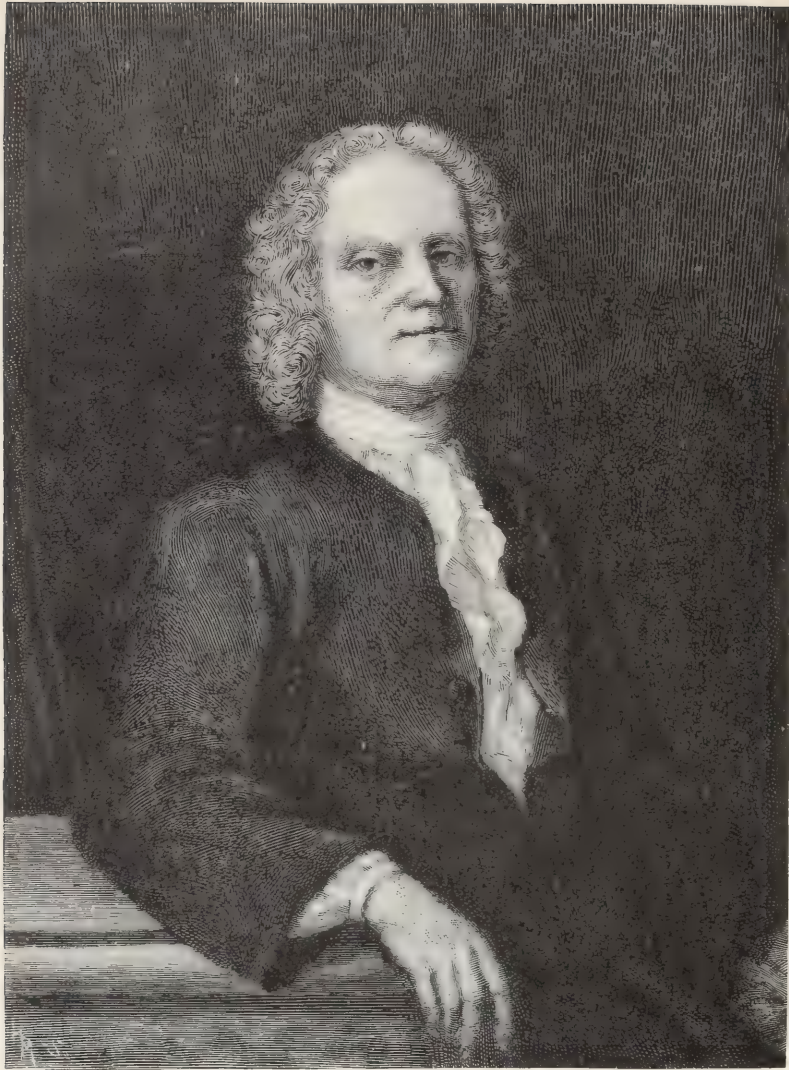
When we heard the muffled cannonading before Pharsala we drove out, arriving just as the battle was over. The scene was like all the others in Thessaly—a view of a long wide valley of wheat-farms set about with soft purple hills, furrowed like the Japanese mountains, or like sand that has slipped through one's fingers into mounds. The air is always soft, the skies are the bluest, and distant views



LADEN WITH PLUNDER.

show marvellous color effects. We found Pharsala's battle-field very like a theatre. Commanding it in the foreground was a rounded hill dotted with privileged spectators, who thus held reserved seats at the show. The Turkish artillery and infantry were spread along the flat valley-bottom, with the green tent of Edhem Pasha and the white tents of his aides in the rear. Behind them, at the foot of the hill of gallery seats, were two burning villages, and the smoke of a third rose in lazy coils between the Turks and the cramped little city where Pompey met defeat ages ago. The dead lay on their backs with their trousers torn off, and the uncared-for wounded crept back towards the camp, or farther back to Larissa, through the hot day and chilly night, always with a tender-hearted companion to help them along. We met them on every hand, begging water, or cigarettes, or a lift on their painful way.





GUSTAVUS HESSELIUS.

From the portrait by himself.

## THE EARLIEST PAINTER IN AMERICA.

RECENTLY DISCOVERED RECORDS OF GUSTAVUS HESSELIUS, AND OF OUR FIRST PUBLIC ART COMMISSION.

BY CHARLES HENRY HART.

WE in this country have not unnaturally looked to our mother England as the source of our culture of the fine arts. In the pages of Dunlap, Tuckerman, Benjamin, and, in fact, all who have heretofore written on the subject, either the British Watson or Smibert is credited with being the pioneer painter on this side of Ocean. Mr. Clarence Cook, in his chapter on American art in *Art and Artists of our Time*, 1888, writes: "Perth Amboy can boast that she was the residence of the artist who, so far as we know, was the second of the profession to come to this country from the Old World, and shared with

John Smybert the honor of establishing here the art of painting. This was John Watson, of whom little is known. He was born in Scotland in 1685, and came to America in 1715, settling in Perth Amboy, and setting up his easel there as a portrait-painter." Mr. Cook has erred in placing Watson after Smibert, whom he preceded by thirteen years; but he was unwittingly correct in calling him the second of his profession to come to this country, for, as I shall here show, Watson had a predecessor, who has been until now unknown to the historians of the fine arts in America. This, the pioneer of American painting, is Gustavus Hesselius.



Those who have given attention to our colonial art have known the name of John Hesselius as a painter of portraits in Philadelphia and Annapolis, and also as the first instructor in art of the saddler's apprentice Charles Willson Peale, who paid for his lessons with a saddle. But the little we are told of this John Hesselius is that "he was an Englishman of the school of Sir Godfrey Kneller."

It was reserved for the silver jubilee year of the crowning of King Oscar of Sweden to give to his beloved land the meed that is her due, of having planted the fine arts in this Western World, and thus to add another jewel to her honored diadem and another cause for national congratulation.

This discovery is due to the precision of a yet later son of Sweden, distinguished in the arts, whose bones rest within sound of the river Delaware, upon whose banks the first Swedish settlers landed in America. Adolph Ulric Wertmüller, born in Stockholm February 18, 1751, came to Philadelphia in May, 1794, and died October 5, 1811. On January 8, 1801, he married Eliza Henderson, whose mother, Wertmüller writes, "is a daughter of Gustaf Heselius of the Swedish nation, and painter of portraits, who arrived from Sweden at Philadelphia in 1710."

This lean record, hidden away for the greater part of a century, opened an inquiry that has resulted in the rich reward of giving to Sweden the earliest artist known to have practised in America. Until this manuscript of Wertmüller's came to light the name of Gustavus Hesselius was unnoted as a painter; but the investigations which it prompted have revealed his history, and shown John Hesselius, the "Englishman of the school of Sir Godfrey Kneller," to have been the American-born son and pupil of Sweden's pioneer painter in this land.

Gustavus Hesselius was born at Folkarna Dalarne, Sweden, in 1682, and consequently was the senior of Watson by three years, and of Smibert by two. He came of a family distinguished for piety and learning, which gave to the church five sons—his father and four brothers—two of whom were commissioned by the King, Charles XII., to go to America and preach the gospel to the Swedes on the Delaware. Andreas, the eldest, arrived at Christina, now Wilmington, Delaware, on the 1st of May, 1711, and was accompanied by his

brother the artist, of whom the Swedish record says, "Magister Hesselius' brother, Herr Gustaff Hesselius, a portrait-painter, came up some days after with their things by boat from Apaquimani." And a later entry oddly states that "Mons. Gustaff Hesselius after a few weeks flyted, on account of his business, to Philadelphia." Shortly after this his brother Andreas joined him in Philadelphia, and they paid their respects to the Deputy-Governor, Charles Gookin, "when these Honorable gentlemen showed him their passport and commission and Gov. Wm. Penn's letter from London, and thereupon were received very favorably."

Within two years of their arrival in New Sweden, as the settlement was called, the Magister Andreas Hesselius took unto himself a wife, and Gustavus seems not to have been long behind him, for on July 29, 1716, a son of Gustaf and Lydia Hesselius was baptized in the Old Swedes Church, at Wilmington, and named Andreas, for his brother, the pastor. In 1719 a younger brother, Samuel, came over to take charge of the church and relieve his brother Andreas, who returned to Sweden in 1723. Between these dates Gustavus went to Maryland, and this event brings us to a most significant incident in the history of the fine arts in this country.

On St. George's day, 1696, a new county was erected in the province of Maryland. It was called Prince George's County, in honor of the husband of Queen Anne, with Marlborough, named for the Duke, as its county town. This new county was a part of St. Paul's Parish, but in 1705 a new parish was formed and called "Queen Anne's Parish," wherein three years later a brick church was built and named St. Barnabas. To this parish, of which the Reverend Jacob Henderson, Commissary of the Churches in Maryland, was rector, Gustavus Hesselius turned his steps, and thus the insignificant country parish church of St. Barnabas has the distinguished honor of having given the first commission on record for a work of art for a public building in America.

The entries in the church records are too curious and interesting not to be given in full, showing as they do, among other things, that our earliest known artist was not above doing "house and sign painting," when occasion offered.





LYDIA HESSELIUS.

From the portrait by her husband.

June ye 7th, 1720: The Vestry agree to have ye Church Painted and ordd. yt Mr. Hessilius ye painter have notice to ättend ye Vestry at their next meeting in ordr. to agree wth. ym. for ye same.

Augt. ye 2nd, 1720: The Vestry agree with Mr. Gustavus Hessilius to paint ye Altar piece and Coñunion Table and write such sentences of Scripture as shall be thought proper thereon and wn. finished to lay his acct. of charge before ye Vestry for wch. they are to allow in their discretion not exceeding £8 curry. to wch. agreement he subscribed his name Gustavus Hesselius.

Tuesday 7ber 5th, 1721: The Vestry agrees with Mr. Gustavus Hessilius to draw ye History of our Blessed Saviour and ye Twelve Apostles at ye last supper. ye institution of ye Blessed Sacrament of his body and blood, Proportionable to ye space over the Altar piece, to find ye cloth and all other necessaries for ye same (the frame

and golde leaf excepted wch. Mr. Henderson engages to procure and bestow on ye Church) Mr. Hessilius to paint ye frame for all wch. ye Vestry is to pay him wn. finished £17. currt. mony. And Mr. Henderson further engages to have it fixed up over ye Altar at his own cost.

November 26, 1722: Order'd yt Mr. Jacob Henderson pay to Mr. Gustavus Hessilius £17 currt. the sum agreed on for ye Altar piece and yt ye sd Hessilius attend ye Vestry at ye next meeting to adjust ye value of ye other work.

July ye 6th, 1725: The Vestry agree to allow Mr. Hesselius £6 curry. for painting the Altar and Railes of ye Coñunion Table as before agreed for, as left to their judgmt and order Mr. Henderson to pay the same.

This record is certainly a very remarkable one. That a century and three-quarters ago, more than seven years prior to the arrival in this country, in company



with Bishop Berkeley, of John Smibert, who is commonly regarded as the father of painting in the colonies, an elaborate altar-piece of the "Last Supper," with thirteen figures—Christ and the twelve disciples—should have been commissioned to be drawn by a resident artist for a public building, and completed in a year and paid for, surely marks an epoch to receive more than passing consideration. It is the public patronage of art for legitimate purposes nearly two centuries ago, and yet from that time up to almost the present such patronage has been a dead letter, and no one until now even knew that it had ever existed here.

Unfortunately, the old church edifice in which the altar-piece was placed made way for the present edifice in 1773, and thus the painting by Gustavus Hesselius disappeared with the old building. Perchance some day we may know more of this New World "Last Supper" than now seems possible. Some delving Dryasdust may unearth the diary of a local Pepys giving us the pros and cons upon the picture, and its effect upon the people of those colonial days. It certainly would be well worth knowing whether this "Last Supper" was the original conception of the Swede Hesselius, or a mere transcript of some familiar work, mayhap Leonardo's. Whatever it was, all honor to the vestry of St. Barnabas who ordered it, and to the painter who came to these far-off wilds possessed of skill and ability enough to paint a picture of such a subject for such a purpose.

Just how long Hesselius remained in Maryland we do not know, but he was back again in Philadelphia in 1735, for in that year he purchased a house and lot on the north side of High Street, below Fourth, where he resided until his death, May 25, 1755. That he continued his vocation on a broad scale is evidenced by an advertisement in the *Pennsylvania Packet* for December 11, 1740:

Painting done in the best manner by Gustavus Hesselius from Stockholm and John Winter from London. Viz. Coat of Arms drawn on Coaches, Chaises, &c., or any kind of Ornaments, Landskips, Signs, Shew-boards, Ship and House painting, Guilding of all sorts, Writing in Gold or Color, old Pictures cleaned and mended, &c.

He seems to have been at times much unsettled in his religious connections,

for he swerved from the Swedish Church to the Church of England, thence to the Moravians, and back again to the church of his father-land, in which faith he died, and was interred in Gloria Dei (Old Swedes) Church, at Philadelphia. His connection with the Moravians, and their careful manner of preserving every detail connected with the brethren, give some nice flecks of local color to our portrait.

In 1744 we find a note of Brother Hesselius "being uneasy in mind about beating his negro when in a passion"; which leaves the inference that our "face painter," as he styles himself in his will, had a temper, and had given his slave a sound thrashing. In the next year is a quaint entry that "Hesselius has a scheme to go to Maryland, which might be a mischief to his soul." There is a letter from Bishop Cammerhoff to Count Zinzendorf, from Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, February, 1748, in which he refers to a Moravian minister who was informed that the negroes to whom he was preaching about the cross did not know what the cross was. It is also in connection with the Moravians that we learn of another claim to distinction for Hesselius—that of being the first organ-builder in the colonies. He built for the brethren at Bethlehem in 1746 an organ, for which he was paid £25—a no inconsiderable sum in those days; and by his will he specifically gives to his son John "my chamber organ," pictures, paints, etc. That he had accumulated a nice little property by his labors is shown by his will. He was a widower when he died, leaving to survive him three daughters and one son.

The portraits herewith reproduced of Gustavus Hesselius and his wife Lydia have come down through their granddaughter, the wife of Wertmüller, along with the manuscript which has led to the discovery and revelation herein recorded, and now find a fitting home in the Historical Society of Pennsylvania. They show that Gustavus Hesselius was a painter of no mean ability for his time, and easily the superior of either Watson or Smibert. The individuality of his subjects is nicely characterized, and his color scheme refined and treatment skilful. He was doubtless the painter of many early American portraits whose authorship is unknown. One already has been identified as from his easel, that of Robert Morris, the father of the "Financier of



the Revolution," which belongs also to the Philadelphia institution.

That art was not sporadic in the Hesselius family, cropping out alone in Gustavus and his son, is shown by advices that come to the writer from Sweden. Andreas Hesselius, the pastor, had two

distinguished sons—one, Andreas, a poet of high attainment, and teacher of English in the university of Upsala; and the other, Gustavus, who was a painter of sufficient eminence to be employed to execute several decorative paintings for the royal palace at Stockholm.

## THE TRADITIONAL POLICY OF GERMANY IN RESPECT TO AUSTRIA AND TURKEY.

BY AN EASTERN DIPLOMAT.

THE remarkable development in the internal affairs of Austria—startling to the uninitiated, but fully expected by those cognizant of the antagonistic forces there at work—a development rapidly making for a crisis which must have the most momentous results, not only for the Dual Monarchy, but for the whole of Europe; the apparently unaccountable reasons which have induced German policy to support by every means the power of Turkey against its subject races,—these are, even to a novice in diplomacy, phenomena of great weight and consequence.

That the dismemberment of Turkey must inevitably lead to, and be accompanied by, the break-up of the dual monarchy is a truism in European politics; but it has been affirmed by no one so squarely and bluntly as by Prince Bismarck. Yet Prince Bismarck was the founder of the Austro-German alliance, and it was he who declared Germany's utter indifference as to the ultimate fate of the Ottoman Empire.

Notwithstanding Prince Bismarck's famous declaration, that the bones of a Pomeranian grenadier are more precious to Germany than the entire Eastern question; and his more recent *mot*, that the smallest mole-hill in his garden is of greater interest than the whole island of Crete,—no one, in the light of recent events in the East, will believe that these epigrammatic aphorisms revealed entirely the great Chancellor's way of thinking in regard to the interests of Germany in the Levant. On the contrary, there is every reason to consider the active policy followed by Germany in the East since his retirement not as a reversal of his tradition, but as the natural development of the principles he laid down.

The great principles which underlie the apparently strange and partly inexplicable attitude of Germany in the affairs of the east of Europe can only be understood by the examination of certain incidents which, in past circumstances analogous to those of recent date, marked the diplomatic dealings of Prussia with the other European powers.

### I.

In 1787 Russia found herself at war with Turkey for the fourth time since the beginning of that century. By the treaty of Koutschouk-kay-nardji, of July 21, 1774, which had brought to a close the preceding war, the Crimea was declared independent. But ten years later Russia induced its khan to abdicate; and in 1786 the Empress Catherine II. made her famous progress to the peninsula, which was thus claimed as a Russian possession. Sultan Abdul-Hamid (the present ruler of Turkey is, curiously enough in respect to our narrative, the second of that name) protested vehemently against what he considered an infraction of the treaty, and in January, 1787, after a fruitless discussion with the Russian ambassador, he sent to his Grand Vizier the following laconic message: "Declare war, and come what may!" The first act of war, characteristic of Turkish methods at that time, was the arrest of Catherine's ambassador at Constantinople, and his imprisonment in the Seven Towers.

In view of a fresh war with Turkey, which was considered inevitable at St. Petersburg, a treaty of alliance had been negotiated with Austria as early as 1781, and a secret clause bound the contracting parties, in case either of them was attacked by Turkey, to conclude with her



neither peace nor armistice without the consent of the other. In spite of the treaty, Catherine's Crimean tour was viewed in Vienna as a direct provocation, and M. de Segur, the French ambassador, has left on record the remarks which fell from the Emperor Joseph II. on that occasion. "Constantinople," he said, "will ever remain an apple of discord among the European powers, which, on account of that city alone, will deny to themselves the partition of Turkey. I might have consented to the cession of the Crimea; but I will never suffer Russia to install herself in Constantinople. I prefer to see there the turbans of the Janissaries rather than the caps of the Kozaks." But the imprisonment of the Russian ambassador was an outrage of such international consequence that the Emperor was compelled, though reluctantly, to give effect to the treaty.

At the last moment, however, the military preparations of Russia were found, as on more recent occasions, inadequate to the task before her. A plan of campaign had been agreed upon with Austria. A Russian corps was to operate in the Caucasus; thirty-five thousand men under Roumiantsof were to join the Austrians advancing by way of Galicia; while a third army of eighty thousand was destined to carry the fortresses on the Black Sea coast and reach the mouths of the Danube. But these arrangements were only partially carried out. Catherine's favorite, Prince Potemkin, who was intrusted with the latter task, was more absorbed with the intrigues of European diplomacy than bent upon military achievements. Personally inadequate as a strategist, he was jealous of the possible distinction of others. In spite, therefore, of the urgings of the Tzaritza, he remained inactive for several months at Elisabethgrad. It was only the repeated appeals of the Austrian Emperor which finally induced Potemkin to move in the May of the following year. He advanced leisurely on Otchakow, the first Turkish stronghold on his line of march, and invested that place with a small portion of his army, while his camp became the scene of festivities and dissipation. Thus summer and autumn went by, and winter brought with its rigors disease and also famine in the Russian lines. Finding himself in a desperate situation, Potemkin was at last pre-

vailed upon to allow his generals to assault the fortress, while he himself sat down at a safe distance, his head in his hands, and repeated the Russian supplication *Gospodi pomiloni* (God have mercy). The Deity answered his prayers. Otchakow fell, burying under its ruins eight thousand Russians and as many Turks. The Empress Catherine, overjoyed at this first success, wrote to her favorite: "I take you in both hands by the ears, my dearest friend, and embrace you in spirit for the good tidings you have sent me. Let your army take its winter quarters in Poland." At sea the Russians were even more fortunate. Their fleet in the Euxine was commanded by Admiral Greig, a Scotchman, and officered almost entirely by British subjects. Catherine's opinion of the Anglo-Saxons as seamen was so high that she had actually intrusted her Baltic fleet to the notorious Paul Jones.

Meanwhile the Austrian Emperor, who had endeavored to carry Belgrade by a *coup de main*, but had been repulsed, did not formally declare war against Turkey till February 9, 1788. De Lascy, who was placed in command of the Austrians, committed, in spite of the fame he had gained as a strategist in the Seven Years' War, a fault exactly similar to that of which the Greeks were guilty last year in Thessaly. He spread his forces along a frontier extending over two hundred miles, and operated only with his left wing in Bosnia. Youssouf Pasha, the Grand Vizier, at the head of a compact army, found no difficulty in breaking through and beating the Austrians at Mehadia on August 28. The Emperor himself, who had hastened to the support of Wartensleben with 40,000 men, was defeated at Slatina on September 14; and six days later, an alarm having been raised at night by some Wallachs that the Turks were approaching, his retreat degenerated into a wild rout, very similar to the recent flight from Larissa. After superseding De Lascy by Hadik, Joseph II. returned to Vienna, there to die fifteen months later from the disease he contracted in that campaign.

## II.

Such was the position of the belligerents at the close of the second year of the war. The fall of Otchakow was condoned for by the gallantry of its defence;



while their other successes encouraged the Turks to prosecute the struggle with determination. They did not expect support from any European power. Yet it is at this juncture that Prussia makes her appearance for the first time as an important factor in the affairs of the East; and it is again one of her great statesmen who initiates a policy the methods of which, having since been perfected, are known as those of the "honest broker."

The curious negotiations that ensued had as a basis the relations of Prussia with Austria on the one hand, and with Russia on the other, such as they have subsisted, in the main, to this day. At that particular time those relations were primarily connected with the partition of Poland, in which the three powers first co-operated in 1772.\* Frederick the Great had then claimed, as an addition to his share, Thorn and Danzig; his acquisition of which towns, however, was objected to both by Russia and by England. None the less they remained the constant objective of the foreign policy of Prussia, who, under the ministry of Hertzberg, sought, with characteristic pertinacity, an opportunity favorable for their annexation.

At the outbreak of the war of 1786 Prussia was occupied with the affairs of Holland; and Dietz, her ambassador at Constantinople, was at first instructed to maintain the strictest neutrality. Hertzberg, however, soon perceived that advantage might be derived from the complications in the East, and in November, 1787, he wrote to Dietz: "Since we are now happily out of that affair [Holland], and have our hands free, I am disposed to profit by the Turkish war so as to add to the glory of my ministry. There is little hope that the Porte will be able to withstand the efforts of the two powers allied against her. France will do nothing, or next to nothing, for her; and no other power will take her part without some considerable gain. Do you think it would be possible to prevail upon Turkey to cede to Austria Moldavia and Wallachia, to Russia the Crimea and Otchakow? In consideration of which Prussia, France, and the other powers, whom I undertake to persuade, would guarantee the integrity of the Ottoman Empire as far as the Danube. By this means that river and

the Unna would become the eternal frontiers between Turkey and Christendom. I think one might prevail upon Russia to renounce Georgia and her Transcaucasian possessions, and that she should also cease to interfere in the home affairs of the Porte, and should reduce her commercial and navigation privileges so as to respect the sovereignty of the Sultan. At the same time I have in view a suitable compensation for Prussia on the part of the imperial courts. Turkey would have nothing to lose thereby; at most she would have to consent to a commercial treaty advantageous to us, and undertake to protect our merchant navy in the Mediterranean against the Barbary corsairs."

The King of Prussia was supposed to have had no cognizance of this proposal, which was at first put forth by Hertzberg as a vague idea. As time went on, however, he urged it with greater precision; and on February 9, 1788, he again wrote to Dietz: "My project is based on a policy the most rational and most just. It seems to me that no reasonable man can raise any objection to it. It is the only means of saving the Porte; and every Turkish minister, however little acquainted with public affairs, must espouse it." Dietz's reply, that the Turks were in a very warlike mood, and in no way inclined to concessions, had little effect upon Hertzberg; less so from the moment that King Frederick William II. fell in with his project and signified his determination to further it by all means. Consequently, early in April a confidential messenger was sent to Dietz with detailed instructions, in respect to which absolute secrecy was to be observed. Only the King, Hertzberg, and Dietz were to have cognizance of the negotiations. The warlike spirit of the Turks was to be encouraged, care being taken at the same time not to arouse the suspicions of Austria, Russia, or France. But the Porte was to be persuaded to undertake that no peace should be concluded except through the intermediation of Prussia, through whose channel should also pass any territorial concessions that Turkey might find herself compelled to make. In assenting to such territorial sacrifice the Porte was to lay it down as a condition that Austria should retrocede Galicia to Poland, so that Prussia might then be able to acquire the two coveted towns and certain adjoining districts. In case

\* The circumstances here related are fully set forth in W. Kalinka's *Four Years' Diet*, originally published in Polish, Liopol, 1881.



of difficulties on the part of the Turks, Dietz was to let them understand, gently, but with sufficient clearness, that the King of Prussia might find himself driven to join Russia and Austria. Should the Porte require the conclusion of a formal treaty, the demand was to be evaded, as far as possible, on the plea that Turkey was quite powerful enough to stand alone; and eventually a treaty might be promised, but after the re-establishment of peace. In any case the negotiations were to be carried on with the greatest possible secrecy and discretion.

The position thus created for the Prussian ambassador at Constantinople was one of great difficulty. It was evident, from the tenor of his instructions, that Hertzberg did not understand the fixed ideas or the temper of the Turks, with whom Dietz appeared better acquainted. He informed his chief that the Porte had for years past shaped its policy in the conviction that Prussia would fall upon Austria the moment she became involved in a war with Turkey. And, in fact, Dietz added, this is Prussia's best plan. "It will entail some years of war, but it will be a good investment, to be returned to us a hundredfold, since the peace of Europe and the predominance of Prussia would thereby be assured." But no objection availed with Hertzberg. He wrote again to Dietz: "You will not understand my plan; but if you were less obstinate you would commend it unreservedly. You have an exaggerated notion of the power of the Porte. . . . You will not serve the King by flattering the Turks; you must employ other means in order to secure influence over them." Dietz submitted, and endeavored to carry out his instructions. The Turks, however, had become less tractable than ever after their victories over Austria. Her defeats surprised Hertzberg: "Who would have thought that a regular army of 300,000 men would fail to hurl back the Turks across the Danube? It is the fault of the Emperor, who remained on the defensive after declaring war. . . . The inconceivable impotence of Russia and Austria deranges all our plans," he added; and thereupon he proceeded to give fresh instructions to Dietz, on the basis of an issue of the war favorable to Turkey. In such case the Porte was not to abandon any of the conquests she was likely to make in Hungary, except on condition

that Austria ceded Galicia to Poland. The King also wrote to Dietz: "You must convince the Turks of the advantage of demanding of Austria the cession of Galicia to Poland. But it is not necessary to refer to what I myself expect to obtain. It might injure me with the Poles, and cause premature uneasiness to the other powers." Thus, whether victorious or vanquished, Turkey was to be instrumental to the acquisition of Danzig and Thorn by Prussia, without so much as a single Pomeranian grenadier being sacrificed by the latter power.

Unfortunately for the success of these projects, in which Hertzberg firmly believed, another untoward occurrence intervened. At this juncture Russia unexpectedly proposed to Poland the conclusion of a defensive treaty, guaranteeing to her what remained of her possessions. This proposal caused great excitement at Berlin, and it was only after considerable efforts that the predominant influence of Prussia decided the Poles to decline the offer. The negotiations at Constantinople, however, made no headway. Frederick William had gone so far as to send Colonel von Goetz to direct the military operations of the Turks. But the Porte remained immovable. The services of the Prussian colonel were declined, while the advances of Dietz were met with the demand that Prussia should first declare war against Austria; the rest would follow of itself.

Finally, after two years of fruitless endeavors, in May, 1789, Hertzberg consented to undertake that Prussia would take the field in case the Turks were forced to retreat across the Danube, and to guarantee their possessions up to that stream, provided always that no peace were concluded without the mediation of Prussia. Still, in spite of the serious reverses which the Turks had suffered in the campaign of that year, not only did they remain unmoved by these fresh offers of Prussia, but the Grand Vizier actually entered into *pourparlers* with Potemkin direct. Consequently Dietz was now instructed to propose an offensive and defensive treaty pure and simple. But even this last proposal was met with frigid indifference by the Turks, whose attitude ended by completely mystifying Dietz. He little suspected what had occurred. The absolute secrecy upon which the success of the negotiations depended had been



violated for a considerable time past, both at Constantinople and in Vienna.

To understand how easy and how usual such an occurrence was in those days, two things must be borne in mind—the means then available for the transmission of despatches, and the channels through which negotiations between foreign ambassadors and the Ottoman Porte were carried on at that time. Communication between Berlin and Constantinople, even in ordinary circumstances, was slow and precarious. During this war despatches had to be sent by way of Vienna and Venice, and thence by sailing-ships, as they offered, through the Archipelago, where repeated stoppages occurred before Stamboul was reached—in six weeks, provided the winds were fair. Prince Kautitz, the Austrian Chancellor, a jealous custodian of the most sacred traditions of the Holy Roman Empire, did not exempt Hertzberg's despatches from the rigors of the *cabinet noir*, but had them opened and read, on their passage through Vienna, and communicated their contents to St. Petersburg. Hence Russia's proposal to Poland to guarantee her possessions; while Catherine, enjoying the humor of the situation, wrote to Besborodko, her ambassador in Vienna: "One must, indeed, be as stupid as the master of the long-legged Keller [the Prussian envoy at St. Petersburg] to believe all the silly promises to which the King of Prussia lends ear." Another element of risk was that negotiations with the Porte were carried on entirely through the medium of the dragomans of the foreign embassies, who then were, and until a comparatively recent date continued to be, not natives of the countries whose interests were intrusted to their hands, but almost invariably Frank Levantines, mostly Perotes. As these men looked upon France as the traditional protectress of Catholicism in the East, it is not surprising to find that Dietz's dragoman considered it a matter of conscience to divulge the secrets of his Lutheran employer to the French ambassador, who, in his turn, informed at once the Reis Effendi (the foreign minister of the Divan), as well as his own government.

### III.

Hertzberg's plans having thus become "le secret de Polichinelle," the Porte was not slow to see the advantages of its position, and stiffened its back accordingly;

Dietz, who alone believed in the inviolability of the secret, losing patience with the tergiversations of the Turks, threatened to demand his passports. But the Divan promised, as usual, that matters would be settled satisfactorily if a further respite of a few days were allowed; and ultimately, on January 9, 1790, the Reis Effendi handed to Dietz the draft of a treaty, requiring Prussia to take the field in the ensuing spring, nor lay down her arms before Turkey had recovered the provinces she had lost during the war, including the Crimea, which, as we have seen, was in the possession of Russia since 1786. Dietz protested at what he considered an act of perfidy on the part of the Sultan's government, but the Reis Effendi stolidly replied that those were the only conditions on which the cession of Galicia would be demanded of Austria. Nothing remained for Dietz but to accept the treaty, which was accordingly signed on the 30th of that month. The ratifications were to be exchanged within six months, and both parties were bound to secrecy till the spring.

Meanwhile much apprehension had prevailed at Berlin. Austria had already begun, towards the close of the preceding year, to mass troops in Bohemia and Moravia. Fresh instructions had therefore been despatched to Dietz, to urge the Turks to resume the war early and direct their operations mainly against Austria. But the delays inseparable from all action at Constantinople had disposed Hertzberg very unfavorably towards Dietz, to whose haughty character and abrupt and trenchant manner he attributed his want of success. When finally it became known at Berlin that the Reis Effendi was cognizant of the secret instructions, the recall of Dietz was gazetted on January 26, *i. e.*, five days before the treaty was signed, and Major Knobelsdorf was appointed as his successor. The latter was already on his way to Constantinople when the text of the treaty reached Berlin. The stupefaction which it at first caused soon gave place to bitter reproaches against Dietz, who was accused of having exceeded his instructions. "We would willingly go to war with Austria," wrote Hertzberg, "but not with Russia. As to promising Crimea to the Turks, it is a sheer absurdity. I hear that the Turkish ministers plume themselves with having outwitted you; they have every reason



to. They have bound themselves by no engagement, while you have ceded to them everything. Fortunately we have five months before the ratification, and, till then, I shall see what turn affairs will take." Dietz excused himself—that he had followed the spirit, if not the letter, of his instructions; and that, as regards the Crimea, it was a point of honor with the Turks, it having been the primary cause of the war. German historians, however, do not exculpate Dietz; they hold him responsible for the miscarriage of the policy of Prussia on that occasion.

In fact, the situation in which Prussia then found herself was a most awkward one. The Turks had every interest that the treaty should not remain secret; and consequently its existence was soon made known to every European cabinet, thus exposing the King of Prussia to the declared enmity of his two imperial neighbors. However, the traditional relations between Berlin and St. Petersburg were not seriously affected: clearly, the real purport of the treaty was not directed against Russia. Moreover, the Prussian ambassador to Russia was directed to explain that "Dietz had apparently exceeded his instructions." It was otherwise with Austria, whom the fortune of the war had meanwhile favored, Belgrade having at last fallen into her hands. Luckily for Prussia, the Emperor Joseph II. died on February 10, 1790, and his brother Leopold mounted the throne, with a pronounced desire for peace. Kaunitz, however, was not so conciliatory. He advised the immediate conclusion of peace with Turkey, and a determined opposition to the pretensions of Prussia; and in this he was supported by England, the Prusso-Turkish treaty having produced a most unfavorable impression in London.

The tenacity of purpose with which Prussia usually prosecutes her objects was never better displayed than at this critical juncture. A correspondence ensued between the Emperor Leopold and Frederick William II., in which the latter expressed himself inclined towards peace, on the basis of the *status quo*, but insisted that a more satisfactory solution would be found in compensations accorded to all the parties interested. And in a subsequent memorandum he categorically proposed that Austria should obtain from Turkey the frontiers of the treaty of

Passarowitz (1718), but cede Galicia to Poland, Prussia thus securing Thorn and Danzig, and the districts of Posen, Gnesen, and Kalisch. The reply received from Vienna being evasive, there was nothing but to ratify the Constantinople treaty, and in the month of May the Prussian armies were set in motion, the King himself intending to take the command.

Hertzberg, however, was bent upon one more effort for a pacific realization of his projects. On the one hand, he pressed "the ignorant and incorrigible" Turks, as he called them, to consent to certain concessions, in order to get the rest of their possessions permanently guaranteed; by which means, he contended, the treaty would be observed in the spirit, if not in the letter. On the other hand, he addressed, on June 2, a final proposal to Vienna, intimating that the King of Prussia would rest satisfied with the cession of a part only of Galicia. The course now followed by Austria was no less characteristic. Kaunitz replied that he had no objection to Prussia possessing herself of Thorn and Danzig, but that Austria could not cede Galicia; a part of Moravia might be forth-coming. At the same time he addressed urgent appeals to St. Petersburg for an armed co-operation against Prussia, Austria's unaided military resources being declared by Marshal Laudon inadequate. Russia, who was engaged at that time against not only the Turks to the south, but the Swedes on her northern frontier, professed readiness to supply a number of troops in aid of Austria, but found it impossible to come to an understanding as to the subsequent plan of campaign. Russia was anxious to occupy Poland, whereas Austria insisted that Galicia should be defended. Moreover, Potemkin, who was never favorably disposed towards Austria, was now less than ever inclined to encourage Catherine's jealousy of Prussia. Kaunitz, therefore, despairing of effective support from Russia, was reluctantly compelled to treat seriously with Prussia.

On June 26, Spielman, the Austrian envoy, met Hertzberg at Reichenbach, where a congress had been arranged, the King of Prussia being the while at the head of his army, ready to march. Austria signified her acquiescence with the annexation of Thorn and Danzig by Prussia, on condition that she received a proportionate



compensation out of the fruits of her successful campaign in Turkey. At this juncture, however, a declaration was received from England to the effect that she would not consent to a single province being taken from Turkey. England's objections were dictated, we may well conceive, as much by apprehensions as to possession of the port of Danzig as by solicitude for the integrity of the Ottoman Empire. In any case, Hertzberg's plan was from that moment doomed, and with its failure he had to quit the political arena. But the prestige of Prussia was skilfully maintained, if not heightened. Austria consented to the conclusion of peace with Turkey on the basis of the *status quo ante bellum*, evacuating the provinces she had captured during the war, and abandoning Russia, who had taken no part in the negotiations of Reichenbach, to continue the struggle single-handed. The King of Prussia alone issued from the council chamber as a disinterested arbiter—as the “honest broker.” Moreover, he succeeded in deriving important indirect advantages, by depriving Austria of the fruits of her victories, by isolating Russia, by obtaining a recognition of his claim to Thorn and Danzig—a claim to be satisfied four years later—and by securing the lasting gratitude of the Turks. The treaty of Reichenbach was for their sole and immediate benefit; and their diplomatic dexterity merited that success.

#### IV.

Long before the unification of Germany, Prussia's constant object had been to drive Austria to the east. To this project Prince Bismarck gave the form of a maxim when he declared that Austria must become the *Oester Reich* in fact, as well as in name. The *Drang nach Osten*—a force always active though latent in the life of a state whose great waterway is the Danube, whose strategic conditions are controlled by the menacing propinquity of Russia, and whose component elements are mainly Slav—the *Drang nach Osten* became Austria's manifest and only destiny from the moment when the monarchy was recast into a dualism, and when, by the addition of Bosnia and Herzegovina, the balance of its nationalities inclined irrevocably to the side of the Slavs.

Of a total population of forty-two millions (in round numbers), ten and a half

millions are Germans, seven and a half Magyars, two and three-quarters Roumanians, half a million Italians, while no less than twenty and a half millions are Slavs—Poles, Czechs, Serbs, Slovaks, Croats, Ruthenians, Dalmatians, Istrians, Bosnians. Of the above total, fourteen and three-quarter million Slavs, eight and a half million Germans, and the five hundred thousand Italians make up the population of Austria; while five million Slavs, two and three-quarter million Roumanians, two million Germans, and seven and a half million Magyars are in Hungary. To these must be added the eight hundred thousand Slavs of Bosnia and Herzegovina, who, with those enumerated above, although diversified in dialect as much as, and in religion even more than, the different Latin races of Europe, are nevertheless united by a vague though widely prevalent faith in a common origin and national destiny.

From this it will be seen that, in point of diversity and incoherence of component elements, the Dual Monarchy can be compared only to the Ottoman Empire. It is not one nation, but two administrative systems under a supreme head. Each race owns fealty to the person of the Emperor; but their national allegiance is powerfully attracted outside the limits of the monarchy. They are loosely held together by no other common tie than the popularity of the present Emperor. His successor, however, seems a doubtful heir to those great qualities that have earned for Francis Joseph an attachment which would never have been won from elements so divergent and in a state of disintegration so advanced, if the methods of his predecessors were still followed in Austria.

Now it requires but little perspicacity to see that national feuds and race hatred, such as those we witness with increasing frequency and acrimony in both halves of the monarchy, must inevitably lead to disruption; especially so in Cisleithania, while the struggle is more sharply defined between the German and the Slav element, both of which cast longing eyes for support beyond the borders of the monarchy. In Transleithania, of the four great constituent groups, the Hungarians, though a minority of the whole population, enjoy the enormous advantage of a consciousness that they are the ruling race; they are paramount on historic.



military, and political grounds. This advantage gives to the self-asserting, vigorous, and energetic Magyars a predominant influence in both halves of the monarchy, out of all proportion to their numbers and wealth. Thus, on each successive revision of the *Ausgleich*, Hungary has succeeded in securing fresh advantages over Austria; while to all intents and purposes the Magyars control permanently the fiscal and foreign policy of the empire, to the detriment of both the Slav and the German element.

Unaccountable though it may appear at first sight, it is none the less a fact, perfectly consistent with accurate political calculations, that Germany has not only favored the establishment of dualism, but has furthered, by all possible means, the preponderance of the Magyars. Only the other day the German Emperor, on his visit to Pesth, exerted himself successfully in exalting their qualities and winning their hearts. The reason is not far to seek. While the centre of gravity is steadily being removed from Vienna eastward, to the Hungarian capital, and while the supremacy in the monarchy is gradually being transported to the Magyars, the Austrian Germans, who of old had in their hands the administration of the whole empire, and who are still superior in wealth and culture, though inferior in numbers to the Slavs, are made to feel less and less content with their altered circumstances, and to look to Berlin for salvation from the rising tide of Slavism around them. The fact that, notwithstanding the cordial relations with Germany, the Austrian government finds itself constrained to forbid the display of the German flag in Vienna; the decision (even upon recent events) of the German party in the Austrian Reichsrath to hold a caucus at Dresden; the German ideal which pervades the best Austrian officers; the German inspirations which it is the task of the ablest if not the most independent organs of the Vienna press to interpret—facts like these have for a considerable time past spoken plainly enough of steady progress towards disintegration. Count Beust was the last German who administered Austria. And while in Hungary the rule of the Magyars is daily extended and strengthened, in Austria the political fabric is rent asunder by the struggle between Pan-

Slavism and Pan-Germanism. The dispute over the language legislation is but the ostensible cause of that struggle. The actual reasons lie deeper. Patriotism as such is unknown in Austria. A German, a Slav, an Italian, may be an Austrian subject, but his patriotism is not Austrian. There is not such a thing as an Austrian national party; there can be none, since Austria is in fact what Prince Metternich once said of Italy—a geographical expression.

Austria, therefore, may find herself at any moment in a position analogous to that of Poland on the eve of its dismemberment. The only present obstacle to her disruption and complete transformation as a state is the life of the Emperor Francis Joseph. With his demise the fate of the two neighboring and motley empires, Austria and Turkey, will become problematic. The whole Eastern question, in a much more vast and complex form than it is generally conceived, affecting, as it will, countries stretching from the shores of the Red Sea to the frontiers of Germany, will thrust itself forward, urgently demanding solution. The stake of Germany, in the circumstances which must then ensue, is not merely that of a great power. It is that of a great nation which still strives after the attainment of its natural and legitimate aspirations—its complete unification. The twelve millions of Germans still beyond the limits of the empire must of necessity long for that union, for which the father-land will be ready to make almost any sacrifice when the hour comes.

Moreover, Germany will never rest until she succeeds in debouching on the Adriatic. Both in a strategic and in a commercial point of view her position will continue to be one of danger and difficulty so long as she is not firmly established in Trieste; and the Germans have never considered Trieste as anything but a German port. When, on one of their periodic outbursts, the Italian Irredentists made themselves conspicuous in that city, Prince Bismarck's organ in the press warned them that the point of Germany's sword extended to Trieste. And later, a German publicist related how the Iron Chancellor, at the conclusion of an interview he had accorded to him, laid down on the open map before him his pencil, which, by a curious coincidence, exactly reached from Berlin to Trieste.



But there are more convincing grounds for the belief that such is the extent of the ultimate aspirations of Germany. Let us not forget that, in point of numbers, culture, and enterprise, the Germans are the foremost race on the Continent; that the entire nation is imbued with the eagerness and the ambitions of youth. In commercial activity Germany is second only to England, while in ratio of trade-progress she exceeds all competitors. Frugal, industrious, highly educated, the Germans develop into keen men of business, who gradually displace in all parts of the world old-established concerns. Their very militarism instils into them habits of obedience, endurance, and exactitude, which, with their talent for organization and method, go to form good manufacturers and successful traders. These endowments and their pushful instincts give them a foremost place in that fierce trade competition around which centres the policy of states nowadays. These are facts that cannot be overlooked; they speak of forces which, by the laws of nature, are irresistible. In the far East and in the Mediterranean German commerce is making gigantic strides, and it is not likely that the Germans will long rest content with the circuitous route by way of the North Sea and the Baltic. The eventual absorption of twelve millions of Austrian Germans will render an outlet to the Adriatic an imperative necessity.

In the days of their youthful friendship the present German Emperor said to the Austrian Crown-Prince, "I mean to follow the programme of Frederick the Great." To which the ill-fated Archduke Rudolf resignedly replied, "That programme implies the destruction of Austria." That programme is being followed steadfastly, and the destruction of Austria seems to be her only manifest destiny. And since on its débris, as well as those of Turkey, which must needs crumble at the same time, only some kind of mixed state or confederacy can arise, of which Hungary most likely would assume the hegemony, German policy aims at securing both a predominant influence at Pesth and the control of the military forces of the Sultan. This control is now complete and unshakable, and the disposal of some 300,000 Turkish troops, led by German officers, may decide the fortunes of a European war. With the two moribund empires practically subservient to her policy, with their presumptive heir eager to profit by that policy, Germany will have little difficulty in striking an advantageous bargain with Russia. It is not with Russia that Germany will ever quarrel. These two have had a long practice in settling their differences at the expense of neighbors; and it may prove next to impossible to oppose a combination which, in all probability, holds in reserve offers capable of satisfying the cravings of France also.

## RODEN'S CORNER.\*

BY HENRY SETON MERRIMAN.

### CHAPTER IX.

#### A SHADOW FROM THE PAST.

"Le plus sûr moyen d'arriver à son but c'est de ne pas faire de rencontres en chemin."

"YES, it was long ago—'lang, lang ist's her'—you remember the song that Frau Neumayer always sang. So long ago, Mr. Cornish, that— Well, it must be Mr. Cornish, and not Tony."

Mrs. Vansittart leant back in her comfortable chair and looked at her visitor with observant eyes. Those who see the

most are they who never appear to be observing. It is fatal to have others say that one is so sharp, and people said as much of Mrs. Vansittart, who had quick dark eyes and an alert manner.

"Yes," answered Cornish, "it is long ago, but not so long as all that."

His smooth fair face was slightly troubled by the knowledge that the recollections to which she referred were those of the Weimar days when she who was now a widow had been a young married woman. Tony Cornish had also been young

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in those days, and impressionable. It was before the world had polished his surface, so to speak, making it bright and hard. And the impression left of the Mrs. Vansittart of Weimar was that she was one of the rare women who marry "pour le bon motif." He had met her by accident in the streets of the Hague a few hours ago, and having learnt her address, had, in duty bound, called at the house at the corner of Park Straat and Oranje Straat at the earliest calling hour.

"I am not ignorant of your history since you were at Weimar," said the lady, looking at him with an air of almost maternal scrutiny.

"I have no history," he replied. "I never had a past even, a few years ago, when every man who took himself seriously had at least one."

He spoke, as he had learnt to speak, with the surface of his mind—with the object of passing the time and avoiding topics that might possibly be painful. Many who appear to be egotistical must assuredly be credited with this good motive. One is, at all events, safe in talking of one's self. Sufficient for the social day is the effort to avoid glancing at the cupboard where our neighbor keeps his skeleton.

A silence followed Cornish's heroic speech, and it was perhaps better to face it than stave it off.

"Yes," said Mrs. Vansittart, at the end of that queer pause, "I am a widow and childless. I see the questions in your face."

Cornish gave a little nod of the head and looked out of the window. Mrs. Vansittart was only a year older than himself, but the difference in their life and experience when they had learnt to know each other at Weimar had in some subtle way augmented the seniority.

"Then you never—" he said, and paused.

"No," she answered, lightly. "So I am what the world calls independent, you see. No encumbrance of any sort."

Again he nodded without speaking.

"The line between an encumbrance and a purpose is not very clearly defined, is it?" she said, lightly, and then added a question. "What are you doing in the Hague—Malgamite?"

"Yes," he answered, in surprise, "Malgamite."

"Oh, I know all about it," laughed

Mrs. Vansittart. "I see Dorothy Roden at least once a week."

"But she takes no part in it."

"No, she takes no part in it, mon ami, except in so far as it affects her brother, and compels her to live in a sad little villa on the Dunes."

"And you—you are interested?"

"Most assuredly. I have even given my mite. I am interested in"—she paused and shrugged her shoulders—"in you, since you ask me, in Dorothy, and in Mr. Roden. He gave the flowers at which you are so earnestly looking, by-the-way."

"Ah!" said Cornish, politely.

"Yes," answered Mrs. Vansittart, with a passing smile. "He is kind enough to give me flowers from time to time. You never gave me flowers, Mr. Cornish, in the olden times."

"Because I could not afford good ones."

"And you would not offer anything more reasonable?"

"Not to you," he answered, lightly.

"But of course that was long ago."

"Yes. I am glad to hear that you know Miss Roden. It will make the little villa on the Dunes less sad. The atmosphere of Malgamite is not cheerful. One sees it at its best in a London drawing-room. It is one of the many realities which have an evil odor when approached too closely."

"And you are coming nearer to it."

"It is coming nearer to me."

"Ah!" said Mrs. Vansittart, examining the rings with which her fingers were laden. "I thought there would be developments."

"There are developments. Hence my presence in the Hague. Lord Ferriby *et famille* arrive to-morrow. Also my friend Major White."

"The fighting-man?" inquired Mrs. Vansittart.

"Yes, the fighting-man. We are to have a solemn meeting. It has been found necessary to alter our financial basis—"

Mrs. Vansittart held up a warning hand.

"Do not talk to me of your financial basis. I know nothing of money. It is not from that point of view that I contemplate your Malgamite scheme."

"Ah! Then, if one may inquire, from what point of view?"



"From the human point of view, as does every other woman connected with it. We are advancing, I admit, but I think we shall always be willing to leave the—financial basis—to your down-trodden sex."

"It is very kind of you to be interested in these poor people—" began Cornish, but Mrs. Vansittart interrupted him vivaciously.

"Poor people? Gott bewahre!" she cried. "Did you think I meant the workers? Oh no! I am not interested in them. I am interested in your Rodens and your Ferribys and your Whites, and even in your Tony Cornish. I wonder who will quarrel and who will—well, do the contrary, and what will come of it all. In my day young people were brought together by a common pleasure, but that has gone out of fashion. And now it is a common endeavor to achieve the impossible, to check the stars in their courses by the holding of mixed meetings, and the enunciation of second-hand platitudes respecting the poor and the masses—this is what brings the present generation into that intercourse which ends in love and marriage and death—the old programme. And it is from that point of view alone, *mon ami*, that I take a particle of interest in your Malgamite scheme."

All of which Tony Cornish remembered later; for it was untrue. He rose to take his leave with polite hopes of seeing her again.

"Oh, do not hurry away," she said. "I am expecting Dorothy Roden, who promised to come to tea. She will be disappointed not to see you."

Cornish laughed in his light way.

"You are kind in your assumptions," he answered. "Miss Roden is barely aware of my existence, and would not know me from Adam."

Nevertheless he staid, moving about the room for some minutes looking at the flowers and the pictures, of which he knew just as much as was desirable and fashionable. He knew what flowers were "in," such as fuchsias and tulips, and what were "out," such as camellias and double hyacinths. About the pictures he knew a little, and asked questions as to some upon the walls that belonged to the Dutch school. He was of the universe, universal. Then he sat down again unobtrusively, and Mrs. Vansittart did not

seem to notice that he had done so, though she glanced at the clock.

A few minutes later Dorothy came in. She changed color when Mrs. Vansittart half introduced Cornish with the conventional, "I think you know each other."

"I knew you were coming to the Hague," she said, shaking hands with Cornish. "I had a letter from Joan the other day. They are all coming, are they not? I am afraid Joan will be very much disappointed in me. She thinks I am wrapped up heart and soul in the Malgamiters—and I am not, you know."

She turned with a little laugh and appealed to Mrs. Vansittart, who was watching her closely, as if Dorothy was displaying some quality or point hitherto unknown to the older woman. The girl's eyes were certainly brighter than usual.

"Joan takes some things very seriously," answered Cornish.

"We all do that, *mon ami*," said Mrs. Vansittart, without looking up from the tea table at which she was engaged.

"Yes; it is a mistake, of course."

"Possibly," assented Mrs. Vansittart.

"Do you take sugar, Miss Roden?"

"Yes, please—seriously. That is to say, two pieces."

"Are you like Joan?" asked Cornish, as he gave her the cup. "Do you take anything else—except sugar, of course—seriously?"

"Oh no!" answered Dorothy Roden, with a laugh.

"And your brother?" inquired Mrs. Vansittart. "Is he coming this afternoon?"

"He will follow me. He is busy with the new Malgamiters who arrived this morning. I suppose you brought them, Mr. Cornish?"

"Yes, I brought them. Twenty-four of them—the dregs, so to speak. The very last of the Malgamiters, collected from all parts of the world. I was not proud of my travelling companions."

He sat down and quickly changed the conversation, showing quite clearly that this subject interested him as little as it interested his companions. He brought the latest news from London, which the ladies were glad enough to hear. For to Dorothy Roden, at least, the Hague was a place of exile where men lived different lives and women thought different thoughts. Are there not a hundred little rivulets of news which never flow through



“‘ARE YOU LIKE JOAN?’ ASKED CORNISH.”

the journals, but are passed from mouth to mouth, and seem shallow enough, but which, uniting at last, form a great stream of public opinion, and this, having formed itself imperceptibly, is suddenly found in full flow, and is so obvious that the newspapers forget to mention it. Thus colonists and other exiles returning to England, and priding themselves upon having kept in touch with the progress of events and ideas in the old country, find that their thoughts have all the while been running in the wrong channels—that seemingly great events have been considered very small, that small ideas have been lifted high by the babbling crowd which is vaguely called society.

From Tony Cornish, Mrs. Vansittart and Dorothy learnt that among other social playthings charity was for the moment being laid aside. We have inherited, it appears, a great box of playthings, and the careful student of history will find that none of the toys are new—that

they have indeed been played with by our forefathers, who did just as we do. They took each toy from the box and cried aloud that it was new, that the world had never seen its like before. Had it not, indeed? Then presently the toy—were it charity, or a new religion, or sentiment, or greed of gain, or war—was thrown back into the box again, where it lies until we, of a later day drag it forth with the same cry that it is new. We grow wild with excitement over South African mines, and never recognize the old South Sea bubble trimmed anew to suit the taste of the day. We crow with delight over our East End slums, and never recognize the patched-up remnants of the last Crusade that fizzled out so ignominiously at Acre five hundred years ago.

So Tony Cornish, who was *dans le mouvement*, gently intimated to his hearers that what may be called a robust tone ruled the spirit of the age. Char-



ity was going down; athletics were coming up. Another Olympiad had passed away. Wise indeed was Solon, who allowed four years for men to soften and then to harden again. During the Olympiads it is to be presumed that men busied themselves with the slums that existed in those days, hearkened to the decadent poetry or fiction of that time, and then, as the robust period of the games came round, braced themselves once more to the consideration of braver things.

It appeared, therefore, that the Malgamate scheme was already a thing of the past, so far as social London was concerned. A sensational 'Varsity boat-race had given Charity its *coup de grâce*, had ushered in the Spring, when even the poor must shift for themselves.

"And in the mean time," commented Mrs. Vansittart, "here are four hundred industrials landed, if one may so put it, at the Hague."

"Yes; but that will be all right," retorted Cornish, with his gay little laugh. "They only wanted a start. They have got their start. What more can they desire? Is not Lord Ferriby himself coming across? He is at the moment on board the Flushing boat! And he is making a great sacrifice, for he must be aware that he does not look nearly so impressive on the Continent as he does, say in Piccadilly, where the policemen know him, and even the newspaper boys are dimly aware that this is no ordinary man to whom one may offer a halfpenny evening paper of Radical tendencies—"

Cornish broke off and looked towards the door, which was at this moment thrown open by a servant, who announced:

"Herr Roden. Herr von Holzen."

The two men came forward together, Roden slouching and heavy-shouldered, but well dressed; Von Holzen smaller, compacter, with a thoughtful, still face and calculating eyes. Roden introduced his companion to the two ladies. It is possible that a certain reluctance in his manner indicated the fact that he had brought Von Holzen against his own desire. Either Von Holzen had asked to be brought, or Mrs. Vansittart had intimated to Roden that she would welcome his associate, but this was not touched upon in the course of the introduction. Cornish looked gravely on. Von Holzen was betrayed into a momentary gaucheness, as

if he were not quite at home in a drawing-room.

Roden drew forward a chair and seated himself near to Mrs. Vansittart, with an air of familiarity which the lady seemed rather to invite than to resent. They had, it appeared, many topics in common. Roden had come with the purpose of seeing Mrs. Vansittart and no one else. Her manner also changed as soon as Roden entered the room, and seemed to appeal with a sort of deference to his judgment of all that she said or did. It was a subtle change, and perhaps no one noticed it, though Dorothy, who was exchanging conventional remarks with Von Holzen, glanced across the room once.

"Ah," Von Holzen was saying in his grave way, with his head bent a little forward as if the rounded brow were heavy—"Ah, but I am only the chemist, Miss Roden. It is your brother who has placed us on our wonderful financial basis. He has a head for finance, your brother, and is quick in his calculations. He understands money, whereas I am only a scientist."

He spoke English correctly but slowly, with the Dutch accent, which is slighter and less guttural than the German. Dorothy was interested in him, and continued to talk with him, leaving Cornish standing at a little distance, teacup in hand. Von Holzen was in strong contrast to the two Englishmen. He was graver, more thoughtful, a man of deeper purpose and more solid intellect. There was something dimly Napoleonic in the direct and calculating glance of his eyes—as if he never looked idly at anything or any man. It was he who made a movement after the lapse of a few moments only, as if, having recovered his slight embarrassment, he did not intend to stay longer than the merest etiquette might demand. He crossed the room and stood before Mrs. Vansittart, with his heels clapped well together, making the most formal conversation, which was only varied by a stiff bow.

"I have a friendly recollection," he said, preparing to take his leave, "of a Charles Vansittart, a student at Leyden, with whom I was brought into contact again in later life. He was, I believe, from Amsterdam, and had an English mother."

"Ah!" replied Mrs. Vansittart, "mine is a common name."

And they bowed to each other in the foreign way.



CHAPTER X.

DEEPER WATER.

"Une bonne intention est une échelle trop courte."

"I HAVE had considerable experience in such matters, and I think I may say that the new financial scheme worked out by Mr. Roden and myself is a sound one," Lord Ferriby was saying in his best manner.

He was addressing Major White, Tony Cornish, Von Holzen, and Percy Roden, convened in the private salon occupied by the Ferribys at the Hotel of the Old Shooting Gallery, at the Hague.

The salon in question was at the front of the house on the first floor, and therefore looked out upon the Toornoifeld, where the trees were beginning to show a tender green, under the encouragement of a treacherous April sun. Major White, seated bolt-upright in his chair, looked with a gentle surprise out of the window. He had so small an opinion of his understanding that he usually begged explanatory persons to excuse him. "No doubt you're quite right, but it's no use trying to explain it to *me*, don't you know," he was in the habit of saying, and his attitude said no less at the present moment.

Von Holzen, with his chin in the palm of his hand, watched Lord Ferriby's face with a greater attention than that transparent physiognomy either required or deserved. Roden's attention was fully occupied by the papers on the table in front of him. He was seated by Lord Ferriby's side, ready to prompt or assist, as behooved a merely mechanical subordinate. Lord Ferriby, dimly conscious of this mental attitude, had spoken Roden's name with considerable patronage, and with the evident desire to give every man his due. Cornish, in his quick and superficial way, glanced from one face to the other, taking in *en passant* any object in the room that happened to call for a momentary attention. He noted the passive and somewhat bovine surprise on White's face, and wondered whether it owed its presence there to astonishment at finding himself taking part in a committee meeting, or amazement at the suggestion that Lord Ferriby should be capable of evolving any scheme, financial or otherwise, out of his own brain. The committee thus summoned was a fair sample of its kind. Here were a number of men dividing a sense of responsibility among them

so impartially that there was not nearly enough of it to go round. In a multitude of counsellors there may be safety—but it is assuredly the counsellors only who are safe.

"The reasons," continued Lord Ferriby, "why it is inexpedient to continue in our present position as mere trustees of a charitable fund are too numerous to go into at the present moment. Suffice it to say that there are many such reasons, and that I have satisfied myself of their soundness. Our chief desire is to ameliorate the condition of the Malgamite-workers. It must assuredly suggest itself to any one of us that the best method of doing this is to make the Malgamite-workers an independent corporation, bound together by the greatest of ties, a common interest."

The speaker paused and turned to Roden with a triumphant smile, as much as to say, "There, beat that if you can."

Roden could not beat it, so he nodded thoughtfully and examined the point of his pen.

"Gentlemen," said Lord Ferriby, impressively, "the greatest common interest is a common purse."

As the meeting was too small for applause, Lord Ferriby only allowed sufficient time for this great truth to be assimilated, and then continued:

"It is proposed, therefore, that we turn the Malgamite Works into a company, the most numerous shareholders to be the Malgamiters themselves. The most numerous shareholders, mark you—not the heaviest shareholders. These shall be ourselves. We propose to estimate the capital of the company at ten thousand pounds, which, as you know, is, approximately speaking, the amount raised by our appeals on behalf of this great charity. We shall divide this capital into two thousand five-pound shares, allot one share to each Malgamite-worker—say five hundred shares—and retain the rest—say fifteen hundred shares—ourselves. Of these fifteen hundred it is proposed to allot three hundred to each of us. Do I make myself clear?"

"Yes," answered Major White, optimistically polishing his eye-glass with a pocket-handkerchief. "Any ass could understand that."

"Our friend Mr. Roden," continued his lordship, "who, I mention in passing, is one of the finest financiers with whom



I have ever had relationship, is of opinion that this company, having its works in Holland, should not be registered as a limited company in England. The reasons for holding such an opinion are, briefly, connected with the interference of the English law in the management of a limited-liability company formed for the sole purpose of making money. We are not disposed to classify ourselves as such a company. We are not disposed to pay the English income tax on money which is intended for distribution in charity. Each Malgamite-worker, with his one share, is not, precisely speaking, so much a shareholder as a participator in profits. We are not in any sense a limited-liability company."

That Lord Ferriby had again made himself clear was sufficiently indicated by the fact that Major White nodded his head at this juncture with portentous gravity and wisdom.

"As to the question of profit and loss," continued Lord Ferriby, "I am not, unfortunately, a business man myself, but I think we are all aware that the business part of the Malgamite scheme is in excellent hands. It is not, of course, intended that we, as shareholders, shall in any way profit by this new financial basis. We are shareholders in name only, and receive profits, if profits there be, merely as trustees of the Malgamite Fund. We shall administer those profits precisely as we have administered the fund—for the sole benefit of the Malgamite-workers. The profits of these poor men, earned on their own shares, may reasonably be considered in the light of a bonus. So much for the basis upon which I propose that we shall work. The matter has had Mr. Roden's careful consideration, and I think we are ready to give our consent to any proposal which has received so marked a benefit. There are, of course, many details which will require discussion—Eh?"

Lord Ferriby broke off short and turned to Roden, who had muttered a few words.

"Ah—yes. Yes, certainly. Mr. Roden will kindly spare us details as much as possible."

This was considerate, and somewhat appropriate, as Tony Cornish had yawned more than once.

"Now as to the past," continued Lord Ferriby. "The works have been going for more than three months, and the result has been uniformly satisfactory—Eh?"

"Many deaths?" inquired White, stolidly repeating his question.

"Deaths? Ah—among the workers? Yes, to be sure. Perhaps Mr. Von Holzen can tell you better than I."

And his lordship bowed in what he took to be the foreign manner across the table.

"Yes," replied Von Holzen, quietly, "there have, of course, been deaths, but not so many as I anticipated. The majority of the men had, as Mr. Cornish will tell you, death written on their faces when they arrived at the Hague."

"They certainly looked seedy," admitted Tony.

"We will, I think, turn rather to the—eh—er—living," said Lord Ferriby, turning over the papers in front of him with a slightly reproachful countenance. He evidently thought it rather bad form of White to pour cold water over his new whitewash. For Lord Ferriby's was that Charity which hopeth all things, and closeth her eye to practical facts if these be discouraging. "I have here the result of the three months' work."

He looked at the papers with so condescending an air that it was quite evident that, had he been a business man and not a lord, he would have understood them at a glance. There was a short silence while he turned the closely written sheets with an air of approving interest.

"Yes," he said, as if during those moments he had run his eye up all the columns of figures and found them correct, "the result, as I say, gentlemen, has been most satisfactory. We have manufactured a Malgamite which has been well received by the paper-makers. We have, furthermore, been able to supply at the current rate without any serious loss. We are increasing our plant, and the day is not so far distant when we may, at all events, hope to be self-supporting."

Lord Ferriby sat up and pulled down his waistcoat, a sure signal that the fountain of his garrulous inspiration was for the moment dried up.

With great presence of mind Tony Cornish interposed a question which only Roden could answer, and after the consideration of some statistics the proceedings terminated. It had been apparent all through that Percy Roden was the only business man of the party. In any question of figures or statistics, his colleagues showed plainly that they were at sea. Lord Ferriby had in early life been





“ ‘GENTLEMEN,’ SAID LORD FERRIBY, IMPRESSIVELY.”



managed by a thrifty mother, who had in due course married him to a thrifty wife. Tony Cornish's business affairs had been narrowed down to the financial fiasco of a tailor's bill far beyond his facilities. Major White had, in his subaltern days, been despatched from Gibraltar on a business quest into the interior of Spain to buy mules there for his Queen and country. He fell out with a dealer at Ronda, whom he knocked down, and returned to Gibraltar branded as unbusinesslike and hasty, and there his commercial enterprise had terminated. Von Holzen was only a scientist, a fact of which he assured his colleagues repeatedly.

If plain-speaking be a sign of friendship, then women are assuredly capable of higher flights than men. A life-long friendship between two women usually means that they quarrelled at school, and have retained in later days the privilege of mutual plain-speaking. If Jones, who was Tompkins's best man, goes yachting with Tompkins in later days, these two sinners are quite capable of enjoying themselves immensely in the present without raking about among the ashes of the past to seek the reason why Tompkins persisted, in spite of his friends' advice, in making an idiot of himself over that Robinson girl—Jones standing by all the while with the ring in his waistcoat pocket. Whereas if the friendship exists between the respective ladies of Jones and Tompkins, their conversation will usually be found to begin with: "I always told you, Maria, when we were girls together;" or, "Well, Jane, when we were at school you never would listen to me." A man's friendship is apparently based upon a knowledge of another's redeeming qualities. A woman's dearest friend is she whose faults will bear the closest investigation.

It was doubtless owing to these trifling variations in temperament that Joan Ferriby learnt more about the Hague and Percy Roden and Otto von Holzen, and lastly, though not least, Mrs. Vansittart, in ten minutes than Tony Cornish could have learnt in a month of patient investigation. The first five of these ten precious minutes were spent in kissing Dorothy Roden, and admiring her hat, and holding her at arm's-length, and saying with conviction that she was a dear. Then Joan asked why Dorothy had ceased

writing, and Dorothy proved that it was Joan who had been in default; and lo! a bridge was thrown across the years, and they were friends once more.

"And you mean to tell me," said Joan, as they walked up the Korte Voorhout towards the canal and the Wood, "that you don't take any interest in the Malgamite scheme?"

"No," answered Dorothy. "And I am weary of the very word."

"But then you always were rather—well, frivolous, weren't you?"

"I did not take lessons as seriously as you, perhaps, if that is what you mean," admitted Dorothy.

And Joan, who had come across to Holland full of zeal in well-doing, and as seriously as ever Queen Marguerite sailed to the Holy Land, walked on in silence. The trees were just breaking into leaf, and the air was laden with a subtle odor of spring. The Korte Voorhout is, as many know, a short broad street, spotlessly clean, bordered on either side by quaint and comfortable houses. The traffic is usually limited to one carriage going to the Wood, and on the pavement a few leisurely persons engaged in taking exercise in the sunshine. It was a different atmosphere to that from which Joan had come, more restful, purer perhaps, and certainly healthier, possibly more thoughtful; and charity, above all virtues, to be practised well, must be practised without too much reflection. He who lets wisdom guide his bounty too closely will end by giving nothing at all.

"At all events," said Joan, "it is splendid of Mr. Roden to work so hard in the cause, and to give himself up to it as he does."

"Ye—es."

Joan turned sharply and looked at her companion. Dorothy Roden's face was not, perhaps, easy to read, especially when she turned as she turned now to meet an inquiring glance with an easy smile.

"I have known so many of Percy's schemes," she explained, "that you must not expect me to be enthusiastic."

"But this must succeed, whatever may have happened to the others," cried Joan. "It is such a good cause. Surely nothing can be a better aim than to help such afflicted people, who cannot help themselves, Dorothy! And it is so splendidly organized. Why, Mr. Johnson, the labor expert, you know, who wears no

collar and a soft hat, said that it could not have been better organized if it had been a strike. And a Bishop Somebody—a dear old man with legs like a billiard table's—said it reminded him of the early Christians' *esprit de corps*, or something like that. Doesn't sound like a bishop, though, does it?"

"No, it doesn't," admitted Dorothy, doubtfully.

"So if your brother thinks it will not succeed," said Joan, confidently, "he is wrong. Besides"—in a final voice—"he has Tony to help him, you know."

"Yes," said Dorothy, looking straight in front of her, "of course he has Mr. Cornish."

"And Tony," pursued Joan, eagerly, "always succeeds. There is something about him—I don't know what it is."

Dorothy recollected that Mrs. Vansittart had said something like this about Tony Cornish. She had said that he had the power of holding his cards and only playing them at the right moment. Which is perhaps the secret of success in life, namely, to hold one's cards, and, if the right moment does not present itself, never to play them at all, but to hold them to the end of the game, contenting one's self with the knowledge that one has had, after all, the makings of a fine game that might have been worth the playing.

"There are people, you know," Joan broke in, earnestly, "who think that if they can secure Tony for a picnic, the weather will be fine."

"And does he know it?" asked Dorothy, rather shortly.

"Tony?" laughed Joan. "Of course not. He never thinks about anything like that."

#### CHAPTER XI.

##### IN THE OUDE WEG.

"Le sage entend à demi-mot."

THE porter of the hotel on the Toorniofeld was enjoying his early cigarette in the doorway, when he was impelled by a natural politeness to stand aside for one of the visitors in the hotel.

"Ah!" he said. "You promenade yourself thus early?"

"Yes," answered Cornish, cheerily, "I promenade myself thus early."

"You have had your coffee?" asked the porter. "It is not good to go near the canals when one is empty."

Cornish lingered a few minutes and

made the man's mind easy on this point. There are many who obtain a vast deal of information without ever asking a question, just as there are some—and they are mostly women—who ask many questions and are told many lies. Tony Cornish had a cheery way with him which made other men talk. He was also as quick as a woman. He went about the world picking up information.

The city clocks were striking seven as he walked across the Toornoifeld, where the morning mist still lingered among the trees. The great square was almost deserted. Holland, unlike France, is a lie-abed country, and at an hour when a French town would be astir and its streets already thronged with people hurrying to buy or sell at the greatest possible advantage, a Dutch city is still asleep. Park Straat was almost deserted as Cornish walked briskly down it towards the Willem's Park and Scheveningen. A few street-cleaners were leisurely working, a few milkmen were hurrying from door to door, but the houses were barred and silent.

Cornish walked on the right-hand side of the road, which made it all the easier for Mrs. Vansittart to perceive him from her bedroom window as he passed Oranje Straat.

"Ah!" said that lady, and rang the bell for her maid, to whom she explained that she had a sudden desire to take a promenade this fine morning.

So Tony Cornish walked down the Oude Weg under the trees of that great thoroughfare, with Mrs. Vansittart following him leisurely by one of the side paths, which, being elevated above the road, enabled her to look down upon the Englishman and keep him in sight. When he came within view of the broad road that cuts the Scheveningen wood in two and leads from the East Dunes to the West—from the Malgamite works, in a word, to the cemetery—he sat down on a bench hidden by the trees. And Mrs. Vansittart, a hundred yards behind him, took possession of a seat as effectually concealed.

They remained thus for some time, the object of a passing curiosity to the fish-merchants journeying from Scheveningen to the Hague. Then Tony Cornish seemed to perceive something on the road towards the sea which interested him, and Mrs. Vansittart, rising from her seat,



walked down to the main pathway, which commanded an uninterrupted view. That which had attracted Cornish's attention was a funeral, cheap, sordid, and obscure, which moved slowly across the Oude Weg by the road crossing it at right angles. It was a peculiar funeral inasmuch as it consisted of three hearses and one mourning-carriage. The dead were therefore almost as numerous as the living, an unusual feature in civil burials. From the window of the rusty mourning-coach there looked a couple of debased countenances, flushed with drink and that form of excitement which is especially associated with a mourning-coach hired on credit and a funeral beyond one's means. Behind these two faces loomed others. There seemed to be six men within the carriage.

The procession was not inspiring, and Cornish's keen face was momentarily grave as he watched it. When it had passed he rose and walked slowly back towards the Hague. Before he had gone far he met Mrs. Vansittart face to face, who rose from a seat as he approached.

"Well, *mon ami*," she asked, with a short laugh, "have you had a pleasant walk?"

"It has had a pleasant end, at all events," he replied, meeting her glance with an imperturbable smile.

She jerked her head upwards with a little foreign gesture of indifference.

"It is to be presumed," she said, as they walked on side by side, "that you have been exploring and investigating our—byways. Remember, my good Tony, that I live in the Hague, and may therefore be possessed of information that might be useful to you. It will probably be at your disposal when you need it."

She looked at him with daring black eyes, and laughed. A strong man usually takes a sort of pride in his power. This woman enjoyed the same sort of exultation in her own cleverness. She was not wise enough to hide it, which is indeed a grim, negative pleasure usually enjoyed by elderly gentlemen only. Social progress has, moreover, made it almost a crime to hide one's light under a bushel. Are we not told, in so many words, by the interviewer and the personal paragraphist, that it is every man's duty to set his light upon a candlestick, so that his neighbor may at least try to blow it out?

Cornish had learnt to know Mrs. Van-

sittart at a period in her life when, as a young married woman, she regarded all her juniors with a matronly goodwill, none the less active that it was so exceedingly new. She had in those days given much good advice, which Cornish had respectfully heard. Fate had brought them together at the rare moment and in almost the sole circumstances that allow of a friendship (likely to be advantageous and capable of lasting) being formed between a man and a woman.

They walked slowly side by side now under the trees of the Oude Weg, inhaling the fresh morning air, which was scented by a hundred breaths of spring, and felt clean to face and lips. Mrs. Vansittart had no intention of resigning her position of mentor and friend. It was, moreover, one of those positions which will not bear being defined in so many words. Between men and women it often happens that to point out the existence of certain feelings is to destroy them. To say, "Be my friend," as often as not makes friendship impossible. Mrs. Vansittart was too clever a woman to run such a risk in dealing with a man in whom she had detected a reserve of which the rest of the world had taken no account. It is unwise to enter into war or friendship without seeing to the reserves.

"Do you remember," asked Mrs. Vansittart, suddenly, "how wise we were when we were young? What knowledge of the world, what experience of life one has when all life is before one!"

"Yes," admitted Cornish, guardedly.

"But if I preached a great deal, I at all events did you no harm," said Mrs. Vansittart, with a laugh.

"No."

"And as to experience, well, one buys that later."

"Yes; and the wise resell—at a profit," laughed Cornish. "It is not a commodity that any one cares to keep. If we cannot sell it, we offer it for nothing, to the young."

"Who accept it—at an even lower valuation; and you and I, Mr. Tony Cornish, are cynics who talk cheap epigrams to hide our thoughts."

They walked on for a few yards in silence. Then Tony turned in his quick way and looked at her. He had thin, mobile lips, which expressed friendship and curiosity at this moment.

"What are *you* thinking?" he asked.



"A FUNERAL, CHEAP, SORDID, AND OBSCURE."

She turned and looked at him with grave, searching eyes, and when these met his it became apparent that their friendship had re-established itself.

"Of your affairs," she answered, "and funerals."

"Both lugubrious," suggested Cornish. "But I am obliged to you for so far honoring me."

He broke off, and again walked on in silence. She glanced at him half angrily, and gave a quick shrug of the shoulders.

"Then you will not speak," she said, opening her parasol with a snap. "So be it. The time has perhaps not come yet. But if I am in the humor when that time does come, you will find that you have no ally so strong as I. Ah, you may stick your chin out and look as innocent as you like! You are not easy

in your mind, my good friend, about this precious Malgamite scheme. But I ask no confidences, and, *bon Dieu!* I give none."

She broke off with a little laugh, and looked at him beneath the shade of her parasol. She had a hundred foreign ways of putting a whole wealth of meaning into a single gesture, into a movement of a parasol or a fan, such as women acquire, and use upon poor defenceless men, who must needs face the world with stolid faces and slow, dumb hands.

Cornish answered the laugh readily enough.

"Ah!" he said, "then I am accused of uneasiness of mind—of preoccupation, in fact. I plead guilty. I made a mistake. I got up too early. It was a fine morning, and I was tempted to take a walk before breakfast, which we have at



half past nine, in a fine old British way. We have toast and a fried sole. Great is the English milord!"

They were in Park Straat now, in sight of Mrs. Vansittart's house. And that lady knew that her companion was talking in order to say nothing.

"We leave this morning," continued Cornish, in the same vein. "And we rather flatter ourselves that we have upheld the dignity of our nation in these benighted foreign parts."

"Ah, that poor Lord Ferriby! It is so easy to laugh at him. You think him a fool, although—or because—he is your uncle. So do I, perhaps. But I always have a little distrust for the foolishness of a person who has once been a knave. You know your uncle's reputation—the past one, I mean, not the whitewash. Do not forget it." They had reached the corner of Oranje Straat, and Mrs. Vansittart paused on her own door-step. "So you leave this morning," she said. "Remember that I am in the Hague, and—well, we were once friends. If I can help you, make use of me. You have been wonderfully discreet, my friend. And I have not. But discretion is not required of a woman. If there is anything to tell you, you shall hear from me."

She held out her hand and bade him good-by with a semi-malicious little laugh. Then she stood in the porch and watched him walk quickly away.

"So it is Dorothy Roden," she said to herself, with a wise nod. "A queer case. One of those at first sight, one may suppose."

The Rodens, of whom she thought at the moment, were not only thinking, but speaking of her. They had finished breakfast, and Dorothy was standing at the window looking out over the Dunes towards the sea. Her brother was still seated at the table, and had lighted a cigarette. Like many another who offers an exaggerated respect to women as a whole, he was rather inclined to bohemianism at home, and denied to his immediate feminine relations the privileges accorded to their sex in general. He was older than Dorothy, who had always been dependent upon him to a certain extent. She had a little money of her own, and quite recognized the fact that, should her brother marry, she would have to work for her living. In the mean time, however, it suited them both to live together, and

Dorothy had for her brother that affection of which only women are capable. It amounts to an affectionate tolerance more than to a tolerant affection. For it perceives its object's little failings with a calm and judicial eye. It weighs the man in the balance, and finds him wanting. This, moreover, is the lot of a large proportion of women. This takes the place of that higher feeling which is probably the finest emotion of which the human heart is capable. And yet there are men who grudge these sufferers their petty triumphs, their poor little emancipation, their paltry wranglerships, their very bicycles.

"You don't like this place—I know that," Percy Roden was saying, in continuation of a desultory conversation. He looked up from the letters before him with a smile which was kind enough and a little patronizing. Patronage is the armor of the outwitted.

"Not very much," answered Dorothy, with a laugh. "But I dare say it will be better in the summer."

"I mean this villa," pursued Roden, flicking the ash from his cigarette and leaning back in his chair. He had grand, rather tired gestures, which possibly impressed some people. Grandeur, however, like sentiment, is not indigenous to the hearth. Our domestic admirers are not always watching us. Dorothy was looking out of the window.

"It is not a bad little place," she said, practically, "when one has grown accustomed to its sandiness."

"It will not be for long," said Percy Roden.

And his sister turned and looked at him with a sudden gravity. "Ah!" she said.

"No; I have been thinking that it will be better for us to move into the Hague—Park Straat or Oranje Straat."

Dorothy turned and faced him now. There was a faint, far-off resemblance between these two, but Dorothy had the better face—shrewder, more thoughtful, cleverer. Her eyes, instead of being large and dark and rather dreamy, were gray and speculative. Her features were clear-cut and well cut—a face suggestive of feeling and of self-suppression, which, when they go together, go to the making of a satisfactory human being. This was a woman who, to put it quite plainly, would not have been held in honor by



## CHAPTER XII.

## SUBURBAN.

"Le bonheur c'est être né joyeux."

our grandmothers, but who promised well enough for her possible granddaughters; who, when the fads are lived down and the emancipation is over and the shrieking is done, will make a very excellent grandmother to a race of women who shall be equal to men and respected of men, and, best of all, beloved of men. Wise mothers say that their daughters must sooner or later pass through an awkward age. Woman is passing through an awkward age now, and Dorothy Roden might be classed among the few who are doing it gracefully.

She looked at her brother with those wise gray eyes, and did not speak at once. "Oranje Straat and Park Straat," she said, lightly, "cost money."

"Oh, that is all right!" answered her brother, carelessly, as one who in his time has handled great sums.

"Then we are prosperous?" inquired Dorothy, mindful of other great schemes which had not always done their duty by their originator.

"Oh yes! We shall make a good thing out of this Malgamite. The laborer is worthy of his hire, you know. There is no reason why we should not take a better house than this. Mrs. Vansittart knows of one in Park Straat which would suit us. Do you like her—Mrs. Vansittart, I mean?"

His tone was slightly patronizing again. The Malgamite was a success, it appeared, and assuredly success is the most difficult emergency that a man has to face in life.

"Very much," answered Dorothy, quietly. She looked hard at her brother; for Dorothy had long ago gauged him, and had recently gauged Mrs. Vansittart with a facility which is quite incomprehensible to men and easy enough to women. She knew that her brother was not the sort of man to arouse the faintest spark of love in the heart of such a woman as her of whom they spoke. And yet Percy's tone implied as clearly as if the words had been spoken that he had merely to offer to Mrs. Vansittart his hand and heart in order to make her the happiest of women. Either Dorothy or her brother was mistaken in Mrs. Vansittart. Between a man and a woman it is usually the man who is mistaken in an estimate of another woman. Dorothy was wondering, not whether Mrs. Vansittart admired her brother, but why that lady was taking the trouble to convey to him that such was the case.

THERE are in the suburbs of London certain strata of men which lie in circles of diminishing density around the great city, like débris around a volcano. London indeed erupts every evening between the hours of five and six, and throws out showers of tired men, who lie where they fall—or rather where their season ticket drops them—until morning, when they arise and crowd back again to the seething crater. The deposits of small clerks and tradespeople fall near at hand in a dense shower, bounded on the north by Finchley, on the south by Streatham. An outer circle of head clerks, government servants, junior partners, covers the land in a stratum reaching as far south as Surbiton, as far north as the Alexandra Palace. And beyond these limits are cast the brighter lights of commerce, law, and finance, who fall, a thin golden shower, in the favored neighborhoods of the far suburbs, where, from eventide till morning, they play at being country gentlemen, talking stock and stable, with minds attuned to share and produce.

Mr. Joseph Wade, banker, was one of those who are thrown far afield by the facilities of a fine suburban train service. He wore a frock-coat, a very shiny hat, and he read the *Times* in the train. He lived in a staring red house, solid brick without and solid comfort within, in the favored pine country of Weybridge. He was one of those pillars of the British constitution who are laughed at behind their backs and eminently respected to their faces. His gardeners trembled before him, his coachman, as stout and respectable as himself, knew him to be a just and a good master, who grudged no man his perquisites, and behaved with a fine gentlemanly tact at those trying moments when the departing visitor is desirous of tipping and the coachman knows that it is blessed to receive.

Mr. Wade rather scorned the amateur country-gentleman hobby which so many of his travelling companions affected. It led them to don rough tweed suits on Sunday, and walk about their paddocks and gardens as if these formed a great estate.

"I am a banker," he said, with that sound common-sense which led him to





“DO YOU MIND THIS SORT OF THING?” INQUIRED MARGUERITE.”

avoid those cheap affectations of superiority that belong to the outer strata of the daily volcanic deposit—“I am a banker, and I am content to be a banker in the evening and on Sundays as well as during bank-hours. What should I know about horses or Alderneys or Dorking fowls? None of 'em yield a dividend.”

Mr. Wade, in fact, looked upon “The Ferns” as a place of rest, arriving there at half past six, in time to dress for a very good dinner. After dinner he read in a small way by no means to be despised. He had a taste for biography, and cherished in his stout heart a fine old respect for Thackeray and Dickens and Walter

Scott. Of the modern fictionists he knew nothing.

“Seems to me they are splitting straws, my dear,” he once said to an earnest young person who thought that literature meant contemporary fiction, whereas we all know that the two are in no way connected.

Joseph Wade was a widower, having some years before buried a wife as stout and sensible as himself. He never spoke of her except to his daughter Marguerite, now leaving school, and usually confined his remarks to a consideration of what Marguerite's mother would have liked in the circumstances under discussion at the moment.

Marguerite had been educated at Cheltenham, and "finished" at Dresden, without any limit as to extras. She had come home from Dresden a few months before the Malgamite scheme was set on foot, to find herself regarded by her father in the light of a rather delicate financial crisis. The affection which had always existed between father and daughter soon developed into something stronger—something volatile and half mocking on her part, indulgent and half mystified on his.

"She is rather a handful," wrote Mr. Wade to Tony Cornish, "and too inconsequent to let my mind be easy about her future. I wish you would run down and dine and sleep at 'The Ferns' some evening soon. Monday is Marguerite's eighteenth birthday. Will you come on that evening?"

"He is not thirty-three yet," reflected Mr. Wade, as he folded the letter and slipped it into an envelope, "and she is the sort of girl who must be able to give a man her full respect before she can give him—er—anything else."

From which it may be perceived that the astute banker was preparing to face the delicate financial crisis.

Cornish received the invitation the day after returning from Holland. Mr. Wade had been his father's friend and trustee, and was, he understood, distantly related to the mother whom Tony had never known. Such invitations were not infrequent, and it was the recipient's custom to set aside others in order to reply with an acceptance. A friendship had sprung up between two men, who were not only divided by a gulf of years, but had hardly a thought in common.

On arriving at Weybridge station, Cornish found Marguerite awaiting him in a very high dog-cart drawn by an exceedingly shiny cob, which animal she proceeded to handle with vast spirit and a blithe ignorance. She looked trim and fresh, with bright brown hair under a smart sailor hat, and a complexion almost dazzling in its youthfulness and brilliancy. She nodded gayly at Cornish.

"Hop up," she said, encouragingly, "and then hang on like grim death. There are going to be—whoa, my pet!—er—ructions. All right, William. Let go."

William let go and made a dash at the rear step. The shiny cob squeaked, stood thoughtfully on his hind legs for a mo-

ment, and then dashed across the bridge, shaving a cab rather closely, and failing to observe a bank of stones at one side of the road.

"Do you mind this sort of thing?" inquired Marguerite, as they bumped heavily over the obstruction.

"Not in the least. Most invigorating, I consider it."

Marguerite arranged the reins carefully, and inclined the whip at a suitable angle across her companion's vision.

"I'm learning to drive, you know," she said, leaning confidently down from her high seat. "And papa thinks that because this young gentleman is rather stout he is quiet, which is quite a mistake. Whoa! Steady! Keep off the grass! Visitors are requested to keep to— Well, I'm —" She hauled the pony off the common, whither he had betaken himself, on to the road again. "—blowed," she added, religiously completing her unfinished sentence.

They were now between high fences, and compelled to progress more steadily.

"I am very glad you have come, you know," Marguerite took the opportunity of assuring the visitor. "It is jolly slow, I can tell you, at times; and then you will do papa good. He is very difficult to manage. It took me a week to get this pony out of him. His great idea is for somebody to marry me. He looks upon me as a sort of fund that has to be placed, or sunk, or something, somewhere. There was a young Scotchman the week before last. I have forgotten his name already. John—something—Fairly. Yes, that is it—John Fairly of Auchen—something. It is better to be John Fairly of Auchen something than a belted earl, it appears."

"Did John tell you so himself?" inquired Tony.

"Yes; and he ought to know, oughtn't he? But that was what put me on my guard. When a Scotchman begins to tell you who he is, take my advice and sheer off."

"I will," said Tony.

"And when a Scotchman begins to tell you what he has, you may be sure that he wants something more. I smelt a rat pretty sharp. And I would not speak to him for the rest of the evening, or if I did I spoke with a Scotch accent—just a suspicion of an accent, you know—nothing to get hold of, but just enough



to let him know that his Auchan something would not go down with me."

She spoke with a sort of inconsequent earnestness, a relic of the school-days she had so lately left behind. She did not seem to have had time to decide whether life was a rattling farce or a matter of deadly earnest. And who shall blame her, remembering that older heads than hers are no clearer on that point?

On approaching the red villa by its short entrance-drive of yellow gravel, they perceived Mr. Wade slowly walking in his garden. The garden of "The Ferns" was exactly the sort of garden one would expect to find attached to a house of that name. It was chiefly conspicuous for its lack of ferns, or indeed of any vegetable of such disorderly habit. Yellow gravel walks intersected smooth lawns. April having drawn almost to its close, there were thin red lines of tulips standing at attention all along the flowery borders. Not a stalk was out of place. One suspected that the flowers had been drilled by a martinet of a gardener. The sight of an honest weed would have been a relief to the eye. The curse of too much gardener and too little nature lay over the land.

"Ah!" said Mr. Wade, holding out a large white hand. "You perceive me inspecting the garden, and if you glance in the direction of McPherson's cottage you will perceive McPherson watching me. I pay him a hundred and twenty, and he knows that it is too much."

"By-the-way, papa," put in Marguerite, gravely, "will you tell McPherson that he will receive a month's notice if he counts the peaches this summer, as he did last year?"

Mr. Wade laughed, and promised her a freer hand in this matter. They walked in the trim garden until it was time to dress for dinner, and Cornish saw enough to convince him that Mr. Wade was fully occupied between banking hours in his capacity as Marguerite's father.

That young lady came down as the bell rang, in a white dress as fresh and girlish as herself, and during the meal, which was long and somewhat solemn, entertained the guest with considerable liveliness. It was only after she had left them to their wine, over which the banker loved to linger in the old-fashioned way, that Mr. Wade put on his grave, financial air. He fingered his glass

thoughtfully, as if choosing not a subject of conversation, but a suitable way of approaching a premeditated question.

"You do not recollect your mother?" he said, suddenly.

"No; she died when I was two years old."

Mr. Wade nodded, and slowly sipped his port.

"Queer thing is," he said, after a pause and looking towards the door, "that that child is startlingly like what your mother used to be at the age of eighteen, when I first knew her. Perhaps it is only my imagination—not that I have much of that. Perhaps all girls are alike at that age—a sort of freshness and an optimism that positively take one's breath away. At any rate, she reminds me of your mother." He broke off and looked at Cornish with his slow and rather ponderous smile. His attitude towards the world was indeed one of conscious ponderosity. He did not attempt to understand the lighter side of life, but took it seriously as a work-a-day matter. "I was once in love with your mother," he stated, squarely. "But circumstances were against us. You see, your father was a lord's younger brother, and that made a great difference in Clapham in those days. I felt it a good deal at the time, but I of course got over it years and years ago. No sentiment about me, Tony. Sentiment and seventeen stone won't balance, you know." The great man slowly drew the decanter towards him. "She got a better husband in your father—a clever, bright chap—and I was best man, I recollect. It was about that time—about your age I was—that I took seriously to my work. Before, I had been a little wild. And that interest has lasted me right up to the present time. Take my word for it, Tony, the greatest interest in life would be money-making—if one only knew what to do with the money afterwards." The banker had been eating a biscuit, and he now swept the crumbs together with his little finger from all sides in a lessening circle until they formed a heap upon the white table-cloth. "It accumulates," he said, slowly, "accumulates, accumulates. And, after all, one can only eat and drink the best that is to be obtained, and the best costs so little—a mere drop in the ocean." He handed Tony the decanter as he spoke. "Then I married Marguerite's mother, some years afterwards, when I was a mid-

dle-aged man. She was the only daughter of—the bank, you know.”

And that seemed to be all that there was to be said about Marguerite's mother.

Tony Cornish nodded in his quick, sympathetic way. Mr. Wade had told him none of this before, but it was to be presumed that he had heard at least part of it from other sources. His manner now indicated that he was interested, but did not ask his companion to say one word more than he felt disposed to say. It is probable that he knew these to be no idle after-dinner words, spoken without premeditation, out of a full heart; for Mr. Wade was not, as he had boasted, a person of sentiment, but a plain, straightforward business man, who, if he had no meaning to convey, said nothing. And in this respect it is a pity that more are not like him.

“We have always been pretty good friends, you and I,” continued the banker, “though I know I am not exactly your sort. I am distinctly City; you are as distinctly West End. But during your minority, and when we settled up accounts on your coming of age, and since then, we have always hit it off pretty well.”

“Yes,” said Cornish, moving his feet impatiently under the table. There was no mistaking the aim of all this, and Mr. Wade was too British in his habits to beat about the bush much longer.

“I do not mind telling you that I have got you down in my will,” said the banker.

Cornish bit his lip and frowned at his wineglass. And it is possible that the man of no sentiment understood his silence.

“I have frequently disbelieved what I have heard of you,” went on the elder man. “You have, doubtless, enemies—as all men have—and you have been a trifle reckless, perhaps, of what the world might say. If you will allow me to say so, I think none the worse of you for that.”

Mr. Wade pushed the decanter across the table, and when Cornish had filled his glass, drew it back towards himself. It is wonderful what resource there is in half a glass of wine, if merely to examine it when it is hard to look elsewhere.

“You remember, six months ago I spoke to you of a personal matter,” said the banker. “I asked you if you had thoughts of marrying, and suggested

something in the nature of a partnership if that would facilitate your plans in any way.”

“That is not the sort of offer one is likely to forget,” answered Cornish.

“I asked you if—well, if it was Joan Ferriby.”

“Yes. And I answered that it was not Joan Ferriby. That was mere gossip, of which we are both aware, and for which neither of us cares a damn.”

“Then it comes to this,” said Mr. Wade, drawing lines on the table-cloth with his dessert-knife, as if it was a balance-sheet and he was casting the final totals there: “You are a man of the world; you are clever; you are like your father before you in that you have something that women care about. Heaven only knows what it is, for I don't!” He paused and looked at his companion as if seeking that intangible something. Then he jerked his head towards the drawing-room, where Marguerite could be dimly heard playing an air from the latest comic opera with a fine contempt for accidentals. “That child,” he said, “knows no more about life than a sparrow. A man like myself—seventeen stone—may have to balance his books at any moment. You have a clear field; for you may take my word for it that you will be the first in it. My own experience of life has been mostly financial, but I am pretty certain that the first man a woman cares for is the man she cares for all along, though she may never see him again. I don't hold it out as an inducement, but there is no reason why you should not know that she will have a hundred and fifty thousand pounds—not when I am dead, but on the day she marries.” Mr. Wade paused and took a sip of his most excellent port. “Do not hurry,” he said. “Take your time. Think about it carefully—unless you have already thought about it, and can say yes or no now.”

“I can do that.”

Mr. Wade bent forward heavily, with one arm on the table. “Ah!” he said. “Which is it?”

“It is no,” answered Cornish, simply.

The banker passed his table-napkin across his lips, paused for a moment, and then rose with, as was his hospitable custom, his hand upon the sherry-decanter. “Then let us go into the drawing-room,” he said.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



# ONE MAN'S IDOL.

A CANADIAN STORY.

BY GEORGIANA PEEL.

## I.

AMONGST the hundreds of invitations issued for Madame Préfontaine's reception, none gave greater pleasure than the one to Cyprienne Maynard. Her life was a dull one, and invitations of any kind were of rare occurrence.

When the postman brought the letter, she was seated in the little drawing-room of her poor home, in an unfashionable quarter of Montreal, resting from her many household labors.

She rose and went to her mother's room to impart the pleasant news. Her mother had been an invalid for many years. She was a thin, fragile woman, who had found the battle of life too formidable, and had given it up altogether, lying like a piece of jetsam aside from the vivid currents of existence.

"Mother," said Cyprienne, in a voice with a certain bell-like timbre, "here is an invitation to the Préfontaines. I should like to go if it were possible," she added, looking at Mrs. Maynard, with a bright color coming and going in her cheeks.

Cyprienne's features depended on expression for their greatest charm. She united the characteristics of the two races from which she had sprung—the fair Saxon ancestors of her father, and the dark, animated kinsmen of her mother, who had been Spaniards and Catholics in the West Indies. Often the fair brow was lined with care, for it was difficult to solve the problem of a very limited income, when the demand of things needful was always greater than the supply. She was dressed in a shabby black gown, for many almost menial duties devolved upon her; but it could no more conceal the beauty of the young figure it clothed than the broken gray chrysalis does the golden wings of the awakening butterfly.

"Well," said Mrs. Maynard, after a pause, "the only difficulty is the dress."

"We still have the 'Trinidad trunk,' mother dear," said Cyprienne.

The Trinidad trunk was secreted in a little lumber-room. It was old-fashioned, and held the remains of the dresses Mrs. Maynard possessed when her husband was

Governor of the West Indies, before the days of their poverty.

Amongst its contents was a black satin dress made in the voluminous fashion of thirty years ago; this, with some exquisite Malines lace, Cyprienne selected. These were the most costly of the trunk's treasure; but the reception was a great occasion.

On the evening appointed—in May—Cyprienne dressed, with Mademoiselle Epinglette's assistance. Mademoiselle, who was a clever little French-Canadian dressmaker, with bright birdlike movements, had made the dress as only a French woman can. Cyprienne passed into her parents' room, followed by her little brothers and sisters, who were deeply interested spectators. She stood in the centre of the worn carpet, blushing with pleasure, her white skin showing to double advantage against the raven satin of her dress. Around her throat was clasped an Indian necklace of chased gold, and her dusky hair was piled high upon her head. In her hand she held a great fan of black ostrich feathers. Colonel Maynard's handsome bronzed face, lined with anxiety, lit up with a pleased smile of surprise.

"You look well, very well indeed, my dear," he said, and added: "I am sorry I cannot afford a carriage for you."

With a bright "good-by," Cyprienne set forth, accompanied by their faithful and only servant, an old Canadian peasant.

The town house of Judge Préfontaine, which he occupied when not in residence at Ottawa, was in the old-fashioned street of St. Denis, in the French quarter of Montreal. Its wide vestibule was brilliantly lighted, and a striped awning was stretched out on to the street, around which many gamins were congregated.

Carriage after carriage rolled up in quick succession, discharging their gay and beautifully dressed occupants.

Cyprienne felt mortified for a passing moment at her carriageless condition, but she regained her usual equanimity when Alixina Préfontaine, the Judge's only child, a radiant vision in rose-colored chiffon, met her in the cloak-room,



and kissing her warmly on each cheek, said, in her fascinating broken English: "Mais I am so charmée to see you, dear old dévôte that you are! Come vite au salon, and you will see cet adorable François; mais how pretty you are, and quelle magnifique dress!"

Cyprienne Maynard and Alixina had been pupils of the same convent school, and were friends of long standing. The light-heartedness and espièglerie of the young French girl's disposition cheered Cyprienne's perhaps too intense nature, early ripened by responsibility and care.

"Oh, Alixina, what dreadful English you are speaking!" said Cyprienne, looking with pleasure at the sparkling brown eyes of her friend.

"Wait a leetle minute," said Alixina; "you need one touch of the color;" and, turning to a jardinière, plucked some sprays of scarlet geranium and placed them with clever intuition in her dark hair and on the bosom of her dress.

"Alors, tu es ravissante—but venez, ma mère is waiting for us;" and Cyprienne followed her companion along the corridor into the drawing-room. It was an old-fashioned and stately apartment, supported by marble pillars. Stiff Parisian fauteuils and consoles were dispersed about the room, and gilded mirrors and faded oil paintings adorned the walls.

The room was filled with guests, for Judge Préfontaine was the oldest member of the Supreme Court, famed for his probity and clear common-sense; the "Nestor of the Canadian bar," he was called by the legal fraternity. He was a small old gentleman, with the polished manners of a bygone day, and wearing a high old-fashioned stock.

Madame Préfontaine was many years younger, a plump and energetic matron, with her daughter's engaging expression and a sallow complexion.

Miss Maynard was accorded a very cordial reception by Judge Préfontaine and his wife, and then allowed to sink into quiet obscurity on a sofa by the side of an elderly Scotch woman, the wife of a past cabinet minister. Lady MacIntyre had iron-gray hair and rather a stern demeanor, but she soon yielded to the charm of Cyprienne's manner, and poured forth a voluble description of the people present.

"An' now will ye look, Miss Maynard," said Lady MacIntyre, her not unpleasant Scotch accents carefully lowered to

an undertone—"there's just a terrible crowd here this night. I don't go out visiting amongst the Catholics as a rule, but ye knew Judge Préfontaine is so weel-learned and so clever one must fain come. Weel, weel, I must tell you who is here, my dear, as ye don't ken many amangst them.

"That tall, rawboned man with red hair is the editor of the *Maple Leaf*, the Tory paper; and that little dark man by Madame Préfontaine is M. Sorel, the editor of *L'État*; as a rule they are at daggers drawn in their contending interests. There, now ye see Lady Rockleigh; is she not a bonny creature? Though, my! she is weel past fifty; and her girls, puir lassies, do not favor their mother much."

The ladies Hilda, Dorothea, and Maud were plump, well-dressed girls, who followed their pretty mother across the drawing-room to greet their hostess. A smile flitted across Miss Maynard's mobile face, she had a keen sense of humor, and the ladies Rockleigh reminded her painfully of a party of domestic ducks quietly wending their way homeward.

"Who is that fine-looking man?" said Cyprienne, calling Lady MacIntyre's attention to an old gentleman with classically cut features and white hair, dressed in black soutane and scarlet cloak.

"That, my dear," said Lady MacIntyre, sinking her voice, "is a priest, the papal ablegate they call him; he is the lion of the evening; he is with the Archbishop. Now ye see that gentleman near him, talking to him, weel, now, that is the rising man of the day, Mr. Berkely Seymour, the youngest member of the bench. He has just been appointed a judge of the Supreme Court."

Cyprienne looked with interest at the gentleman in question; she had read Mr. Seymour's speeches. They had been the subject of much comment in England and throughout the Dominion.

Mr. Berkely de Montélembert Seymour was tall, and inclined, alas for romance, to be portly; his hair was already gray; his face was massive, with noble brow and clear brown eyes, a pleasant man of grave and dignified address.

As Lady MacIntyre spoke of him he turned from his venerable companion, and recognizing her, came across the parquet floor to greet her.

Just at this moment Madame Préfontaine came up to the little group.



"Venez avec moi, cette chère Cyprienne," she said, "and you will play for us the harp; that is what I have been keeping for a treat this evening."

Miss Maynard, never disobliging, followed Madame Préfontaine to the centre of the room, where a large harp was placed, and, accompanied by Madame Préfontaine on the piano, and by the celebrated Signor Petrilli on the violin, began to play.

An immediate hush fell upon the large assembly. As the exquisite dance music, by the Norwegian Jansen, thrilled and ran in all its melodious cadences, the silence became profound. The piano accompaniment died away, then the violin's notes ceased with a quivering sigh of sound, and the beautiful harp solo went on by itself, so purely, clearly harmonious that to mind and imagination were brought the purling of streams, the murmur of the wind in the pine forest, and the song of awakening birds in summer dawns.

Cyprienne Maynard stood at the side of the harp, her black satin dress falling in statuesque folds, her gleaming white arms against its strings, and the geraniums like scarlet flames in her hair.

When the solo ended and the murmur of applause died down, Berkely Seymour rose from his seat by Lady MacIntyre, and going up to Madame Préfontaine, begged to be introduced to Miss Maynard.

"You cannot think how I have enjoyed your playing, Miss Maynard," said Berkely Seymour.

"I am glad if I have given you pleasure," said Miss Maynard; "it is a great delight to me."

Judge Seymour and his companion sat down in the conservatory, for he was impressed and interested in an unusual degree; his rather blasé pleasure in society felt reawakened and refreshed. He sat with his grave brown eyes resting from time to time on the animated face near him, charmed by her fresh conversation. Cyprienne Maynard possessed a quick and trenchant wit, coupled with a sympathetic kindness of disposition which does not generally accompany it. The conservatory, with its odor of daphne, was a pleasant spot, and Judge Seymour determined to prolong the interview. For a little while Cyprienne enjoyed the pleasure of conversing with a brilliant and clever man, which Judge Seymour certainly was, though some of his critics

said he was too reserved and even diffident for so great a man.

Madame Préfontaine, whose mind and eyes were always on the alert, came into the conservatory, with rustling silk skirts and tinkling jet fringes, to say sweetly, "Would Mr. Seymour take Lady Rockleigh down to supper?"—looking at Cyprienne as if she had had more than her share of this nineteenth-century Arcadia, and must return into the every-day world.

"Ah! I am sorry," said Judge Seymour, in his measured tones. "Miss Maynard, I hope you will excuse me," feeling as he said so in a most embarrassing quandary.

"But I must go," said Cyprienne, rising, with a quick color coming to her cheeks, for she was not slow to feel an insinuation; "I must say good-by." And she stood up erect and straight.

Judge Seymour rose also, feeling Madame Préfontaine's imputation, and longing to take the young girl's part.

"Bon soir, Madame Préfontaine; I have had a very pleasant evening," said Cyprienne; and bowing to Judge Seymour, left with a very sore heart beating under the treasured Malines lace.

"How beautifully Miss Maynard plays!" said Judge Seymour; he was too clever to say anything about her personally.

"Oui, ah, oui," said madame, with a profound sigh. "Elle est charmante—charmante; bonne famille—but si pauvre—si pauvre! Ah! is it not a peety she cannot go out more? Her talents are tout-à-fait perdus."

On his way to the reception-rooms beneath to join Lady Rockleigh, Berkely Seymour waited in hopes of meeting Miss Maynard on the staircase as she left the cloak-room. But she had gone, and the wide hall was empty, while the gas-lights fluttered in the evening breeze.

## II.

One fine June morning, about three weeks after the reception, Berkely Seymour sat in his very comfortable rooms in the vicinity of the English cathedral. He was seated in a big leather chair reading his morning's correspondence and smoking a cigar. All his surroundings spoke of luxury, from the carefully lowered awnings and beautifully kept window-boxes to the crushed ice and fresh strawberries on the breakfast table.

Judge Seymour was at this time the



adored of society; his reserve and hauteur were considered very piquant by its members, and added to this he possessed the double attractions of high position and great wealth. Invitations were showered upon him by scheming mothers and anxious fathers.

Amongst his correspondence were three invitations to dinner, and a gushing little note from Lady Rockleigh, asking him to tea that afternoon; but the letter that chiefly engaged his thoughts was one from his mother, and he sat lost in deep meditation over it, his hand gently stroking the head of a magnificent red Irish setter, who nestled her head on his knee, and looked at him with mournful eyes, though she was in reality thinking of the crisp brown toast on the table.

"I have not been so well at times lately," wrote Lady Seymour. "In fact, my physician thinks rather gravely of my present condition. Berkely dear, I shall not always be here; yes, we must face facts. You know I have always been jealous of you, *mon fils*, and have not been anxious for any one to share our life. But now perhaps it would be a good thing if you could find some gracious and charming woman to help you in the position you have attained—to sit at the head of your table, and entertain your guests.

"Amongst the wide circle of our friends there are many charming girls, but she should be a girl of wealth and position, fitted by her education and home environment for the important place you must now take in the Dominion. A great deal of nonsense has been talked and written about being rich in love and poor in pocket, but this state never answers in the end. I would like your wife to be very beautiful and accomplished—quite '*la grande dame*,' after all. One must not hope for all these perfections—these are my '*châteaux en Espagne*' for you—but I can scarcely help desiring some one very perfect for you. Make this subject one of deep consideration, and believe me to be

Your devoted mother,

MARIE LOUISE HÉLÈNE DE  
MONTÉLEMBERT SEYMOUR."

How strange that she should have written upon this subject! As Judge Seymour looked at the exquisitely firm, clear handwriting his mother's clear-cut,

proud features, crowned with snow-white hair, came before him, and he measured all her pride in their descent from the de Montélemberts and Seymours, and her deep and passionate love for him. She would be very hard to please, and with her the quality of mercy would be strained—strained to its utmost point.

And before his fancy also came the lovely speaking face of Cyprienne Maynard, that looked up at him often of late between the pages of long legal documents and dusty folios, and he heard again the plaintive measures of the Norwegian dance music.

Until now Berkely Seymour had never desired to marry, but he determined this bright June morning to win Cyprienne Maynard for his wife, and he was a man who spared neither time nor pains to attain his ends. Musing deeply, he set off for his morning ride in the Mountain Park, and happened upon a charming group under some great oak-trees. A young girl and three children were sitting beneath their leafy shade.

Berkely Seymour instantly recognized in the statuesque young figure and half-turned head, with its waving dusky hair, his friend of the Préfontaines' reception. He did a strange and impulsive thing for one who was so deliberate and calm. He drew his horse up shortly, and dismounting, secured him to a bench.

"Good-morning, Miss Maynard," he said, with a look of great pleasure. "This is unexpected good fortune. Is it not a lovely morning? and I hope I may be introduced to these young people."

An inspiration came to the Judge; he had that morning received some tickets to Paderewski's concert: could he get her to accept them? After a little conversation with the children, he said:

"I know you are very fond of music, Miss Maynard; the Philharmonic Club have kindly sent me several tickets. I cannot go; would you care to have them? I wish you would accept them."

By the quick wave of delight that swept over her face he could tell what pleasure he was bestowing.

This morning she had felt in a bitter and despondent mood. Endless cares and drudgery hemmed her in on every side, and exhausted nature had found relief in a few very natural tears. The usually brilliant color had fled from her cheeks.

With a warm "good-by," and a most



gracious bow to the little group, the Judge took his homeward way.

When he entered his rooms and glanced at the well-spread luncheon table, he seated the group on the mountain-side in imagination about his lonely table.

He sat long over his cigar in the great silent rooms, wondering what had made the morning hour so bright and short.

How white and tired she looked! He was certain she had been crying. If he could only know the cause! What lovely eyes she had! somehow they reminded him of the big purple pansies, their richest leaves all wet with dew, growing in the garden of his country home—which was quite a romantic flight of imagination for the Judge. What nice children they were, especially the little boy; and how charming her manner was to them!

And then the Judge looked up with a start at the clock; he had been so lost in his thoughts that the hands already pointed to half past four, and he was due at Lady Rockleigh's at five. He determined to judge with a critical eye the Ladies Lichen, whom he was sure his mother included amongst the many "charming girls" in their "wide circle of friends."

Lady Rockleigh's pretty face looked still more comely as she saw her guest approaching. She glanced anxiously at the tennis-court, where her daughters were playing, and wished fervently that Dorothea had not the special gift of looking flushed and dishevelled at the most inopportune moments.

She sent a footman swiftly to tell them tea was served, and sank into her very comfortable chair, ready to greet Berkely with her sweetest smile, and looking very motherly and kind.

The Ladies Lichen entered the drawing-room, while their mother glanced at them with an anxious eye. They were nice-looking girls, but even her indulgent heart had to own Hilda was "getting on."

The two younger looked fair and fresh enough, and Lady Rockleigh hoped they would make a favorable impression.

It would be so well for them to marry, as Stonecrop, her eldest son, might marry at any time; and there were her two other sons, Lionel at Oxford and Tom at Eton, to be provided for. Lady Rockleigh, indeed, passed many a wakeful night.

The Judge plainly saw how the Ladies Lichen were being shown off for his inspection. He wearied of the account of

Dorothea's mandolin-playing and Maud's adventures with her "wheel." He tried to talk to Maud, and Lady Rockleigh's heart leaped with pleasure.

Maud chattered on in a gay enough manner: "Oh yes, they were all going to Murray Bay. Where was he going? Would it not be jolly if they were all to meet there? Was it not awfully hot?—too hot to do anything—even to read. Would the Judge care to see her darling dachshunds?" Berkely found himself led to the stable-yard to view four squat dogs, with legs so bent that their fat bodies almost rested on the ground, whom Maud kissed all round with much affection.

Dorothea was not more brilliant; as Berkely gazed at the round fair face, with its doll-like beauty, he compared it with the mobile speaking face he had seen that morning, with the traces of tears about the eyes, and the pallor of fatigue upon the oval cheeks.

These girls were but the result of their environment. They had been brought up in ignorance of all that makes life vivid and worth living.

### III.

To the surprise of his friends, Berkely Seymour did not leave Montreal that summer. He longed to meet Cyprienne Maynard again, but their friends were not mutual ones. So he decided suddenly, one hot August afternoon, to take the social bull by the horns and make a formal call in St. Columb Street. He was filled with anxiety as to the results of his visit.

It was intolerably hot, and the great city was deserted by the gay and fashionable, who were now scattered by sea and mountain.

He had never been in this part, and he surveyed with curiosity the small houses of red brick, all built according to one conventional pattern. St. Columb Street was not visited very often by the watering-carts, and the dust lay thick on the pavements; bits of paper whirled along in the breeze, adding to the general ill-kept looks of the street. The greater portion of the houses corresponded well with the street in their neglected appearance, and many of the faded green blinds were tightly shut, to hide from prying eyes that most irritating of family skeletons, genteel poverty. At Cyprienne's house the servant told him that mademoiselle was chez soi, though M. le Colonel was out.



The room felt cool and restful after the heat and the dust of the street. The pot-pourri jars of Delft faience gave forth a spicy fragrance from their depths filled with rose leaves. A harp in the corner was uncovered; evidently Miss Maynard had just left the room. The miniatures on the mantel-piece, the brilliant water-colors on the dim old wall-paper, and bits of rare old china placed about formed an interior as artistic as it was unique.

The door opened, and Cyprienne entered; as she had read the name on the tiny piece of pasteboard her heart had beaten quickly.

"I had hoped to meet Colonel Maynard at the club," said Berkely, "so that I might ask permission to call, but failing that I thought I had better try to find him here."

"My father does not belong to the club," said Cyprienne. "I know he will be sorry to have missed you."

Then the conversation drifted to other topics, and Cyprienne was so gracious that the Judge was grateful, when tea was brought in, for the pretext for prolonging his call. He bade Cyprienne good-by, longing for the day to come when he might again ascend the narrow steps of the humble little mansion.

After her visitor had left, the young girl sat down by her harp, in the now darkening room, and let her fingers stray half unconsciously across its strings, drawing from it some strains of a tender little melody, with a look on her face she had never had before.

Just at this time Judge Seymour was suddenly called away from Montreal on pressing legal business, and saw no more of Miss Maynard for many months, but the remembrance of his visit dwelt in his memory.

#### IV.

It was Christmas eve, and Montreal was looking at its best, for it is in truth a winter city, and never fairer than in its gleaming robe of spotless snow.

The sound of sleigh-bells filled the air, and the shops of the city were gayly decorated; in the butchers' stalls were fir-trees, and vivid green and red rosettes ornamented the prime joints that lay on the counters and the carcasses of great oxen displayed on the walls.

The streets were filled with holiday-makers, intent on the purchase of Christ-

mas gifts, or piously bent on visiting the many churches where the Christ-child was exposed.

Cyprienne stood at the drawing-room window, smiling over a note she had received from Miss Préfontaine, inviting her to a skating-party that afternoon, and adding that "*ce cher grand-père*" Judge Seymour would be of its number; for Mademoiselle Préfontaine was now engaged to the charming François, who was but twenty-five, and looked upon Judge Seymour and his forty-odd years as a very unapproachable individual indeed. Then she would see Berkely Seymour again; yes, to-day; a well of joy seemed to spring up in her heart at the thought.

At the Judge's residence Alixina welcomed Cyprienne, and they drove rapidly off to their destination, two or three miles below the city, near Judge Préfontaine's summer home. The air was clear as crystal, and braced the system like a tonic, though the thermometer showed 20° of frost.

Alixina, with her blond head resting against the dark buffalo-ropes, laughed and chatted all the way, telling a hundred details of herself and "*ce gentil cœur de sucre*," as she called her affianced lover. At the narrow country road leading to the river they were met by Judge Seymour and Captain Lajeunesse, while the coachman drove the horses to "*Les Saules*." Alixina naturally drifted off with François, while Berkely Seymour and Cyprienne followed behind. She had never looked more entrancing than on this winter's day. The cold crisp air had brought a brilliant color to her cheeks, and she had a scarf of vivid crimson about her neck.

The strong man's heart leaped within him. He was determined to put his fate to the test to-day. What were the conventional traditions of wealth and position in comparison to her!—and he strode firmly over the crisp snow, bearing her skates in his hand. The old charming familiarity of their converse came back, and they sat down to put on their skates. It was one of Canada's most resplendent days; the clear sky of turquoise blue lay behind the mountain crowned with dark firs; at its base lay the city, with its great twin-towered Cathedral of Notre Dame. The colossal market, with its high gilded dome, lay on the river's side, with the ice creeping up to its feet, and the Victoria Bridge



spanned the mighty bosom of the river, whose swift, deep current lay beneath its shroud of ice.

The vapory opalescent mist veiled the distant reaches of the landscape, where the tin roofs of the older city buildings gleamed like silver in the intense light, which made all shadows deeply blue on the sparkling snow. The bells in the many towers were ringing far away, for it was the eve of Noël, and the harmony of their song echoed again and again from the banks of the river.

Cyprienne, as soon as her skates were adjusted, rose to her feet and stood poised like a bird for flight, making a few preparatory trials of her skill. Her footing was sure; the ice was in perfect condition. Some instinct told her joy was near, and she looked up into the cloudless sky and breathed an earnest prayer—"O Lord Jesus, grant me, O grant me my desire! Help me always to love Thee best of all, but give me this gift—"

Borne on with exhilarating motion, she saw no approaching danger, but in one moment the ice had vanished from beneath her feet, and she was plunged into the icy waters of the river. With a loud and piercing cry, and a last strong effort of self-preservation, she grasped the ice as she was borne to the opposite side of the abyss by the mighty stream.

An eternity was passing; a deadly sickness swept over; beads of cold moisture broke out on her forehead. All things were mingling together—ice and snow and sky in one confused and quivering cloud of light. Her hands were slipping, slipping, and the river, intensely, bitterly cold, would bear her away from sight and hope and sound, whirled along in its irresistible flood forever.

The mist parted, and she saw as in a dream his face. The quivering cloud of light turned to darkness. This rushing noise in her brain, this reeling of her senses, this dissolution of self—these immeasurable depths of silence—this must be death indeed!

When Judge Seymour had turned to follow Cyprienne, he saw that which chilled his blood and caused icy tremors to creep over his stalwart frame. He saw her dart away, her slight figure the perfection of grace as she glided over the ice, then disappear; then he could see those two frail arms—O God! how frail!—clinging to the ice. With firm, folded

lips and pallid cheeks he skated across the ice, living, as Cyprienne was living, a thousand lives in a few seconds of time. Could those frail arms retain their hold against that mighty current?

As he flew across the ice in his agony of mind, he vowed himself to her God if she could be spared to him now; and nearing the hole, he cast himself full length on the ice, seized her in his mighty grasp, and a miracle had been accomplished.

Now he glanced at the terrible unforeseen danger—a square hole eight or ten feet across, exact and perfect in its outline, as if done with rule and line, the white edges of the ice making a frame for the black waters beneath—a hole cut by some ice-harvesters to test its thickness, and left with terrible carelessness.

On Cyprienne's face the ever-varying expression had fled; it possessed the wonderful dignity and majesty of death, lit up by the last rays of the setting sun.

Berkely bent over her, chafing the ice-cold hands, while the tears he had never shed in man's estate stole down his cheeks.

In this dread hour he fathomed all his love for Cyprienne—so nearly lost forever. There was not an instant to be spared; taking her in his arms, he bore her swiftly to the bank, holding her closely to his breast, and rejoicing in every foot of space he placed between himself and the horrible abyss. He bore her into the nearest little white cottage, where the kindly peasant woman, with many and fervent invocations, revived Cyprienne.

Presently Judge Seymour came into the small room, and bent over the poor rough bed, with its gay patch-work quilt, and gazed at the face so dear to him. The deadly pallor had gone, and she opened her eyes with a long-drawn sigh, and a smile fluttered over her lips as she gazed up, with sweet recognition, at the manly face above her.

Berkely bent, trembling with emotion, and reverently, tenderly kissed the beautiful brow, and took the hand in his.

"Darling, darling," he said, "we must never, never be parted; speak to me just one little word, to tell me you love me."

All conventionalities had ceased between them, for Death with his grim nearness had set them all aside.

With an effort she raised her arms and clasped them about his neck, whispering the words that made his being thrill with a joy he had never known before.



"Berkely, Berkely, I love only you."

The peasant women stood grouped about the wood-stove, their homely faces wreathed with joy, while they thanked God "pour cette bonne Providence."

The beautiful Canadian spring had come. The brilliant May sunshine was flooding the great Canadian Pacific Station, where Judge Seymour's private car awaited them, for this is their wedding-day, and they are to spend several months in California. The car is resplendent with flowers, and the two colored servants belong especially to it, and show the childlike love of their race for any excitement as

they stand in readiness to welcome their master.

They have come. The engine draws a few laboring breaths, the great bell rings, and Cyprienne is assisted up on to the platform by Berkely.

Many mingled feelings flit through that tender heart as she gazes at the beautiful city now lessening in the distance, and a tear makes a spot on the delicate kid glove. Berkely takes Cyprienne's hand in his own, and she turns her face, now all radiant with joy, to his, while the train sweeps on and bears them forth on their journey, and the afternoon sun fills the car with golden light.

## REMINISCENCES OF EMINENT LECTURERS.

BY JOEL BENTON.

THE question is sometimes asked whether public speaking in this country will not some time, as things are now going, become a lost art. We have in Congress no longer any Websters, Clays, Bentons, and Calhouns. And not only is that true, but the best speakers there do not fulfil even in a lesser degree the ends to which the Senators and Representatives of old addressed themselves. In the courts of law judges are impatient of oratory, and in the pulpit there are no Beechers and Chapins left.

These reflections, which must claim assent on their very statement, have their truthfulness additionally re-enforced by a consideration of the noted subsidence of the Lyceum Lecture Course. What a power, indeed, it was a generation or more ago! We have lectures of a certain sort to-day, to be sure, but there is not one of the famous names which flourished in the '40s left, nor does the lecture itself occupy the place and assume the dimensions that a lecture of the olden period did.

The Lecture Course, as we must now merely remember it, was, like Thanksgiving, indigenous to New England. It began, or assumed its first importance, with the rise of the antislavery sentiment, and was allied in part with the ferment and fervor of thinking which came there with the German-implemented Transcendental movement. Mr. Gough gave to it the Washingtonian temperance propaganda, and there was finally no cause that it left out.

When I was a young man—not, as now, by complacent courtesy, but *in esse*—I lived in a quiet pastoral town where a lecture was sometimes sporadic, but had never become a custom or institution. I could only hear some great lecturer—excepting Gough, who came there when I was a boy of ten—by taking at least a thirty miles' journey. But one day I resolved that this limitation should be broken. Mohammed could not make the mountain come to him. I resolved to do better than Mohammed. I would make the mountainous celebrities come to me.

So, with one friend at first, and finally assuming in the main to be the whole Lyceum myself, I conducted a lecture course in the little town for about ten winters. The village of Amenia, Dutchess County, New York, which was the place where the lectures were given, did not have then (in the '60s) a thousand residents, nor does it now; so that an outlying rural country and villages ten miles away were depended upon to fill up the church (as the audience-room was at first), and afterwards Taylor's Hall. How much, as every lecturer-caterer knows—and few but this purveyor can know—I had to look at the sky of the fated day, and in March, and generally, at the roads! Mr. Greeley was my real "mascot" and deliverer; for he pulled the first winter's course out of the March mud of a financial sinkage, from over roads where the March mud was not far from two feet deep.



In his letters to me he always reported what he thought was a good time to be sure of the weather, and I always favored his date. On the occasion referred to (if I may be permitted to quote from my book of *Greeley on Lincoln*), the house was packed. "It was as if an election were being held, and a bugle-call to the faithful had been blown forth by the *Tribune*."

Mr. Greeley was not an orator in any scholastic sense. He had a poor and somewhat squeaking voice; he knew nothing of gestures; and he could not take an orator's pose, which adds such emphasis sometimes to the matter and argument to be set forth. Not all his years of practice on the platform and on public occasions ever changed his habits and methods as a speaker, and he ended as poorly equipped in the respects named for the vocation as when he began. But he had one prime quality, without which all the others are exploited in vain. He invariably had *something to say*, and he said it in such clear and wholesome English, with such utter sincerity, with such humane endeavor, and backed by such a character for probity and guilelessness, that he was an orator, after all, in spite of all the rules.

To state it briefly, of all the eminent speakers I have introduced—and more than once—there was not one who gave better satisfaction, different and notable as they were, than Horace Greeley. As a consequence, he came to me oftenest, and wore the best. We might or might not agree with some of his peculiar premises, as when he says, "The moment a drop of alcohol is received into the human stomach, that moment the stomach recognizes a deadly enemy"; but he set his audience thinking, and illuminated his theme.

At the conclusion of his first lecture in our village, when we were struggling to sustain the course, I was surprised—as I had not informed him of the situation—to hear him say:

"I want nothing for my services. Your town is small, and your association cannot afford money for these things."

"But," said I, "Mr. Greeley, this was true enough when you came, and we expected to pay you nevertheless; but it is no longer true. Our receipts from your effort not only clear us from debt, but there are about sixty dollars left."

"Well, you will want that," he replied, "for next year."

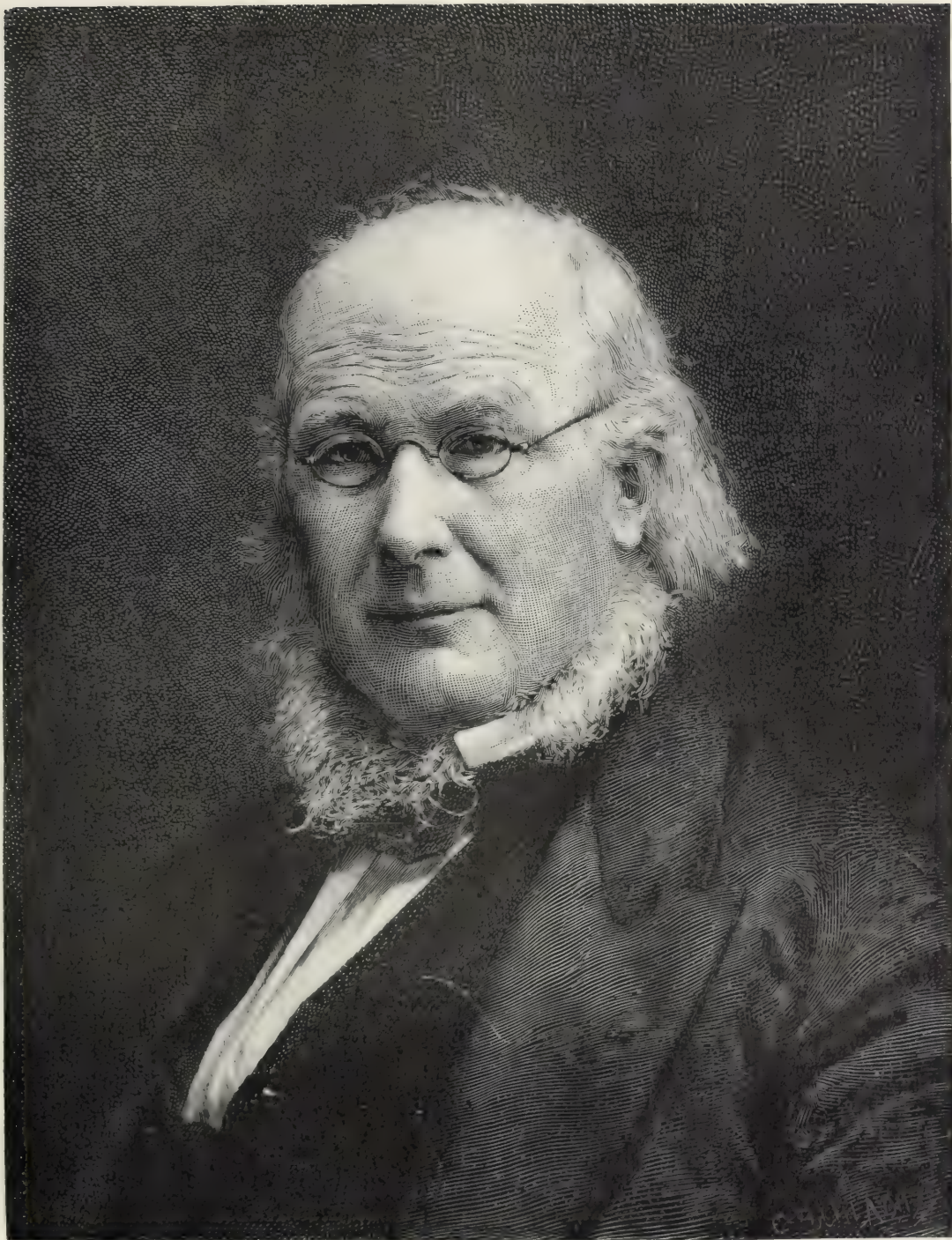
Only by the strongest insistence could I make him take a fair remuneration, and by telling him that when we were in debt again we would consider his generosity. One thing which I said to him, and which deepened his habitual smile, was to the effect that there was a very grave reason why he should take the money. "My friend Mr. C—— and myself," I remarked, jocosely, "who are really the whole Lecture Association at present, are also the Democratic Committee of this town; and if you leave this money in our hands, I am afraid it will make deplorable havoc with the next election returns."

In June, 1871, I brought Mr. Greeley to our town, quite out of the lecture season, to tell us what he thought—as he had just then returned from a Southern trip—of the management of Southern affairs under the carpet-baggers' régime. He spoke then, as was not his custom, without notes. Of the carpet-baggers he had already said, in the *Tribune*, that they were diligent in praying, but they spelled "pray" with an *e*. The free and easy talk which, at my suggestion, he allowed this discourse to be, was possibly his first public utterance from a platform expressing dissatisfaction with the measures then taken to reconstruct the Union and restore the South. It naturally led him to that conspicuous opposition to the position of his own party, then in power, which brought about his nomination to the Presidency only one year later.

Of Mr. Greeley there is no end of piquant anecdotes, to tell which would take me far and away if I should attempt to recite them. So I must keep within the boundaries of my theme. It is true that he was a little careless in some of the details of his dress; and you would notice it especially after he had returned from arranging his toilet preparatory to ascending the platform. One part of his watch-chain might play hide-and-seek under his vest; a half of the shirt collar might fall awry; or the coat collar, which should lie flat, would be seen standing up.

When he came from Chappaqua on an April Saturday evening to preside over the famous farewell Delmonico dinner given to Charles Dickens by a group of authors and editors, he was in some such plight as I have hinted at. But his linen,





HORACE GREELEY.  
Engraved from his last photograph.

as it always was, was immaculately clean. He took at once, on entering, the sofa nearest the door. He had chopped with his axe in his woods all day; but the regulation dress suit was on, and all right, except only there was an upturned coat collar. This Mr. George H. Boker and myself, who stood nearest him, proceeded at once to put in place. A performance like this, which I have taken part in often in Mr. Greeley's case, he did not seem in the least to notice.

His handwriting I early learned the

alphabet of, giving him in reply—as some who thought they knew said—“as good as he sent.” His chirography was phenomenally and preternaturally atrocious; but when you once got the trick of the hieroglyphics, it was not so very difficult to read. The stories about it outnumber the fables of Æsop. It is claimed that the presidents and secretaries of some lyceums would occasionally get a letter from him announcing that he could not come, which they read affirmatively, and to which they would



reply that the date named and price mentioned were entirely satisfactory, and then proceed to make public an announcement of his lecture.

Mr. Greeley's topics were various—politics, temperance, agriculture, or a sketch with some great character like Lincoln dominating. The interest in them was somewhat owing to the fact that they were so thoroughly his own—the evolution of his own unaided thought. He sometimes used a quotation, but rarely. Even his eccentric ideas were made plausible by his treatment. I heard him say once that what was then thought to be the Great American Desert ought to be planted with Canada thistles, so as to give nature some sort of a green start, when other vegetation might be made to follow. But the trouble is, Canada thistles, like any other thing inspired by “pure cussedness,” will only grow and thrive where they ought not to. Find a place where their presence would do some good, and, as in the Humpty Dumpty case, “all the king's horses and all the king's men” could not fasten them there. This perverseness suggests, in a certain way, the small boy's conception of good and bad—his enchiridion of nature and life.

“What's fun,” he said, “is always wicked; what we don't want to do is pious.”

Mr. Greeley would cut down his alders in the spring. When I mildly suggested to him that our agricultural authorities preferred the autumn for that work, when nature could not so well aid their struggle for existence, he thought this reason was a mere excuse for not cutting them at all.

Unquestionably the greatest orator in the early lecture course was Wendell Phillips. Those who never heard him will never know what a power he was on the platform and in the land. He was a Paganini, however, who played on one string. The chord he struck was militant aggression in behalf of morals, and not musical, apart from a musical voice. Men would go to hear him who loathed his logic and his purpose, but who came away captivated by his entrancement. He fairly bathed his sentences in color and flames. He was a master of escharotic expression, sharp antithesis, and dramatic climax. Hyperbole he played with as a toy; but if he left the headlands of reality

sometimes out of sight, it was for humanity's sake that he had set sail.

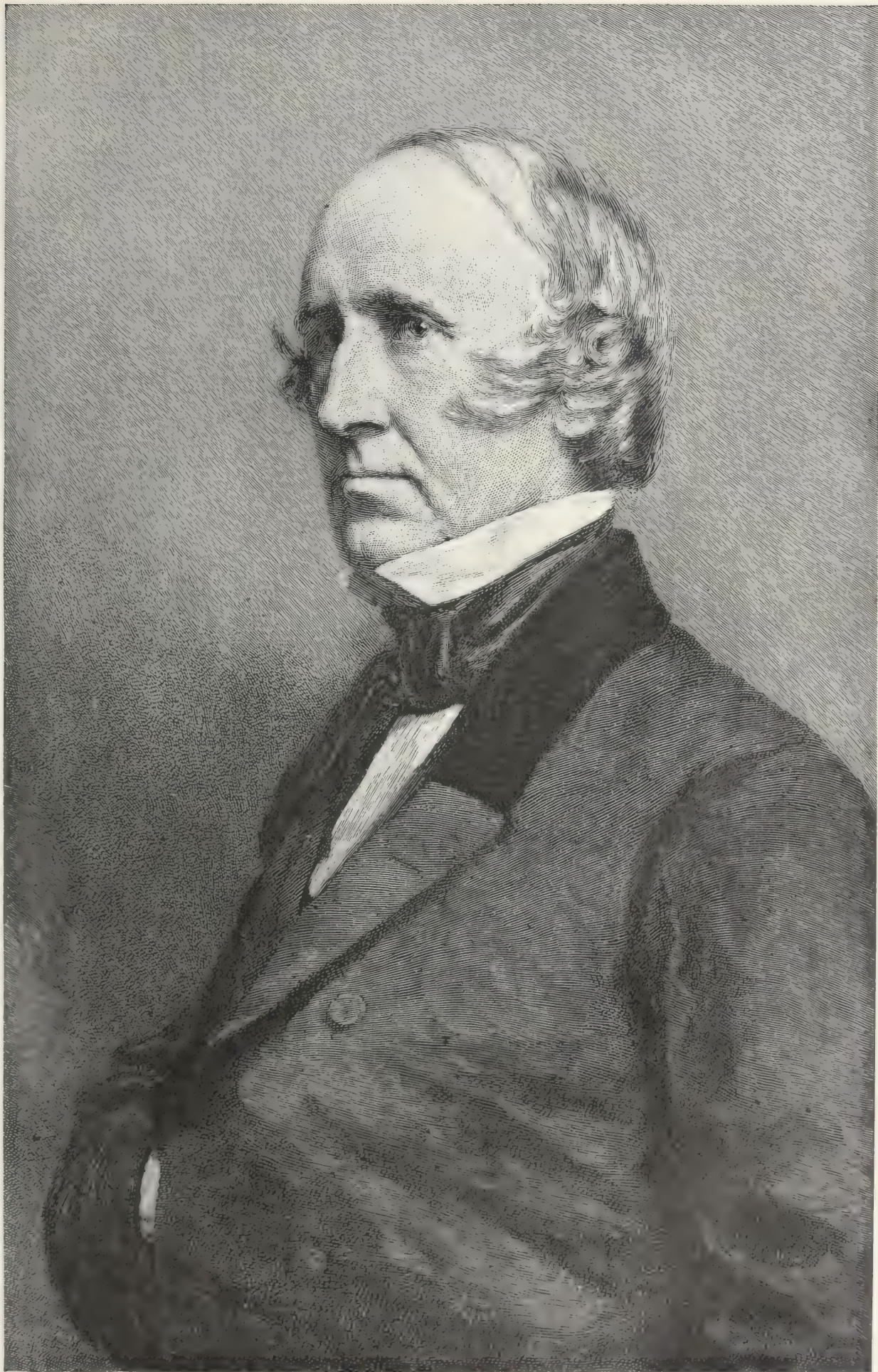
It was a study to see him mount the platform. He was tall, with a commanding height and presence. His brow was broad and conspicuous, and you saw in his face the fixed lines of purpose. At first he gave the pause which stilled the house and won attention. His opening sentences were spoken in low tones; they were simple and without ornament. It was as if he had begun a quiet conversation, gestureless, and of a nature not to be disputed. Gestures, in fact, had almost nothing to do in his discourse. So few were they that they were nearly as unnoticeable, and so fit that they seemed as natural, as his breathing. He would step forward a little, or to one side, did not wish a desk between himself and the audience, and spoke with no reference to a written lecture when he had one written.

You would say to yourself, during the first five minutes, “Is this really the great Wendell Phillips whom I have come to hear?” for you would think anybody can do that—you could even do it yourself. Presently his voice would grow louder—always, however, in a measured crescendo; there would arise slowly more fire and energy of utterance; and suddenly there was no longer a question of the high altitudes over which the audience was borne. I have never heard Rufus Choate or Sargent S. Prentiss, but I have heard Tom Marshall—all of them of the florid and poetic school of speakers—but I doubt if, for solid substance, classical form, and melodious utterance, there has been an orator since the days of Demosthenes who surpassed Wendell Phillips.

His best titles, as I recall them, were “Toussaint l'Ouverture,” “Daniel O'Connell,” and “The Lost Arts.” The last one named he probably moulded and remoulded so many times by addition, elision, and transformation that its final form was but little like the address as first given. A gentleman who came on a cold night ten miles over a country road to our town to hear the O'Connell lecture said to me that he would take the trip again simply to hear Mr. Phillips repeat the quotation from Byron which occurs in it. That quotation was the poem beginning:

The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,  
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold.





Engraved by G. Knell.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.



Earnest as Phillips was on the platform, he knew how to employ humor; and he could tell a story well or mimic a manner, as he did in describing Andrew Johnson's "swinging around the circle." He was, indeed, very genial at heart—though a perfect Mount Sinai of morals when he dealt with the main question. It was said of his lectures that they were like the daily papers, for they gave the day's news.

Mr. George William Curtis, it is but repeating universal criticism to say, brought always the same indescribable and perennial charm. He might be called the Sidney or the Bayard of the platform, so rare was his high sense of honor, so delicate his gentleness, so poetically fit his words. Few men in our country have done more to elevate the minds of the people, to stimulate probity in public life, to plant high ideals—in a word, to promote the highest civilization—than George William Curtis. In nothing that he wrote or said was there anything base or sinister; or the suspicion of an apology or palliation for taking any course but the loftiest.

No matter upon what topic Mr. Curtis spoke, he invariably hung about it the robe of literary enchantment. It is not true that this deference to the æsthetic sense is lost when thrown upon a rural or not specially academic and literary audience; for servant-girls and mechanics, and those actually unschooled, knew where to admire and applaud in Mr. Curtis's lectures. The least adequately equipped hearer never failed to have a true sense of what was going on when he spoke. And why should this be considered strange? Did not Molière find that when he read his plays experimentally to his old and unlearned housekeeper, in advance of their public production, the places where she applauded or wept were those by which the public itself was similarly conquered and overcome?

A more suave and genial lecturer or man there was not, or could not be. He had dignity of manner, and a preciseness and preference of pronunciation that were his own. In the words "clerk" and "Derby" the *e* was sounded as *a*, when he had occasion to use them, as would be done in literary London, and as our New England grandmothers were used to do at the time the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries met.

A lecturer of great repute was E. H. Chapin. A mention of his name brings to mind one of the great ministerial orators, and one who had a large and long-continued place in the lecture field. There were always crescendo passages in his addresses and sermons that he knew how to make immensely effective, and they never failed to arouse his hearers, sometimes to a very high pitch. He was a little near-sighted, and never trusted himself long or far from his manuscript. But by faithful memorizing he nearly always handled it well—sufficiently well to make what he said go forth unimpeded. Notes and paper, of course, are always in the way; but they are frequently necessities, and have their advantage for a speaker who would say great things greatly for an hour's duration.

When Bayard Taylor came, on one particular occasion, he told me that he was always very anxious to try his new lectures (one of which he proposed then to give) on a country audience before he went to the larger city one. Every one knows, who ever met Taylor, without being told, how noble and manly a man he was. His lectures were, I think, for the most part, upon topics of travel; but what he distinctly had a prime aversion to was being introduced as "the great American traveller." I promised him I would not do that. "Anybody," he said, "even the biggest fool, can travel. If I have done anything worth referring to, or which I shall ever be remembered by, it is along literary lines." And when one comes to think that the "famous" Daniel Pratt and other similar featherweights were famous for being in the travelling profession, it did seem that the author of the *Poems of the Orient*, and afterwards the best up-to-date translator of *Faust* into English, deserved a better description than the one so often put upon him, and which he so thoroughly detested. Mr. Taylor always spoke well and entertainingly, and never seemed to lose the breezy, youthful vigor which was a characteristic of his style.

Of the men holding public position who were on the lecture platform for a time, none got more respectful sympathy than Daniel S. Dickinson. His discourses during war-time were among the most felicitous and forcible pleas for patriotism among the many given in the North. A large party who came to our town in a





E. H. CHAPIN.

four-horse sleigh to hear him asked the privilege, as a testimony of their pleasure in his lecture, of inviting him and myself to a hotel supper after the lecture was over. We accepted; but as every course was oysters in one way or another, and as Mr. Dickinson eschewed this luscious bivalve, it was to him a decidedly Barmecide feast. He did not, however, overlook the compliment of it. Mr. Dickinson's long snowy locks of hair, his genial humor, his telling thrusts at those who would place partisanship above patriotism, cannot be forgotten. I noticed that he was extremely fond of Lowell's *Biglow Papers*. He had himself written some creditable verses, copies of which he sent me in the course of an extended correspondence.

Dr. Holland's bright and lovable man-

ner as a man, and his sunshiny philosophy as a lecturer, make a part of my pleasant recollections. When I took up his satchel at the depot, and found it a trifle heavy, he laughingly clasped it, and said: "Oh, don't be frightened; that is not my *lecture*. It won't be as heavy as that." I had never seen him before; but, as a contributor to an editor, we had a public and epistolary acquaintance. In the anteroom, before I took him to the platform, he confided to me the entire plot of one of his stories, then on the stocks; but said, a little later, "I don't know why I have done this, but you mustn't tell."

The humorists were in my yearly programmes. "Petroleum V. Nasby" (D. R. Locke) was the first who came. He had not got accustomed to the platform at the



time I employed him, and he told me I must not fail to keep near him on the stage every moment of the time. His humor did not seem as good under his own vocalization as it did in print. The performance was, in fact, like a school-boy's perfunctory recitation. No inflection, no action, no earnestness, marked his address. He could make you hear what he said, and some of it was funny. He seemed to be in a hurry to get through with a painful task.

Perhaps he outgrew this primitiveness later. When I saw him, some years after, as an editor on a New York evening daily, he was a heavy and matured man. As the lecturer in our town he was pale, light in weight, smooth-faced, and boyish-looking.

"Josh Billings" (Henry W. Shaw) belonged in our county. He was a real-estate agent and auctioneer before he began his career of premeditated illiteracy. Through these functions I made his acquaintance, and I enlarged it later by our relations in the county board of supervisors, of which we were for one year members. He told pithy stories around the court-house, was a master of droll remark, and a "hail fellow well met." These talents made him admirable as an auctioneer, for he had with them, as I don't need to point out, a rare knowledge of human nature. When he first began to write he spelled correctly, but, to get more attention, he assumed the cacographic garb. His lectures, like his books and almanacs, were mainly strung-out series of epigrams and observations. There were a few brief essays in his books, the one upon "The Mule" being a favorite piece in Abraham Lincoln's selected repertory of good things. It is said that Mr. Lincoln used to read parts of it to his cabinet, much to the disgust of his irascible war secretary, Edwin M. Stanton. The reader perhaps will remember these two solemnities, which I quote—correctly spelled—from "The Mule" essay, from memory:

I have known a mule to be good for six months just to get a chance to kick somebody.

If you want to find a mule in the lot when you go to catch him, turn him into the next one to it.

His lecturing fame went out of our county around the world, and he had the satisfaction of seeing his levities warmly

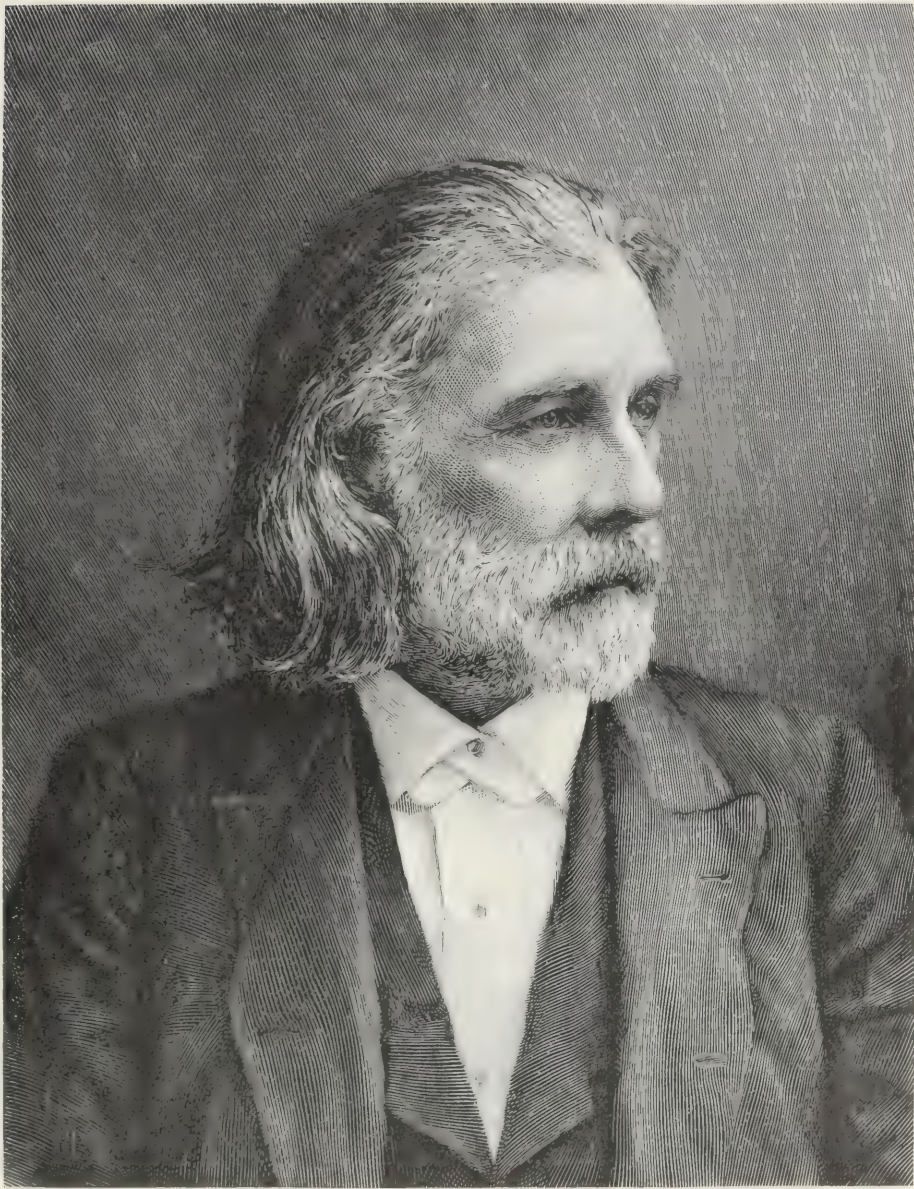
praised by the staid *Westminster Review*. When he said to our audience, many of whom had heard him as an auctioneer, that "I never knew an auctioneer to lie, unless it was perfectly convenient," the sentiment seemed to have a new emphasis added.

"Mark Twain" (Samuel L. Clemens) was of course among the best lecture names. His discourse of "Our Fellow-Savages the Sandwich-Islanders" had several kinds of excellence and absurdity made delicious, and his manner always fitted the part. There are some things that do not bear description, and Niagara Falls and Mark Twain are two of those things. I can see vividly enough how he proposed to illustrate cannibalism by eating some one's baby, if some woman in the audience would kindly hand her own up to him; how, when the fellow who was blasting went up out of sight with his propelled crowbar, to which he so obstinately clung, and then coming down so true that the crowbar struck with an easy fit into the very hole of the rock from which it departed, the man's employer was "so mean as to dock five minutes of time from his wages." But though I can recall these felicities of preposterousness, I should fail in any attempt to describe them.

His drawling voice and separated words—separated as if there were a two-em quad between them—added, with his own funereal solemnity of face, to everything he said. One little circumstance concerning him must not go unmentioned. Before we left the anteroom he particularly requested me not to introduce him to the audience, and I told him (for he called it "a whim of his") that his little whim should be respected. When we reached the stage I began, after a while, to feel not a little nervous for fear that he would never introduce himself. But he at last arose, and taking a semicircular sweep to the left, and then proceeding to the front, opened something like this:

"Ladies and Gentlemen: I—have—lectured—many—years,—and—in—many—towns,—large—and—small. I have travelled—north—south—east—and—west. I—have—met—many—great—men: *very*—great—men. But—I—have—never—yet—in—all—my—travels—met—the-president—of—a *country*—lyceum—who—could—introduce—me—to—an—audience—with—that—*distinguished*—





HENRY W. SHAW (JOSH BILLINGS).

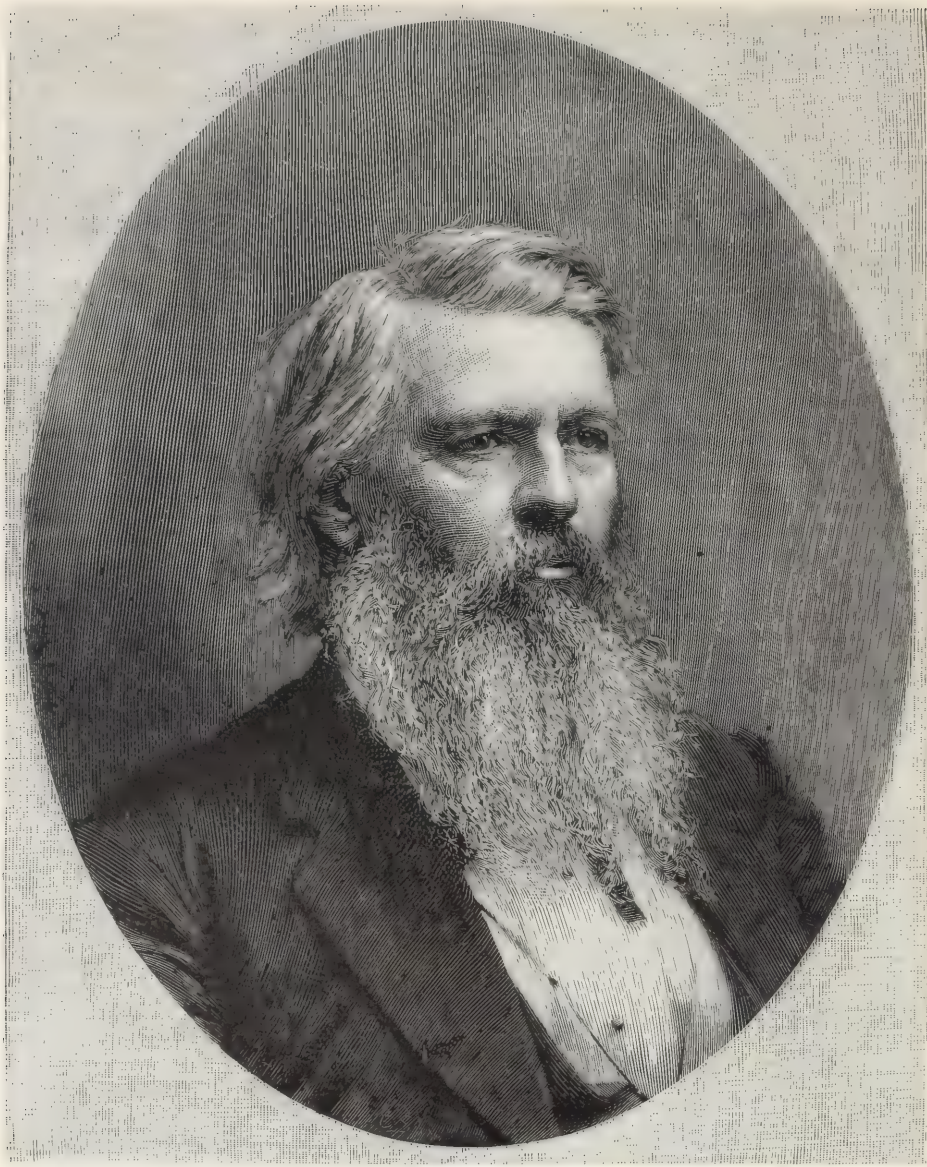
consideration — which — my *merits* deserve."

After this deliverance the house, which had stared at me for several minutes with vexed impatience for not "pressing the button," was convulsed at my expense, and gave him unremitting attention to the end.

I do not know how many people now remember Elihu Burritt. But he was called the "Learned Blacksmith" thirty years ago in New England. He wrote helpful articles and books, travelled, edited at least one paper, and lectured. His forte was the acquirement of languages, in which faculty he measured up to a sufficient height to be called a modern Mezzofanti. He studied the grammars of various languages while he was a boy and

at work at the anvil. When I asked him once to tell me something about the Illyrian literature, some verses of which had interested me, he advised me to study the language, as if it were no more work to get control of a language than it would be to go to the store and buy an axe. Doesticks, writing once from Rhode Island, said he "had walked three times around the State before breakfast" just for a little "constitutional"; and Mr. Burritt acted as if a foreign tongue might be acquired within the same limits of time. He could hold an audience well, and his frank honesty of thought and character made him interesting. He was a farmer, in a small way, in New Britain, Connecticut, and he was fond of personally laying his own stone walls, of which





JOHN B. GOUGH.

there were many on his farm. Another favorite bucolic pursuit with him, he told me, was carrying milk half a mile away to a herd of calves on a hill lot. I wondered why the calves could not have got the milk sooner by using their own legs; but I did not press the question. He was an advocate of many reforms; a friend of Rowland Hill, the promoter of cheap postage in England, with whose family he kept up an epistolary acquaintance long after Mr. Hill's death.

The woman lecturer was not omitted by me. Mrs. Stanton, Miss Susan B. Anthony, and Miss Anna Dickinson were among the representatives of the fair sex who were willing to come to our town. Mrs. Livermore came last, and just after I had done with lecture-managing. Mr. Phillips recommended her to me as the

best woman speaker in the country, which was then her unquestionable rank. It interested me not a little, when I remembered Phillips's deserved encomium upon her, to notice and analyze her style. She may have got it from true inheritance and natural inspiration; but it was, with scarcely a perceptible difference, a perfect double of Phillips's own enunciation and manner.

Beecher and Emerson, owing to difficulties with dates and other obstacles, I did not succeed in engaging, though I have known and heard both. And the same thing is true of my efforts with John B. Gough. Emerson required, somewhat more than any other speaker, an audience which could think, and embrace aerial heights. But the necessary electropodality below the stage being given, he was a



supreme master. Not an orator in the traditional way, of course; a surprise, if you expected a cut-and-dried method; but if you followed his thought, fascinating beyond the power of common words or narration to express. He might lose his place; cut and shuffle his leaves as if they were a pack of cards, which he often did, like an oracle fumbling for inspiration; yet it was all the same. The enchanting stream flowed on, as if a river of pearls and gems came floating to you from some exhaustless fountain.

Emerson had a habit with his lectures, as with his essays—which are the lectures boiled down—of adorning them with orphic verses from his own mint. In his lecture upon “Manners,” which he terms the “minor morals,” and which lecture will be found reduced in his book on the *Conduct of Life*, I remember distinctly the charm which this trick of his gave, and how delightfully his voice reeled off the concluding couplet of one passage, now quite familiar. This couplet was (but no one can utter it as he did):

The much-beloved Endymion  
Slips behind a tomb.

Fred Douglass told me, when he came to speak, that, with all his long experience, he never could entirely rid himself of stage-fright. “During the first fifteen minutes when I front an audience,” he said, “my knees *will* knock together.” But when he got fairly going this not uncommon nervousness, which all speakers have sometimes felt, would pass away. He put his points well in any argument, and his eloquence was of a high order. His tribute, in one sentence, to Abraham Lincoln, is an unsurpassed compliment. “Mr. Lincoln,” he said, “is the only white man into whose presence I was ever ushered who did not make me feel that I was a negro.”

So many have heard John B. Gough that it may perhaps be said there is hardly a civilized town where a dozen persons can be found who have not heard him. He lectured so much himself that he never had time to hear any other lecturer. Temperance usually was his theme, but his manner was alike on every topic. He was a true actor and humorist, and he had the poetic sense. Tears and laughter he could put as closely together as the sun and rain often are on a typical April day. Nothing better de-

scribes him than the German did who said he was “de man who talked mit his goat-dails.” Once, after I had left one of his lectures and met him soon at a meal, I noticed that his appetite was impaired from exhaustion and overwork. He told me he had suffered for some time from the inability to get down a nourishing sustenance, though he never ate before going upon the platform when health and appetite were perfect. I suggested (nearly stumbling upon *wine* and eggs, but restoring my wits suddenly) that it might be well to try a bowl of milk and beaten eggs with sugar. The only reason I have for surmising that he took my receipt is that the morning after he had lectured in the next town to which he went one of the papers there said, “Mr. Gough has the habit, after he gets through lecturing, of taking a bowl of milk, sugar, and beaten eggs.” I read the paragraph with more interest, I suppose, than it could have given any other reader of that paper.

Of still more universality than Gough was P. T. Barnum. To use his own nomenclature, it is not for lack of material, but for lack of space, that I shall “close the panoramic lecture-show” with his name. He did not claim, as I once said in some special reminiscences of him, to have a lecturer’s endowment, but he was admirably equipped to entertain an audience. He was a natural story-teller. His mimetic faculty, like Gough’s, gave him something of the quality of an actor, so that he talked with illustrations, so to speak. His lecture on “The Art of Money-Getting” was very popular, and he had far more calls for an appointment than he could fill. The genial good-heartedness of this great showman and his irrepressible fountain of fun made him everywhere likable and attractive. Once, when he had remained in Bridgeport for a Fourth-of-July celebration, in which I took a minor part as his guest, Mr. Salem H. Wales did the introducing. When Mr. Barnum’s name was announced, he at once punningly said: “Fellow-Citizens: I really don’t know why I should be called upon. I have imperilled business at the museum in New York, and while I ought to be there showing up whales, it seems *Wales* is here showing up me!”

There was no end with him of quick repartee. A sense of humor, every way remarkable, he had in abundance, with an address that was effective, because it



chimed with ideas that appeal to the broadest kinship of humanity.

The night on which he first appeared in our town was one that ended a sour, grisly February day. A violent snow-storm that began at noon soon filled all the streets and roads. Mr. Barnum was so certain there would be no audience that he begged me to release him; and that expedient failing, he offered to buy his release. "There is nothing on earth I hate to do so much," he said, "as to lecture to empty benches." I consoled him by an optimism that for a moment made him doubt my sanity. I said: "If it were a pleasant night, in place of this howling storm, I should fill the hall and the yard in front. As it is, I shall fill the hall."

On asking the privilege to introduce him playfully, if he did not object, he replied: "By all means. If you can awaken any warmth or hilarity on so sorrowful an outlook as this, do not spare me."

On reaching the platform I spoke somewhat as follows:

"Ladies and Gentlemen: You will bear me out when I say it has been my usual custom to introduce the speaker of the evening in the briefest way possible, not troubling you with any talk of my own. To-night, in view of the storm, and while Mr. Barnum is resting for a moment, I will break my rule and tell you a story. Some years ago a queer fellow from the country went to New York, and among the sights and experiences he had planned to accomplish he went to Barnum's Museum. Mr. Greenwood was then its manager, and he noticed with acute interest his patron's rusticity when he called for a ticket. He asked Mr. Greenwood, after obtaining it, 'Where is Barnum?' As Mr. Barnum happened to be in sight on the entrance floor, Mr. Greenwood, pointing to him, said, 'There he is.'

"At once the querist started in the direction named. He approached Mr. Barnum closely and looked intently at him. Then he moved a little segment in the circle he was describing and looked again. Several times he repeated these inspections, until he had from all points viewed the object of his curiosity and had completed the circle, when he started for the

door, Mr. Greenwood watching him all the time. When he came near enough, Mr. Greenwood said to him: 'My friend, you have not seen the museum yet. There is a whale downstairs, and any number of things upstairs, a moral play soon to come off, and so forth.'

"'I know it,' said the rustic, 'and I don't care. I've seen Barnum, and I've got my money's worth.'

"Now, ladies and gentlemen, I have not been able to bring to you the American Museum to-night, but I have done what is better—I have brought to you Mr. Barnum."

Mr. Barnum, delighted with the packed house and the hearty cheers that greeted him, was armed, as I knew he would be, with a repartee. He said:

"Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen: I cannot, for the life of me, see why you should have sent so far as New York for *me* to come and address you. I am not really a lyceum lecturer at all. I am only a showman, and it seems you have a man here who can show up the showman."

But cold print will not convey his voice and gestures and mobility of feature, nor the ancillary environment, which helped, with this bit of playfulness, to stir the audience, whose sleighs, many of them, were filling with snow. Mr. Barnum's lecture had been shaped for one hour, but it was elastic, and on this occasion it was two hours and over.

The names of Gerrit Smith and Thomas Starr King are notable among the lecturers I do not refer to, because they were not related to my management—glad as I should have been to have and hear them.

But the old Lecture Course, which I have imperfectly surveyed, has gone, with all who made it celebrated. Why did it go? the reader may ask. I think it went on account of the solidarity of the country, brought about by the general continuity and pulse-beat of the telegraph and railroad, the ubiquity of the daily paper, the vast multiplication of periodicals, magazines, and books; and—putting these things and other modern instrumentalities together—because the decreased need of it has atrophied the genius and faculties which made it the supreme institution it once was.

## DOUBT.

BY THOMAS D. BOLGER.

WHEN out beyond the ebon gates we've passed,  
And standing in the sempiternal light  
Of life's young dawn, we see resolved at last  
The thousand busy doubts of yesternight;  
When all the partial truths that here harassed  
Are there made whole, and in our full-grown sight  
The jealous wards of mystery stand wear,—  
When all is clear and naught is overcast,—  
Shall we not miss the pleasure of the pause,  
The graceful play of judgment, and—friend "Chance,"  
Who never cared a rap for reason's laws,  
But led old prudent science such a dance!—  
Aye, sha'n't we miss them! 'Tis a merry doubt,—  
But, faith! we'll pay the piper finding out.

## THE PROBLEM.

BY E. DUVALL.

AS there are white blackbirds, and albinos among the dark-skinned races, so there are mental and moral albinos, direct reversals of the ordinary type. To all outward appearance, however, Paul Archer was not at all abnormal; and if he differed from his fellows it was with a desirable difference of unusual good looks.

"So like his poor mother in every way," his aunt Madeline, the widow of Professor Archer, used to say; "not at all like the Archers." Mrs. Madeline Archer and her three daughters had occasion to say this more and more frequently as time wore on, and Paul remained still an inmate of their hospitable household.

Paul had the same high, delicate profile his mother had had, and the noticeably short chin; the same large, shining, meaningless eyes; and fresh blond coloring; the same imperturbability, adaptability to surroundings, and total lack of any power of initiative. But then Mrs. Nannie Archer, Paul's mother, had had a comfortable life-annuity and was not dependent, which was not the case with Paul.

"Is he never going to do anything?" asked Edith, the eldest, who was an admirable coach in Latin and mathematics.

"He's the most irresponsible human being I have ever seen," said Jessie, the second, who taught in a public school.

"He's a problem," said Alice, the third, who gave music lessons. "An American, twenty-one, brought up to nothing, who can do nothing; a gentleman and willing to do nothing; living here on four women and perfectly satisfied; always cheerful and obliging, and with no more thought of the future than a grasshopper. He hasn't even a car fare, except when mother gives it to him, and what he'll do when his clothes wear out I don't know. Jessie cuts out every morning all the newspaper advertisements which she thinks he might answer, but I doubt whether he ever goes near the places."

"What are we going to do with him when we close the house for our summer vacation?" asked Edith.

"Oh, surely by that time he will have procured something," said Mrs. Archer.

"Have you ever considered what Paul is fitted for?" asked Jessie. "He has not been regularly to school since he was fifteen. His handwriting is poor, and he confesses to being shaky in spelling; he says that fractions have always 'bothered' him, and that he doesn't understand the rule of three. Of course he knows



nothing of accounts, nor of stenography and type-writing. He is not so well fitted for life as a day-laborer, and yet—" Jesse paused, and they all looked serious.

"What was his mother thinking of?" cried Alice.

"Of herself only," said Mrs. Archer, decidedly. "I am sorry to reflect upon the dead, but I never saw a more selfish woman. In some ways she never let Paul do anything; in others she kept him only to wait upon herself; and he seems to have inherited her utter want of forethought."

"Do you suppose he is absolutely without ambition?" asked Edith, with a worried air.

"Absolutely," answered Alice. "So long as the present moment is provided for, he thinks of nothing else."

The conference broke up, as many others had done, by the ladies going their several ways, leaving the problem of Paul, as usual, unsolved.

Some months before, Mrs. Nannie Archer had come in from the West to pay a long-contemplated visit to her sister-in-law, Mrs. Madeline. Then came the cold wintry evening when, against the advice of the entire family, pretty Mrs. Nannie persisted in going to a concert. She took cold, pneumonia developed, and in a week's time all was over, and Paul was left, without provision, upon his relatives.

To what degree the boy felt his loss his kinsfolk could not determine. He seemed restless for a time; but then, as Alice said, his appetite remained unchanged, and in his fresh face, as it appeared every morning at the breakfast table, there was no evidence of broken slumber. Then, after a little, he made a sort of routine for himself, and settled down with evident content. He read the paper after breakfast, and lingered for the postman; then, after first asking his aunt if there were "any little commissions" he could "attend to," he went out, coming in punctually to lunch. In the afternoon he either went out again or else took a nap, coming down fresh and smiling for dinner. He sat up late always, even after a hint from Alice; and Edith was obliged to call him in the morning, an office which had been regularly performed by his mother. There was no doubt in his relatives' minds that Paul was a problem increasingly difficult to solve.

Some weeks before Mrs. Nannie Archer's death there had occurred one of those doleful obligations of all religious bodies—a church fair. As members of St. Margaret's the Archer sisters drew lots as to who should go, and the lot fell upon Alice. With resignation she accordingly went, accompanied by Paul, who showed even alacrity in going. The evening was like all such evenings, the most thrilling moment being that of departure. Among those, however, to whom Alice introduced her handsome young cousin was a Miss Lucile Brown. Miss Lucile had grown up in the church, and was known by sight, at least, to all the congregation. Her father had been for years a vestryman and pillar of the church, and the odor of his sanctity clung about his daughter. Miss Brown was one of the people who are best described by reference. After saying "That is Miss Lucile Brown," one paused, and then instinctively added that she was a daughter of the late John E. Brown; a sister of the present J. Exeter Brown, the architect; and also a sister of pretty Mrs. Harding Cross. Her father had left her fifty thousand dollars in trust, the interest of which she spent every cent of, and never knew how. Miss Lucile had a simple and barbaric taste for rings, of which she wore many, and her choice of clothes and colors led Mrs. Cross to say privately she did wish dear Lucile knew how to dress herself. For few people appreciate the pathos of a plain woman's liking for pretty and unsuitable things. So far as her income went, Miss Lucile denied herself nothing, consequently her contributions to the church were small, and she was popularly supposed to be "close."

Miss Lucile was a woman of full forty, small and slight, with a sallow, regular-featured face, straight light hair, and light blue eyes. Taken separately her features were good, and an observer might have wondered why the general effect was so plain. Perhaps this effect was due to Miss Lucile's expression, or the want of it; for, as a young member of the congregation once remarked, "Miss Lucile's face was an ideal of monotony." But then Miss Brown was a rather unloving creature, and the unloving win neither liking nor love. Never in her life had she really done anything for any one, never put herself out in any way. As the family circumstances were more than comforta-



ble, this selfishness was scarcely perceived; and it was only vaguely said throughout the family connection that "Lucile was not a favorite."

Yet, like the arid sand which absorbs all that is poured upon it, Miss Lucile, though herself unloving, had a passionate craving for love. And like her taste for things beautiful yet unsuitable was her instinctive feminine interest in the creature masculine. Those, however, who easily describe a middle-aged woman as plain, tasteless, and rather silly, are not aware of the possible complexities which lie behind the most commonplace personality. In her own immediate world no one had time to bestow upon Miss Lucile. She contributed nothing to any one's life, and life in return passed her by. At the fashionable boarding-house where she lived people rather dodged her; her brother thought of her with a shrug, her sister with a sigh; and her sister-in-law, a deeply conscientious woman, heroically invited her to dinner every Sunday, in spite of the difficulty one generally had in making conversation with Miss Lucile. For having early decided that life was dull, life grimly reflected back in Miss Lucile herself the quality she had ascribed to it.

Among the people in the congregation whom Miss Brown had always known and rather liked were the Archers, particularly Alice, who had imagination and therefore sympathy, and who was constantly looking for the "leaden casket," as she called the commonplace. Towards Miss Lucile's trying pinks and impossible purples Alice pointed no word of comment, nor did she show any perception of Miss Lucile's other fancy—that for the best-looking man in the company. For Miss Lucile judged of men as she did of colors—by the effect on the eye; and her estimation and commendation of a man were summed up in the words, "And he is really so handsome."

On the special occasion of the church fair, having spoken to every one more or less indifferently, Miss Lucile was trailing about in her usually aimless fashion, trying to decide what person or group to join. The assistant rector was already surrounded by a dozen women of all ages, and Miss Lucile had only decided one thing clearly—that it was perfectly ridiculous how some women run after men. Just then Alice Archer, with Paul

beside her, came in, and paused to speak to Miss Lucile. Alice introduced Paul at once (Miss Lucile always said that Alice Archer was particularly nice where men were concerned), saying, "My cousin is a stranger, and we must make it pleasant for him." Knowing the average young man's opinion of Miss Lucile, however, Alice had no intention of leaving Paul to the lady's good graces, nor did she intend to take Miss Lucile with her. But as the three necessarily lingered, and stood together to avoid the crowd, when they began to move, Alice found Miss Lucile beside them.

Whenever Miss Brown's sense of beauty was really touched, whenever she was really pleased, her physical colorlessness and mental inertia seemed to pass away, and a certain latent youthfulness and vitality showed forth. The pale straight hair seemed less pale, the blue eyes grew bluer, a flush relieved the sallow cheeks, and her one beauty—perfect teeth—showed in a happy, unconscious smile. At such moments Miss Lucile looked her best; and, as Alice always said, "Miss Lucile's best was not bad." Turning to speak to her chance companion, Alice perceived that such a "best" moment had come. Paul and Miss Lucile had fallen together; he was listening with evident interest; and the lady, smiling and talking, looked years younger and fairly pretty. Alice was fully aware of Miss Lucile's instinctive tendency to expansion in the presence of a handsome man, but she failed to see any attraction in Miss Lucile, middle-aged and only comparatively pretty, for a juvenile like Paul. She looked with wonder at her cousin, and ascribed his interest to unawakened youth and unusual amiability. But Providence, with exquisite nicety, adjusts and balances our limitations and inequalities. There was one way in which Paul Archer had never been treated—and that was as a man. From first to last his mother had petted, bullied, spoiled him, waiting on him at one moment, tyrannizing over him at another, often finding fault with him herself, and letting no other human being look on him askance. And as for his clever cousins, when Paul was not directly before their eyes they forgot his existence, and when with him they assumed that bantering air which young women, somewhat older, are apt to assume towards a very young



man. Alice was as little able to perceive, as Paul was to express, just what Miss Lucile's attraction for him was; but he vaguely felt that here was something different, something he was not accustomed to, and that the difference was pleasing. He felt the soft flattery of Miss Lucile's unconscious admiration, of her instinctive feminine desire to please and to be pleased. And she felt the flattery of his naïve, boyish interest, and the fixing of his attention upon herself. There was to him a soothing compliment in the very way she said "Mr. Archer." He was as little capable of putting life into words as into deeds. To him life was all vague, shimmering, misty; but he liked it to be warm, to have a house in it, to supply him with good clothes, and three comfortable meals a day. What he did *not* like was to be treated as a combination of boy and baby, a treatment to which his somewhat girlish, bisquelike beauty had originally given rise. It had never occurred to any one how few and simple were Paul's desires, and how single-eyed and definite his one real dislike. Alice perceived, however, that her companions could do very well without her, so she turned her attention elsewhere.

One wintry afternoon not long after the fair, Paul, walking aimlessly along, overtook Miss Brown. He was a gregarious fellow, liking almost any company better than his own, and was dependent for all mental variety upon either a book or a person. The lady's smile was so kindly, and her pleasure at seeing him so evident, that Paul joined her. In spite of his fresh looks the boy was feeling forlorn and desolate. He was absolutely a creature of dependence and habit, and the death of his mother had shaken habit to its foundations. Unconscious of any need, or of necessity for action, he nevertheless felt a void, and was instinctively disposed to turn to some one for relief. Nothing could have been more commonplace than that long walk with Miss Lucile, relieved by occasional remarks about objects which they passed. But on leaving the lady at the foot of the boarding-house steps Paul felt cheered, and Miss Lucile went in with that reflection of youth in her face which made her momentarily pretty.

That was the first of many a long walk and desultory talk. Without ever agreeing to meet, they nevertheless met, since

both were naturally disposed to repeat an action once performed. Paul had but little to say of himself or of others, for he was not of those on whom life makes much impression; yet what he did say was said with frankness. He had nothing, and had formed no plans. Aunt Madeline and the girls were very kind to him, and he supposed something would turn up. He and his mother had always lived in boarding-houses, he liked baseball better than anything else, and had read all the "Duchess" novels. Having a good memory, and as Miss Lucile seldom read anything but the morning paper, Paul would eke out their talks by telling her the plots of these stories, and the lady proved an admirable listener. Few men are insensible to the unconscious flattery of absorbed feminine attention, and Paul was no exception to the rule. They confided to each other their little innocent likes and dislikes; agreed that all boarding-houses were dreary, that they hated liver, and that good coffee was the *sine quâ non* of a decent breakfast.

One morning in early June, Paul, as usual, went out, and on this occasion, after scrutinizing himself closely in the hall-piece mirror, he did not wait to ask his aunt or Alice if there were any little commissions he might attend to. Once out, he drew a long breath of relief, and set off quickly. Nearing a certain corner he hastened his walk almost to a run, and peered into every car that passed. Presently a car stopped, not from his signaling, however, and Paul, full of pleasurable excitement, got on. Smiling and lifting his hat, he quickly took his seat beside Miss Lucile. "Have you the tickets?" she said, gayly. With the triumphant smile of a child who has been trusted, Paul drew from his pocket a little yellowish envelope, then slipped it back again, and took from Miss Lucile her fan and umbrella.

The lady was dressed in pale blue, and her hat was a marvel of lace, gay-colored flowers, and eccentric bows. No doubt Mrs. Harding Cross would have sighed more deeply than ever could she have seen her sister; but outside of a feminine novel few men really know or care how a woman is dressed. Men vaguely resent any approximation in woman's dress to man's; but beyond this masculine discrimination rarely goes. Paul, for his part, hated dark colors as savoring of



dulness, and admired Miss Lucile all the more in her distinctly youthful head-gear.

The pleasure of both boy and lady lost no zest because of a subconsciousness that they were doing something some one else might have disapproved of. Paul never could see why people should object to things which were "comfortable" and in themselves harmless. He could not of himself perceive incongruities, and that, to many minds, the incongruous comes next to the immoral. Miss Lucile, however, knew better; she could feel, if she could not agree with ordinary opinion; and it was more out of deference to her that Paul had said nothing at home of this water excursion. That the lady should have proposed their little expedition, that her money should have bought the tickets, and that he was now paying their joint car fare out of her purse, seemed to Paul perfectly natural. If one could only do what one wanted to do, it was so pleasant; and Paul was sure the lady wanted to do this. Moreover, a water excursion was a particular pleasure.

On reaching the boat Paul secured two comfortable chairs and put them forward, out of the sun and in the breeze. He was an admirable cavalier—quick, attentive, ready, knowing exactly what to do, and doing all with a charming unconsciousness, which was one good result of his mother's prolonged exactions. The boat was not a regular excursion boat, but one which made an "all-day trip," crossing the bay, and stopping at various places along one of the rivers. For this reason the boat was not crowded, although there was a goodly number of persons on board. Miss Lucile took but little notice of the people; she was absorbed in her companion. But Paul, comfortable, satisfied, and with mind at ease, felt at leisure to look about him. Naturally kind-hearted, he helped one overtaxed mother with half a dozen children to place herself and her offspring advantageously, procured a plate of crushed ice for another mother whose infant was ailing, and then devoted himself unremittingly to Miss Lucile. For both of them it was a long, happy, uneventful day—happy even in that it was uneventful, for the spirit of adventure in man is by no means universal. Paul simply basked, and was utterly contented, but Miss Lucile was at times restless and a little abstracted. As they were coming back in the soft twilight there fell

a long silence, during which Miss Lucile closely watched her companion. He had taken off his hat, and where the wind lifted his yellow hair his forehead was as white as a woman's. For the first time the lady's face showed thought, wistfulness, regret, timid determination—all blent with a certain latent nobleness.

"Mr. Archer," she said, suddenly.

He looked at her expectantly, but as she did not follow up her speech, he waited, and then said, "Yes, Miss Lucile."

"The Archers go away in the summer," said Miss Lucile, hesitating and coloring a little. Paul looked somewhat blank. "Are you going with them?" she continued.

Paul sighed, and his face clouded. "I don't know. Why do you ask? How can I tell what I'm going to do?" he answered, in an aggrieved tone.

"But oughtn't you to know? You wouldn't like to interfere with their plans," persisted Miss Lucile.

Paul's face expressed a vague sense of discomfort. "Maybe they'll take me with them," he said, simply. Miss Lucile made no reply. "Do you think they'll take me with them?" he asked.

"I don't know," said Miss Lucile, rather faintly. "They all do something for themselves, and I suppose they have to consider expenses."

"I wish to goodness I had some money of my own," said Paul, with an expression of face as near gloom as his inherent cheerfulness would permit.

Miss Lucile was again silent, and again studied his countenance. "Should you like to go with them?" she asked, presently.

"Do you go when they go?" he returned, earnestly.

"Should you like to go with me?" cried Miss Lucile, eagerly.

"I should love to!" exclaimed Paul. Then he stared at his companion; for she had turned suddenly white, and was nervously clutching the rail. Something in her look, appealing yet dignified, helpless yet determined, made him self-conscious, made him aware of their mutual attitude and of its reversal of the ordinary—she the provider, he the receiver. He flushed crimson. "Miss Lucile, you know so much better. Could I go? Could you take me? Tell me how. Anything you say, I'll do," he said, fervently.

She turned her eyes from him, and he



could see her throat quivering. "I'm not old enough to adopt you," she said, almost recklessly; then, brokenly, with something between a sob and a laugh, she added: "But I should like to see you happy and satisfied always. You could stay with me, if you cared to stay."

Paul felt that she expected him to help her, that he ought to help her. He stared at the luminous sky, at the pale, shining water, then back at Miss Lucile. Her eyes were looking at him mournfully, and yet with hope in them. With all his helplessness there was good stuff in the boy, there were good inheritances.

"If you could think it worth while to marry me, Miss Lucile? I'm nothing, and I have nothing, but I should never forget how kind you've been, and are," he said, earnestly.

When Mrs. Archer and her daughters came into the parlor in response to Mrs. Cross's card, a glance showed them that their visitor was deeply agitated. Before even the usual greetings could be exchanged, Mrs. Cross exclaimed, "Oh, Mrs. Archer, how could you let them?"

"Let what?" asked the bewildered lady.

"Lucile and your nephew."

"Lucile and my nephew? Do you mean Paul?" asked Mrs. Archer, wonderingly.

"Yes; the handsome boy I see in church with you," said Mrs. Cross, putting her handkerchief to her eyes. "Lucile told me last evening that they were engaged. And oh, Mrs. Archer, it's to be on the 20th, two weeks from next Wednesday! I said everything I could to Lucile, and I don't believe she even heard me."

"Paul!" exclaimed the four relatives together; and the surprise was so evident that Mrs. Cross, instead of reproaching, began to comfort.

"Never to have let you know," she cried. "And you haven't seen or surmised anything?"

"Are you talking about Paul, my husband's nephew?" asked Mrs. Madeline, feebly.

"And that he's engaged to marry Miss Lucile?" said Edith. "Why, it's simply monstrous."

"It's perfectly absurd!" cried Jessie.

"And you never even suspected!" said Mrs. Cross, with open tears. "They'll be the laughing-stock of the community. Oh,

dear Mrs. Archer, is he, isn't he, mercenary?"

"No; he's only Paul," said Alice, calmly. "His bitterest foe, if he could have one, couldn't accuse him of anything approaching design."

"If they are really engaged, Marian," said Mrs. Archer, helplessly, "all I can say is that it is a great shock to me, and the most preposterous thing that was ever heard of. But unless you can persuade Lucile to listen to reason, I am sure we can do nothing with Paul."

"If Miss Lucile wishes to marry him, and he wishes to marry her, how can it be prevented?" asked Edith.

Lucile's sister sighed, the ladies stared at each other in silence, and Alice felt that Paul was even more of a problem than ever. Then they all fell to conjecturing, wondering, disapproving. Mrs. Cross staid for an hour, and left with reddened lids, but all to no purpose. She got a promise from Mrs. Madeline, however, to try to reason with Paul—a promise which the good lady endeavored faithfully to fulfil. But when Mrs. Madeline, with much perturbation of spirit, reached the question, "Paul, have you really reflected about this matter?" Paul replied, cheerfully: "Why, no, aunt, I don't have to. There's nothing to do, and I'm all ready. I don't think mother would mind, if she could know; and you oughtn't to, for you've known the Browns always. And Miss Lucile is certainly very kind."

"But, Paul, considering your youth, and that you have nothing, and no profession, do you think you ought to have asked her to marry you?"

"Oh, well, it isn't hard to ask people things if you know they like you," he said, easily. And that ended all remonstrance.

The Brown connection was shaken to its furthest branch, but protest was useless. Miss Lucile carried her point.

More dire prophecies were made concerning that marriage than would fill volumes, but so far they have not come to pass. Paul is perfectly satisfied, apparently, and is calmly devoted to Mrs. Archer. Since their marriage, five years ago, he has made but two requests—one was for a fancy-headed cane, the other for a Boston bull-dog: he has both.

As Alice says, "It might have been tragedy, it might have been comedy, but, as a matter of fact, it seems like suitability."



KARL ERNST VON BAER.

## THE CENTURY'S PROGRESS IN ANATOMY AND PHYSIOLOGY.

BY HENRY SMITH WILLIAMS, M.D.

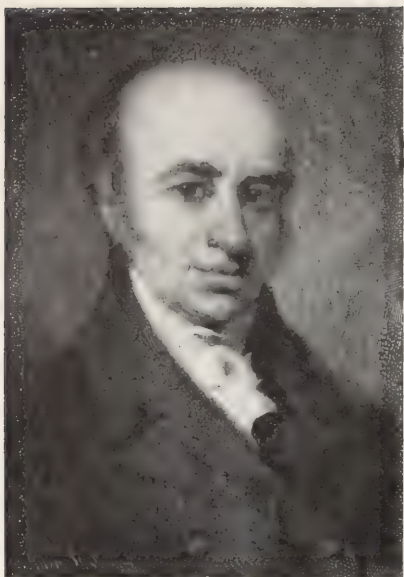
### I.

THE focal points of the physiological world toward the close of the eighteenth century were Italy and England, but when Spallanzani and Hunter passed away, the scene shifted to France. The time was peculiarly propitious, as the recent advances in many lines of science had brought fresh data for the student of animal life which were in need of classification, and as several minds capable of such a task were in the field, it was natural that great generalizations should have come to be quite the fashion. Thus it was that Cuvier came forward with a brand-new classification of the animal kingdom, es-

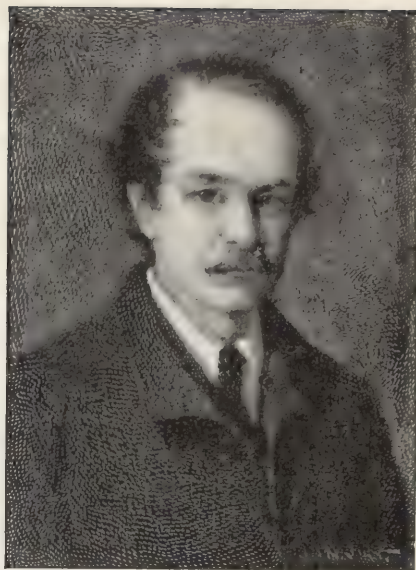
tablishing four great types of being, which he called vertebrates, molluscs, articulates, and radiates. Lamarck had shortly before established the broad distinction between animals with and those without a backbone; Cuvier's classification divided the latter—the invertebrates—into three minor groups. And this division, familiar ever since to all students of zoology, has only in very recent years been supplanted, and then not by revolution, but by a further division, which the elaborate recent studies of lower forms of life seemed to make desirable.

In the course of those studies of comparative anatomy which led to his new





WILLIAM HYDE WOLLASTON.



MATTHIAS JAKOB SCHLEIDEN.

classification, Cuvier's attention was called constantly to the peculiar co-ordination of parts in each individual organism. Thus an animal with sharp talons for catching living prey—as a member of the cat tribe—has also sharp teeth, adapted for tearing up the flesh of its victim, and a particular type of stomach, quite different from that of herbivorous creatures. This adaptation of all the parts of the animal to one another extends to the most diverse parts of the organism, and enables the skilled anatomist, from the observation of a single typical part, to draw inferences as to the structure of the entire animal—a fact which was of vast aid to Cuvier in his studies of paleontology. It did not enable Cuvier, nor does it enable any one else, to reconstruct fully the extinct animal from observation of a single bone, as has sometimes been asserted, but what it really does establish, in the hands of an expert, is sufficiently astonishing.

Of course this entire principle, in its broad outlines, is something with which every student of anatomy had been familiar from the time when anatomy was first studied, but the full expression of the “law of co-ordination,” as Cuvier called it, had never been explicitly made before; and notwithstanding its seeming obviousness, the exposition which Cuvier made of it in the introduction to his classical work on comparative anatomy, which was published during the first decade of the century, ranks as a great discovery. It is one of those generalizations which serve as guide-posts to other discoveries.

Much the same thing may be said of another generalization regarding the animal body, which the brilliant young French physician Marie François Bichat made in calling attention to the fact that each vertebrate organism, including man, has really two quite different sets of organs—one set under volitional control, and serving the end of locomotion, the other removed from volitional control, and serving the ends of the “vital processes” of digestion, assimilation, and the like. He called these sets of organs the animal system and the organic system, respectively. The division thus pointed out was not quite new, for Grimaud, professor of physiology in the university of Montpellier, had earlier made what was substantially the same classification of the functions into “internal or digestive and external or locomotive”; but it was Bichat's exposition that gave currency to the idea.

Far more important, however, was another classification which Bichat put forward in his work on anatomy, published just at the beginning of the century. This was the division of all animal structures into what Bichat called tissues, and the pointing out that there are really only a few kinds of these in the body, making up all the diverse organs. Thus muscular organs form one system; membranous organs another; glandular organs a third; the vascular mechanism a fourth, and so on. The distinction is so obvious that it seems rather difficult to conceive that it could have been overlooked by the

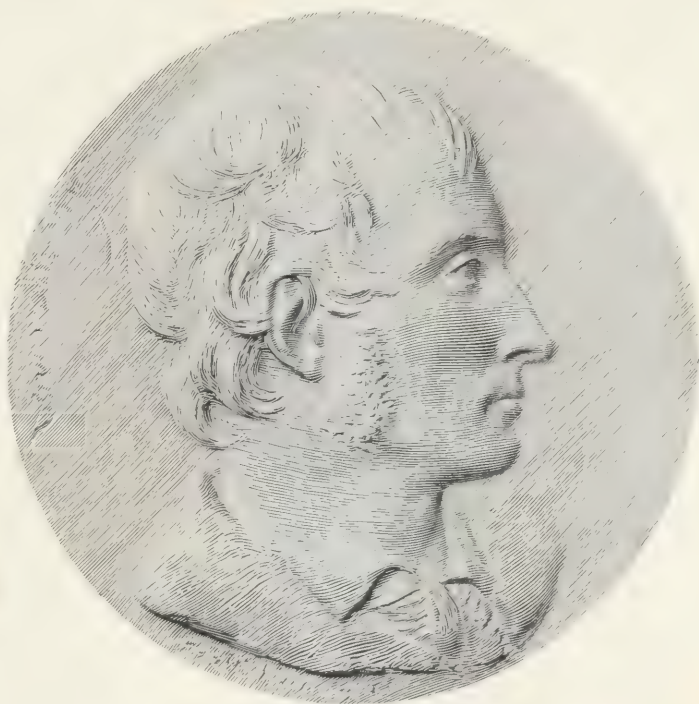
earliest anatomists; but, in point of fact, it is only obvious because now it has been familiarly taught for almost a century. It had never been given explicit expression before the time of Bichat, though it is said that Bichat himself was somewhat indebted for it to his master, the famous alienist, Pinel.

However that may be, it is certain that all subsequent anatomists have found Bichat's classification of the tissues of the utmost value in their studies of the animal functions. Subsequent advances were to show that the distinction between the various tissues is not really so fundamental as Bichat supposed, but that takes nothing from the practical value of the famous classification.

## II.

At the same time when these broad microscopical distinctions were being drawn there were other workers who were striving to go even deeper into the intricacies of the animal mechanism with the aid of the microscope. This undertaking, however, was beset with very great optical difficulties, and for a long time little advance was made upon the work of preceding generations. Two great optical barriers, known technically as spherical and chromatic aberration—the one due to a failure of the rays of light to fall all in one plane when focalized through a lens, the other due to the dispersive action of the lens in breaking the white light into prismatic colors—confronted the makers of microscopic lenses, and seemed all but insuperable. The making of achromatic lenses for telescopes had been accomplished, it is true, by Dolland in the previous century, by the union of lenses of crown glass with those of flint glass, these two materials having different indices of refraction and dispersion. But, aside from the mechanical difficulties which arise when the lens is of the minute dimensions required for use with the microscope, other perplexities are introduced by the fact that the use of a wide pencil of light is a desideratum, in order to gain sufficient illumination when large magnification is to be secured.

In the attempt to overcome these difficulties, the foremost physical philosophers of the time came to the aid of the best opticians. Very early in the century, Dr. (afterward Sir David) Brewster, the renowned Scotch physicist, suggested that certain advantages might accrue from the use of such gems as have high refractive and low dispersive indices, in place of lenses made of glass. Accordingly lenses were made of diamond, of sapphire, and so on, and with some measure of success. But in 1812 a much more important innovation was introduced by Dr. William



MARIE FRANÇOIS XAVIER BICHAT.

From the medallion by David d'Angers.

Hyde Wollaston, one of the greatest and most versatile, and since the death of Cavendish by far the most eccentric, of English natural philosophers. This was the suggestion to use two plano-convex lenses, placed at a prescribed distance apart, in lieu of the single double convex lens generally used. This combination largely overcame the spherical aberration, and it gained immediate fame as the "Wollaston doublet."

To obviate loss of light in such a doublet from increase of reflecting surfaces, Dr. Brewster suggested filling the interspace between the two lenses with a cement having the same index of refraction as the lenses themselves—an improvement of manifest advantage. An



improvement yet more important was made by Dr. Wollaston himself, in the introduction of the diaphragm to limit the field of vision between the lenses, instead of in front of the anterior lens. A pair of lenses thus equipped, Dr. Wollaston called the periscopic microscope. Dr. Brewster suggested that in such a lens the same object might be attained with greater ease by grinding an equatorial groove about a thick or globular lens and filling the groove with an opaque cement. This arrangement found much favor, and came subsequently to be known as a Coddington lens, though Mr. Coddington laid no claim to being its inventor.

Sir John Herschel, another of the very great physicists of the time, also gave attention to the problem of improving the microscope, and in 1821 he introduced what was called an aplanatic combination of lenses, in which, as the name implies, the spherical aberration was largely done away with. It was thought that the use of this Herschel aplanatic combination as an eye-piece, combined with the Wollaston doublet for the objective, came as near perfection as the compound microscope was likely soon to come. But in reality the instrument thus constructed, though doubtless superior to any predecessor, was so defective that for practical purposes the simple microscope, such as the doublet or the Coddington, was preferable to the more complicated one.

Many opticians, indeed, quite despaired of ever being able to make a satisfactory refracting compound microscope, and some of them had taken up anew Sir Isaac Newton's suggestion in reference to a reflecting microscope. In particular, Professor Giovanni Battista Amici, a very famous mathematician and practical optician of Modena, succeeded in constructing a reflecting microscope which was said to be superior to any compound microscope of the time, though the events of the ensuing years were destined to rob it of all but historical value. For there were others, fortunately, who did not despair of the possibilities of the refracting microscope, and their efforts were destined before long to be crowned with a degree of success not even dreamed of by any preceding generation.

The man to whom chief credit is due for directing those final steps that made

the compound microscope a practical implement instead of a scientific toy was the English amateur optician Joseph Jackson Lister. Combining mathematical knowledge with mechanical ingenuity, and having the practical aid of the celebrated optician Tulley, he devised formulæ for the combination of lenses of crown glass with others of flint glass, so adjusted that the refractive errors of one were corrected or compensated by the other, with the result of producing lenses of hitherto unequalled powers of definition; lenses capable of showing an image highly magnified, yet relatively free from those distortions and fringes of color that had heretofore been so disastrous to true interpretation of magnified structures.

Lister had begun his studies of the lens in 1824, but it was not until 1830 that he contributed to the Royal Society the famous paper detailing his theories and experiments. Soon after this various Continental opticians who had long been working along similar lines took the matter up, and their expositions, in particular that of Amici, introduced the improved compound microscope to the attention of microscopists everywhere. And it required but the most casual trial to convince the experienced observers that a new implement of scientific research had been placed in their hands which carried them a long step nearer the observation of the intimate physical processes which lie at the foundation of vital phenomena. For the physiologist, this perfection of the compound microscope had the same significance that the discovery of America had for the fifteenth-century geographers—it promised a veritable world of utterly novel revelations. Nor was the fulfillment of that promise long delayed.

### III.

Indeed, so numerous and so important were the discoveries now made in the realm of minute anatomy that the rise of histology to the rank of an independent science may be said to date from this period. Hitherto, ever since the discovery of magnifying-glasses, there had been here and there a man, such as Leuwenhoek or Malpighi, gifted with exceptional vision, and perhaps unusually happy in his conjectures, who made important contributions to the knowledge of the minute structure of organic tissues; but now of a sudden it became possible for

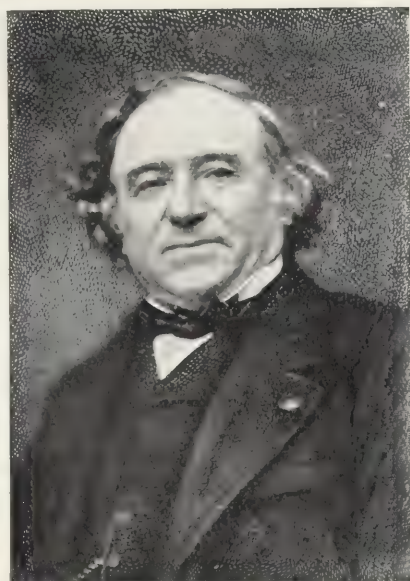


the veriest tyro to confirm or refute the laborious observations of these pioneers, while the skilled observer could step easily beyond the barriers of vision hitherto quite impassable. And so, naturally enough, the physiologists of the fourth decade of our century rushed as eagerly into the new realm of the microscope as, for example, their successors of to-day are exploring the realm of the X ray.

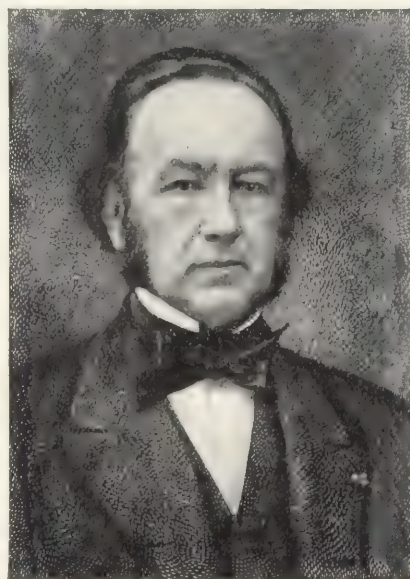
Lister himself, who had become an eager interrogator of the instrument he had perfected, made many important discoveries, the most notable being his final settlement of the long-mooted question as to the true form of the red corpuscles of the human blood. In reality, as everybody knows nowadays, these are biconcave disks, but owing to their peculiar figure it is easily possible to misinterpret the appearances they present when seen through a poor lens, and though Dr. Thomas Young and various other observers had come very near the truth regarding them, unanimity of opinion was possible only after the verdict of the perfected microscope was given.

These blood corpuscles are so infinitesimal in size that something like five millions of them are found in each cubic millimetre of the blood, yet they are isolated particles, each having, so to speak, its own personality. This, of course, had been known to microscopists since the days of the earliest lenses. It had been noticed, too, by here and there an observer, that certain of the solid tissues seemed to present something of a granular texture, as if they too, in their ultimate constitution, were made up of particles. And now, as better and better lenses were constructed, this idea gained ground constantly, though for a time no one saw its full significance. In the case of vegetable tissues, indeed, the fact that little particles encased in a membranous covering, and called cells, are the ultimate visible units of structure had long been known. But it was supposed that animal tissues differed radically from this construction. The elementary particles of vegetables "were regarded to a certain extent as individuals which composed the entire plant, whilst, on the other hand, no such view was taken of the elementary parts of animals."

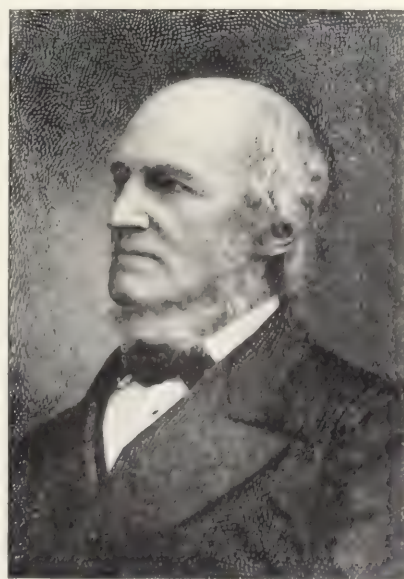
In the year 1833 a further insight into the nature of the ultimate particles of plants was gained through the observation of the English microscopist Robert Brown, who, in the course of his microscopic studies of the epidermis of orchids, discovered in the cells "an opaque spot," which he named the nucleus. Doubtless the same "spot" had been seen often enough before by other observers, but Brown was the first to recognize it as a component part of the vegetable cell, and to give it a name. That this newly recognized structure must be important in the economy of the cell was recognized by Brown himself, and by the celebrated German Meyen, who dealt with it in his work on vegetable physiology,



JEAN BAPTISTE DUMAS.



CLAUDE BERNARD.



WILLIAM BENJAMIN CARPENTER.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry, London.





HUGO VON MOHL.

published not long afterwards; but it remained for another German, the professor of botany in the university of Jena, Dr. M. J. Schleiden, to bring the nucleus to popular attention, and to assert its all-importance in the economy of the cell.

Schleiden freely acknowledged his indebtedness to Brown for first knowledge of the nucleus, but he soon carried his studies of that structure far beyond those of its discoverer. He came to believe that the nucleus is really the most important portion of the cell, in that it is the original structure from which the remainder of the cell is developed. Hence he named it the cytoblast. He outlined his views in an epochal paper published in Müller's *Archives* in 1838, under title of "Beitrag zur Phytogenese." This paper is in itself of value, yet the most important outgrowth of Schleiden's observations of the nucleus did not spring from his own labors, but from those of a friend to whom he mentioned his discoveries the year previous to their publication. This friend was Dr. Theodor Schwann, professor of physiology in the university of Louvain.

At the moment when these observations were communicated to him Schwann

was puzzling over certain details of animal histology which he could not clearly explain. His great teacher, Johannes Müller, had called attention to the strange resemblance to vegetable cells shown by certain cells of the chorda dorsalis (the embryonic cord from which the spinal column is developed), and Schwann himself had discovered a corresponding similarity in the branchial cartilage of a tadpole. Then, too, the researches of Friedrich Henle had shown that the particles that make up the epidermis of animals are very cell-like in appearance. Indeed, the cell-like character of certain animal tissues had come to be matter of common note among students of minute anatomy. Schwann felt that this similarity could not be mere coincidence, but he had gained no clew to further insight until Schleiden called his attention to the nucleus. Then at once he reasoned that if there really is the correspondence between vegetable and animal tissues that he suspected, and if the nucleus is so important in the vegetable cell as Schleiden believed, the nucleus should also be found in the ultimate particles of animal tissues.

Schwann's researches soon showed the entire correctness of this assumption. A closer study of animal tissues under the microscope showed, particularly in the case of embryonic tissues, that "opaque spots" such as Schleiden described are really to be found there in abundance—forming, indeed, a most characteristic phase of the structure. The location of these nuclei at comparatively regular intervals suggested that they are found in definite compartments of the tissue, as Schleiden had shown to be the case with vegetables; indeed, the walls that separated such cell-like compartments one from another were in some cases visible. Particularly was this found to be the case with embryonic tissues, and the study of these soon convinced Schwann that his original surmise had been correct, and that all animal tissues are in their incipency composed of particles not unlike the ultimate particles of vegetables—in short, of what the botanists termed cells. Adopting this name, Schwann propounded what soon became famous as his cell theory, under title of *Mikroskopische Untersuchungen über die Uebereinstimmung in der Structur und dem Wachsthum der*



*Thiere und Pflanzen.* So expeditious had been his work, that this book was published early in 1839, only a few months after the appearance of Schleiden's paper.

As the title suggests, the main idea that actuated Schwann was to unify vegetable and animal tissues. Accepting cell-structure as the basis of all vegetable tissues, he sought to show that the same is true of animal tissues, all the seeming diversities of fibre being but the alteration and development of what were originally simple cells. And by cell Schwann meant, as did Schleiden also, what the word ordinarily implies—a cavity walled in on all sides. He conceived that the ultimate constituents of all tissues were really such minute cavities, the most important part of which was the cell wall, with its associated nucleus. He knew, indeed, that the cell might be filled with fluid contents, but he regarded these as relatively subordinate in importance to the wall itself. This, however, did not apply to the nucleus, which was supposed to lie against the cell wall, and in the beginning to generate it. Subsequently the wall might grow so rapidly as to dissociate itself from its contents, thus becoming a hollow bubble or true cell; but the nucleus, as long as it lasted, was supposed to continue in contact with the cell wall. Schleiden had even supposed the nucleus to be a constituent part of the wall, sometimes lying enclosed between two layers of its substance, and Schwann quoted this view with seeming approval. Schwann believed, however, that in the mature cell the nucleus ceased to be functional, and disappeared.

The main thesis as to the similarity of development of vegetable and animal tissues, and the cellular nature of the ultimate constitution of both, was supported by a mass of carefully gathered evidence which a multitude of microscopists at once confirmed, so Schwann's work became a classic almost from the moment of its publication. Of course various other workers at once disputed Schwann's claim to priority of discovery, in particular the English microscopist Valentin, who asserted, not without some show of justice, that he was working closely along the same lines. But so, for that matter, were numerous others, as Henle, Turpin,



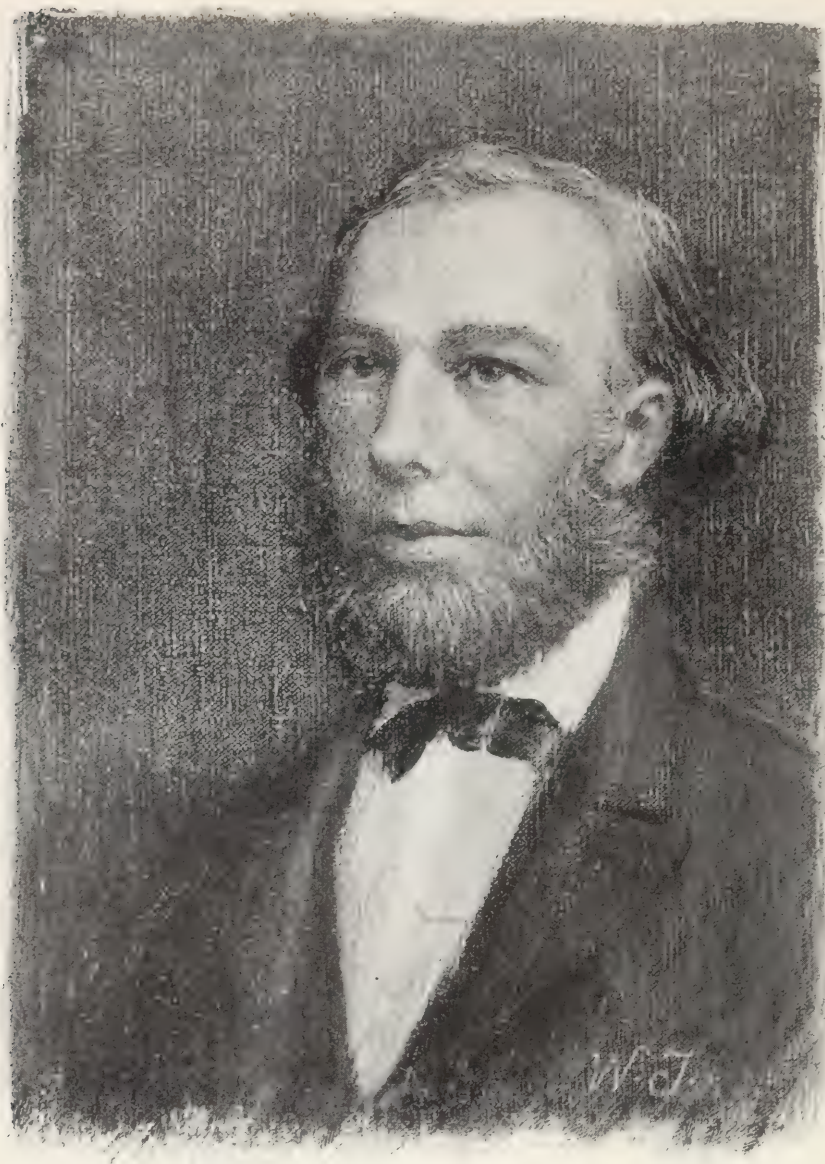
JOHANNES MÜLLER.

Dumortier, Purkinje, and Müller, all of whom Schwann himself had quoted. Moreover, there were various physiologists who earlier than any of these had foreshadowed the cell theory; notably Kaspar Friedrich Wolff toward the close of the previous century, and Treviranus about 1807. But, as we have seen in so many other departments of science, it is one thing to foreshadow a discovery, it is quite another to give it full expression and make it germinal of other discoveries. And when Schwann put forward the explicit claim that "there is one universal principle of development for the elementary parts of organisms, however different, and this principle is the formation of cells," he enunciated a doctrine which was for all practical purposes absolutely new, and opened up a novel field for the microscopists to enter. A most important era in physiology dates from the publication of his book in 1839.

#### IV.

That Schwann should have gone to embryonic tissues for the establishment of his ideas was no doubt due very largely to the influence of the great Russian Karl Ernst von Baer, who about ten





MAX SCHULTZE.

years earlier had published the first part of his celebrated work on embryology, and whose ideas were rapidly gaining ground, thanks largely to the advocacy of a few men, notably Johannes Müller in Germany, and William B. Carpenter in England, and to the fact that the improved microscope had made minute anatomy popular. Schwann's researches made it plain that the best field for the study of the animal cell is here, and a host of explorers entered the field. The result of their observations was, in the main, to confirm the claims of Schwann as to the universal prevalence of the cell. The long-current idea that animal tissues grow only as a sort of deposit from the blood-vessels was now discarded, and the fact of so-called plantlike growth of animal cells, for which Schwann contended,

ty of Tübingen, in the course of his exhaustive studies of the vegetable cell, was impressed with the peculiar and characteristic appearance of the cell contents. He observed universally within the cell "an opaque, viscid fluid, having granules intermingled in it," which made up the main substance of the cell, and which particularly impressed him because under certain conditions it could be seen to be actively in motion, its parts separated into filamentous streams.

Von Mohl called attention to the fact that this motion of the cell contents had been observed as long ago as 1774 by Bonaventura Corti, and rediscovered in 1807 by Treviranus, and that these observers had described the phenomenon under the "most unsuitable name of 'rotation of the cell sap.'" Von Mohl rec-

was universally accepted. Yet the full measure of the affinity between the two classes of cells was not for some time generally apprehended.

Indeed, since the substance that composes the cell walls of plants is manifestly very different from the limiting membrane of the animal cell, it was natural, so long as the wall was considered the most essential part of the structure, that the divergence between the two classes of cells should seem very pronounced. And for a time this was the conception of the matter that was uniformly accepted. But as time went on many observers had their attention called to the peculiar characteristics of the contents of the cell, and were led to ask themselves whether these might not be more important than had been supposed. In particular Dr. Hugo von Mohl, professor of botany in the universi-



ognized that the streaming substance was something quite different from sap. He asserted that the nucleus of the cell lies within this substance, and not attached to the cell wall as Schleiden had contended. He saw, too, that the chlorophyll granules, and all other of the cell contents, are incorporated with the "opaque, viscid fluid," and in 1846 he had become so impressed with the importance of this universal cell substance that he gave it the name of protoplasm. Yet in so doing he had no intention of subordinating the cell wall. The fact that Payen, in 1844, had demonstrated that the cell walls of all vegetables, high or low, are composed largely of one substance, cellulose, tended to strengthen the position of the cell wall as the really essential structure, of which the protoplasmic contents were only subsidiary products.

Meantime, however, the students of animal histology were more and more impressed with the seeming preponderance of cell contents over cell walls in the tissues they studied. They too found the cell to be filled with a viscid, slimy fluid, capable of motion. To this Dujardin gave the name of sarcode. Presently it came to be known, through the labors of Kölliker, Nägeli, Bischoff, and various others, that there are numerous lower forms of animal life which seem to be composed of this sarcode, without any cell wall whatever. The same thing seemed to be true of certain cells of higher organisms, as the blood corpuscles. Particularly in the case of cells that change their shape markedly, moving about in consequence of the streaming of their sarcode, did it seem certain that no cell wall is present; or that, if present, its rôle must be insignificant.

And so histologists came to question whether, after all, the cell contents rather than the enclosing wall must not be the really essential structure, and the weight of increasing observations finally left no escape from the conclusion that such is really the case. But attention being thus focalized on the cell contents, it was at once apparent that there is a far closer similarity between the ultimate particles of vegetables and those of animals than had been supposed. Cellulose and animal membrane being now regarded as mere by-products, the way was clear for the recognition of the fact that vegetable protoplasm and animal sarcode are mar-

vellously similar in appearance and general properties. The closer the observation the more striking seemed this similarity; and finally, about 1860, it was demonstrated by Heinrich de Bary and by Max Schultze that the two are to all intents and purposes identical. Even earlier, Remak had reached a similar conclusion, and applied von Mohl's word protoplasm to animal cell contents, and now this application soon became universal. Thenceforth this protoplasm was to assume the utmost importance in the physiological world, being recognized as the universal "physical basis of life," vegetable and animal alike. This amounted to the logical extension and culmination of Schwann's doctrine as to the similarity of development of the two animate kingdoms. Yet at the same time it was in effect the banishment of the cell that Schwann had defined. The word cell was retained, it is true, but it no longer signified a minute cavity. It now implied, as Schultze defined it, "a small mass of protoplasm endowed with the attributes of life." This definition was destined presently to meet with yet another modification, as we shall see; but the conception of the protoplasmic mass as the essential ultimate structure, which might or might not surround itself with a protective covering, was a permanent addition to physiological knowledge. The earlier idea had, in effect, declared the shell the most important part of the egg; this developed view assigned to the yolk its true position.

In one other important regard the theory of Schleiden and Schwann now became modified. This referred to the origin of the cell. Schwann had regarded cell growth as a kind of crystallization, beginning with the deposit of a nucleus about a granule in the intercellular substance—the cytoblastema, as Schleiden called it. But von Mohl, as early as 1835, had called attention to the formation of new vegetable cells through the division of a pre-existing cell. Ehrenberg, another high authority of the time, contended that no such division occurs, and the matter was still in dispute when Schleiden came forward with his discovery of so-called free cell formation within the parent cell, and this for a long time diverted attention from the process of division which von Mohl had described. All manner of schemes of cell



formation were put forward during the ensuing years by a multitude of observers, and gained currency notwithstanding von Mohl's reiterated contention that there are really but two ways in which the formation of new cells takes place, namely, "first, through division of older cells; secondly, through the formation of secondary cells lying free in the cavity of a cell."

But gradually the researches of such accurate observers as Unger, Nägeli, Kölliker, Reichart, and Remak tended to confirm the opinion of von Mohl that cells spring only from cells, and finally Rudolf Virchow brought the matter to demonstration about 1860. His *Omnis cellula e cellula* became from that time one of the accepted data of physiology. This was supplemented a little later by Fleming's *Omnis nucleus e nucleo*; when still more refined methods of observation had shown that the part of the cell which always first undergoes change preparatory to new cell formation is the all-essential nucleus. Thus the nucleus was restored to the important position which Schwann and Schleiden had given it, but with greatly altered significance. Instead of being a structure generated *de novo* from non-cellular substance, and disappearing as soon as its function of cell-formation was accomplished, the nucleus was now known as the central and permanent feature of every cell, indestructible while the cell lives; itself the division-product of a pre-existing nucleus, and the parent, by division of its substance, of other generations of nuclei. The word cell received a final definition as "a small mass of protoplasm supplied with a nucleus."

In this widened and culminating general view of the cell theory it became clear that every animate organism, animal or vegetable, is but a cluster of nucleated cells, all of which, in each individual case, are the direct descendants of a single primordial cell of the ovum. In the developed individuals of higher organisms the successive generations of cells become marvellously diversified in form and in specific functions; there is a wonderful division of labor, special functions being chiefly relegated to definite groups of cells; but from first to last there is no function developed that is not present, in a primitive way, in every cell, however isolated; nor does the developed

cell, however specialized, ever forget altogether any one of its primordial functions or capacities. All physiology, then, properly interpreted, becomes merely a study of cellular activities; and the development of the cell theory takes its place as the great central generalization in physiology of our century. Something of the later developments of this theory we shall see in another connection.

## V.

Just at the time when the microscope was opening up the paths that were to lead to the wonderful cell theory, another novel line of interrogation of the living organism was being put forward by a different set of observers. Two great schools of physiological chemistry had arisen—one under guidance of Liebig and Wöhler in Germany, the other dominated by the great French master Jean Baptiste Dumas. Liebig had at one time contemplated the study of medicine, and Dumas had achieved distinction in connection with Prevost at Geneva in the field of pure physiology before he turned his attention especially to chemistry. Both these masters, therefore, and Wöhler as well, found absorbing interest in those phases of chemistry that have to do with the functions of living tissues; and it was largely through their efforts and the labors of their followers that the prevalent idea that vital processes are dominated by unique laws was discarded and physiology was brought within the recognized province of the chemist. So at about the time when the microscope had taught that the cell is the really essential structure of the living organism, the chemists had come to understand that every function of the organism is really the expression of a chemical change—that each cell is, in short, a miniature chemical laboratory. And it was this combined point of view of anatomist and chemist, this union of hitherto dissociated forces, that made possible the inroads into the unexplored fields of physiology that were effected toward the middle of our century.

One of the first subjects reinvestigated and brought to proximal solution was the long-mooted question of the digestion of foods. Spallanzani and Hunter had shown in the previous century that digestion is in some sort a solution of foods; but little advance was made upon their work until 1824, when Prout detected the pres-



ence of hydrochloric acid in the gastric juice. A decade later Sprott and Boyd detected the existence of peculiar glands in the gastric mucous membrane; and Cagniard la Tour and Schwann independently discovered that the really active principle of the gastric juice is a substance which was named pepsin, and which was shown by Schwann to be active in the presence of hydrochloric acid.

Almost coincidentally, in 1836, it was discovered by Purkinje and Pappenheim that another organ than the stomach—the pancreas, namely—has a share in digestion, and in the course of the ensuing decade it came to be known, through the efforts of Eberle, Valentin, and Claude Bernard, that this organ is all-important in the digestion of starchy and fatty foods. It was found, too, that the liver and the intestinal glands have each an important share in the work of preparing foods for absorption, as also has the saliva—that, in short, a coalition of forces is necessary for the digestion of all ordinary foods taken into the stomach.

And the chemists soon discovered that in each one of the essential digestive juices there is at least one substance having certain resemblances to pepsin, though acting on different kinds of food. The point of resemblance between all these essential digestive agents is that each has the remarkable property of acting on relatively enormous quantities of the substance which it can digest without itself being destroyed or apparently even altered. In virtue of this strange property, pepsin and the allied substances were spoken of as ferments, but more recently it is customary to distinguish them from such organized ferments as yeast by designating them enzymes. The isolation of these enzymes, and an appreciation of their mode of action, mark a long step toward the solution of the riddle of digestion, but it must be added that we are still quite in the dark as to the real ultimate nature of their strange activity.

In a comprehensive view, the digestive organs, taken as a whole, are a gateway between the outside world and the more intimate cells of the organism. Another equally important gateway is furnished by the lungs, and here also there was much obscurity about the exact method of functioning at the time of the revival of physiological chemistry. That oxygen is consumed and carbonic acid given

off during respiration the chemists of the age of Priestley and Lavoisier had indeed made clear, but the mistaken notion prevailed that it was in the lungs themselves that the important burning of fuel occurs, of which carbonic acid is a chief product. But now that attention had been called to the importance of the ultimate cell, this misconception could not long hold its ground, and as early as 1842, Liebig, in the course of his studies of animal heat, became convinced that it is not in the lungs, but in the ultimate tissues to which they are tributary, that the true consumption of fuel takes place. Reviving Lavoisier's idea, with modifications and additions, Liebig contended, and in the face of opposition finally demonstrated, that the source of animal heat is really the consumption of the fuel taken in through the stomach and the lungs. He showed that all the activities of life are really the product of energy liberated solely through destructive processes, amounting, broadly speaking, to combustion occurring in the ultimate cells of the organism.

Further researches showed that the carriers of oxygen, from the time of its absorption in the lungs till its liberation in the ultimate tissues, are the red corpuscles, whose function had been supposed to be the mechanical one of mixing of the blood. It transpired that the red corpuscles are composed chiefly of a substance which Kühne first isolated in crystalline form in 1865, and which was named hæmoglobin—a substance which has a marvellous affinity for oxygen, seizing on it eagerly at the lungs, yet giving it up with equal readiness when coursing among the remote cells of the body. When freighted with oxygen it becomes oxyhæmoglobin, and is red in color; when freed from its oxygen it takes a purple hue; hence the widely different appearance of arterial and venous blood, which so puzzled the early physiologists.

This proof of the vitally important rôle played by the red blood corpuscles led, naturally, to renewed studies of these infinitesimal bodies. It was found that they may vary greatly in number at different periods in the life of the same individual, proving that they may be both developed and destroyed in the adult organism. Indeed, extended observations left no reason to doubt that the process of corpuscle formation and destruction may be a per-



fectly normal one; that, in short, every red blood corpuscle runs its course and dies like any more elaborate organism. They are formed constantly in the red marrow of bones, and are destroyed in the liver, where they contribute to the formation of the coloring matter of the bile. Whether there are other seats of such manufacture and destruction of the corpuscles is not yet fully determined. Nor are histologists agreed as to whether the red blood corpuscles themselves are to be regarded as true cells, or merely as fragments of cells budded out from a true cell for a special purpose; but, in either case, there is not the slightest doubt that the chief function of the red corpuscle is to carry oxygen.

If the oxygen is taken to the ultimate cells before combining with the combustibles it is to consume, it goes without saying that these combustibles themselves must be carried there also. Nor could it be in doubt that the chiefest of these ultimate tissues, as regards quantity of fuel required, are the muscles. A general and comprehensive view of the organism includes, then, digestive apparatus and lungs as the channels of fuel-supply; blood and lymph channels as the transportation system; and muscle cells, united into muscle fibres, as the consumption furnaces, where fuel is burned and energy transformed and rendered available for the purposes of the organism, supplemented by a set of excretory organs, through which the waste products—the ashes—are eliminated from the system.

But there remain, broadly speaking, two other sets of organs whose size demonstrates their importance in the economy of the organism, yet whose functions are not accounted for in this synopsis. These are those glandlike organs, such as the spleen, which have no duct and produce no visible secretions; and the nervous mechanism, whose central organs are the brain and spinal cord. What offices do these sets of organs perform in the great labor-specializing aggregation of cells which we call a living organism?

As regards the ductless glands, the first clew to their function was given when the great Frenchman Claude Bernard (the man of whom his admirers loved to say, "he is not a physiologist merely; he is physiology itself") discovered what is spoken of as the glycogenic function of the liver. The liver itself, indeed, is not

a ductless organ, but the quantity of its biliary output seems utterly disproportionate to its enormous size, particularly when it is considered that in the case of the human species the liver contains normally about one-fifth of all the blood in the entire body. Bernard discovered that the blood undergoes a change of composition in passing through the liver. The liver cells (the peculiar forms of which had been described by Purkinje, Henle, and Dutrochet about 1838) have the power to convert certain of the substances that come to them into a starchlike compound called glycogen, and to store this substance away till it is needed by the organism. This capacity of the liver cells is quite independent of the bile-making power of the same cells; hence the discovery of this glycogenic function showed that an organ may have more than one pronounced and important specific function. But its chief importance was in giving a clew to those intermediate processes between digestion and final assimilation that are now known to be of such vital significance in the economy of the organism.

In the forty-odd years that have elapsed since this pioneer observation of Bernard, numerous facts have come to light showing the extreme importance of such intermediate alterations of food-supplies in the blood as that performed by the liver. It has been shown that the pancreas, the spleen, the thyroid gland, the suprarenal capsules, each in its own way, are absolutely essential to the health of the organism, through metabolic changes which they alone seem capable of performing; and it is suspected that various other tissues, including even the muscles themselves, have somewhat similar metabolic capacities in addition to their recognized functions. But so extremely intricate is the chemistry of the substances involved that in no single case has the exact nature of the metabolisms wrought by these organs been fully made out. Each is in its way a chemical laboratory indispensable to the right conduct of the organism, but the precise nature of its operations remains inscrutable. The vast importance of the operations of these intermediate organs is unquestioned.

A consideration of the functions of that other set of organs known collectively as the nervous system is reserved for a later paper.



# OUR NATIONAL SEMINARY OF LEARNING.

BY W J MCGEE

I HAVE greatly wished to see a plan adopted by which the arts, sciences, and belles-lettres could be taught in their fullest extent, thereby embracing all the advantages of European tuition with the means of acquiring the liberal knowledge which is necessary to qualify our citizens for the exigencies of public as well as private life, and (which with me is a consideration of great magnitude) by assembling the youth from the different parts of this rising republic, contributing from their intercourse an interchange of information to the removal of prejudices which might sometimes arise from local circumstances.

So wrote George Washington in 1795; and he justified faith by works in bequeathing stocks to the value of \$25,000 as a personal contribution toward his ideal "seminary of learning," and later in officially reserving a tract of nineteen acres (long known as "University Square") as a site for the institution. Succeeding Presidents, John Adams, Thomas Jefferson, James Madison, and James Monroe, as well as others in later years, shared Washington's convictions, and urged upon Congress the desirability and expediency of founding a national university, and it would appear that nothing but inertia stood in the way of the realization of the dream of the Presidents. Then came the era of territorial expansion, when the energies of the nation were spent in extending settlement, in acquiring new lands, and in spanning the continent with the brilliant mosaic of commonwealths stretching from Atlantic to Pacific; and with this vigorous activity in State-making the idea of State rights grew and spread, even to the extent of obstructing national progress in certain directions—and one of these was that looking toward a Federal institution of learning. Of late territorial conquest is checked, because the kernel of the continent has been taken; with the decline of activity in externals, internal and intellectual affairs are coming to the fore, and now ex-Governor Hoyt, Dr. Andrew D. White, President Jordan, President Dabney, and others of the salt of the earth are again urging execution of the long-delayed plan of the nation's founders for a national university.

Such, in brief, is a century's exoteric

history of the movement toward a national institution of learning—a history running the gamut from enthusiastic support almost to the point of consummation, through inertia, indifference, doubt, antagonism, apathy, revived appreciation, and renewed support. Meantime there was an undercurrent of progress in the direction indicated by Washington—a current so profound as scarce to ripple the surface, yet so powerful as to produce most of the results anticipated. The full significance, even the bare fact, of this unheralded and unwritten progress is hardly recognized, yet it is a prominent feature in the esoteric history of the nation. We *have* a great national "seminary of learning." Albeit without name or proper domicile, without charter or definite organization, there is to-day in the national capital a Federal institution of knowledge more efficient and more useful, occupying a higher and broader plane, than any other educational institution in existence. It is maintained at a cost equivalent to an endowment exceeding a hundred million dollars; its faculty and fellows, many of them men of international repute, reach into thousands; and its influence is felt in every organized university, college, academy, and normal school of the land.

The unforeseen, spontaneous, and only half-recognized growth of this great national seminary of useful knowledge is worthy of careful attention, partly because of the extent and importance of the institution, chiefly because its development expresses a tendency of civilization transcending the designs of even the wisest statesmen.

President Jefferson perceived the need of surveys along the coast to guide the location of roadsteads and harbors, and thus to aid budding commerce; and he adopted Hassler, a Swiss engineer, and intrusted him with the execution of the surveys. For a time there was a disposition to draw on the technical schools of Europe for expert surveyors, draughtsmen, and engravers, but it was soon found easier to train young Americans than to retrain middle-aged Europeans



in the special directions demanded by the exigencies of the work; and thenceforward the Coast Survey became a technical training-school, first for hydrographic surveying, then for topographic surveying, and later for geodetic surveying. At the outset the "complete art and mystery" was inculcated in the growing bureau, but as time passed it was found advantageous to choose new men from among the graduates of colleges and universities. Two consequences followed: the cost of educating the surveyors was divided between the teaching institution and the working institution; at the same time the demand for definite and practical collegiate training was recognized by students and faculties, and the teaching was modified to meet it. Thereby an indefinite relation grew up between the Survey and the organized institutions of learning, to the benefit of both. Again, men of high position in educational institutions were sometimes called to occupy places in the Survey, while trained surveyors and geodesists were occasionally called to professorial chairs, and in this way the indefinite relation was made more intimate. The Survey grew with the decades, gradually rising above reproach of European rivals; its operations extended from the mid-coast bays along the entire Atlantic border, and thence to the Gulf and to the Pacific, and relations were established with new colleges and universities, until many of the scientific corps divided their allegiance between Survey work and professorial duty. To-day the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey is, as always, a Federal bureau maintained solely for practical survey work designed to meet the industrial and commercial demands of a great nation; yet it is incidentally one of the finest training-schools in the world for advanced students in geodesy and certain branches of surveying, within which ambitious graduates seek post-graduate courses, while wise regencies gladly draw on its corps of experts for the strengthening of their faculties.

An episode in 1812 led to popular demand for an enlarged navy, and the study of navigation received new impetus. One of the results was the acquisition of astronomical instruments and materials, which were finally gathered into a national observatory, naval in name and plan, though partly civilian in *personnel*. Here the history of the Coast Survey was

repeated, and the excellent work (such as the discovery of the Martian satellites by Asaph Hall) received recognition throughout the world, and aided in placing this country in the front rank among the nations engaged in astronomical researches. A collateral result of the impetus in navigation was the inauguration of an American ephemeris, or nautical almanac. At first the requisite computations were based on certain values for the "elements of the solar system" derived from early observations and reductions which were known to be imperfect, and were accepted by civilized nations only because the labor of reinvestigating and finally establishing the orbits, volumes, and weights of the planets and principal satellites was so great that all Europe shrank from it; but about 1860 the American astronomer Simon Newcomb addressed himself to the task, almost single-handed, in the Nautical Almanac Office of the United States. The work extended over decades, during which co-operative relations between the Federal bureau and the leading universities of the land arose and became intimate. The results are voluminous and technical, and may not easily be summarized; it suffices to say that the sun and the eight principal planets, together with the moon and some of the asteroids, have been literally weighed and measured, and their paths surveyed. With the accomplishment of this herculean task the "elements" were corrected so that ephemerides can be prepared for decades or centuries, instead of months or years only as in the mid-century; and to-day the shipping of the world is guided by the determinations of the Washington office, while the astronomers of domestic and foreign universities frequent the office to gain inspiration and knowledge for the benefit of their home institutions.

One of President Jefferson's plans for the development and enrichment of the country was reconnoissance of the mysterious "Great West," and a part of the energy of the military was expended in exploring expeditions. This precedent was followed by other Presidents; and when steam was harnessed a series of explorations and surveys, ostensibly and partly for railways to the Pacific, was inaugurated. In time the explorations were refined into surveys, at first geographic, and later geologic; and in the centennial year there were four impor-



tant surveys (two military and two under the Interior Department) at work in the Cordilleran region. Three years later these were consolidated and transferred wholly to the civilian department, and the field was extended to cover the entire country. This Geological Survey has progressed apace; its products are topographic maps, geologic atlases, and descriptive or philosophic treatises on the geology and mineral resources of the country. The heads of the four original surveys, Wheeler, King, Hayden, and Powell, sought as collaborators trained graduates from leading American and foreign institutions of learning, and also trained to the work experts of their own selection; and this policy was maintained by Powell during the fifteen years of his directorship in the Geological Survey. In this way the bureau became a training-school for topographic surveyors and geologic experts. To-day a hundred topographers and half as many geologists, mostly picked men from the graduating classes of leading American universities and colleges, are on the Survey rolls, and students of surveying and geology look forward eagerly to temporary or permanent connection with the Survey, even as volunteers. The recent impetus in geologic and engineering study, and indeed in university activity, must be ascribed partly to the professional demand created by this bureau, while a dozen universities include in their faculties experts trained in the Survey. Yet the bureau is not maintained as a school by the Federal government, primarily or purposely; it is so endowed and conducted as best to promote public interests through development of natural resources, and the educational function is purely incidental. The results of the work, both material and intellectual, are important. It is recognized throughout the world that the United States Geological Survey is the most extensive and productive in existence, and different foreign countries are modelling their surveys after the American plan; and the enrichment of the country through the researches of the bureau is beyond estimate. The scientific investigations have revolutionized geology; the recognition of the "base-level of erosion" by Powell led to the development of an essentially new science—geomorphology, or the new geology—whereby earth-history may be read from land

forms as well as from rock formations; the origin of rocks and minerals has been traced more fully than elsewhere; the marvellous record of the ice ages has been interpreted to the edification of domestic and foreign students; and in many ways the Survey and its indefinitely yet really affiliated universities have so enlarged knowledge that to-day America leads the world in the science of geology.

One of the most remarkable testaments ever recorded was that of James Smithson, an eccentric Briton of noble blood, who bequeathed a fortune for establishing in the United States an institution designed for "the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men." In 1846 this bequest was rendered available, and the Smithsonian Institution was created. Under the far-seeing policy proposed by the first secretary, Joseph Henry, and adopted by the ablest regency of the times, the institution assumed the duty of promoting research and publishing the results. One of the earliest lines of research related to those branches of physics connected with electricity and magnetism, and telegraphy was developed and perfected largely in the institution; then, under Henry's liberal policy, the results were turned over to the public to become a new art and industry. Another line of research related to meteorology and the climate of the country; this was pursued actively until its national importance was recognized, when the work was surrendered to the Federal government, and grew into the United States Weather Bureau, the largest institution of its kind. A third line of investigation related to fishes and fisheries, and this was carried forward with great energy and acumen by Assistant Secretary (afterward Secretary) Spencer F. Baird. At first the work was purely scientific, but when it was perceived by students and statesmen alike that the investigations afforded a means of conquest over the waters for human weal through establishing new food sources, this line of work also was turned over to the general government, and it has expanded into the present United States Fish Commission, the most extensive in the world. When geologic explorations and surveys were checked in the troublous years 1861-5, the institution unostentatiously encouraged geologic researches and saw to the preservation of geologic material; and when peace dawned the



carefully protected germ blossomed into the four Federal surveys of the seventies, to bear fruit in the present Geological Survey. Soon after its creation the institution began amassing a scientific library for the use of collaborators and the public; the collection of books soon became general, and proved especially useful to national legislators gathering annually in the capital, whereupon this line of work was in turn transferred to the government, and from this germ has grown the invaluable Library of Congress and the great National Library, whose gilded dome adorns the finest library building the world has thus far seen. With the collection of books Henry began the collection of objects illustrating natural history and human progress; this work was actively continued by Baird, and afterward by G. Brown Goode, who gave his life to its successful prosecution; it has matured in the inadequately housed though admirably equipped National Museum, which was long since surrendered to the state, and has become an important Federal bureau. A dozen years ago the naturalists of the museum found it necessary sometimes to obtain and preserve living animals; the small collection soon attracted public interest, and gradually developed into a National Zoological Park, already turned over to the public as the joint property of the Federal government and the Federal district. Under an inspiration originating with Albert Gallatin and continued by Lewis H. Morgan, the institution began ethnologic researches among the American Indians soon after its creation. When one of the four Federal surveys of the seventies (the Powell survey) took up the study of the native races, the accumulated material was donated to the Federal organization; and when the surveys were consolidated the ethnologic work was transferred to a Bureau of American Ethnology created for the purpose; and this bureau, which has since been maintained under Federal auspices, has classified the Indians of the continent and organized a new science—demology, or the science of humanity. During recent years the third secretary, Samuel P. Langley, has built up an astrophysical laboratory, which has already assumed such proportions as to be of public importance, and is now devoted to public use, and supported largely by public funds. Thus the unique institution endowed by

Smithson is a nidus of knowledge, a nursery of scientific bureaus; and half of these bureaus now maintained by the Federal government have originated within it, while all have benefited by its aid and encouragement. At the same time the institution has served as a scientific clearing-house, in which the drafts of discovery are scanned and the coin of conclusion tested, that the valid may be stamped and the spurious branded; and in the last half-century no advance in science of the first importance has been made in America without the endorsement and aid of the Smithsonian at some stage. Throughout its career the Smithsonian Institution, like the Federal bureaus, has sustained an indefinite yet most fruitful relation with the educational institutions of this and other countries, and the ambitious graduate esteems the honor of connection with it above the parchment from his *alma mater*, while progressive presidents and regents miss no chance of securing Smithsonian experts for their faculties.

The example of the Smithsonian has not been lost on sagacious statesmen, and the youngest department of the Federal government has been made a nursery of applied science, as is the Smithsonian of pure science; nominally a Department of Agriculture, it is really a department of national knowledge concerning natural resources. One of its branches is the now invaluable Weather Bureau; another is the Bureau of Animal Industry, which has stood well to the fore in teaching the nations of the earth the lesson of the germ as a cause and cure of disease; a third is the Biological Survey, which has already become a model for other countries; there is a division of Entomology, which has taught protection against the ravages of insects, and thereby reduced the cost of food; and there are divisions of Botany, Forestry, Agrostology, Vegetal Physiology, Pomology, and Chemistry, offices of fibre investigation and road inquiry, and a museum; in addition there are fifty or more agricultural experiment stations distributed over the country in such wise as to maintain contact with all parts of the body politic. The lines of work in the department are too numerous for summary statement, the methods too many-sided for following by fewer than a score of specialists; yet there is one feature in which the method is simple, and accordant with that of the other



bureaus: the various divisions, offices, and bureaus co-operate, directly or indirectly, with the universities and technical schools in all parts of the country.

This sketch of the organized institutions, though incomplete, indicates the unpremeditated liberality of the nation as a patron of practical learning, and suggests the notable results achieved. It is particularly incomplete as regards the many military institutions; but these are essentially distinct from the civilian organizations—the military idea is exclusive and intensive; the civilian idea is inclusive and evolutionary.

The workings of the unorganized Federal institution constituting the national seminary are especially significant, partly because unforeseen by the founders of the nation, ill recognized even by the statesmen of the present, yet a sign of the times during each year or decade.

The internal workings are simple. Each bureau chief is charged with certain official duties, and credited with certain funds to be applied in their performance; and within certain limitations (partly fixed by the civil service law) he strives to secure the performance of the duties in the best practicable manner and at the lowest practicable cost. To this end he either employs or trains experts, whose knowledge and skill increase by exercise; so each office becomes a hive of busy workers, each the best available specialist in his line, and all controlled by a single plan and united by common interest. The incentive to individual effort is strong: research is always new and attractive; the applications of knowledge are constantly extending, so that the shackles of routine are ever rent; with each new discovery new conditions arise, and the most capable men move forward; with each expansion of the service new blood is introduced, so that capacity and opportunity combine in a cumulative progress in which every effort bears fruit. Withal there is in each office such diversity of function as practically to prevent "envy, hatred, and malice," while the canker of inactivity is not. The several hives are combined in a great colony, in which the motives are alike, while the methods are sufficiently diversified to conduce toward harmony. This harmony is expressed, and at the same time constantly promoted, by various unofficial

associations and other instrumentalities maintained by the workers themselves: There are in Washington seven scientific societies, loosely united under a Joint Commission, besides several other learned bodies, whose principal founders and chief supporters represent the score or more of bureaus of learning constituting the national seminary; two of the societies publish periodicals (the *American Anthropologist* and the *National Geographic Magazine*), which are the leading exponents of their sciences in America, and several others issue journals of international circulation. In addition there is a unique club—the Cosmos Club—composed chiefly of scientific, literary, and artistic representatives of the Federal institutions of practical learning, where the savants of the world are welcomed; here Herbert Spencer, Helmholtz, and other makers of the intellectual world have broken bread and joined in the daily feasts of reason to which the Cosmos Club man is wont. By means of the bond of official interest, and the still stronger bond of scientific interest, the collaborators of the Federal bureaus of research are united in a scientific circle which is commonly regarded as the broadest and strongest in the country, if not in the world. Through official necessity and unofficial association a strong didactic element is introduced in the scientific bureaus. Commonly the chiefs are among the foremost living specialists in their respective lines, and one of their main functions is the instruction of collaborators by precept and example, while the principal collaborators in turn are necessarily employed partly in the inculcation of principles and the exposition of methods among their assistants. It is this didactic element which renders the Federal position so attractive to progressive students, and leads them to compete for volunteer connections, or places yielding no more salary than a scholarship or fellowship in a university; and it is largely through this competition that the ranks of workers in the scientific hives are kept filled. This training-school system is seldom reckoned by statesmen, rarely foreseen in its fulness even by the bureau chiefs; it is simply the product of experience and effort to accomplish the best expert work at the least cost; yet it is a power in shaping Federal progress. The laboratory work of the offices is combined



with the class work of the unofficial societies, in which the more active chiefs, collaborators, and assistants announce their results, describe their methods, and, in brief, formulate and expound the knowledge gained in the national seminary of learning. During each season, from November to May, several hundred technical lectures, equal in learning and superior in freshness to those of the best universities, and as many popular addresses prepared by men of ability, are delivered; and by so many of these as he is able to attend, each Federal expert profits. Of formal tuition there is none; even the lectures and addresses are free to members of the societies, and commonly to all; and the liberal leaven springing from this emancipation of intelligence has spread until the learned circle of the national capital has risen above that secretiveness, exclusiveness, pharisaism, and other manifestations of intellectual penury by which budding science was degraded. Here the fountains of knowledge gush and brim over, and whoso will may drink freely; a score of masters, a hundred high-grade instructors, and a thousand fellows in science are constantly at work in the "National Seminary of Learning"; every branch of useful knowledge is cultivated; the arts are indirectly promoted, to the extent that the capital has become an artistic centre; literature is fostered, always as a means, sometimes as an end, and here several of our notable writers—like\* John Burroughs, Lester F. Ward, "Mark Twain," John Hay, Clifford Howard, John G. Nicolay, Frances Hodgson Burnett, and others—have gained inspiration and training. Yet the strength of the school lies especially in science. In this intellectual vineyard, more than in any other, the modern cult of knowledge—the cheering faith in conquest of lower nature for the good of mankind—has rooted and borne fruit.

The more complex external relations are suggested by the internal relations. The primary relations are with the universities and technical schools, and are of three types. In the first type, ambitious pupils in the educational institutions aspire to post-graduate positions in the great Federal institution, and shape their studies to this end. "Their name is legion," and they come to fill, at nominal salaries, the nameless fellowships in

the national seminary. In the second type, experts for the Federal service are chosen among university professors, who, in the interests of expediency, thenceforward divide their time between official labor and professorial duty. This arrangement is prevalent. Within the last five years the Geological Survey alone has maintained relations of this type with Harvard, Yale, Cornell, Columbia, Johns Hopkins, and Chicago universities, as well as with the State universities of West Virginia, North Carolina, Alabama, Ohio, Michigan, and Wisconsin; the similar relations of the Coast and Geodetic Survey are almost equally extensive, and those of the various bureaus in the Agricultural Department are still more extensive, so that there is hardly a high-grade educational institution in the United States whose faculty does not include one or more Federal officials. This arrangement has been criticised in the halls of Congress and in the public press; yet it persists and constantly increases, simply because it meets a need of the times, and inures to the benefit both of the bureaus and the universities. In the third type of relation the post-graduate masters in the national seminary are called to fill educational positions for which they have been qualified by their Federal service. This also is prevalent, as shown by recent examples. Thomas C. Chamberlin went from the Geological Survey to the presidency of the University of Wisconsin, Mark W. Harrington from the Weather Bureau to the head of the State University of Washington, and T. C. Mendenhall from the Coast and Geodetic Survey to the presidency of the Worcester Polytechnic Institute; Joseph P. Iddings and R. D. Salisbury passed from the Geological Survey, and William H. Holmes from the Bureau of American Ethnology, to accept professorships in Chicago University; Israel C. Russell left the Geological Survey to succeed Alexander Winchell as Professor of Geology in the University of Michigan; Robert S. Woodward, Tarleton H. Bean, and J. L. Wortman have been called from Federal positions at Washington to professorial positions in Columbia University; and these examples might be doubled, or even quadrupled. The influence of the seminary is not confined to the civilian bureaus, but extends to the army and navy, and even to the halls of Congress, the cabi-



net, and the Supreme Bench; quite recently two high Federal officers affiliated with the scientific circle have been called to head universities—Hon. William L. Wilson, ex-Postmaster-General, becomes president of Washington and Lee, and Hon. Charles W. Dabney, Assistant Secretary of Agriculture, has been chosen president of Vanderbilt. Thus in certain features—and these are signs of the times—the nameless national institution dominates the local institutions of learning; it is the key-stone of the structure in which they are pillars.

There are secondary relations between the national centre of knowledge and many industrial and other institutions. The Federal service is essentially practical and open to all, so that the work reflects national character and training. The Federal experts are of the people, with whom they associate constantly, and, under the liberal policy pursued in the capital, freely convey information through conversation and correspondence, and sometimes through the ephemeral press and formal discourse; again, advanced workers in the Federal colony are frequently tempted by the richer emolument of unofficial position, and leave the capital to shape activity in mining, manufacturing, engineering, and other enterprises. In these ways the centre is kept in touch with all parts of the body politic, and the influence of constantly growing knowledge is diffused widely.

The appropriations for the maintenance of the scientific bureaus for the current year aggregate in round numbers \$8,000,000, and the employees (of whom a considerable majority are scientific experts) exceed five thousand; this is exclusive of the Smithsonian Institution proper, the Patent Office—originally created as a scientific bureau—and the Corps of Engineers. While most of the offices and officers are in the capital, local branches and stations are distributed throughout the country. Most of the bureaus are inadequately housed, largely in rented quarters, for as their growth has exceeded anticipation, so it has outrun provision for public buildings; yet from time to time suitable domiciles are erected. The various bureaus have never been united administratively, and most of them are now organized separately under four

departments (Navy, Treasury, Interior, and Agricultural) and the Smithsonian Institution—the Fish Commission and the Bureau of Labor remaining independent of the executive departments. Plans have been suggested for segregating them in a single department, or perhaps under a regency something like that of the Smithsonian, but these plans are far from mature. The present dean of the scientific corps, as president of the Joint Commission and as patron and promoter of knowledge, is Hon. Gardiner G. Hubbard, a regent of the Smithsonian Institution; the Nestor is Major J. W. Powell, the explorer of Colorado Canyon and maker of the Geological Survey and the Bureau of American Ethnology, a bureau chief since 1868; yet these and other leaders shape progress only through force of character and example, for of general organization there is none.

So it is not too much to say that President Washington's bright dream of national education is largely realized—that there is a National Seminary of Learning in the national capital in which the arts, belles-lettres, and especially the sciences, are "taught in their fullest extent, thereby embracing all the advantages of European tuition, with the means of acquiring the liberal knowledge which is necessary to qualify our citizens for the exigencies of public as well as private life." It is a nameless and structureless university, standing on a higher plane than any local school, howsoever exalted in aim and work. Its patrons are the founders and builders of the nation; its chancellors, past and present, are such masters as Henry, Baird, Powell, Newcomb, and Langley, whose fame is broad as civilization; its regency is the Federal Executive, Legislative, and Judicative combined; its faculty includes nearly all American creators of knowledge; its fellows are a thousand picked post-graduates; and its preparatory school comprises the organized universities and colleges of half a hundred commonwealths. It co-ordinates our educational institutions, from university to public school; and, more than all else, it establishes the true *raison d'être* of education by determining, through direct application to human welfare, what knowledge is best. The final step of organizing this great university is a duty of the early future.



# EDITOR'S STUDY.

M. BRUNETIÈRE, the editor of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, printed last October, in the *Atlantic Monthly*, a very interesting paper on "The French Mastery of Style." The importance of the discussion was emphasized by the admitted authority of the writer, who is an expert in style, and a critical observer of the processes by which the French language has attained its distinction. This distinction is of two kinds: in the use of language as a means of conveying accurately, and with a sort of inevitability in choice of words, the exact thought of the writer; and in the use of it in a manner to convey artistic pleasure. In a good style the reader receives, over and above the thought conveyed, and in a way independent of it, the pleasure that he gets from a perfect piece of architecture, or from a drawing which conforms in all its lines to the laws of beauty.

The attainment of "style" is quite as rare in the art of prose composition as it is in any other art, and that whether we consider it as a complete expression of an individuality ("the style is the man"), or as the result of conformity to certain ascertained laws, as in the Greek sculpture. It is often pointed out that the devotion to style as such—that is, to the refinement of language as a means of giving pleasure—has a danger—a danger not yet imminent in this country—of subordinating the vitality of literature to the attraction of linguistic skill—as in a painting we might be more interested in the brushwork than in the subject and sentiment of the artist. The reply to this is, that a style which does this, which calls more attention to the manner of expression than to the thought, is neither a good style nor a great style. The more it pleases at first, the more "catching" it is in a sort of linguistic felicity and cleverness, the sooner it will tire the reader. There are many sorts of styles, many good styles, and a few great, but they all have certain qualities in common; and these are exact fitness of the words to express the idea, entire lucidity, unimpeded flow, as of a clear stream; and harmony, almost musical rhythm, and the personal charm, both of which are lost in transla-

tion. The excellence of the "French style" referred to is mainly in making the French language the instrument of expressing the subtlest and the most lucid thought; and a style of this sort maintains the dignity of literary art while treating of things most "intimate" and closest to common human experience. It is no more "common" in lesser matters than it is stilted in the highest range of thought. In the cultivation of expression by language in this way there is no sort of danger to literature itself—even though this art of expression may be sometimes used for subjects trivial and unworthy. We do not disparage plate-glass because ugly objects are as perfectly seen through it as beautiful objects.

## II.

Discussion of style is, however, to most of us a vain exercise without examples, and I may as well confess that I set out in these remarks to call attention to a volume of essays by William J. Stillman, entitled, from the initial essay, *The Old Rome and the New*. Mr. Stillman, by reason of his long apprenticeship to letters and his varied experience in art as well, is fully entitled to claim the ear of the public, not only for what he has to say, but for his manner of saying it. Although he has been all his life a writer, a critic, a controversialist, a describer of the interesting world in which he finds himself, and our periodical literature has been enriched by his pen for half a century, it is only recently that he has consented with himself to present himself in the sacred form of a book, in which is gathered some of the more mature and reconsidered observations, reflections, experiences, and theories that have ripened in his mind. It will be seen from his delightful preface that he has been in no haste to "publish"—to take the inevitable step which Tennyson so much feared and postponed, and which is taken with so little sense of responsibility every day by nearly everybody. With that humor which always so nearly strikes the note of melancholy, he says: "Beginning, as most young writers do, with more ambition than sound knowledge of my com-



petence, I had the good fortune to learn soon that the opinions of young men are rarely worth preserving, though their art may be so, and I then decided that I would publish nothing before I should be forty; when I was forty I postponed to fifty; at fifty I said, sixty is not too late; and at sixty I had still too much to learn, and I would trust to seventy. And now, at seventy, I would fain wait a little longer, were eighty assured, feeling my incompetence more keenly than even at thirty."

It would of course be absurd for the United States government, which in literature is so solicitous about the rights of printers to refuse a copyright to the productions of authors before they reach the age of seventy; and it requires no elaborate argument to show that such a rule would work grievous injustice in many individual cases; but what a preponderance of gain over some serious loss from postponement might result to the public! What a mass of crudity, of immature ideas and unformed style, it would be spared! The duty of sifting the literary material offered to it is now thrown upon the public, and neither the public taste nor its power of discrimination, of assimilation and digestion, appears to be improved by this task which is laid upon it. It has already enough to do, one would think, in experimenting with the proprietary medicines which the seductive advertisements induce it to try. In the case of such a rule, the sifting process would be thrown primarily upon the author. In Germany the rule is that beer cannot be offered for sale until it is properly cured and fit to drink. There is probably no way of imposing like conditions upon the champagne, hock, and Burgundy of literature. The world would doubtless be less interesting than it is if our individual liberty were made to square in all respects with the public interests. The "patent right" offers another analogy. There is more resemblance to the liberty of publishing in the granting of patents to useful inventions, than in the liberty accorded to proprietary medicines and to uncured beer. The inventor can patent a crude idea and an unfinished machine. When he has "introduced" his invention he improves it, and puts out a better machine, and the purchasers of the former are compelled to take the new one, and the newest one again and again. We must always have the revised and latest edition. But here the

analogy of the patented invention with literature breaks down. As soon as the author has come to maturity and has put his final revision upon his work and departed, leaving his revisions and his public behind him, the public desires to have all the editions, the "variants" and the immaturities of youth and of unformed judgment, and seems to take more delight in the varying prentice work than in the finished product. The poet would like to have his reputation rest upon his "best"; but it cannot if he begins to publish early. Of course the author has the remedy in his own hands, by postponing publication till he reaches the age of seventy. But the objections to this course do not need to be stated.

Whatever way you look at it the subject is full of perplexities. The State fixes by law, for the protection of society, what is called the "age of consent." It would be inconvenient to fix in this way the age at which one might publish. Some authors become of age very young, and decay soon after; other authors never come of age at all, and the public takes notice of this by its axiom that "there is no fool like an old fool."

No. Although Mr. Stillman has given us in this volume work that unites the charm and freshness of youth with the maturity and mellowness of age, I would not always trust the judgment of a man of seventy even on his own work. In this particular case of postponement I feel that the world has been robbed of much that it would have enjoyed and profited by if these essays had been attainable in book form twenty or thirty years ago.

The importance of the contents of this volume and its quality have been fully recognized by the best authorities in England and in this country; what the Study set out to do, as has been said, is to call attention to its style as an illustration of the topic under discussion. These essays are a capital example of the adept use of the English language. I hesitate for words to characterize this style. Perhaps the charm lies in the inevitability of the words used, the harmony with which they fall into line, and the absolute lucidity with which they represent the perfectly lucid conception of the writer. It is not brilliant in the reviewer's common meaning, as glittering; but it conveys the idea, the situation, the speculation, with



perfect brilliancy. It is wholly without exaggeration or striving for effect, and yet the effect sought is as certain and as convincing as the sunshine. It is not a mosaic of splendid phrases; above all, it is not a mosaic of quotations; nor is the reader wearied by the constant recurrence of scintillating points, exclamations of pointed wit; nor is he held by a constant balancing of one statement and another in antithesis, so that he is left in doubt as to what the author means; there is no use of archaic words, or of words put to uncommon uses, as if the writer had been striving to be original, or rather as if he were striving to impress the reader with a notion of originality in thought. It is not an adequate definition to say that the chief characteristic of Mr. Stillman's style is simplicity, though simplicity is consistent with a certain complexity; it has not the sort of simplicity of Irving's, and, on the other hand, it has not the touch of artifice and composition which dazzles us in Lowell's, nor again the half-rhetorical eloquence of Ruskin's. It is flexible, light in hand; but it is at the same time solid—that is, the words have weight, and convey a sense of power in the handling. That is why the London *Spectator* calls the "Reverie over London" "powerful"; the power is in the manner as well as in the thought. The style is simple in the sense that it is lucid, never obscure, and it is easy reading. The attention of the reader is required to follow thought, not to unravel puzzles in linguistic construction. And the lucidity is not gained by undue simplification, or by repetitions. This style has grace as from an internal harmony, and it does not lack what the artists call "color," though the color is not put on in blotches to attract attention. We use the terms "distinction" and "high bred" with regard to style, meaning something more than refinement, much more than fastidiousness, or even than the hard-worked word "charm." It is a noble language, the English, and we see its capacities in the hands of a master. It is capable of conveying subtle and noble thought clearly and nobly, and at the same time of giving the most exquisite pleasure. A few writers have the power of so marshalling words that they seem an exclusive and well-bred company—a sort of *haute noblesse* in language, if that term is not offensive in a democracy of

letters. This high breeding is an essential element in all poetry, from Horace to Dobson, even in that which concerns itself with the trifles of life.

This quality, this "style," so difficult to define in poetry or prose, is always recognized. We shall not find a better example of it than in Fitzgerald's quatrains of Omar Khayyám, whether they are regarded as translations or as originals on an Oriental theme. This is very fully evident in the superb variorum edition, edited with such scholarly research and keenly directed industry by Mr. Nathan Haskell Dole. If we compare Fitzgerald's with the many other "versions" in English, in French, in German, and in other languages, we see at once what is meant by "distinction," by "high breeding," by "charm," by the "inevitability" of epithet, by the nameless quality that removes poetry from prose, elegance from commonplace; and we have a new conception of the nobility and power of our English tongue in the hands of a master. And when we have said all this, we must acknowledge that the best prose, the best poetry, has a power of giving pleasure as if some aerial grace were thrown over it, like light upon a meadow of daisies, or upon a waterfall, that defies definition in words.

### III.

While we have Mr. Stillman's volume before us it is convenient to direct attention to two remarkable essays in it, one on the Decay and one on the Revival of art. The author is not insensible to the evolution going on in our civilization, and going on rapidly in the last half-century. And in recognizing the decay in art his impartial mind does not insist that art is a necessity of our modern life. He does not dogmatize, but he raises this question: "Is it necessary that art should be revived to the degree of importance it possessed in former times?"

In order to understand the significance of this question we need to quote Mr. Stillman's definition of art, and then to note what the popular understanding of art has come to be. No doubt the author thinks the world would be improved by a return to the conception of real art, but that the pursuit of art as popularly understood is rather barren, and that the present scientific and materialistic society does not "want" real art. His definition



is this: "Art is simply the harmonious expression of human emotion." It follows, then, that the representation and imitation of nature are not art. "The nearer to nature the farther from art." "As religion was made for man, and not man for religion, so art was not made for nature, but nature for art, looking at the matter from the artist's point of view. The modern conception of the arts of design is that they are intended as the mirror of nature; the ancient and true one, that they were the outcome of the emotions, aspirations, and imagination or spiritual conceptions of the artist; to the old master the facts of nature were the vocabulary of his language, to the new they are the types of his achievements. The former employed her forms to define his visions, the latter only mimics them. The former expresses an idea, the latter imitates a surface. Art has changed its public, forgotten its origin, and is no longer the teacher of humanity, the messenger of the gods, but the sycophant of vulgarity and ignorance; or, at its best—and would it were never worse employed!—the servant of science. Who accepts nature as the supreme authority, from which no appeal can lie, may be a scientist, but never an artist." In another connection, coming to details, the author says: "Photography is the absolute negative of art; and if to-morrow it could succeed in reproducing all the tints of nature, it would only be the more antagonistic, if that were possible, to the true artistic qualities. 'The letter killeth, the spirit giveth life,' and though artistic creation does not involve the creation of the prime material, no more does, so far as science teaches, the creation of the world; the old material takes new forms, that is all. The idealist gets his materials from nature, but he recasts them in expression; the realist, who is no artist, repeats them as he gets them. This is the fundamental distinction in all design; the copyist is not an artist."

The reader of the Study will notice the parallelism of these "materialistic tendencies" in art to the same tendencies which are taking the soul and inspiration out of literature. But without pushing this thought too far in the case of the poet and the creative writer, I will quote our author a little further in regard to the effect upon art. His doctrine will not be welcome. It may be none the less

wholesome, and provocative of reflection: "Nature has in every case killed art. The devotion to naturalism has, in all the past schools, been recognized by thoughtful criticism as 'the decline of art.' The reason is evident. The servile study of nature supersedes the exercise of those faculties on which I have shown the successful pursuit of art to depend; the vulgar taste applauds what it can understand—the superficial aspect of things, imitation, illusion, etc.; and the Academies, Royal and National, and the various societies, in their exhibitions and search of popularity, follow and confirm the vulgar opinion, which can never be otherwise than grossly ignorant; and only the artistic genius of inflexible fibre resists the current, and is generally ignored. The annual exhibitions are the grave of all that is best in art; individuality of the finer kind, refinement, simplicity, which is a form of religion, and pure intellectual purpose—these are trampled out by the eager feet of those who give a morning to the work of a year, are unrecognized in the competition of brilliant technical surfaces, and are finally buried in the ignorant comment of the daily press, compelled to pronounce judgment without consideration, and generally without the most elementary knowledge of the subject. No labor of any human worker is ever subjected to such degradation as is art to-day under the criticism of the daily paper. Now and then a true artist fights his way to his proper place by sheer intellectual power and patient endurance; but others, as true in aim, if of minor force, are never recognized till they are dead, if even then."

Besides the question whether art is a necessity in our modern world, whether we are not "evolved" beyond it, the author incidentally glances at the futility of most of our teaching—if the object is a real revival of real art, and not servility to the trade of the copyist, or, as in literature, an indiscriminate reproduction of the accidents of nature and the eccentricities of humanity. I shall be thanked, no doubt, for quoting another of Mr. Stillman's vigorous paragraphs: "As I have said, no individual can answer the question I have asked—Do we want art any longer? But if I were called on to answer my own question I would say, No! We want portraiture, because the leading motive in the majority is vanity,



and the highest virtue domestic affection. For the awakening of the highest artistic faculties we have neither the desire nor the ability. We understand vaguely what is like nature, and we confound the representation of nature with art. People who take to art in the feeling that it is a better amusement than any other are too far advanced in life to acquire a really noble execution, just as they would be in music; and they always depend on nature because it is the easiest way to get along. The establishment of schools in the old and true sense of the word, where the training should begin with the development of the intellect, and correct habits of working should be acquired before the critical faculties are at work, in which a regular apprenticeship should be gone through, the process by which alone a master can be made, is, in the present state of things, impossible. If in some more or less remote future a reaction should follow the present temper and art find a new world, we may have prepared the way for it by the recognition of its true principles, and, above all, the clear understanding that its fundamental law is that in its sphere art is supreme, and nature only its bricks and mortar. So long as we confound fidelity to nature with excellence in art, we ignore that law."

#### IV.

When the cynic was told that *Quo Vadis* was the most popular and had sold the best in this country of all the books of the Polish novelist Sienkiewicz, he said, that is what I should have predicted, for it is his poorest. This judgment needs explanation and qualification. The implication is that the Roman novel was popular because it is poor, and that its popularity implies a want of public discrimination. It is true that *Quo Vadis*, in the view of literary criticism, is the poorest work of this brilliant author, but there are other reasons why it was more popular than the Polish trilogy of great romances. Some of these reasons are found in its subject. Any story about the early Christians and about their persecution is sure to attract wide and alert attention. The public also know about Nero, and like additional reasons for hating that violin-playing monster, who is believed to have sat on a terrace and played on some sort of a musical instrument after he had set Rome on fire.

These matters are familiar, and they occurred in our historic line. But the other great romances of the author are on ground unfamiliar to us, and foreign to our sympathies. It was difficult for us to imagine the great wilderness of the steppes, and to feel the whirlwind of barbaric and semi-Oriental passion that swept over them in the sixteenth century. The author, however, was on his own ground there by inheritance and tradition. He created his world out of materials native to him, and wrote without self-consciousness. In Rome he was under the disadvantage of being in a field foreign to himself; his work smells of the laboratory and the study—in a word, it necessarily becomes somewhat archæological. That is the common fault of classic novels generally, written by modern novelists. Ebers's Egyptian stories are an extreme illustration of this; they all smell of bitumen and mummy-wrappings. In order to reproduce his Roman world the writer has to explain too much. We can fancy how encumbered and uninteresting (except to the archæological student of a later age) a novel about New York would be if the writer were compelled to stop and explain and describe every house, room by room, with all the furniture, every vehicle, every utensil of use or pleasure, every dress and ornament.

Sienkiewicz was under this disadvantage in attempting to reproduce, by books and monuments, the Rome of Nero. But there is something more to be said. He is a genius, and a short story by him, called *Let us Follow Him*, showing the effect of the crucifixion upon the pagan mind, is evidence of his ability to throw himself into the past without committing the fault he has fallen into in *Quo Vadis*. It would seem as if the great novelist had been affected by the modern wave of sensationalism that has swept from their moorings so many writers, and had yielded to it. This is not saying that there are not powerful scenes in *Quo Vadis*, scenes that make the reader hold his breath. It is not saying that the author has abandoned his power of creation—witness the character of Petronius. But *Quo Vadis* is really a melodrama, and not to be compared as a work of art—that means an enduring work—with *Fire and Sword*, *The Deluge*, and *Pan Michael*, nor with that intense study, *Without Dogma*.



# EDITOR'S DRAWER

## THE BARON'S VICTIM.

A Mellow Drama.

BY TUDOR JENKS AND DUFFIELD OSBORNE.

### CHARACTERS:

MR. HENRY FITZTEMPLETON, *first gentleman*.  
 BARON VON SNOOKA, OF MONTE CARLO, *first villain*.  
 MR. HOWARD MOUNTJOY, *first juvenile*.  
 HAWKSHAW, *first detective*.  
 WILKINS, *second detective*.  
 BLENKINSOP, *butler*.  
 SMITH, *prompter*.  
 MISS EMILY FITZTEMPLETON, *leading lady*.  
 POLLY, *maid*.

### ACT I.

SCENE.—A modern drawing-room,—indicated, as usual, by one sofa, for emotional purposes; two easy-chairs, for dialogues; one gas fire, for twilight scenes, the easy destruction of important documents, etc. Curtain rises and discovers the inevitable Polly and feather duster.

*Polly.* Here I am, discovered dusting as usual. My duty is to amuse the audience while they are coming late, slamming seats, and rustling their programmes. I have nothing to say, because if I had it couldn't be heard until the theatre parties settle down and keep quiet; hence I merely dust around until the entrance of dummy number two.

*Enter Blenkinsop.*

*Blenkinsop.* And here I am, as you anticipated. Business like Polly's, except that I must chaff with Polly, so as to introduce the real characters. Kindly notice the originality of my first remark. Aha, Polly, as lively as ever, I see!

*Polly.* So you're up at last, Mr. Impertinence! You'd catch it if Mr. Henry knew how late you were every morning!

*Blenkinsop (with a sigh).* Things are changed, Polly, sadly changed, since Mr. Henry returned from abroad.

*Polly.* Changed indeed. Miss Emily seems like a different woman.

*Blenkinsop.* And can't you guess why, Polly?

*Polly.* I could, but I sha'n't.

*Blenkinsop.* Your temper hasn't improved since his return; and it wasn't very good before.

*Polly.* Patient Griselda would become a virago in this house.

*Blenkinsop.* Why don't you leave, then?

*Polly.* And part from you, Mr. Blenkinsop? Oh, cruel Blenkinsop! Your manners are so engaging, your face so bewitching. What should I do without you?

*Blenkinsop.* So much taffy before dinner, Polly, is cloying. But, seriously, what ails her?

*Polly.* As amateurs say in private theatricals, "Her? Who?"

*Blenkinsop.* Miss Emily. What has driven the bloom from her cheek, the light from her eye?

*Polly.* Why, Blenkinsop! you an actor, a real

supe, and pretend not to know what ails the heroine in the first act? I blush for you.

*Blenkinsop.* Oh, well, if you put it to me *professionally*, Polly, I should of course reply that Mr. Henry, having gambled away his paternal estate in Europe, and having thereby become entangled with a dark, mysterious, and gentlemanly heavy villain, who always wears his dress suit, night and day—

*Polly.* Brings the heavy villain home with him—

*Blenkinsop.* And insists that his sister shall marry him—

*Polly.* To clear off a mortgage upon—

*Blenkinsop.* The family estate.

*Polly.* Yes, Mr. Blenkinsop, 'tis so indeed, and an enlightened audience needs scarcely to be told that she is engaged—pardon me, that she has plighted her troth to—

*Blenkinsop.* The curled blond wig and light spring suit which rest upon the well-padded frame of the first juvenile.

*Polly.* Enough. I hear Mr. Henry approaching (or, to be frank, I see him at the wings waiting for his cue. Now see me fetch him out). Ah, here he is!

*Enter Mr. Henry Fitztempleton.*

*Mr. Henry (to audience).* Good-morning! Good-morning! (*To Polly.*) Polly, I am awaiting the arrival of a gentleman—in fact, the first villain. When he comes, don't show him into the cellar, but show him up.

*Polly.* Yes, sir.

[*Curtseys, this being the first opportunity.*]

*Mr. Henry.* Blenkinsop, did you carry the letter I gave you to its address, or did you sell it to a dime museum?

*Blenkinsop.* It was delivered, sir; and here is the blank paper representing the answer.

*Mr. Henry.* Give it me.

[*Blenkinsop and Polly go out. Audience visibly relieved.*]

*Mr. Henry (solus).* Being alone, I will advance to the front of the stage, stand like the Colossus of Rhodes, thus, and, as the note is strictly personal, I will read it aloud for the benefit of the audience:

"DEAR HENRY,—It is with regret that I am compelled, by circumstances over which, I grieve to say, I am without control, to recognize it as practically out of the question that I should comply with your flattering request to advance you the pecuniary aid to which you refer in your valued favor of the 6th inst.

Yours,                      FORDYCE."

(*Resumes, with peripatetic agitation.*) The last rat has cravenly crawled from the sinking ship. This



leaves no alternative. I am resolved! (*Tears the letter into fragments and hurls it into the grate.*) Emily must marry the Baron at once. I wonder where she can be?

*Enter Miss Emily.*

*Miss Emily.* Dear brother!

[*They embrace gingerly, and he smooths back the hair from her brow. When released, she rearranges her bang during his next speech.*]

*Mr. Henry.* Sister, your smiling face is as bright as the day, whose morning ray is just gilding the lattice.

[*Points to the modern window-frame, plainly lacking glass.*]

*Miss Emily.* My heart is full of joy, dear brother, for all the world looks so brightly upon me. Your home-coming has filled to the brim the cup which was already running over.

[*Sings "Tra-la, tra-la, tra-la," ad lib.*]

*Mr. Henry* (*sardonically shaking his head, aside*). Little does the innocent child realize how soon the cup, now running over, will have such a slip betwixt it and the lip as will compel her to drain the bitter draught to its very dregs,—but a truce to these sad thoughts. Action, my boy, action!

[*Sits himself comfortably in easy-chair.*]

*Miss Emily.* But, Henry, you seem preoccupied. You have not noticed my new dress.

*Mr. Henry* (*aside*). She must suspect nothing. (*Aloud, rising.*) Ha—dress—dress, you say? Why, certainly, to be sure, beautiful—beautiful! Where did you get it? (*Aside.*) Am I becoming a dissembler? "Oh, what a tangled web—"

*Miss Emily.* And I made every stitch of it myself.

*Mr. Henry.* Well, well! Every stitch yourself. (*Trying to laugh gayly.*) A stitch in time saves nine, sister, but you must not spoil those lovely hands. (*Takes one tenderly.*) What would Baron Snooka say should he find you had a seamstress's thumb?

*Miss Emily.* The Baron Snooka! Who is—Yes, yes; he is the dear friend of whom your letters were so full. Do you then expect him?

*Mr. Henry.* He should be here by now. (*Clock strikes irregularly.*) Ah, he is here!

[*Ring at a bell, recognized by the audience as the same which rang up the curtain. Polly announces the Baron.*]

*Polly.* Baron von Snooka!

[*Exit Polly.*]

*Enter Baron.* Fur-lined overcoat with frogs, eye-glass, dress suit, black mustache, red ribbon, patent-leather shoes, spats.

*Baron.* Mine olt frent Heinrich!

[*Kisses him. Audience shudder.*]

*Mr. Henry.* Baron—Emily, permit me to present my friend Baron von Snooka, of Monte Carlo.

*Miss Emily* (*bowing*). Baron, charmed to meet you. Brother has so often spoken of you that I really feel that you are quite a friend of the family.

*Baron* (*aside*). By Heffens, she is sharming! Such graze, so sweet, so chic, so fan der seekle! Madam, you vill bermit me?

[*Kisses her hand—really his own thumb.*]

*Miss Emily.* Baron, I am as innocent as a little bird. I have never lived out of New York, so I do not see "bold bad man" written all over your purple nose and oily complexion. Hear me converse ingenuously. Oh, Monseer ler Barong, having winged your gauzy flight over the perhaps effete but yet dazzling parterres of Yurrupe, you cannot but become ennuied by the pastoral simplicity of

our modest home on the Hudson, rent about \$10,000 a year.

*Baron.* You honnaire me too much. None can so well abbrethiate bucolic delights as I, who, since childhood's habby hour, have been sated with the daily luggsury of a third-rate imitation baron.

*Mr. Henry.* Enough! This scene is getting too long. Let us talk business, and get on with the plot. Baron, you hold my notes for fabulous amounts. These notes must be surrendered to me ere I consent to your wedding my sister, whom you so fondly love!

*Baron and Miss Emily* (*together*). How?

*Mr. Henry.* Don't say "How"! It may be theatrical, but it's not grammar.

*Miss Emily.* But you know, Henry, it cannot be. I am already affianced to Howard Mountjoy by me dead fa-a-ather's dying request.

*Mr. Henry.* Mountjoy be hanged! You are promised in matrimony by your living brother—your orphan brother, Emily—to the Baron von Snooka. Baroness von Snooka! Methinks it sounds well!

*Baron.* Would it were zo! But, my frent—

*Mr. Henry.* But me no buts, Baron! I am a man of few words; in fact, lazy! Either you marry my sister, or I call you out. You may remember I am a pupil of the famous Shootemdown of Paris, and of the equally notorious Carvemup of Heidelberg. I will await your decision in yonder garden,—*jardin*, Baron, *dans le jardin*! You will know it by the pasteboard statue of the cramp-seized nymph which is visible through the lattice. Young lovers are best alone. Ha! ha! Aur revore!

[*Lounges out, lighting a cigarette. The Baron smiles sardonically at Miss Emily, who shrieks, and faints on the emotional sofa.*]

CURTAIN.

## ACT II.

SCENE.—*The same* (or, *if the manager is one of the Henry-Irving-never-mind-expense school, the garden, as there is nothing in this scene which cannot be said in one place as well as another*). *If garden, one iron bench, one imitation fence with real gate, and the regular apple-dumpling pasteboard rock. The nymph, and wood scene in the distance.*

*Enter Miss Emily in another dress* (*a sine qua non*).

*Miss Emily.* Alas! what shall I do? The Baron pursues me everywhere with his hated suit—his dress suit. If he would only wear something else during daylight! But there is no help. Henry's debts must be paid, and my maiden heart sacrificed. Oh! if it were myself alone I could perhaps bear it; but alars! I am pledged to a noble heart which beats for me alone. Would—would I had a faithful messenger to bear him tidings!

*Enter Polly, bonnet and shawl, but still in impracticable slippers.*

*Miss Emily.* Heaven aids me! Polly, come hither. [*Polly goes thither.*]

*Miss Emily.* Polly, whither are you bending your steps?

*Polly.* To the village plumber, Miss Emily. The kitchen boiler is once more bursted.

*Miss Emily.* Misfortunes never come singly!

[*Weeps.*]

*Polly.* Why, what is the matter? Can I not aid you?

*Miss Emily.* Polly, you know, mayhap, the residence of the Mountjoys?

*Polly.* I know it well. Many a time, when yet an innocent child, I sported—

*Miss Emily.* Enough! 'Tis well. Hasten there; and if perchance you meet with Mr. Howard Mountjoy, I would see him at once.

*Polly.* You would?

*Miss Emily.* I would. Do not parley longer, but be off—way off.

*Polly.* I exit at once. [*She does so.*]

*Miss Emily.* How shall I pass the moments until his coming? I have it! I will sing.

[*The orchestra is visibly agitated.*]

#### SONG.

"When lovely woman parts with Polly,  
And fears that she will long delay,  
How can she strike with melancholy  
The people who for sadness pay?  
The only way the wait to cover  
Until the street-door bell doth ring,  
As cue for entrance of her lover,  
Who's now expected, is to—sing."

[*Encore by those who want to get all they can for their money. Having no other verses, the actress improvises—"Way down upon the Suwanee Ribber," etc. No encore.*]

*Enter Mr. Howard Mountjoy.*

*Miss Emily.* Mine own one!

[*Sinks on his shoulder.*]

*Mountjoy.* De-ar-ling!

[*They embrace until audience ceases to applaud, then separate with fervor.*]

*Miss Emily.* Oh, Howard! if I could but tell you all! [*Sobs.*]

*Mountjoy.* Dearest, it is unnecessary. Polly, doubtless foreseeing that you couldn't "tell me all" without boring the audience, has kindly told me all. I wasted not a moment, but leaped into the plumber's wagon, and I am here.

*Miss Emily.* But what is to be done? I am distraught.

*Mountjoy.* Be brave, my noble girl. Were this a tragedy, then well mightst thou despair; but it is merely a mellow drama. The villains will be foiled—I know they will. Do but believe in me and the fifth act, and all will yet be well.

*Miss Emily.* My preserver! [*Clings.*]

*Mountjoy.* But hark! I see Henry and the wicked Baron advancing this way, the Baron evidently skittish about trusting himself upon the artificial bridge. Soft! we will conceal ourselves in yonder copse, and overhear their conversation.

[*They conceal themselves (if room scene is used, behind the sofa), all except Miss Emily's train, which remains plainly in view.*]

*Enter Baron and Mr. Henry.*

*Baron.* I haf told you it vill not do.

*Mr. Henry.* You have, forsooth, and yet it must.

*Baron.* I gannot, yet.

*Mr. Henry.* Enough! We gain nothing by disputes; let us talk further. If she die, and you are wed to her, then I shall be the only heir; and Uncle Silas by his latest will has left his princely estate to me.

*Baron.* Zo? Dot makes some difference.

*Mr. Henry.* I should say it did. You see, the—girl—must—die!

*Baron.* I fear 'tis true. And vat of Howard?

*Mr. Henry.* He must be extirpated too.

*Baron (catching sight of Miss Emily's train).* Hist! What is that upon the floor?

*Mr. Henry.* You are nervous. It's Polly's dust-

ing-cloth perhaps; but still we must be prudent. To-morrow, then, at nine!

*Baron.* Goot; I vill be *au fait*. [*Exeunt.*]

*Mountjoy and Miss Emily come out on tiptoe.*

*Mountjoy.* I see it all. But I will balk them in their evil courses.

*Miss Emily.* What does it all mean?

*Mountjoy.* 'Twould profit nothing to explain. I must be off. (*Consults an imaginary watch behind his coat.*) I can just catch the train.

*Miss Emily.* Train? Oh, go by boat! 'Tis safer.

*Mountjoy.* Foolish, fond Emily! (*Smooths back her hair from her brow.*) You forget I have a pass. Farewell.

*Miss Emily.* How thoughtful! (*Rearranges her bang.*) Farewell!

*Mountjoy.* Farewell! and trust to me, at least until the fifth act.

*Miss Emily.* I will; I will. Farewell!

*Mountjoy.* Heaven guard you in my absence!

[*Exit.*]

*Miss Emily.* Farewell! (*Sighs.*) I must go and fix my hair. [*Exit.*]

CURTAIN.

#### ACT III.

SCENE.—*A detective's office in New York. Screens, electric knobs, pigeon-holes full of papers. Hawkshaw discovered writing at table, C.*

*Hawkshaw.* Only three murders and two defalcations. Business is dull in New York. (*Applause by brokers in audience.*) And yet a man must live. (*Writes in theatrical style, four scratches of a pen—quill pen, of course—and reads.*) "If the gentleman who had something stolen from him last week will call at the office of Hawkshaw, Park Row, he will learn something." He will learn something, if he comes. Ha! ha!

[*Laughs softly; touches bell.*]

*Enter Wilkins.*

*Wilkins.* You rang?

*Hawkshaw.* I did. Insert this for one week, and get me lowest rates.

*Wilkins.* But—the cash—

*Hawkshaw.* Enough. Begone! (*Exit Wilkins.*) That Wilkins is becoming too intelligent for a detective. I must settle with him, somehow, and discharge him.

[*Three or four bells ring—little bells and big bells.*]

*Enter Mountjoy.*

*Mountjoy.* You are Hawkshaw?

*Hawkshaw (cautiously).* I am sometimes called so.

*Mountjoy.* I am come on business. Listen!

*Hawkshaw.* Cash in advance! Consultation until I strike a clew, \$5.

*Mountjoy.* Quite right.

[*Offers a piece of green paper folded up small.*]

*Hawkshaw.* I prefer to have my fee in gold pieces done up in a leather bag; but times are dull; I'll take it as it is.

*Mountjoy.* Shall I proceed?

*Hawkshaw.* Go on.

*Mountjoy.* It is a long story, and we'd best be seated.

[*Draws up two chairs, puts them side by side at front of stage. They sit.*]

*Mountjoy.* On a beautiful hill beside the Hudson River, where Nature has with profuse kindness



lavishly bestowed her most blessed gifts, there lives an orphan girl.

*Hawkshaw.* Hum! Father dead?

*Mountjoy.* An orphan, I said.

*Hawkshaw.* I'll make a note of it. (*Writes as before.*) "Father an orphan, but dead."

*Mountjoy.* No, no. The girl's an orphan.

*Hawkshaw.* Aha! I suspected as much. Married or single?

*Mountjoy.* Single, but she has given her heart to me.

*Hawkshaw* (*makes a note*). That may be important.

*Mountjoy.* I trust so.

*Hawkshaw.* Now see if I have it right so far. (*Reads.*) "Nature's gifts on Hudson. Orphan girl whose father was not an orphan but was dead; single, but has given her heart to you."

*Mountjoy.* You're quite correct so far. She has a brother.

*Hawkshaw.* An orphan too? Say no more. I see; I see!

*Mountjoy.* Wonderful! Yes, he too, as you have surmised, is an orphan; but gambles.

*Hawkshaw.* Indeed, gambles. For money, I suppose?

*Mountjoy.* It would seem so, as he has lost all, and has given promissory notes to the Baron von Snooka for a fabulous amount; and has also mortgaged the homestead to secure the notes.

*Hawkshaw.* A man of honor! He pays his debts.

*Mountjoy.* So far his honor is clear. But now he meditates a deeper crime.

*Hawkshaw.* Hum!

*Mountjoy.* He does indeed; but we will foil him. Now should his sister die the Baron's bride, her wealth at once will fall to him, but not to me. You follow me?

*Hawkshaw.* I do. He means to—

[*Nods his head knowingly.*]

*Mountjoy.* I fear he will; and me as well.

*Hawkshaw.* I see it all! It is exactly like the great Hobson case of Hoboken. Wilkins! [*Calls.*]

*Enter Wilkins.*

*Hawkshaw.* Bring me ledger 1776, letter H. You will find it in the fourth corridor on the third shelf.

[*Wilkins pauses, bewildered.*]

*Hawkshaw.* The ledger, fool! (*Exit Wilkins.*) This Hobson, of whom of course you know the story, was in league with a foreign Marquis to poison his sister and her lover. I seized them both and saved those innocent lives. Hobson perished on the scaffold.

*Mountjoy.* And the Marquis?

*Hawkshaw.* Demurred to the indictment, and was acquitted on a technicality. He fled to Monte Carlo.

*Mountjoy.* To Monte Carlo?

*Hawkshaw.* The same. I recognized his hand at once in this case. Ah! here comes Wilkins.

*Enter Wilkins with book.*

*Mountjoy.* Most wonderful!

*Hawkshaw.* Five dollars, please. We've found a clew.

*Mountjoy.* A clew? Ha, ha!

[*Hands over more paper.*]

*Hawkshaw.* Here; read the account while I disguise myself.

*Mountjoy.* I'll wait your return here. [*Reads.*]

[*Exit Hawkshaw.*]

*Mountjoy.* This is most strange; I cannot find the case. (*Searches in vain.*) I'd ask him to point

it out, but I know that would be another \$5, and I must be prudent.

*Enter Hawkshaw, disguised—flaxen wig, yellow beard, green spectacles, slouch hat, and portfolio.*

*Mountjoy.* If I didn't know you, I couldn't possibly tell who you were!

*Hawkshaw.* Pardon me, saire! I do not spik ze English ver goot.

*Mountjoy.* Splendid, splendid!

*Hawkshaw.* Très bien, en avant, marchons, voilà!

*Mountjoy.* Success is certain!

*Hawkshaw* (*calling*). Wilkins!

*Enter Wilkins.*

*Hawkshaw.* I shall be gone for some time, and will leave the forgery, murder, and defalcation cases in your hands until my return. But do not communicate with *Smith*!

*Wilkins.* I will do so.

*Hawkshaw.* Now follow me.

[*Exeunt.*]

CURTAIN.

## ACT V.

SCENE.—*Same as Acts I. and II.*

*Curtain rises disclosing Mr. Henry and Miss Emily; Miss Emily sitting at table, R., weeping, and Mr. Henry walking up and down the room with head bent and hands clasped behind his back—long strides, etc. They continue thus until audience get weary.*

*Mr. Henry* (*pausing in his walk*). And now, Emily, since I have indulged your foolish whim of waiting the conventional year and a day for the return of your recreant lover, and since his time expires ere this sun reaches the meridian, I trust that you are at last prepared to give your heart and hand to the Baron.

*Miss Emily* (*in tears*). Must it be, Henry?

*Mr. Henry.* It must. What earthly excuse have you for longer delay?

*Miss Emily.* Nothing, except that—

*Mr. Henry.* How unreasonable you are! Don't you understand that the plot of this mellow drama—But hush! Here comes the Baron! Remember (*impressively*), my life and fortune depend upon you!

[*Exit.*]

*Miss Emily* (*drying her eyes*). I know I look like a fright; but, for the sake of dear Henry and the family name, I will endeavor to be resigned, and take the Baron's.

*Enter Baron von Snooka.*

*Miss Emily* (*rising*). Good-morning, Monseer ler Barong.

[*Sniffs.*]

*Baron.* Ah, Mees Emilee! I rise mit der lark; I gaze aus der vindow. Dir plue sky, dir green trees, dir little dickey-birds—vat you call dem—chippies?—all vas habbiness—all vas loaf.

*Miss Emily.* That will do. Allow me to state my case.

*Baron.* I don't zee how I gan helb me of it.

*Miss Emily.* Kindly be seated, then, on the sofa. Throw yourself back a little more, so as to appear careless and triumphant. There, that's better! (*Miss Emily standing before sofa.*) Listen! A year and a day ago, lacking just two hours, I gave me word to me brother that if I had no tidings of Mr. Mountjoy, who has so strangely disappeared, I would be your bride. That pledge I must keep.

*Baron.* Your vorts transborts me!

*Miss Emily* (*aside*). Would that it were for life! (*Aloud.*) Gently! I have yet two hours—which will be represented by at least fifteen minutes—and

(*coming closer*) those two hours are fraught with the deepest peril to yourself and your design. Let me appeal to your better nature—to the instinct of self-preservation. Release me, surrender me brother's notes, cancel the mortgage, execute a satisfaction piece. I don't think of anything else I want—oh yes!—and leave me! Thus, and only thus, can you hope to escape the inevitable fate of the villain in the fifth act.

*Baron.* Ha! de fift act? Ha! ha! You know not, den? (*Rising, grasping her wrist, and hissing in her ear.*) Dere ees but four acts in der blay!

*Miss Emily.* Can it be? (*Consults play-book.*) Nevertheless, this is the fifth. The author has so entitled it. There is no fourth act. [*In triumph.*]

*Baron (excitedly).* Am I to be dus veiled? Vot sall I do?

*Miss Emily.* Fly! or, to put it more practically, run!

*Enter Mr. Henry.*

*Mr. Henry.* I am shocked at this conversation, which both I and the audience have been unable to avoid overhearing. The Baron's cowardice and your lack of conscience, my dear sister, are simply appalling from a theatrical stand-point. Let me beg of you both not to spoil the play. How can the villain relinquish his designs and thus escape his just deserts?

*Miss Emily.* What shall I do? The strain on my nerves is getting beyond the reach of salts.

*Mr. Henry.* Never mind. I expect the clergyman every moment. He is a substitute suggested by our own pastor—whose children, as you are doubtless aware, have the measles. I dared not expose the Baron to this fell disease, which he tells me he has hitherto escaped. I have also requested him to bring one witness; Polly will do for the other.

*Miss Emily.* And am I not, then, to have a church wedding, with flowers and bridesmaids and—presents?

*Mr. Henry.* Emily, you make me tired. You are to be married here, and, approximately, now. You know perfectly well that a church wedding is out of the question without a much larger company than we can afford. Do you want the cathedral scene lugged out for you? (*To the Baron.*) Come, von Snooka, brace up!

*Baron (dazed).* I fear me eet ees druly de fift act.

*Mr. Henry (cheerfully).* Well, well, what of that? Keep up your courage, me boy! "Faint heart never won fair lady!"

*Baron.* Dot ees easy to say ven you are nod de villain. [*Shakes his head mournfully. Bell rings.*]

*Mr. Henry (relieved).* Oh! Here comes the minister.

*Enter Polly.*

*Polly (announcing).* The Rev. Mr. Meeker and M. Daubé.

*Enter Mountjoy and Hawkshaw disguised, the former in black frock-coat, high collar, and white choker, the latter as in Act III.*

*Hawkshaw (aside to Mountjoy).* Be prudent!

*Mountjoy.* Me very good friends; I trust you are all enjoying the best of health, this lovely day.

*Mr. Henry (coming forward).* Ah, Mr. Meeker, I presume? Delighted to meet you—just in time—better late than never, you know—ha—hum. (*Aside.*) I believe I am becoming agitated. (*Aloud.*) Mr. Meeker, let me present my sister, Miss Fitztempleton; also the Baron von Snooka; Baron—Emily, the Rev.

Mr. Meeker. (*To Meeker.*) Your friend—the witness, I presume?

*Mountjoy (bowing to all).* Yes; permit me to present Mr. Daubé; a struggling young French artist, whom I desire to encourage. His charges are most reasonable—only \$5 and an overcoat to act as best man—witness with or without signature, less in proportion.

*Mr. Henry.* Delighted to meet you, gentlemen—delighted!

*Hawkshaw.* Eet gif me ze great plaisure to be of sairvice.

*Polly (to Emily, aside).* Be on your guard. Something will happen soon.

*Miss Emily.* Something certainly ought to happen very soon; but meanwhile, Polly, don't you think that young clergyman remarkably fetching?

*Polly.* I beg of you, my dear mistress, to be cautious in the matter of any third bestowal of your affections. Even he may not be all that he seems.

*Miss Emily.* Alars! how few are?—except, of course, the Baron.

*Polly.* I think—

*Mr. Henry (approaching and in high spirits).* Don't think. It's a bad habit.

*Hawkshaw (approaching the Baron).* Mong cher Markee—

*Baron (starting).* Marquis? Marquis?—I am nod a Marquis; I am only a—

*Hawkshaw (coming closer).* Do not perjure yourself further. Where is Hobson? (*meaningly.*)

*Baron.* Hobson? I do nod know vere he ees—

*Hawkshaw.* Well, ask the prompter, then. That's what he's here for.

*Baron (to prompter).* Vere is Hobson? (*To Hawkshaw, after a pause.*) Ah! yes; he has gone—vot you call it?—vere dot voodbine dwineth—

*Hawkshaw (hissing in his ear).* Liar!

*Baron (shrugging his shoulders).* Call "liar" to your brompter, den! Dot ees vot de dolt me.

*Mr. Henry.* Baron, what does this mean?

*Hawkshaw (throwing off his wig).* Can you ask? (*Pointing to von Snooka.*) Behold how he blenches! (*Von Snooka blenches, and sidles towards the wings.*)

*Hawkshaw (to Mountjoy).* Fifteen dollars more, if you please. The villain is foiled!

*Mr. Henry (to Mountjoy).* And you are—somebody else, I presume?

*Mountjoy (removing wig).* Howard Mountjoy.

*Miss Emily and Polly (falling one on each shoulder).* Oh! joy!

*Mountjoy.* Not O'Joy, nor McJoy—plain Mountjoy, if you please. Surely you have not forgotten me so soon, Emily?

*Miss Emily.* Forgotten you, me Howard! Never! but really I don't see the necessity of Polly's being so demonstrative.

*Mr. Henry (leading Polly, L.).* Never mind Polly.

*Mountjoy.* It may be just as well to state right here that during the time which has presumably elapsed since my last appearance I have, through the invaluable assistance of this gentleman (*pointing to Hawkshaw*), recovered my paternal estate, to which the author of this play has not hitherto found it convenient to allude, but which has nevertheless been involved in very serious legal complications. I will state them. In 1826—

*Hawkshaw.* Nay; hear me. Nor is that all, ladies and gentlemen. Doubtless his modesty, or possibly his failure to learn his part, has led him to neglect to state that, though not an O'Joy, he is yet of royal



blood; being descended in the direct line from the famous St. Denis Mountjoy. His ancestral estates in France await his coming. There is the patent of his nobility, which I have recently unearthed from a newly discovered room in the Vatican Library.

*Mr. Henry (looking at it).* Poo! It's nothing but a commission as notary public.

*Hawkshaw.* True; but it is all the same to the audience; and permit me to add that it ill becomes *you* to give away the honest shifts of the profession.

*Mountjoy.* Oh! how little do I value these trifles in comparison with my Emily—

*Mr. Henry.* All this sentiment is positively nauseating. (*To Polly.*) Polly, mayhap you do not know that for many weary years your sweet face and graceful modesty have dwelt enshrined within my heart of hearts. Will you be mine?

*Polly.* I will.

*Miss Emily.* Henry, I'm ashamed of you to become affianced to a lady's-maid.

*Mr. Henry (carelessly embracing Polly).* Oh! when you've been in the profession as long as I have, you will understand that we've got to pair off even, before the curtain comes down; besides, I also have discovered a new room in the Vatican, where I found undisputed evidence that Polly has been from infancy a disguised duchess.

*Hawkshaw (to von Snooka, producing handcuffs.)* Baron, will you be mine?

*Baron.* Voiled again! But wait! I must dry to esCAPE. Vollow me at your périls. (*Draws pistol and rushes to the side of the stage. He is confronted by Blenkinsop, who steps from the wings with two revolvers.*) Voiled dree dimes!

*Blenkinsop.* Aha!

*Baron.* Someputty handguff me, please.

*Mr. Henry.* The property-man will please lower the curtain as quickly as possible. Anything more now would be an anti-climax.

CURTAIN.



Albert E. Steiner  
97

#### "ARTISTS, DON'T MARRY!"

"Do you ever sell anything now, Thompson?"

"No—er—no. The only woman who ever bought my pictures I married."





#### A SUGGESTIVE INQUIRY.

"Oh, mamma, did you done all dose little stupids?"

#### A COMMON FAVORITE.

CHARLES LAMB is good, and so is Thackeray,  
And so's Jane Austen in her pretty way;  
Charles Dickens, too, has pleased me quite a lot,  
As also have both Stevenson and Scott.  
I like Dumas and Balzac, and I think  
Lord Byron quite a dab at spreading ink;  
But on the whole, at home, across the sea,  
The author I like best is Mr. Me.

A "first" of Elia filled my soul with joy,  
A Meredith de luxe held no alloy,  
And when I "picked up" *Esmond* in the parts  
A throb of gladness stirred my heart of hearts.  
A richly pictured set of Avon's bard  
Upon my liking bounded pretty hard;  
But none brought out that cloying sense of glee  
That came from that first book by Mr. Me.

And so I beg you join me in the toast  
To him that I confess I love the most.  
He does not always do his level best,  
But no one lives who can survive that test.  
His work is queer, and some folks call it bad,  
And some aver 'tis but a passing fad;  
But I don't care, the fact remains that he  
Has won my admiration—dear old Me.

CARLYLE SMITH.

#### A CONSCIENTIOUS WOMAN.

NORAH had been told to say at the front door that her mistress was not at home when certain callers appeared upon the scene. It evidently went much against the grain for her to make herself responsible for even so small

a white lie, but she promised to do so and, with certain modifications, she kept her word.

"Is Mrs. Blank at home?" queried the caller.

"For this wan toime, Mrs. Smithers, she ain't," said the maid; "but Hivin help her if yez ashk me again! I'll not loi twice for annybody livin', upon me sowl!"

#### AN HONEST MAN.

"Now look here, Thompson," remarked Brown; "it has been six months since you borrowed that five dollars from me."

"Seven," corrected Thompson, gravely.

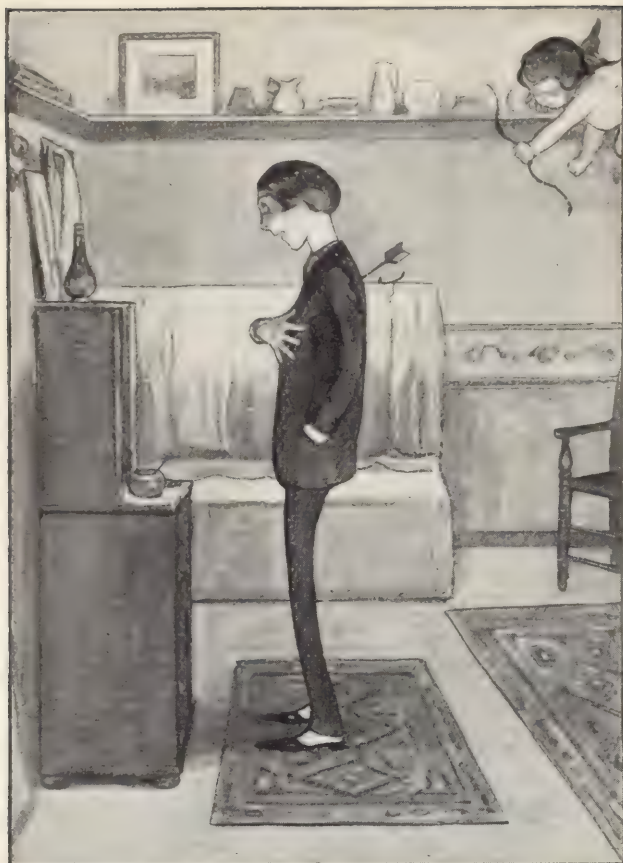
"Well, then, seven months," snorted Brown, "and you promised to give it back to me in a week. Promised faithfully, you did, to return me that five dollars in seven days, instead of months."

"I know it," answered Thompson, sadly, drawing a memorandum-book from his pocket. "That bill was 'Series F, No. 672929, issue of 1887.' I made the note, and then I spent the money. Since then I've been trying to recover it."

"But," howled Brown, "any other would do as well."

"No," responded Thompson, shaking his head; "I'm a man of my word. When you gave me the bill I said 'I will return this to you,' and I meant it. Brown, old man, just as soon as I come across No. 672929, Series F, issue of 1887, I'll see that you get it, for I am not the one to go back on my promise."





UNCONSCIOUS of the vital wound that Cupid's shaft hath made,  
He only feels a thrill of love beneath his shoulder-blade.



And slipping on his overcoat—still heedless of the dart—  
He hastens down the Avenue to call on Dora Hart.



"O Dora, give your heart to me!" he pleads,  
on bended knees.  
"That hump! That hump!" the maiden cries.  
"That hump, sir, if you please!"



"What hump?" demands the startled youth,  
quite filled with consternation.  
And then, amazed, he comprehends his sudden malformation.

A SAINT VALENTINE'S DAY AFFLICTION.







THE TERROR OF THE AFRICAN JUNGLE. A BUFFALO BULL AT BAY.—PHOTOGRAPHED FROM LIFE BY ARTHUR C. HUNBERT.



# HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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SHOOTING game in order to preserve the heads as trophies affords far more satisfaction than killing for a record, which leads to rapid extermination. My desire to study the habits of various large mammals, and to bring back to America specimens of as many different varieties as possible, tempted me to set out for the low veldt of Portuguese East Africa, which is seldom visited, and abounds with game.

Disembarking at Durban, Natal, from the steamship *Tartar*, which plies between that port and Southampton, England, I found it necessary to remain until the healthy season opened in the Portuguese territory. While there I busied

myself procuring the necessary outfit for my proposed shooting trip. Unfortunately I was attacked by the dengue fever, which, though not dangerous, delayed me some three weeks at the Royal Hotel. Dr. Prince, the American consul in Durban, convinced me that it was foolhardy at this stage of my illness to start up country, so, greatly to my disappointment, I decided to remain.

Three weeks later I had fully recovered, and was a passenger on the steamship *General*. Disembarking at Beira I procured my shooting license, and was compelled to pay one pound a barrel duty on my guns, one pound to permit me to





DANIEL MAHONEY.

carry the same, and fifteen pounds for a license permitting me to shoot all game with the exception of elephant and rhinoceros.

Upon my arrival at Fontesvilla, which is forty-five miles from the coast in a direct line west of Beira, I found all the houses built on piles. Upon inquiring the reason, I was told that in the wet season the Pungwe River overflowed the flats and compelled the inhabitants to go about in boats. During the months of March and April the climate is particularly unhealthy, as the strong tropical sun is at that time drying up this inundated ground. From my personal observation of the white population of this country, I can say that none of them have escaped either malarial or black water fever, either of which often proves fatal.

The beginning of July found me with my guide and forty native carriers in the territory belonging to the Mozambique Company. Our camp was on the banks of the Muda Sherry, a stream emptying into the Pungwe River, some ten miles from Fontesvilla, and four or five times that distance west of Beira and the Indian Ocean.

During the summer months, from January to May, when it rains continually, this low veldt territory is seldom visited by white men. It is nearly on a level with the sea, and from its formation looks as though at one time it had been part of the Indian Ocean. During this rainy season it is inundated by the overflow of the Zambesi, Pungwe, and other streams which run down from the high veldt. The rainy season ends about the first of March, and from then until the first of July the grass reaches an enormous height. After the sun thor-

oughly dries this grass, it is the custom of the natives to burn it. During the month of August these vast veldts are spotted by tremendous fires, which at night illuminate the entire plain.

My two ponies, which had been shipped on the steamship *Kaiser*, a new boat, had reached Fontesvilla three weeks previous to my arrival. They had been a great source of anxiety to me. I had brought them into the middle of the fly belt, and from the experience of some of my friends I had expected to find them dead. Horses and cattle are, as a rule, unable to exist for any length of time in this country owing to the tsetse-fly. Fortunately my ponies had escaped.

On the evening of July second, while sitting in our dining-hut, which was built out of reeds covered with grass, we decided that it would be advisable to hunt the banks of the Muda Sherry next morning for buffalo, and made all preparations for an early start.

While we were conversing peacefully and planning the day's hunt, we frequently heard packs of lions that were roaring, first on one and then on the other side of our little camp. I dreaded leaving the ponies tied up to the trees, and persuaded



Mahoney to have the Kaffirs construct some shelter for them. Within half an hour poles were cut and tied together by strips of palms and quickly covered with grass. Having completed this work I retired to my tent, which was pitched under a large tree directly on the river-bank.

At six o'clock the next morning, after a hasty breakfast, I distributed among my eight Kaffirs my heaviest calibre guns—a 12-bore English double-barrel express, a .577 double-barrel express, and a 30-30 repeater, with which I was experimenting on large game, the ammunition-bag containing the different calibre cartridges, my field-glass, camera, and canteen.

The ponies being saddled, I mounted and set forth, followed by Mahoney on the little Basuto pony, and eight carriers on foot. We had not gone more than fifty yards when our direction took us through long grass ten to fifteen feet high, so that at times I was unable, even when standing in my stirrups, to see over it. This tremendous growth occurs only in the very lowest levels. On the slight elevations the grass became much shorter, so that in some places the game might be easily seen.

Here and there a beautiful growth of palms dotted this tropical country. Frequent small pools of stagnant water reminded one of what it might be during the wet season. On the border of these pools lion and hyena spoor were very plentiful, as were the tracks of buffalo and other game, which seemed to revel in drinking and wallowing in this muddy water.

The November previous, when Mahoney had been hunting for ivory some fifty miles from here, a tuskless elephant, who had seen him crawling through the grass, charged him without provoca-



CAMP ON THE MUDA.

The pony-stable is on the extreme right.

tion. Turning quickly around, he met the charge with a bullet from his 8-bore gun. This, however, did not stop the huge brute. It wrapped its trunk around my unfortunate guide and flung him high in the air, breaking three of his ribs; then running up to him, it stepped on the side of his hip. In some miraculous manner he got out from under the elephant's foot, and remembers nothing more. Some hours afterward his boys found him lying nearly unconscious. He was carried back to Fontesvilla. He was laid up in the hospital at Beira for six months, but has now recovered his strength.

This incident is well known in and around Fontesvilla, and is considered a most miraculous escape from death. It illustrates the fact that the elephant is about the only animal that will attack a man unprovoked in the daytime.

Turning our course a little to the right, to avoid as much as possible the longer grass, we ascended a slight ridge. Here the country changed, the grass being much shorter, with here and there beautiful trees, palms, and all kinds of tropical growth. All at once, without any warning, my pony shied viciously, nearly unseating me. He had probably scented





Down at Last.



An Attempt to Rise.



The Final Bellow.

lions, or perhaps hyenas, that had crossed our path during the night. Though these ponies were guaranteed to be perfectly reliable, I was never able to shoot from their backs. I have seen them snorting and trying to get away from the Kaffirs while we were stalking a herd of buffalo.

Our progress was often impeded by the *voot-um-bache-tree*, which means in Dutch, "wait awhile." This tree, which is covered with thorns, compelled us often to deviate from our course. We came out on a vast open plain, and the game began to be very plentiful. A pretty little oribi jumped out of the grass not fifteen feet away, and with tremendous leaps managed to raise its head above the tall grass to have a look at us. A little further to our left, and not more than one hundred yards away, we saw the watchful quagga, who is always the forerunner of game. This animal is the size of a large donkey, and though called quagga by local hunters, is in fact Burchell's zebra. They are more plentiful than any other kind of game in this locality. They have very keen sight, and oftentimes will see you for long distances, consequently frightening other game, and spoiling a good stalk. They are usually in company with the wildebeest, hartebeest, sassa-bi, and eland.

Dismounting, we ascended a large ant-hill, and scanning the banks of the Muda Sherry, which was about three



miles distant, we saw a sight that would delight most hunters. Three hundred yards away, standing in the marsh below us, was a large bunch of wildebeest, numbering some twenty head. These wildebeest are a species of gnu, and have a mane and tail similar to those of the horse. They are very awkward in their movements, and look strange scampering over the veldt and swinging their enormous tails from side to side. A little further to the left, we saw numerous water-bok.

Some two miles to my right I detected a white streak. Turning to Mahoney, I said, "Buffalo." Through my field-glass the white streak resolved itself into a flock of buffalo-birds. They are about the size of sea-gulls, and always travel with the African buffalo, sometimes covering a solid herd of four or five hundred as if with a white cloak.

The buffalo has another friend in the little alarm-bird, which is well known to hunters. It is about the size of a sparrow, and warns him of approaching danger by flying down on his back, pecking at his tough hide, and sending forth a shrill note, which immediately stampedes a whole herd. I have often inquired of experienced hunters whether the bird does not sometimes make a mistake, and put these huge brutes to flight unnecessarily, but I was told that the buffalo have implicit confidence in them. A rifle-shot would not scat-



The Death-Throes.



With Sinking Head.



The End.



ter them more quickly. While I had been stalking buffalo a few days before, well hidden in the grass, the herd suddenly stampeded. This puzzled me greatly; but the watchful eye of my guide detected the cause. One of these birds had flown down and given the alarm. Though disappointed in my stalk, I had the satisfaction of acquiring some information that proved of value to me later.

The large horns of these buffalo are significant of their immense strength; their legs are very short and powerful. Though the lions make prey of them, it takes two or three to pull down a bull. The African lion of this section is the largest species of its kind, but unless in packs will not attack an African buffalo bull. When fighting, the bulls are very quick on their feet, and they use not only their horns, but their front feet also, which often prove the more dangerous weapon. My guide, who has lived in this country for the past ten years, relates many stories of men who have been mauled by lions, and who have escaped death, but he knows of no instance where the African buffalo has left a human being until the life was trampled out of him.

Descending from the ant-hill we advanced carefully, trying to circle around the wildebeest so as not to disturb them. Unfortunately they caught sight of us, and scampered down towards the buffalo. We halted a few minutes to see whether the herd of buffalo would follow in their wake. They seemed to pay no attention to them, and kept on grazing peacefully. We dismounted within one thousand yards of the buffalo, and taking my .577 double-barrel express, I loaded it with hardened-bullet cartridges.

As I advanced with Mahoney to stalk the herd, I was disappointed at finding no trees in the neighborhood, for I knew full well the danger of hunting the African buffalo in open country. Only a short time before this a buffalo cow I had wounded, catching sight of me, turned away from the herd and charged. I was obliged to run behind a tree for protection. When she reached the place where I had been standing she lost sight of me, and stood with her head high in the air, trying to catch my scent. This gave me my opportunity, and I hit her fair in the shoulder. Impressed by the difference between the head of the cow and the bull, I concluded to save it for mount-

ing. The horns of the cow are not matted across the forehead as are those of the bull, and resemble more those of the bison. When charging, a bullet would easily penetrate the forehead.

Slowly we stalked along, sometimes on hands and knees, then crawling so as to keep well out of sight. We finally reached a point where we were able, while hidden by a bush, to pick out the best specimen. Not more than two hundred yards away, very close to the point of the herd, was a bull which caught our eyes. He was facing us, and peacefully chewing his cud. Creeping on our hands and knees for what seemed to me to be at least one hundred yards, we succeeded in getting to a position whence, if he turned his side towards me, I could easily send a bullet through his shoulder. It seemed a long time before he turned, showing his flank. I jumped to my feet, and raising my .577, fired, aiming for his shoulder. Instantly the herd was in full stampede, raising a tremendous cloud of dust, through which we were unable to see.

As soon as this cleared away we proceeded slowly towards the place where the buffalo had been standing, but found nothing to prove that I had wounded my game. While looking carefully on the ground for signs, one of my carriers pointed out a streak of blood leading down towards the Muda Sherry. These boys were particularly good in following blood spoor, and frequently located wounded game. Slowly following him until we reached a slight elevation, I saw, at a distance of two hundred yards, two buffalo which had turned off from the herd, having both been wounded by this first shot; they were standing with their heads high up in the air endeavoring to scent us.

Exchanging my .577 for a 30-30 repeater, I fired at the bull, which was standing broadside to us, and struck him some six inches below his spine. This seemed to disable him considerably; but in the mean time the other buffalo, who had been hit in the shoulder, limped off into the long grass and was lost to view.

Taking my 12-bore in one hand, and fastening my camera to my saddle, I remounted my pony and advanced towards the wounded bull. There he was, standing in a patch of reeds some fifty yards in front of us. He made such an impression on me that I decided to photograph him. My guide, who was on his pony,



warned me to be careful and not make too free with the big fellow, and begged me to shoot him again before going closer.

Jumping down from my pony and handing the reins to one of my Kaffirs, I took my camera in one hand and a 12-bore in the other, then crept stealthily along among the tall reeds, keeping a watchful eye on him. After some stalking I could plainly see his enormous horns through the reeds. At such times as this the heart, from fear or excitement, seems to throb unevenly. I hesitated, not knowing whether to photograph him or to shoot him. The excellent position he was in decided me in favor of the camera. Cocking my 12-bore, and holding it ready to raise to my shoulder, I advanced to an open spot, in full view of the bull. Up to this time he had paid little attention to me, but as I was in the act of looking through the finder of my camera, he turned his head quickly towards me, in readiness to charge. Snapping him instantly, I dropped my camera, then quickly raising my 12-bore, sent a bullet through his heart.

The frontispiece shows the buffalo standing in the reeds, shot twice, once with my .577, and afterwards with a 30-30 repeater. This latter shot I am convinced alone prevented him from making a vicious charge.

After receiving this shot from my 12-bore, he rushed out into the open space where I was standing, and fell on his knees. My second view, at the top of page 658, shows him on his knees.

The third view shows him struggling to regain his feet. I had advanced still closer to his head.

In the fourth view he is bellowing. If I had snapped him five seconds sooner, I should have caught a view of a tremendous stream of blood that he forced high into the air from his mouth and nose.



CARVING UP THE CARCASS.

In the fifth view he is twisting his mighty head from side to side in his death-throes. The sixth view is similar, but he has drawn up his front leg under him in the endeavor to hold up his head.

In the seventh view he has given up the struggle, and, about to die, laid his head on the ground.

The photograph used in the heading to the article represents the head and the skin of the neck held up by two Kaffirs in a position for me to photograph it, before carrying it back to camp.

Though this is not a large specimen of the African buffalo, it is a buffalo in his prime. In their old age the bulls grow quarrelsome, and are sometimes so covered with scars that their skins are not worth preserving. The largest specimens are of course the oldest bulls. They are usually found solitary, having been driven out of the herd by the younger bulls. The same is true of the lions, which in this part of Africa run in packs. This buffalo's hair was entirely black. The white spots in the illustrations are dried mud. It is the habit of the old bulls to wallow in pools of water, covering themselves with an armor of mud, which sometimes reaches the thickness of an inch. This they



do to protect themselves from flies. The cakes of mud which I pulled off from the back of this buffalo were nearly an inch in thickness, and literally covered his haunches.

The last view represents the buffalo carcass as it was being carved up by the Kafirs. The four boys on the right are the natives of this low veldt, and the four on the other side are from the Zambesi country. They can be easily distinguished by the difference in their dress. I was surprised to see how much jealousy there was between the different tribes in this section of the country, and here they are, quarrelling over the choice pieces of the buffalo.

On the day before we had fallen in with a herd of buffalo near a lagoon that was situated about a mile on the other side of the Muda Sherry River. I now proposed to Mahoney that we ride over with some of the boys and inspect the carcasses of two cows and a bull we had killed, to see if it were possible to get a shot at a lion. It was against my principles to shoot promiscuously at buffalo, but upon ascertaining that the lions were killing so many of them, I concluded to lay some bait and entice the lions out into the open.

We had a distance of some five miles to ride, and wending our way through the tall reeds, we would frequently come across the enormous spoors of hippopotami. These were plainly visible in the soft mud. Our horses found it sometimes very difficult to cross them, and often tumbled into a ground-hog hole.

The water-bok on these flats were numerous, and deciding to have a shot, I watched for a good opportunity. Seeing a large bunch of boks on the bank of the river, I dismounted, and reaching within two hundred yards, fired a shot from my 30-30 at a large bok that was standing in the middle of the herd. My shot must have been too high, for the whole bunch immediately ran off and crossed the river, disappearing in the far distance.

Remounting, we proceeded to cross the Muda Sherry, leading our ponies part of the time through a country that was covered with enormous reeds, and following as much as possible the wide trail that had been made by the numerous herds of buffalo that are continually passing up and down this river. Buffalo

wander many miles during each day, and invariably graze up wind. Sometimes we would find the herds ten miles up the river, and as the wind changed they would change their direction with it. As the reeds are so thick that you can hardly see more than a few feet ahead of you, you might easily be treated to a sudden surprise.

Riding through grass ten feet high, we soon reached a lagoon, and walked along its banks with the expectation of seeing at any moment hippopotami, crocodiles, or lions, all of which are common here. Finding some trails that led across it, we got over with no little difficulty between two pools. This lagoon looks like a deep ravine covered over with a tremendous growth of all kinds of trees.

It is spotted here and there with a tree that so struck me by its appearance that I inquired its name. I was told that it was a fever tree, and that wherever it grows the country is malarious. It reaches a height of about fifteen feet, and its branches resemble more our oak-tree in shape than any other species. The bark is light green.

We were now about three hundred yards from the place where our first buffalo had been shot. Here we jumped from our ponies, and taking my 12-bore and Mahoney the .577 express, we quietly walked through the grass towards a high ant-hill. Hunting lions in tall grass is little to my liking, and my chief desire at this moment was to return to camp. Here within the distance of a quarter of a mile lay three carcasses, on which we had purposely left the hides, so that the vultures would find it impossible to devour the meat before it would become food for the lions. It was most probable that we should get a shot at one of these giant cats. Ascending an ant-hill some fifty yards from the first carcass, we carefully endeavored to see something that might denote the presence of a lion. To my great astonishment I saw a spot that looked as if it had been trampled down, but not a vestige of any part of the buffalo was visible.

We stood there some five or six minutes watching the grass very carefully in and around this carcass, when it became quite apparent to us both that the buffalo had either been dragged away or eaten. With our guns full cocked and ready for a snap-

shot, Mahoney and I walked carefully side by side towards the spot where the first buffalo had fallen. Speechless I turned to Mahoney for an explanation. The bones, horns, and hide of the buffalo had disappeared. The grass, having been well trampled down and covered with the undigested food of the buffalo, presented a very queer sight. Here, not twenty-four hours ago, I had seen a buffalo weighing some fifteen hundred pounds lying dead on the ground, and now there was not so much as a piece of his horns left. I turned to Mahoney and said: "I guess we are too late, but this is a revelation to me. We'll go down to find the next carcass and see what they have done to that."

We walked carefully towards the next carcass, in the mean time sending one of the boys towards the lagoon to climb a tree so as to enable him to look over the top of the grass. On his return he reported that he could see nothing.

We came to the conclusion that we had arrived too late, yet we approached the next buffalo, stalking very carefully. This had been a cow, and there lay its head on the ground, but nothing else, not even a bone or a hoof. The lions had even pulled out the tongue, which, by-the-bye, is one of their tidbits. We next turned towards the lagoon, where I had shot a young bull. Walking among the trees close to the water's edge we could see here and there the enormous spoors of the lions. We advanced with great caution, as we did not know what we might find, until we came upon the third carcass. This bull had dropped in among the trees, not more than twenty feet from the water's edge. There lay the carcass in plain sight. The hind and fore quarters, with

the head, were untouched; but the paunch and its contents had been torn out, and the ribs had been bitten off, some close up to the spine.

Turning to Mahoney I said: "The lions and hyenas, or whatever animals have been feeding on this buffalo, have queer taste. They seem to have left all the solid meat. This beats me." Leaning close to the ground, the old hunter showed me the spoor of a crocodile. I stepped around close to the lagoon to examine more carefully. He warned me not to approach too near to the water. Crocodiles when feeding on a carcass will keep the lions from it. This my guide said he had seen with his own eyes.

This incident shows plainly how much game there is in the country. The lions had probably been feeding off the two buffalo in the grass during the night,



HENCHMEN.

and when they had finished, the hyenas, leopards, and wild dogs had carried off the bones and all that the lions had not devoured. Had we remained on that ant-hill near the first carcass during the night, we should certainly have been treated to a very interesting sight.





## Old Chester Tales.

By MARGARET DELAND.

### THE PROMISES OF DOROTHEA.

I.  
**O**LD CHESTER was always very well satisfied with itself. Not that that implies conceit; Old Chester merely felt that satisfaction with the conditions as well as the station into which it had pleased God to call it which is said to be a sign of grace. Such satisfaction is said also to be at variance with progress; but it cannot be denied that it is comfortable; and as for progress, everybody knows it is accompanied by growing pains. Besides, if people choose to burn lamps and candles instead of gas; if they prefer to jog along the turnpike in stage-coaches

instead of whizzing past in a cloud of dust and cinders in a railroad car; if they like to hear the old parson who married them—or baptized some of them, for that matter—mumbling and droning through his old, old sermons; if they like to have him rejoice with them, and advise them, and weep with them beside their open graves—if people deliberately choose this sort of thing, the outside world may wonder, but it has no right to condemn. And if it had condemned, Old Chester would not have cared in the very least. It looked down upon the outside world. Not unkindly, indeed, but pityingly; and it



pursued its contented way, without restlessness, and without aspirations.

In saying "Old Chester" one really means the Dales, the Wrights, the Laven-dars—that includes Susan Carr, who married Joey Lavendar when she was old enough to have given up all ideas of that kind of thing; it means the Temple connection, though only Jane Temple lives in Old Chester now, and she is Mrs. Dove; at least that is her name, but hardly any one remembers it, and she is always spoken of as "Jane Temple"; the Dove is only an incident, so to speak, for one hardly feels that her very respectable little husband is part of "Old Chester." The term includes the Barkleys, of course; though some time in the sixties Barkley senior, Old Chester's blackest sheep, took his departure for a Place (his orthodox relatives were inclined to believe) which, in these days, is even more old-fashioned than Old Chester itself. The Kings are of Old Chester, and the two Misses Ferris; and the Steeles, and the John Smiths. The Norman Smiths, who own a great mill in the upper village, have no real connection with Old Chester, though the John Smiths are always very much afraid of being confounded with them; the two families are generally referred to as the "real Smiths" and the "rich Smiths." The real Smiths might with equal accuracy have been called the poor Smiths, except that Old Chester could not have been so impolite. The rich Smiths were one of several families who went to make up what the geographies call the "population" of the village, but they were never thought of when one said "Old Chester." The Macks were in this class, and the Hayes, and a dozen others. Old Chester had nothing to say against these people; they were rich, but it did not follow that they had not made their money honestly; and their sons and daughters, having had time to get used to wealth, had reasonably good manners. But they were not "Old Chester." The very fact that they were not satisfied with the existing order proved that. One by one these outsiders had bought or built in the village, because they had interests in the new rolling-mills in Upper Chester; and they had hardly come before they began to make a stir, and try to "improve" things. Then it was that Old Chester arose in its might; Heaven and the town vote were

invoked for protection against a branch railroad to connect the two villages; and the latter, at least, answered with decision. The proposition that gas should be brought from the mill town destroyed itself because of its cost; even the rich Smiths felt that it would be too expensive. But there was one effort for "improvement" wherein the new-comers were able to claim some sympathy, at least among the younger people of Old Chester.

They began by talking about "church work"; about clubs, and mothers' meetings, and debating societies. And after a while it began to be said that "dear old Dr. Lavendar" ought to be "spared"; and a little later that he "was failing." Of course it was only a step from that to the assertion that he had "outlived his usefulness." The new people were in the majority in the church, but for a time they only criticised Dr. Lavendar among themselves.

It was not until the winter of the great snow-storm that criticism began to be spoken out. Dr. Lavendar had not been able to get out to church one Sunday, and Mr. Wright, who was senior warden, read the service, and the two or three who had gathered together were delighted to think that the old gentleman had been wise enough to stay at home. But it was some time during that week, while the snow still lay in deep drifts in the rectory garden, that the eldest Miss Smith saw fit to be very indignant with him; and being an outspoken girl, with a good deal of what Mrs. Dale called "loud common-sense," she did not hesitate to tell everybody what she thought.

It appeared that she had gone to the rectory to make a proposition in regard to the "church work," which the new people had so very much on their minds. Dr. Lavendar was in his study, working away ("of all things!" as the eldest Miss Smith said) at a small lathe. He had on a flowered cashmere dressing-gown; his stiff white hair stood up above his forehead, puckered and frowning with anxious care; his veined, trembling old hands, grimy with oil and dust, were trying to fix a garnet against the emery wheel. He looked up, as Helen Smith came in, with a kindly smile.

"Well! well!" he said, "you must be half frozen, my child," and bustled about, trying to stir the fire into a blaze, and telling her to sit down in his big chair.



"I don't often have young ladies come to see me in such weather," he told her; "but young people are very courageous in these days."

Helen put her muff against her fresh cheek and stretched her hand out to the fire. "It is nice and warm in here," she said; "but I hope I haven't interrupted a sermon, Dr. Lavendar?"

The old clergyman seemed deaf to this delicate reproof. "Interrupt me? No, no; that garnet will keep!" He was sitting with his back to the window, and with his dim old eyes he was watching, with evident pleasure, the pretty young face opposite him.

"I came to see you about some church work, Dr. Lavendar; there are two or three things that it seems to me we might do, and I wanted to ask your advice."

"Be a good child, my dear—that is the best sort of church work I know anything about," he answered, cheerfully; at which the eldest Miss Smith frowned.

"There are a good many girls in Old Chester," she said—"girls who work at the mills in the upper village. Now don't you think we might start a club for them? Perhaps Tuesday and Thursday evenings. We could have classes—" Helen's face was glowing with interest, and she talked with animation and pretty gestures, banging her muff softly on her knee, and underlining her adjectives, so to speak. "We could teach them singing, and bookkeeping, and, oh, lots of things."

"There are only the Tylers, and the Rosses, and the Lewises, whose girls work in the mills," said Dr. Lavendar, "and I know their mothers. They had much better be at home with them than gadding about after dark to a club." He smiled, and seemed to think there was nothing more to be said.

"But there are other girls—" Helen Smith protested.

"They've all got good homes," he interrupted, in his dogmatic voice, "and the best thing they can do is to stay in 'em. There's no club that's as good for a girl as her mother's fireside."

Helen Smith pressed her lips together impatiently. "Well, if you feel that way about a girls' club," she said, "I suppose you won't approve of a debating society for the young men?"

"Ho!" said Dr. Lavendar. "Young

men don't wait for their parson's approval to debate! There is too much debating already. If our boys here in Old Chester would talk less and do more, if they would stop discussing things they know nothing about and listen to the opinions of their elders and betters, they might amount to something. No, we don't want any debating societies in Old Chester. They may have their place in big city parishes; but here! Why, there are only a dozen or two boys, anyhow; and I know their fathers, every one of them; they wouldn't thank me for making the boys bigger blatherskites than they are already—being boys."

"But, Dr. Lavendar," Helen exclaimed, with heightened color, "you can't say the fathers' influence is always good. Look at Job Todd; his eldest boy is fourteen—and what a home to spend his evenings in! And there are the two Rice boys—no mother, and a half-crazy father; surely some place to spend their evenings in—"

"They come to Sunday-school; and the young fry have my collect class on Saturdays," said Dr. Lavendar; "and the boys in Maria Welwood's class or Jane Temple's get all the pleasant evenings they need."

"Well," Helen said, trying to keep her irritation out of her voice, "I suppose there is no use in saying anything more"—she rose and pulled up her collar of soft black fur, fastening the silver clasp with a vicious snap—"only it does seem to me that we are behind the times."

"I hope so, I hope so," said Dr. Lavendar, cheerfully; and saw her to the door, and stood smiling and blinking in the glaring winter sunshine, watching her walk down through the snowy garden. "She's a good child, but very young," he said to himself. "Ho! ho! 'Interrupting my sermon?' Well! well!" He chuckled, and went back to his lathe and polished his little garnet; then in the afternoon he put on his big frieze cape, and pulled his flappy felt hat well down over his ears, and drew on his blue mittens, and went plodding out to see his people who were sick, or his people who were troubled, or his people who were happy—a little, bowed, creeping figure, smiling to himself sometimes, or frowning, or talking cheerfully and nodding, as though in answer to some unseen companion.

But Helen Smith was honestly troubled, and she told her disappointment right and left; she said that she loved Dr. Lavendar, and he was a dear, but he was hopelessly behind the times. "Perhaps he is so old he doesn't understand," she said, really trying to excuse him.

That was how it all started. First the new people said he "was old-fashioned"; and then they said he "was old"; and then, at last, that he was a dear old thing; and after that they murmured that he certainly had "outlived his usefulness," and he ought to make way for a younger man. Of course this decision was not reached in a day, but little by little the disaffection spread. And the worst of it was that even those who loved him best, and hated the new people and the new ideas most, came to see that he ought "to be spared." They never saw the proposition to put somebody in his place in any other light than this—"to spare Dr. Lavendar."

"We ought to have an assistant for him," Mrs. Mack told Sam Wright.

"Perhaps we ought," Mr. Wright said, anxiously.

"We haven't any money to pay an assistant," said the rich Mr. Smith. "There ought to be a little hint dropped to the old gentleman to resign."

And Mr. Wright looked disturbed, but agreed that Dr. Lavendar was getting old and ought not to work so hard. The new people were so pleased with their own hopes that even before the hint was given they began to make plans for the new incumbent. In the first place, they agreed that a "more ornate ritual" was desirable, because it would bring in the "lower classes"—that was the way they expressed it. And the energetic Misses Smith said they hoped they could have an altar and a cross instead of the old wooden communion table, which never had any decoration except the "fair white linen cloth" on the first Sunday of the month. The Macks, who, before they got their money, had been United Presbyterians, said that what *they* hoped for was a weekly celebration.

"I said that to dear old Dr. Lavendar once," said Mrs. Mack, "and *he* said, 'Rags of popery, ma'am!' Isn't he a queer old dear? So narrow-minded."

So all the future was planned out, and each family had one young clergyman or another to suggest as Dr. Lavendar's suc-

cessor; and the Wrights, and the Misses Ferris, and the Kings sighed and shook their heads, and said Dr. Lavendar certainly "ought to be spared."

## II.

Meanwhile the object of all this solicitude pursued his unfretted way. He had enough to think of besides the whims of the new people. It was that autumn or winter that Old Chester—the real Old Chester—had such deep disturbances: There was Miss Maria Welwood's financial catastrophe; and the distressing behavior of young Robert Smith (he was one of the "real Smiths"); and the elder Miss Ferris's illness, and the younger Miss Ferris's recovery—both caused by Oscar King's extraordinary conduct; conduct in which, it must be admitted, Dr. Lavendar was very much mixed up.

The Misses Ferris lived in a brick house a little way out of the village, on the river road. The house, which was very tall and narrow, was on the low meadow-land, just below the bend, where the river widened out into a motionless sheet of water, choked along the shore with flags and rushes. A Lombardy poplar stood at the gate, flinging its long thin shadow back and forth across the bleak front of the house, which looked like a pale face, its shuttered windows the closed eyelids, weighted down in decent death. It was a big, gaunt house, lying in the autumn sunshine silent and without sign of life, except the shadow of the poplar swaying back and forth like some gray finger laid upon dead lips. In-doors one knew how still it was because of the rustle of a newspaper slipping to the floor, or the scratch, scratch of a pen. Sometimes from the long holland-clad parlor there would come through the silent house some faint burst of music from the jingling old piano; and Miss Clara Ferris—the well Miss Ferris—would look up, frowning a little, and saying to herself that she hoped Dorothea's practising would not disturb dear Mary; and there was generally a sigh of relief when the music faltered and ceased and the silence closed in again. Sometimes it did disturb dear Mary, who was the sick Miss Ferris, and she would call out from her dimly lighted room beyond the sitting-room that she was so sorry to interfere with Dorothea, but really— And then Miss Clara would rise hastily, and go and tell Dorothea that



dear Aunt Mary was very low to-day, and so would she mind not practising?

If Dorothea minded, she did not say so. Everything in that house revolved upon Aunt Mary; it was her illness, not the Ferris money, which made the two ladies so important in Old Chester—the sick Miss Ferris, who thirty years before, upon being deserted by her lover, had taken to her bed, where she had remained ever since. For, of course, a lady whose sensibilities are so delicate as to keep her in bed for thirty years, is a striking figure in this unromantic world.

When Dorothea first came to live with the aunts this family scandal and grief had been told her by Miss Clara in a proud, hushed voice. “Your dear aunt Mary has never risen (except on Saturdays, when the sheets are changed) from her bed since that fateful day; and she never will, until she is carried hence.”

“But what is the matter, Aunt Clara?” Dorothea said, her voice hushed too from its pretty girlish note. “Is she sick?”

“Sick? No, certainly not. Why should she be sick? I am sure nobody ever had more constant care. But she was forsaken at the altar, and her heart was broken. It has remained so. Your aunt Mary is so delicate and refined that she could not recover from such a blow. Refinement is a characteristic of the females of our family, Dorothea. Your aunt Mary would not move on Saturdays, but that it is a necessity; and then she is assisted, as you know, to a couch.” This Saturday moving was, to tell the truth, a thorn in Miss Ferris’s side; she would have preferred entire helplessness. “But she has never recovered,” Miss Clara repeated; “she is entirely crushed.”

Thirty years! Thirty years of remembering! It was dreadful to Dorothea even to think of; the pride which her aunt had in it never touched her; it was a horror—the old, pallid, waxen face there on the pillow in the great four-poster in the best bedroom; the almost helpless limbs lying like sticks under the covers; the thin hands that were cool, like the petals of a faded flower. To Dorothea it was all ghastly and repulsive; and to her young mind the silent house, and the broken heart, and the shadow of the poplar coming and going across the high ceilings of the empty rooms, came to be all a strange, dreamlike consciousness of something dead near her.

It was into this life that Oscar King came to make love to Dorothea—came like a torch among long-dead leaves. Oscar had gone away from Old Chester about the time that the younger Miss Ferris took to her bed with a broken heart, some five years before Dorothea was born; he came back now, fifty years old, a handsome, determined, gentle-hearted man, and fell in love with Dorothea the very first Sunday that he saw her at church. Old Chester, regarding the back of Oscar’s head as he sat in the rectory pew that first Sunday, speculated a good deal as to his future. He had come home with money, it was said, and it wasn’t likely that he would want to settle down and live with his elderly sister, Rachel, and her little adopted child, who would doubtless be a nuisance to a bachelor like Oscar—“who has seen a great deal of the world, I’m afraid,” Old Chester said, with a sigh. No; the proper thing for Oscar to do was to marry, and have a home of his own. Old Chester was prepared to give him much good advice on this subject. There was Rose Knight, a nice intelligent girl, not too pretty, and a good economical housekeeper. Or Annie Shields. On the whole, Annie Shields was perhaps more desirable; Annie was nearly forty, and suitable in every respect. “She has such admirable common-sense!” Old Chester said, warmly. “How comfortable she would make a middle-aged man like Oscar! Very likely he has rheumatism, you know, or something the matter with his liver—he has been knocking about the world so long. Dear, dear, it’s to be hoped he has no undesirable habits!” Old Chester said, sighing; “but certainly Annie is just the wife for him.” And really Old Chester’s advice was based on reason; therein was its weakness; men don’t fall in love with women because they are sensible; the ability to sew on buttons, and nurse husbands through attacks of indigestion, and give good wholesome advice, does not attract the male mind; these evidences of good sense are respected, but when it comes to a question of adoration—that is different: a man prefers a fool every time. It is a curious thing, but, when you come to think of it, it is generally the husband of the woman with admirable common-sense—the woman who is capable of pointing out a man’s weaknesses and trying to correct them—it is

this husband who has "undesirable habits!" Well! well! one of these days we may understand it: meantime we are all ready to sew on buttons, and keep house, and give advice—while Oscar Kings look over at little, vague, mindless girls, and fall in love with them.

"Who is that girl who sat in the second pew from the front, and looked like a Botticelli Madonna?" Mr. King said to Dr. Lavendar, when he went home to dinner with the old clergyman.

"I suppose you mean Dorothea," Dr. Lavendar said. "She doesn't look like any of your popish idols; she is a good child, and she lives with the Ferris girls. They are sucking the life out of her. She has no more will of her own than a wet string. I wish somebody would run off with her!"

"I will," said Oscar King, promptly.

### III.

So that was how the train was started which was to cause such violent disturbance in the silent house on the river road.

Oscar King lost no time in calling on the Misses Ferris. That very Sunday afternoon he walked out into the country, through the warm October haze, and pushed open the clanging iron gate at the foot of the Ferris garden. Then he stopped, for his Botticelli Madonna was standing waist-deep among the golden coreopsis in the garden border. Oscar King stood still and looked at her, and said to himself that he had found his wife. If any one had asked him the reason of this conviction he could not have told them; but convictions do not imply reasons. Look at women's beliefs in their husbands!

He went forward, abrupt and commonplace.

"I am Oscar King; and I'm sure you are Miss Dorothea Ferris. I saw you at church this morning, and I have come to call upon your aunts. I wonder if this is the orthodox hour for calling in Old Chester?"

She looked at him with eyes that brightened slowly, through some vague abstraction, before she saw him; then she seemed a little frightened, and the color came into her delicate cheek.

"Oh yes," she said, in a fluttered voice. "Aunt Clara is in the parlor, and—and—please come in." She moved through

the yellow cloud of coreopsis and came out into the path beside him; the nervous movement of her hands did not escape him; she walked with her head bending like a lily on its stalk. She was not a pretty girl: she had the high forehead, the soft, pale hair, parted and smooth on each side of her brow, the delicate lips, and, most of all, the mild, timid eyes, that make a type too colorless for prettiness. But Oscar King, as he walked beside her to the house, was stirred through and through. Why? Who can say! If Beauty and the Beast is inexplicable, the Beast and Beauty is just as remarkable.

Not that Oscar was in the least a beast; but he was a big, active, masculine creature, and this passionless girl was like an icicle in the sunshine. But, for all that, he wanted her; he wanted, then and there, to lift her in his arms and kiss her pale mouth.

"I am going to marry you," he said to himself, watching her while she opened the door, and led him into the dark hall. "I'm going to marry you, you saint!"

"It is Mr. Oscar King, Aunt Clara," Dorothea said, in her little, retreating voice. And then she went and sat down in a corner. Oscar did not see her look at him again that whole hour of his call, though he prolonged it from moment to moment hoping that she would just once lift those vague soft eyes to his.

Miss Ferris had received her caller with a frigid bend of her body from the waist; then she sat down on a straight chair, her hands locked upon her lap, her lips pressed together, and waited for him to begin the conversation.

"How is Miss Mary?" he asked, cordially; "I hope I may see her."

"I thank you. My sister is as usual. Entirely crushed."

"Crushed?" Oscar said, puzzled.

"You have forgotten," Miss Clara said, icily, "that my sister was deserted at the altar. She has never recovered."

Oscar King was sympathetic, and murmured his hope that Miss Mary might soon "get about. A man who would do that is not worth regretting!" he said, warmly.

"Men do very strange things," Miss Clara Ferris said, with precise and cold significance. Oscar King looked puzzled. Miss Clara grew colder and more monosyllabic. But it was not until she re-





"SHE SEEMED 'A TALL WHITE LILY,' HE SAID."



sponded to his proposal that he should some day bring some photographs to show Miss Mary by saying, "I thank you; my sister does not care for photographs," that he felt that departure was no longer a matter of choice.

"Well, I am afraid I must go," he said, rising, the frank regret of his voice and eyes all directed to Dorothea, who sat by the window, never once looking towards him. "Won't you come out and give me a bunch of those yellow daisy flowers?" he asked her. This was a burst of inspiration, for Oscar King did not know one flower from another. Miss Clara opened her lips, but Dorothea replied before her:

"Oh yes, if you would like some."

"Good-by, Miss Ferris," said Oscar, blithely. "Next time I come I hope I can see Miss Mary."

"I thank you. My sister is—" began Miss Clara, but the unwelcome caller was already in the hall, saying something eagerly to Dorothea.

In the garden he prolonged the flower-picking process by minute and critical choice, and he talked every moment, plunging at once into personalities. He told the girl how pleasant it was to be back in Old Chester again, to see all his old friends—"and make a new one, perhaps," he said. He asked her about herself: was she lonely? had she many interests? might he come and see her? was she willing to have a new friend? Then he told her that she had seemed, as she stood among the coreopsis when he came in, like a flower—"a tall white lily," he said.

It was a quick, almost rough beginning of his wooing, these personalities. Dorothea, hardly answering, hardly daring to look at him, her color rising and paling, felt as though she had been caught in a great wind that was whirling her along, astonished and helpless.

"Yes;" "No;" "I think so"—she faltered to this or that tempestuous assertion; her thoughts were all confused. Suddenly into the monotonous drift of her silent life had come, in a day, in an hour—"since dinner-time," she said to herself—this—what? Dorothea had no terms; but she was a woman, and something in her knew that this torrent of words, these kind warm looks, this big pressure of his hand when he went away, meant—something. The girl was really

breathless when she went back, alone, to the house.

"Dorothea!" Miss Clara called, from her aunt Mary's room.

"Yes, Aunt Clara," she said, obediently.

The two aunts were evidently agitated. Miss Mary's face was flushed; Miss Clara was pale.

"Dorothea," said Miss Clara, "do you know who that person was who has just been here?"

"Mr. King?" the girl said, hesitating.

"Yes. My dear Dorothea, he is an improper person."

"Oh, sister—" the invalid remonstrated.

"My dear, allow me to speak. Mr. King has lived away from Old Chester for thirty years, in foreign parts; *and no one knows what has gone on!*"

"I don't think you ought to say that before Dorothea," sighed Miss Mary.

"Dorothea doesn't know what I mean," Miss Ferris replied; "but you and I know. A man who has lived away from home for thirty years is a suspicious person. I consider that it was a great liberty on his part to call. He had forgotten your unhappy affair. He said he hoped you would 'soon get about.'"

"I wish I might," Miss Mary said, faintly.

Miss Ferris snorted with contempt. "It showed a coarse mind. He has no understanding of the delicacy of a lady's feelings."

Miss Mary sighed.

"Of course you will never 'get about'; but he had forgotten the whole matter. It just shows what sort of a man he is! You must be polite to every one, Dorothea. But you must always disapprove of improper persons."

"Oh yes, Aunt Clara," said Dorothea.

#### IV.

Oscar King may have lived in foreign parts, and "*no one have known what went on,*" but he was still sufficiently of Old Chester to realize that he must inform himself upon Miss Mary Ferris's condition, if he would make himself pleasing to the family. Hence he made it his business to see Dr. Lavendar, and be refreshed as to facts. The old minister was very communicative; he remembered perfectly that June day, thirty years ago, when he in his surplice waited in the vestry, and Mary Ferris in bridal white



waited in the vestibule—waited, and waited, and heard through the open windows the buzz of the bees in the locust-tree, and by-and-by the murmur of wonder from the wedding-guests in the church. Then had come the word that the man had fled. "And I had to tell that poor girl! That's what ministers and doctors are for, I suppose—to do other men's dirty work. It was like putting a knife into some helpless dumb creature's throat to tell her. Well, we took her home. She was sick for weeks. She began to revive, poor little soul; but the affair had taken hold of Clara's imagination, and she kept saying that Mary was crushed. As soon as she saw any tendency to rise, she sat on her, so to speak. It has been the one interest of Clara Ferris's life. It has been something for her to talk about, you know: the delicacy and refinement of Mary's sentiments. Then the brother died—you remember Algernon Ferris?—and his little girl came to them. Dorothea was twelve then; she's twenty-five now, though you wouldn't think it. She's 'crushed,' just as poor Mary is. I wish I knew how to save the child; it's an unnatural life."

"I'm going to marry her," Oscar said, thoughtfully; "I hope that will save her."

Dr. Lavendar clapped him on the shoulder. "My boy, you'll be a Perseus to Andromeda! Couldn't you manage to take Mary too?"

"I'll leave her for you, sir," Oscar informed him, gravely.

When Mr. King next presented himself at the Ferris house, it was with diplomatic commiseration for the lady whose heart had been so irreparably broken. Miss Clara became slightly less icy at this interest, though her suspicions concerning his European exile never waned.

It was not until he had made several calls that she began to have certain dark suspicions: Could it be that Mr. King meant to include Dorothea in his visits? The day that this possibility hardened into certainty Miss Clara was standing at her sister's window, looking down at Oscar King saying good-by to Dorothea on the front steps. It took him a very long time, it must be admitted. He stood on the door-steps talking; then suddenly he reached out (this was what Miss Clara saw) and took Dorothea's hand and held it, saying something which made the girl

turn away a little, and put her other hand up to her eyes.

"Good heavens!" said Miss Clara, and sat down as though faint.

"What is it?" cried the younger sister from the bed. "What is the matter? Oh, if I had my legs!"

"You haven't, and you never will have," Miss Ferris replied, faintly; "and the reason of it is the same as—as what's going on now!"

"What do you mean?"

"He has taken a liberty with Dorothea; that's what I mean! I saw him saying good-by. 'Good-by!'—he didn't say good-by to *me* that way; he held her hand—"

"They do that," murmured the other.

"It is terrible! There—he's gone. I heard the gate close. Well, it is time," said Miss Ferris, in an awful voice—"it is time. I shall speak to Dorothea at once."

"Oh, sister," protested the other, "I wouldn't. Perhaps he didn't mean anything. And suppose he did? It's nothing wrong—"

"Nothing wrong? Well, Mary, I don't know what you call its effect on you—"

"But it isn't always so," said Miss Mary, beginning to cry; "and if she loves him—"

"She doesn't. She is too young—he has been abroad—no one knows!" Miss Clara was so agitated that she was incoherent. "I must compose myself before speaking to her," she said: "I will go to my chamber for a little while, and then she may come to me."

She passed Dorothea in the large sitting-room, into which Miss Mary Ferris's bedroom opened, but she was too disturbed to look at the girl. Perhaps it was as well. Dorothea's face was burning; her eyes shone, but they were dazed, and there was a glitter of tears in them. She took up some work and went over to her little window-seat, but she walked as one in a dream.

"Dorothea!" Miss Mary called, in her weak, flutelike voice.

The girl started, and answered tremulously.

"Come in here, my child," the old aunt said. Dorothea came, still blushing, and with dazzled eyes.

Old Miss Mary Ferris lay back on her pillows, frail and faintly pretty, like some little winter-blossoming rose; all these years of having been shut out from the sun and wind of daily living had not

made her ill: they only "preserved" her, as it were.

She looked up at Dorothea with strange curiosity, as perhaps the dead look upon the living.

"Dorothea, your aunt Clara says—she thinks she saw—tell me, is it so? Did he—speak?" Her eager, shivering voice was like the touch of something cold.

"I don't know what you mean, Aunt Mary," Dorothea faltered.

"Did he speak of—*love*, Dorothea?" She took the girl's limp little hand in her own cool, satin-smooth fingers, and pulled her, with a vampirelike strength, down towards her.

"I think so," Dorothea stammered.

Miss Mary dropped her hand and covered her own face.

"Oh, Dorothea! it is so long ago! Do you love him? Tell me."

"I—I don't know, Aunt Mary."

"Did it make you happy to have him speak to you?"

"I—think so," Dorothea said, crying.

"Then," Miss Mary said, "you love him," and looked at her with vague eyes that seemed to look beyond her—"you—love him."

She drew a long breath, and turned over on her side; she seemed to forget Dorothea.

It was a pity Miss Clara should have sent for the child just then; she was like some little weak chicken being helped, perhaps a little roughly, out of its shell; and now the assistance ceased.

Miss Clara was quite composed when Dorothea came into her bedroom to stand before her and answer her searching questions. There was a moment of awful silence before the questions began. Miss Clara sat in a big chintz-covered arm-chair, which had side pieces like ears, against which she leaned her head, as if overcome by emotion and fatigue. Dorothea stood at the foot of the bed, following with nervous fingers the carving of a pineapple on the tester-post; she was twenty-five years old, but she looked eighteen.

"Dorothea," Miss Clara said, "I saw the gentleman who called this morning upon your aunt and me, speaking to you in the porch. I observed him take your hand. Why did he do this, Dorothea?"

"I don't know, Aunt Clara," the girl said, panting.

"You are young, and, very properly,

inexperienced, my dear, therefore you do not know why such things are done, nor what they portend. But, my dear, I would not be doing my duty to my dead brother's child if I did not tell you that it was a liberty on Mr. King's part, and warn you that that was the way your dear aunt Mary began. And see the result! I do not, of course, mean to imply that gentlemen's attentions invariably end in this way. But the person who called here this morning has lived abroad for many years, and we do not know *what* has been going on. Therefore I do not wish you to permit him to take such liberties, or say good-by to you again in this manner. I trust no words were uttered that I should have objected to?"

Dorothea turned red, and white, and red again. Miss Clara was shocked.

"Dorothea! Did he say anything to lead you to suppose that he entertained sentiments of affection for you?"

"I think so," Dorothea confessed, beginning to cry.

"I am shocked! I hope, I *trust*, you answered as your poor aunt Mary's niece should? What did you say?"

"I said—I didn't know."

"Didn't know what? You don't know anything, of course. But what was it that you 'didn't know'?"

"He asked me if I—cared. And I said I didn't—know." Miss Clara gave a sigh of relief.

"Very proper, my dear. Of course you don't know. But I know, and I will tell you: you do *not* care, Dorothea. I have read all the best books on the subject of love, besides having observed your dear aunt, and I am able to judge, as you are not, whether a young woman cares. I rejoice that you do not, for I should feel it necessary to say that you should at once desist. But as you do not, all is well."

Dorothea did not look as though all was well; Miss Clara's voice took a note of anxiety:

"There are many ways of judging of the state of a young lady's affections; many tests; for instance, do you, or do you not, feel that if this person went away, you would be heart-broken, like your dear aunt Mary, and would lie, as she has done, for thirty years, crushed by grief, upon your bed?"

"Oh no, Aunt Clara," the girl said, shrinking; "no, I couldn't."



"Well, you see!" said Miss Clara, triumphantly. "Now, my dear, that settles it; so think no more of the matter. It is very indelicate for a young lady to dwell on such subjects. I will communicate with Mr. King for you."

"Thank you, Aunt Clara," murmured Dorothea, and drew in her breath in a sob.

Miss Ferris arose, her stern little face relaxing. "Well, my dear, we will say no more about it, but promise me to remember what I have told you."

"Oh yes, Aunt Clara," said Dorothea, wretchedly, "I promise."

And then Miss Ferris kissed her, and tapped her cheek playfully, and all was pleasant again.

### V.

Miss Ferris lost no time in communicating with Mr. King. Her letter, couched in majestic but most genteel phrase, reached him Friday evening; and Oscar, in his room at the tavern, read it, standing by the lamp on the corner of the bureau, his shadow falling, wavering and gigantic, on the wall behind him. Then he sat down in one of the rickety chairs, put his hands in his pockets, thrust his feet out straight in front of him, and thought hard for ten minutes. Then he rose with a spring that made the lamp flare, and went whistling about the room.

"I won't waste time at my age," he said to himself. "First I'll see the aunt; then I'll see Dr. Lavendar; then I'll see—her."

He saw the aunt that night, and received her assurances that Dorothea was indifferent to him, but that if she were not, her aunts would not permit her to regard him with sentiments of esteem.

"You are not suited to my niece," said Miss Clara, "and I cannot but regard it as a liberty on your part to address her. You are much older than she, and *you have lived abroad very many years.*"

"I don't see what that's got to do with it," Dorothea's lover insisted.

Miss Clara pursed up her lips and looked modest.

"Well, Miss Ferris, I suppose there is no use arguing such a question; and, after all, Dorothea must be her own judge."

"My niece's judgment always coincides with mine," said Miss Clara, rising.

Oscar King rose too, smiling. "Well, I will abide by her judgment."

"I hardly see how you can do otherwise," Miss Clara commented, dryly.

"That's over," Mr. King said to himself as he strode along in the dusk to Dr. Lavendar's house. But the second part of the programme was not so quickly carried out. It was midnight before he came out into the moonlight again and went back to his room in the tavern.

"Sunday morning—Dorothea!" he said to himself. "But if the aunt comes to church with her, I'll have to wait another twenty-four hours. Confound the old lady!"

But Miss Clara had no thought of going to church. A small cold rain began to fall at dawn, and she would have been horrified at the idea of taking the horses out, and of course at her time of life she could not go trudging along the country road under an umbrella, as Dorothea might; but, besides that, Miss Ferris was quite prostrated by her interview of Friday night.

"I am suffering because I have defended you, Dorothea," she said, faintly, to her niece; "but I am sure you are grateful, my dear, and that is all I want."

But when did youth know gratitude? Dorothea only murmured, "Yes, Aunt Clara," in a wretched voice.

In these days, when young people not only have opinions, but express them, unasked, Dorothea's unresisting plasticity seems scarcely natural. But that only means that Old Chester is not of these days. The girl who makes one think of a violet still exists there. A real Old Chester girl—not one of the rich Smiths or the talkative Macks—was silenced, trembling like a little bird in some strong hand, just because her aunt did not happen to approve of the man who made love to her, and whom she—would one say "loved"? The fact is, the man who falls in love with one of these negative young creatures hardly troubles to decide as to whether she loves him. He loves her, and he wants to have her for his wife—to do as he wishes, to think as he thinks, to admire his conduct; gentle, silent, yielding—such a combination is almost the same as adoring. At all events, it answers

just as well as adoration in the domestic circle. And it wears better, conjugally.

Anyhow, Oscar King had made up his mind. Poor little Dorothea had no mind to make up; so she walked along to church in the fine chill rain, feeling a lump in her throat, and her eyes blurring so that once or twice a hot tear overflowed, and ran down her cold, rain-wet cheek. Dorothea's little heart was beating and swelling with misery and wonder and joy; but if one had said the word "love" to her, she would not have recognized it. She was very wretched when she reached the church; she knelt down and hid her face, and swallowed hard to get rid of the tears; then she took her prayer-book and read the marriage service, and thought that it was not for her. If Dorothea had not been so entirely behind the times, she would have decided to enter a sisterhood, or go and nurse lepers. As it was, she only saw before her long, pale years of obedience, and silence, and thin, cold autumnal rains. Yet all the time that her inward eye was fixed on Melancholy she was giving swift, low glances about the dark church. And when she saw Oscar in the rectory pew, a wave of lovely color rose and spread up to her smooth forehead, and down to the nape of her neck, and her hands trembled, and she could not see whether the psalter for the day was for morning or evening prayer.

After all, there is nothing like that first wonderful beginning of love. But, nevertheless, when the girl is just that sort of girl that a man like Oscar King wants, she does not know that it is love; she only knows it is pain.

Oscar waited for her at the porch door, and opened her umbrella in the most matter-of-fact way.

"I am going to walk home with you."

"Oh—I don't think Aunt Clara would like it," she protested, faintly.

"But I'm not going to walk home with Aunt Clara. Dorothea, won't you look at me?"

"Oh, I think I'd—rather not," poor Dorothea said, trembling.

"Dear, your aunt Clara won't let you be engaged," he said, guiding the girl's steps along the narrow path to the village street—"look out! there is a puddle; come over here). She won't let us be engaged, and so we are going to be married."

"Oh, Mr. King!"

"Yes, you little love. To-morrow morning."

"Oh, Mr. King, Aunt Clara—"

"Never mind Aunt Clara. I only wish Miss Mary could come to the wedding—"

"She can't," poor Dorothea said, panting, seeing a possible means of escape; "she has never been out of bed, you know, since the time she was going to be married—"

"Well, you see, dear, how dangerous it is not to be married."

"But she *can't* come," the girl protested, breathlessly, "and so—"

"So we'll have to call and see her afterwards," Oscar King said. "Dorothea, darling, to-morrow morning you must meet me, and we'll go and be married."

"Oh, Mr. King, I can't, I *can't*!" Her anguished tone of fright went to his heart.

"You little sweetheart! I hate to have you worry about it for twenty-four hours longer; I wish it could be to-day; but the license is made out for to-morrow. Dearest, to-morrow morning you are to walk along the river road about nine o'clock."

"Oh, Aunt Clara won't allow me to, I'm *sure*," she said.

"Well, then, dear, we will have to go right back to Dr. Lavendar now," he told her, with his kind, determined smile. "Promise to meet me, darling, or I'll have to get married at once." He stood still, looking down at her, amused, and threatening.

"Oh, I'll promise just to meet you," she said, faintly.

"Ah, you little love, you little angel!" he murmured; and did nothing but talk this masculine baby-talk all the way to the Misses Ferris's gate, Dorothea blushing, and murmuring little soft, frightened "Ohs."

"You will meet me at nine to-morrow morning at the bend in the road," he said when he left her, "and then we'll talk things over."

"I don't mind just talking," she said, "but—that other thing—"

"Oh, that doesn't need to be talked about," he reassured her; "now promise, dearest, to meet me, or I'll have to come into the house with you now. I won't leave you until you promise."

"Oh, *please*!" poor Dorothea said. "Oh yes, Mr. King, I'll promise. But I



don't know how—but yes, yes. Oh, please go away! I'll promise."

# VI.

Dorothea slipped into the house, noiselessly except for the tumult of her heart in her own ears; but as she closed the front door softly behind her she heard an awful voice:

"*Dorothea!*"

There was a pause, and then two other words dropped from the upper landing:

"Come here."

The girl felt her heart really and literally sink in her breast. Her lips grew dry, and her breath fluttered in her throat so that she could not speak. She came into Miss Clara's room and stood, her eyes downcast, guilt in every line of her face.

Miss Ferris was sitting very erect in her big chair.

"Dorothea, I observed you from my chamber window."

The girl looked at a little hole in her glove; her hands trembled.

"Dorothea, what do you mean? I ask you, what do you mean by such conduct?"

"What conduct, Aunt Clara?" asked Dorothea, in a very little voice.

"I tell you, I observed you! Do not seek to deceive me and add the sin of a lie to that of impropriety!"

The girl swallowed, took off her glove, and pulled the fingers smooth and straight.

"Do you hear me, Dorothea?"

"Yes, Aunt Clara."

"Then see that you heed me. I am pained and humiliated to find that it is necessary to instruct a niece of mine, a niece of your aunt Mary's—your aunt Mary, so delicate and refined that her disappointment at the altar laid her upon her couch, from which she has never risen! I am pained, Dorothea, to have to tell *her* niece that when a young woman refuses a gentleman, it is not becoming to walk home from church with him afterwards. It is indelicate. It is immodest. He takes a liberty when he offers to accompany her. Need I say more?"

"Oh no, Aunt Clara."

But Miss Clara said more:

"I had not thought it necessary to forbid your seeing this person. I had not, for that matter, thought it necessary to forbid your stealing, or murdering, or doing any improper thing. But it ap-

pears that I was mistaken. It is necessary. I forbid your seeing this—person. Do you hear me, Dorothea?"

There was no answer. Dorothea, deadly pale, lifted her terror-stricken eyes to her aunt's face, and then looked down again, speechless.

"I regret," said Miss Clara, with dreadful politeness, "that I must ask you to promise this. It appears, if you will pardon me for saying so, that otherwise I cannot trust you."

Still silence.

"Come, Dorothea, let us have no further delay. Promise."

Dorothea's face suddenly quivered; her voice broke, steadied, and broke again.

"I think—I won't, Aunt Clara."

"Won't what? Won't see him?"

"Won't promise, Aunt Clara."

Miss Ferris, her lips parted to speak, stared at this turning worm.

"You—won't?"

"I think I'd rather not, please, Aunt Clara."

"Why not?"

"Because I—promised I would."

There are no exclamation points which can tell Miss Clara Ferris's astonishment.

"You promised him?"

"Yes, Aunt Clara."

"You had no right to make such a promise; therefore you must break it. Do you hear me?"

"Yes, Aunt Clara."

"Very well; then promise."

"I promised him," the girl whispered.

There was a moment of stunned silence.

The aunt and niece looked at each other, Miss Ferris opening and closing her lips in a breathless sort of way. And certainly the situation was trying. The sensation of finding a command of no avail is to the mind what sitting down upon a suddenly withdrawn chair is to the body. Miss Ferris said, faintly,

"Dorothea, do you mean to defy me?"

"Oh no, Aunt Clara!"

"Then you will promise me not to see or speak to this bad man again. He is a bad man, to have produced in a hitherto obedient girl such awful, such wicked, such—such indelicate conduct!"

She waited; she dared not risk another command, but she waited. There was no reply.

The silence grew embarrassing. And with the embarrassment there was the bewilderment of discovering that there is

nothing in the world which can be quite so obstinate as an absolutely yielding, mild, opinionless girl.

"Is this all you have to say?" Miss Ferris demanded. She paused; still silence. Miss Ferris amended her question, to save the mortification of receiving no answer. "If this is all you have to say, you may retire to your chamber. I hope reflection and prayer—you need not come down to dinner—will bring you to a better frame of mind."

She waved a trembling hand in the direction of the door, and Dorothea fled.

It was well that no clairvoyance made it possible for Oscar King to see his sweetheart lying, crying and shivering, upon her bed that long, dreary, rainy Sunday afternoon. He might have relented, and repented having wrung a promise from her; or he might have stormed the cold, silent house, and carried her off, then and there.

#### VII.

Probably Miss Ferris trusted for obedience to the traditions of the past; or else to the spirit of the present, which repudiates force. At all events, she did not lock Dorothea's door. What prayer and reflection might have accomplished, in connection with a key, who can tell? As it was, the next morning, Dorothea, white, trembling, came down stairs, and went quietly out of the house. The child was not clandestine; she proposed returning in the same open way. She also proposed telling Mr. King that she would make no more promises.

It was a dull, dark day; the mud on the river road was ankle-deep; in the woods shreds of mist had caught on the bare branches, and the clouds hung low and bleak behind the hills.

Oscar King sat in a buggy drawn up at the side of the road, just out of sight of the Ferris house. He flected at the dripping branches of a big beech with his whip, or neatly cut off the withered top of a stalk of golden-rod or a dead milkweed, and he looked intently down the road. When he saw her coming his face lighted; he jumped out, backed his horse a little, and turned the wheel.

"You darling! Come, get in."

"Get in?" faltered Dorothea; but already he had lifted her like a feather and put her on the seat.

"Sweet, everything is arranged. Here,

let me tuck this rubber apron in around your little feet. I suppose it didn't occur to you to bring any things? It doesn't matter in the least. We can buy all you need in Mercer."

"But, Mr. King, I'm going back in a minute. I only came to tell you— Oh, Aunt Clara frightened me so!"

He was in a hurry, and alert for the sound of pursuing wheels, but he stopped his horse, and put his arm round her and kissed her, his face darkening.

"Dearest, never think of her again. You are mine now. We are going to be married, my sweet. Do you hear? Then I will go back and tell Miss Ferris; you need not see her again."

"Oh," said Dorothea, pushing away from him and sitting up, "you don't mean *now*!"

"Yes, now. I wish it had been three weeks ago; it's just so much time wasted. Dolly, are you happy?"

She began to say she couldn't, she mustn't, Aunt Clara would be, oh, so dreadfully angry!

But Oscar King interrupted cheerfully: "Now, Dorothea, listen: when I take you to Dr. Lavendar you won't back down if he asks you whether you want to be married?"

"Oh, if Dr. Lavendar disapproves, I *must* go home," cried poor Dorothea, in great anguish.

"He'll disapprove if you break my heart, Dolly," he told her, gravely; then he went over all his plans. He did not entreat or plead; he simply announced. They were in Old Chester by this time, and it must be admitted that Mr. King had some anxieties as to the outcome of this high-handed wooing, for Dorothea, when he stopped for breath, still protested, faintly. If Dr. Lavendar thought that she was not as determined as her lover, he would certainly induce her to go back and ask Miss Ferris's consent; which would mean—Oscar King was ready to believe it would mean a dungeon and bread and water. He checked his horse a little, slapping the wet rein on the bay's steaming back, and meditating.

"Dolly dear, Dr. Lavendar wanted to marry us, instead of letting the justice of the peace do it in Upper Chester. He made me promise to bring you to him. He said it was proper. Of course you don't want to do anything that isn't proper?"



"Oh no," Dorothea answered, with agitation.

"So I promised; and you see I can't break my word."

Dorothea looked frightened.

"So you must tell him you want to marry me. You do, don't you, Dolly?"

"Oh yes, Mr. King," she answered, tremulously, "but not just—"

"Never mind about that. Just tell him you do want to, Dolly. Never mind about the time. Promise me you will tell him you want to be married. After to-day you shall never make a promise again as long as you live. If Dr. Lavendar asks you if you are doing this of your own free will, you say 'yes.' Because you are, you know. I will stop the buggy right here and let you out, if you want to get out."

He drew up in a hollow of the road, where the water stood in a puddle from one side to the other. "You can get out, dear." Dorothea looked over the dripping wheel, tired with mud. "Promise just to say 'yes' if he asks you."

"Oh!" said Dorothea. They were almost at the rectory gate. Oscar King had a worried line between his eyes.

"Dolly, I'll tell you what: you answer *me* when Dr. Lavendar asks you anything, will you? I'll ask it over again. Promise."

"I promise," faltered Dorothea.

As Oscar King, leading Dorothea, pushed open the door and came in, it was like a gust of west wind and a gleam of pale sunshine. Dr. Lavendar looked up from his lathe, a little irritated at being interrupted; but seeing who it was, he smiled and frowned together. He had on his queer old dressing-gown, and his dog was tucked into his chair behind him.

"What!" he said. "You've got her, have you?" And then he looked very grave. "Dorothea, my child, I need hardly tell you that this is a serious thing you are thinking of doing."

"You know it's serious, Dolly, don't you?" Mr. King said, gently.

"Oh yes, Mr. King," Dorothea murmured.

"My dear," proceeded Dr. Lavendar, "I don't approve of runaway marriages, as a rule. I made Oscar promise to bring you here, because I couldn't have one of my children married by anybody else. You are of age, and you have a right

to be married, and I believe Oscar to be a good man, or else I wouldn't let you do it, if I had to lock you up in that closet; but I must be sure first, my dear, that you realize what you are doing, and that you love Oscar with all your heart, and that is why you want to marry him. Not merely to get away from conditions which are, I know, hard and unnatural."

"Do you love me, Dolly?"

The room was very silent for a moment; a coal fell out of the grate upon the hearth; Dorothea drew a long breath and looked up at him, a sudden reality dawning in her face.

"Why—I do!" she said, vague astonishment thrilling in her voice.

"You are not going to marry me on your aunt Clara's account, are you, Dolly?" he asked her, persuasively.

"Why, no, Mr. King," she said, in a bewildered way.

"You are not being overpersuaded?" Dr. Lavendar insisted, anxiously.

She looked at her lover, who, smiling, shook his head. "No," she repeated, faintly.

"Now, sir," Oscar broke in, cheerfully, "I don't want to hurry you, but we haven't any time to waste—"

"Well," the old man said—"well, I suppose there's nothing more for me to say, but—"

"But 'Amen!'" Oscar assured him, with a glance out into the rainy mist. Suppose Miss Ferris should appear! "Never mind a surplice, sir. Come, Dolly, give me your hand, my dear—"

"Of course I shall mind a surplice, sir!" said Dr. Lavendar. "Any child of mine shall be married decently and in order. Here, show me your license."

Then he went away, and came back in his surplice, with his prayer-book, and in ten minutes the Amen was said.

#### VIII.

"Why," said Miss Clara Ferris afterwards—"why I did not swoon when I discovered Dorothea's deceit, and That Person's baseness, and Dr. Lavendar's improper conduct, I shall never know! Providence, I suppose, sustained me."

Miss Ferris had breakfasted in bed that morning, being too much agitated by her interview with Dorothea to make the prospect of meeting her at the breakfast table attractive; so it happened that

Dorothea's absence was not discovered until Oscar King's letter announced it, and her marriage also. There was, of course, an instant and agitated departure for Old Chester.

"I will save her," Miss Clara, weeping, told Miss Mary; "she shall desert him—if it were on the steps of the altar!"

"But it's all done," protested the invalid, also weeping; "they've left the altar."

"Well, I'll tell James Lavendar what I think of him; I'll tell him he has taken a great liberty in interfering in my family affairs!" Miss Ferris declared, shrilly, and went whirling into Old Chester as fast as the two fat horses which never went out in the rain could take her.

Miss Mary, lying in her bed, heard the whir of wheels beneath her window; for a moment she thought, passionately, how it would seem to be driving into this blowing fog of rain, feeling the wet wind against her face, and smelling the dead, dank leaves underfoot. Then her mind went back to this amazing news and her sister's anger: Dorothea's heart would be broken; Clara would kill the child! Oh, if she could only walk! If she could only go and save her! Where was she? What would Clara do? Miss Mary moaned aloud in her grief and helplessness.

"Oh, if I had my legs!" she said to herself; and then suddenly she stopped crying, only whimpering a little below her breath, poor old soul! and slid along toward the edge of her bed—slid along until her feet touched the floor, and she stood, shaking, quavering, holding on to the foot of the bed and looking about her.

"But I haven't any clothes," she said, plaintively; "Clara has taken my clothes."

Somehow, on her tottering, long-used feet, she crept across the room to her sister's wardrobe. She moaned under her breath; her heart beat horribly. Yet somehow she began to put on some of Miss Clara's clothing. She had almost forgotten how to do it; the feeling of stockings and shoes upon her feet was as strange as would be any harsh contact with one's face; but she put them on, flushing and breathing hard, and half sobbing. Then she looked about for a cloak, and went out into the hall, creeping and thrilling with this strange sensation of being fastened into something.

Miss Mary had not seen that upper hall since the day she had come up the stairs dazed and bewildered and deserted; she looked about her with a sudden horror of all the dead and stifled years since that vital day. How she got down the stairs no one ever knew; she clung to the hand-rail, sliding, slipping, half falling, and reached the lower hall. It seemed to her that the shoes she had put on were like leaden cases; she felt the shoestrings cutting into her instep; she felt the weight of her skirts about her ankles. She sat down on the bottom step, panting with exhaustion and overcome with memory, but determined to save Dorothea. And then she fainted.

Miss Ferris found her there when she came back from the journey, which had revealed Oscar King's wickedness, and Dr. Lavendar's complicity, and Dorothea's undutifulness—found her, and realized that the illusion and the interest of her life had been destroyed: Miss Mary was no longer crushed!

Miss Clara fell ill, poor lady, through excitement and chagrin; and Miss Mary, acquiring her legs and some clothing, nursed her tenderly. But life was never the same for the two sisters afterward. To poor old Mary there came a dreadful suspicion of herself: perhaps, after all, her heart had not been broken? perhaps her fine delicacy had not existed? perhaps—perhaps! There was no end to her moral and physical distrust of herself—a distrust that made her shamefaced and silent, afraid to say she had a headache or a twinge of rheumatism, lest Clara should turn and look at her—and doubt!

Miss Clara, for her part, had no pangs of conscience, but she suffered agonies of mortification. If she had a consolation, it was that Oscar King's conduct in marrying Dorothea justified her opinion of persons who had lived abroad very many years.

As for Oscar, he told his wife once that it was hard on poor old Clara to have Miss Mary get well; and Dorothea opened her mild eyes, and said,

"Why, Oscar, what *do* you mean?"

Which goes to show that she still retained the mental characteristics which endeared her to her lover.



## PREPARED.

BY JOHN WHITE CHADWICK.

OFt have I wondered at the fearless heart  
With which strong men and tender women go  
To meet great Death; but now I seem to know  
The secret of their courage. 'Tis a part  
Of their whole life, the end of all thou art,  
O Nature, to their souls. The steady flow  
Of time is ceaseless; thick thy hand doth sow  
The void with stars, while from earth's bosom start  
The lovely flowers, and there are trees and streams,  
And women's faces and love's mystery.  
And all these things are influences that give  
The needed lesson. They are all foregleams  
Of the one strangeness and the last. How be  
Of death afraid when we have dared to live?

## HOW TO CYCLE IN EUROPE.

BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

IT may be thought by many people—both those who have cycled in Europe and those who have not—that there is no necessity for information on this subject. But having held for some years the position of European representative of the League of American Wheelmen, and having received innumerable letters from members asking for information, I cannot help knowing that there are certain details which, if they were more generally understood and attended to, would lessen the discomfort and add to the pleasure of Americans cycling in Europe, or Englishmen cycling on the Continent.

You might say that, to make a cycle tour in Europe, all you have to do is to take a steamer, hire a wheel when you land, and ride away. Certainly this can be done, and for the people who are independent enough to do it, I have no advice to give; if I gave it, it would be disregarded; my only suggestion, however, would be, "Don't." Again, you might prefer to join one of the numerous personally conducted parties which, I believe, start from America and England every year. But to form a unit in a large company of people of dissimilar tastes is not my ideal of cycle touring. The tour-promoters carry out their promises to the very letter, and excellently. But the perfect number for a tour is two; one may get along by himself; while three not infrequently fight or break down.

But if any one wishes to cycle independently and at the same time pleasantly, profitably, and I may say economically, in Europe, there are certain rules to be remembered. First, owing to the present state of the tariff law, which prevents the free importation of foreign cycles into the United States, it is better to ride an American wheel. This of course does not apply to the Englishman. But the American wheel, as I have seen it in Europe, is unadapted to the purpose. It is furnished neither with a mud-guard nor a gear-case, and both are absolutely indispensable to one's comfort, owing to the dampness of the climate and the muddiness or dust of the roads; while the wood rims and single-tube tires, if a smash occurs, cannot be repaired in any but the largest cities, and this means unnecessary delay and expense. The brakes, as a rule, are not half as powerful as they should be. Altogether, American machines, if I can judge by those brought over, are really fair-weather wheels, scarcely practical touring carriages. But no matter what wheel you ride, do not fail to fit it with good brakes—if you are going to Switzerland, the pneumatic is essential for pleasure—mud-guards, and a gear-case, which should be made, not of celluloid, rubber, or leather, but of metal; if weight is increased, so is your comfort. Every machine must be furnished by law with a lamp and a bell. The lamp must be lighted a short time after sunset; otherwise

one subjects one's self to a fine. Every machine also must have a maker's number stamped on some undetachable part of the frame, for identification by customs officers. It is also a good thing to have a plate bearing your name and address affixed to it. This is compulsory for the natives of most European countries, and foreigners touring without it may find themselves exposed to annoying inquiries by the police. A rubber coat or cape, or mackintosh of some sort, should invariably be carried. At the present time there is no necessity to wear any special costume. Wear what you like; the foreigner in knickerbockers has ceased to be a source of delight to the native. As to ordinary baggage, my experience is that it is very much better to bring your everyday clothes, if you do bring them, in a trunk or a bag with a lock to it, and if you mean to return from the same port at which you land, you can leave it there. It can only be forwarded across frontiers by sending the key with it, that customs officers may open it; and on the Continent, if you are dependent on baggage sent in this way, your time will be devoted to looking after it. The chances are it will not arrive when you expect it, though it usually turns up eventually. The plan adopted by my wife and myself is to carry everything we want for a trip of from three to five weeks on our machines. Extra shirts and blouses, flannels, handkerchiefs, etc., can be washed overnight, and in the summer-time one suit of underclothes, pajamas, and toilet articles are all that are needed. If you travel in this way you are independent of everybody and everything; and in my opinion it is the only way to travel. All the necessary articles for two people will weigh not more than twenty-five pounds, and can easily be carried on two machines. With our bicycles thus loaded, we can make from ten to a hundred miles in a day, our pace dependent upon nothing but our feelings, the roads, and the weather.

Some months before you start, join both the Cyclists' Touring Club and the Touring Club de France. I regret that, up to the present, membership in the League of American Wheelmen, strong and powerful as the organization is at home, is of no use in Europe. But we hope to change this before long. By joining the two great European Touring

Clubs the tourist secures a free entry for his machine into most of the Continental countries, on the presentation of his card of membership. Cycling has thus done more to bring about the universal brotherhood of man, and the elimination of frontiers, and the abolition of silly customs restrictions, than all the peace congresses, socialist manifestations, and anarchist bombs put together. The tourist, through these associations, also secures reduced rates at hotels, though he is not labelled and stuck away anywhere like a Cookite. He may purchase their road-books, maps, and guides—and they are the best that are published—at small cost. In fact, membership in both organizations cannot be too strongly recommended to any one who proposes to cycle in Europe. Americans should join the Cyclists' Touring Club by applying to Mr. F. W. Weston, Savin Hill, Boston, Massachusetts, and the French Touring Club by addressing Colonel Heseltine, 10 Tremont Street, Boston. The fee in each case is about a dollar. But applications should be sent in at least a month in advance, as they have to be forwarded to Europe.\* Americans who are abroad should address themselves to the head offices in London and Paris. Englishmen who wish to join the French Touring Club should apply to Mr. C. F. Just, 17 Victoria Street, London, S. W.

Once you have joined the Touring Clubs and got the maps and road-books, you should trace out with their help your route through the countries where you intend to tour, not in an unalterable fashion, but roughly, giving you a chance to change it with reference to the condition of the roads. I mean, avoiding as much as possible paved roads—and the state of the roads and other useful facts are mentioned in these books—and studying with the greatest care the lay of the land—that is, mapping out your journey so as to go down river valleys whenever you can, and not to grind up them, so as to climb mountains on their shortest sides, and coast down their longest. In Switzerland, for instance, there is to every pass an easier side, and this can be found out by looking up the heights in any guide-book, and you should provide yourself with a good guide-book before you start. Having planned your route, you

\* L. A. W. members are to be supplied with C. T. C. tickets, etc., from the League headquarters.



should submit it to some one of experience in European touring to see if it is practicable, though your guide-book, properly consulted, should give you all the important information. But, above all things, do not postpone these matters to the last minute, and then growl if you have a bad time.

To bring your bicycle across the ocean you must have it crated, boxed, or put in a trunk. Otherwise many if not all of the steamship companies will refuse to carry it. Several, although they allow any amount of other luggage, refuse to take bicycles free, an unjust distinction, which the League of American Wheelmen would do well to dispose of, as they have already disposed of a similar railway grievance.

If you land from your steamer in England, Ireland, or Scotland, in Germany or Holland, there is no duty whatever to be paid. But if you are unprovided with tickets of membership to the English or French Touring Club, you will be compelled to deposit a certain sum—it will be returned to you, however, when you leave the country—on entering any of the ports of France, Italy, and probably Spain. In any case, Antwerp, as a port of entry, is to be avoided, for the Belgians, whose roads are mostly not to be ridden over with pleasure, have further barricaded themselves against the foreigner with regulations as vexatious as their highways and as petty as their country.

As to blocking out your tour, that is, of course, purely a personal matter. If you come for some definite purpose, you will carry it out. If it is to see mountains, or cathedrals, or towns, well, you go and see them; or if famous race-tracks, you go and ride on them; but if you wish simply to cycle generally in Europe, you will want to be told in which country the best roads are to be found. This will be doubtless your first consideration. There is no question whatever about it; there is no question, either, as to which country possesses the best inns and the most varied scenery, or in which country you receive the best treatment. France is the one country of all others for good roads, good inns, beautiful scenery, and good manners. Being a member of the French Touring Club, you will know exactly your roads, and your expenses in every hotel where you propose to stop. But if

you patronize French hotels, do not expect to get an American breakfast unless you pay a good round sum for it. Do not, on leaving, forget to fee the waiter, and do not overfee him. When you stay overnight, half a franc is quite enough for one person to bestow upon him in the morning. But two or three sous—cents—to the hostler, or whoever looks after your bicycle, though the stabling of it is included, produce a good impression. If you have not the time to ride all the way to the special part of France you wish to see—and you must remember that France is by no means small—and you go by train, your machine will be checked through any distance for two cents and at the company's risk. Since, then, France possesses the highest mountains, some of the longest rivers, the grandest cathedrals, the most beautiful roads in Europe, there is little wonder of its popularity with tourists. But as yet, luckily, the roads are not crowded and the inns are not spoiled. The charges in the hotels will average from a dollar and a half to two dollars a day, this including three meals and wine. In fact, the rates of the French Touring Club are less than those of Messrs. Cook and other agents, and without their drawbacks. But to enjoy one's self thoroughly in France, some knowledge of the language is indispensable. The same thing is true of every other country in Europe. You can tour everywhere with no language but your own; you also lose about half the amusement.

In France, generally speaking, the best roads will be found south and east of Paris. In the north the main roads are almost universally paved with Belgian blocks, and in places it is almost impossible to ride with any pleasure or comfort. But from Paris, south and east, the roads are mostly like racing-tracks, and one may go just where fancy dictates. The mile, or rather kilometre, stones—a kilometre is five-eighths of a mile—the direction-posts, and the signs on the first and last house in every village, furnish the fullest possible information. The whole of France is covered with what are called *Routes Nationales*—national roads—kept up by the state, which connect all the large cities with Paris, and extend to the remotest frontiers. These are also connected by departmental roads, kept up by each department, or province, of the country,



# FRANCE.

By the Poplared Loire, near Amboise.

and there are several local systems. For the tourist, it is only necessary to know that all, save the by-roads in certain districts, are better than anywhere else in the world. This perfection has been arrived at by the organization of a government department of highways and bridges—*Ponts et Chaussées*—which builds and maintains the roads, educates the engineers, who are civil servants, and who advance from the position of local surveyor of a by-road to having entire charge of a department. It is not that the French apparently build their roads so much better than any one else, though the French system of road-making is universally copied on the Continent; but they maintain the roads better; herein is the whole secret of this excellence. Each road-mender—*cantonnier*—is allotted a short distance to take care of, and works on it every day in the year. The roads, consequently, are always in good condition. But, even with the unremitting care bestowed upon them, they have to

be surfaced once every twelve months. The climate in the greater part of France is just as varied as in the Eastern States, yet no one ever hears of the impossibility of keeping up the roads—as we do at home—owing to the bad weather; or the impossibility of making them, owing to the absence of good metal; if there is not any suitable stone at hand, it is fetched from another department. The Touring Club de France has erected danger-boards upon all hills that are in any way dangerous, not alone because of their steepness—warning signs that it is well not to disregard. No matter how smooth the road is, unless you can see to the bottom of a hill, never allow your machine to get away with you in Europe, as the consequences may be fatal. Shepherds and carters have a way of suddenly appearing in the middle of the road, and unintentionally blocking it completely, just when you are at your top speed. There is also another special danger in France which one must always be on the look-



out for: long straight hills sometimes have a paved gutter or bridge at the bottom, and by running into this paving at great speed more fatal accidents have occurred in France than in any other way. But then a man who is fool enough to ride recklessly on an unknown road is as likely to kill himself at home as in Europe. The rule of the road in France, as in all European countries save Austro-Hungary and England, is the same as with us. Keep to the right, demand sufficient space to pass, and see that you get it.

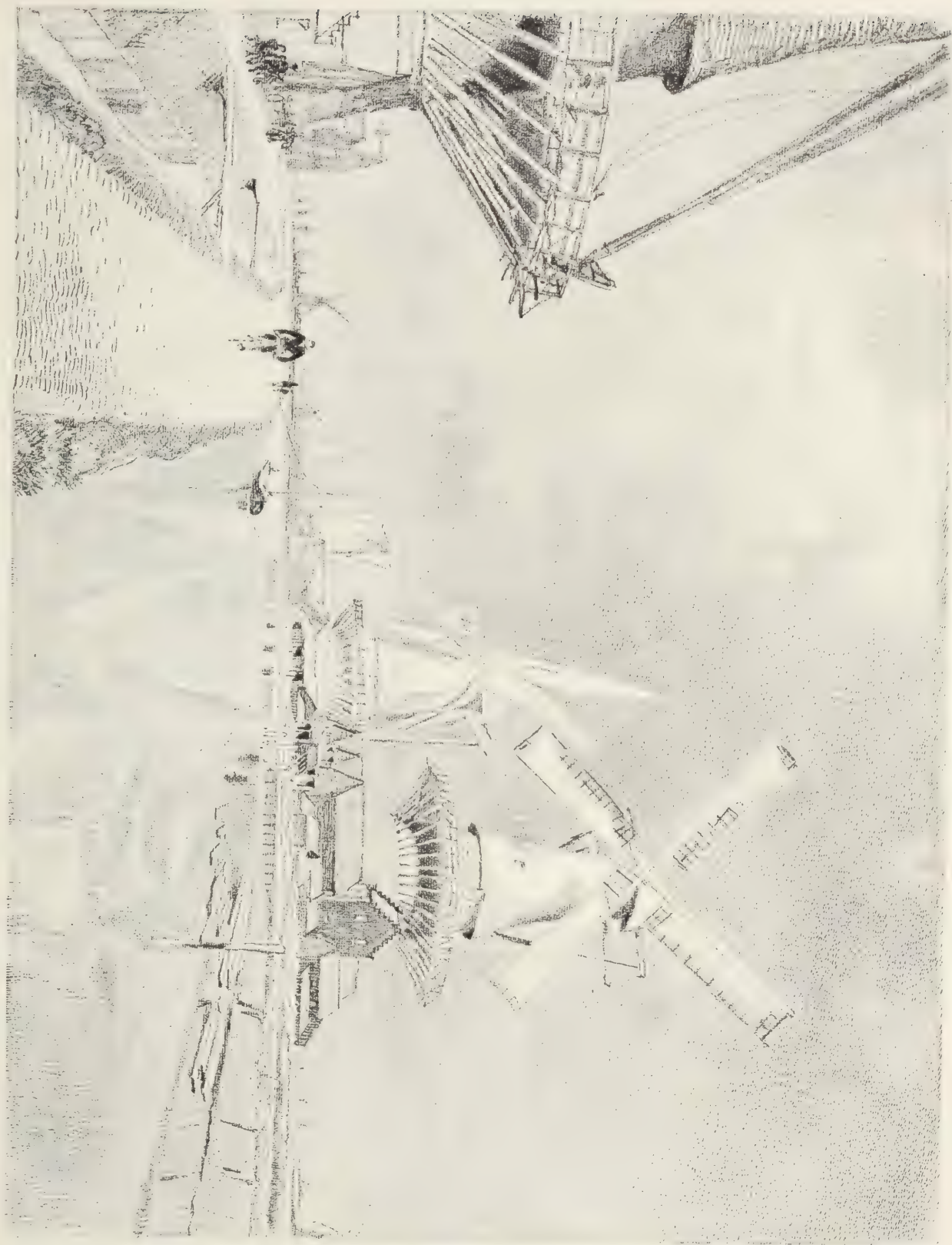
On leaving France, if you expect to return again with your cycle, ask at the frontier custom-house, as you go out, either for a paper called a *passavant descriptif*, which enables you, upon its presentation, to re-enter without any formalities, or else have your machine *plombé*—stamped—that is, have a little lead seal attached, which answers the same purpose as long as you do not lose it. You must follow, virtually, the same course in Switzerland and in Italy. If you are so ignorant or careless as not to have joined one of the Touring Clubs, demand your money back at the last custom-house as you leave the country, or it will not be refunded. In any case you will be subjected to more or less annoyance and delay, which can all be avoided by joining a Touring Club. And if you do not understand the language and think the delays specially vexatious, do not lose your temper, for the fault is probably all your own. Near any frontier, but especially in France and Italy, never make photographs or sketches. There are the strictest laws against it, and ignorance of them is no excuse; you render yourself liable to arrest and imprisonment, and your ambassador or minister is quite powerless to help you.

After France, the countries which possess the next best roads are Holland and Italy. There are no restrictions of any sort that I know of in Holland. You may ride anywhere you want, on the tow-path, the dikes, or the brick streets. You can see more of the country from a cycle than in any other way, as the roads are invariably higher than the canals or the railways, and you can ride from one end to the other of the most interesting part in a day. In riding on tow-paths, however, it is well to look out for tow and other ropes, if you do not want to be suddenly swept into a canal. From Rot-

terdam a most interesting tour can be made to The Hague, Haarlem, the dead cities of the Zuyder Zee, back down the great dike to Amsterdam, thence to Dordrecht, and up the Rhine, if you like. The children of that country, it might be remarked, are fiends incarnate, and have a European reputation for deviltry. As almost everybody speaks more or less English, there is little trouble in getting about. Holland and Austro-Hungary are the most expensive countries next to England to travel in, unless you are acquainted with the ways and the language.

On entering Italy it is absolutely necessary to obtain, by presentation of your Touring Club ticket, a document certifying that you have imported a bicycle without payment of duty. Various forms have to be filled up, and the Touring Club to which you belong is held responsible for the duty on your machine, until it is taken out of the country and notice is given to the Italian government that this has been done. Therefore it is specially important that the tourist should see that the papers are properly filled up, which will cost him a franc and a half; and on leaving the country at the last custom-house he should hand these papers to the proper officers. Otherwise, as he has already given up his name and Touring Club number, he will be held responsible, and made to pay a large sum. The same course is followed in Switzerland, where, however, it becomes a ridiculous farce. Belgium is so hedged about with absurd formalities that it is better to pay the duty on entering, and to get it back when you leave; but the best thing of all is not to take a cycle with you.

The Italian roads are being improved every day, despite the burden of taxation under which the country groans, owing to its absurd foreign and domestic policy. The best roads will be found in the north, where they equal the French, round the Italian lakes, and in Tuscany, though all are rideable save the old Roman ways. Laughably, these have been often quoted by American authorities as excellent examples of road-making. They were paved from one end to the other with granite—Belgian—irregular blocks, not cubes. They went in an uncompromisingly straight line from one point to another. They were repaired by putting other sets on top of them. They were worn into the most impossible ruts, as may be seen



**HOLLAND.**  
On the Towing-  
Path between  
Rotterdam and  
Schiedam.



in the streets of Pompeii and bits of the old roads about Rome, and were quite unsuited for anything but the clumsiest and heaviest traffic. To quote them as examples of road-building is only to show that one is totally incapable of understanding the subject. The Via Appia and the Via Flaminia, where any of the old paving exists, are absolutely unrideable. The only use they serve at present is that of a quarry from which to extract stones for the repair of the modern roads, which sometimes run alongside of or across them. In flat countries modern road-builders have used them as the road-bed upon which to construct their highways.

Members of the French Touring Club may, during their stay in Italy, Belgium, Switzerland, and Luxembourg, become temporary members of the Touring Clubs of those countries, and we hope in a short while to have the same privilege granted to the members of the L. A. W. The Swiss Club has already generously accorded it.

Each Continental Touring Club has in every town an authorized repair-shop, which exhibits a sign. And the French Club, in addition, has established *Postes de Secours* in lonely places, where a box may be found containing tools and repairing outfits for the free use of members. But it would be well for tourists themselves to superintend the repair in out-of-the-way places. The official repairer's sign is no guarantee that the workman knows anything about his business. It is well also to carry spare nuts and bolts, and to know just a little about the construction of a machine. Each one of the European Touring Clubs has, like the L. A. W., a consul in almost every village, from whom full information as to the roads may be obtained.

To the average tourist the British Islands will be most attractive. But the roads of the United Kingdom, though far better, as a whole, than those of the United States, are not to be compared with the highways in the countries I have already mentioned. There is no uniform system of road-making practised in England, and while under many county councils the roads are improving vastly, under others they have apparently never been touched. Nevertheless, one can ride everywhere, with more or less physical difficulty. But as a complete series of road books and maps has been published

by the Cyclists' Touring Club, the tourist knows in advance exactly what he has to expect. The English inn is more charming the further away you are from it; and though a C. T. C. ticket produces a slight reduction in its tariff, its charges still remain the highest in Europe. Upon the Continent, the smallest hotel is often the best as well as the cheapest. In England, the charges everywhere are practically the same. Scotland is mostly rideable, and some of its main roads are very good indeed. Ireland for the cyclist is a distressful, rain-soaked wilderness. But in any case, you must be prepared for rain and wind. In England, the wind bloweth whither and whenever it listeth. On the Continent, the prevalent winds are from the south, save in the Rhone Valley. In travelling from the north to the south, from the east to the west, in France, for example, one may encounter a head-wind for a week, so strong as to ruin completely the pleasure of the trip. It is difficult on a tour really to avoid head-winds, but as most Continental roads are planted with poplars and other light trees, you will see at once, by noticing the way they are bent, which is the direction of the prevalent wind. Of course you cannot know this until you get on the road. But if there is any question of two roads, you had better take the longer if there the wind is at all behind you, for you will find that it blows up every morning soon after sunrise, and rarely goes down until sunset. And as the country is so open and the roads are so straight, you have very little protection from it.

German roads are about as good as English. Constant care is bestowed upon them, but the system of road-repair is not satisfactory, and they quickly break up and become loose and dusty. In South Germany they are extremely bad. The best are in the Black Forest, the Harz Mountains, and the Rhine district. The German inn is good and very cheap. The German Touring Club is an institution sufficient unto itself; its members apparently do nothing for the home or the foreign tourist save shriek "*All Heil!*" at him, which is of no visible advantage. The German custom-house, although it professes to charge duty in Alsace and Lorraine, but nowhere else, from my own personal experience does nothing of the sort. I have never been stopped by a



ITALY.

A Road to Rome—old Paving-Stones in the Foreground.





ENGLAND.

The Road to Canterbury.

customs official on any German frontier. I crossed that of Alsace and Lorraine, by-the-way, four times last year, and I never even saw a customs officer. In going into a country, unless you are stopped, there is no necessity for stopping. Once you are in without question, you are free of it. In Germany and Great Britain, danger-boards have been erected, but not with the same intelligence as in France; yet one should not ignore them.

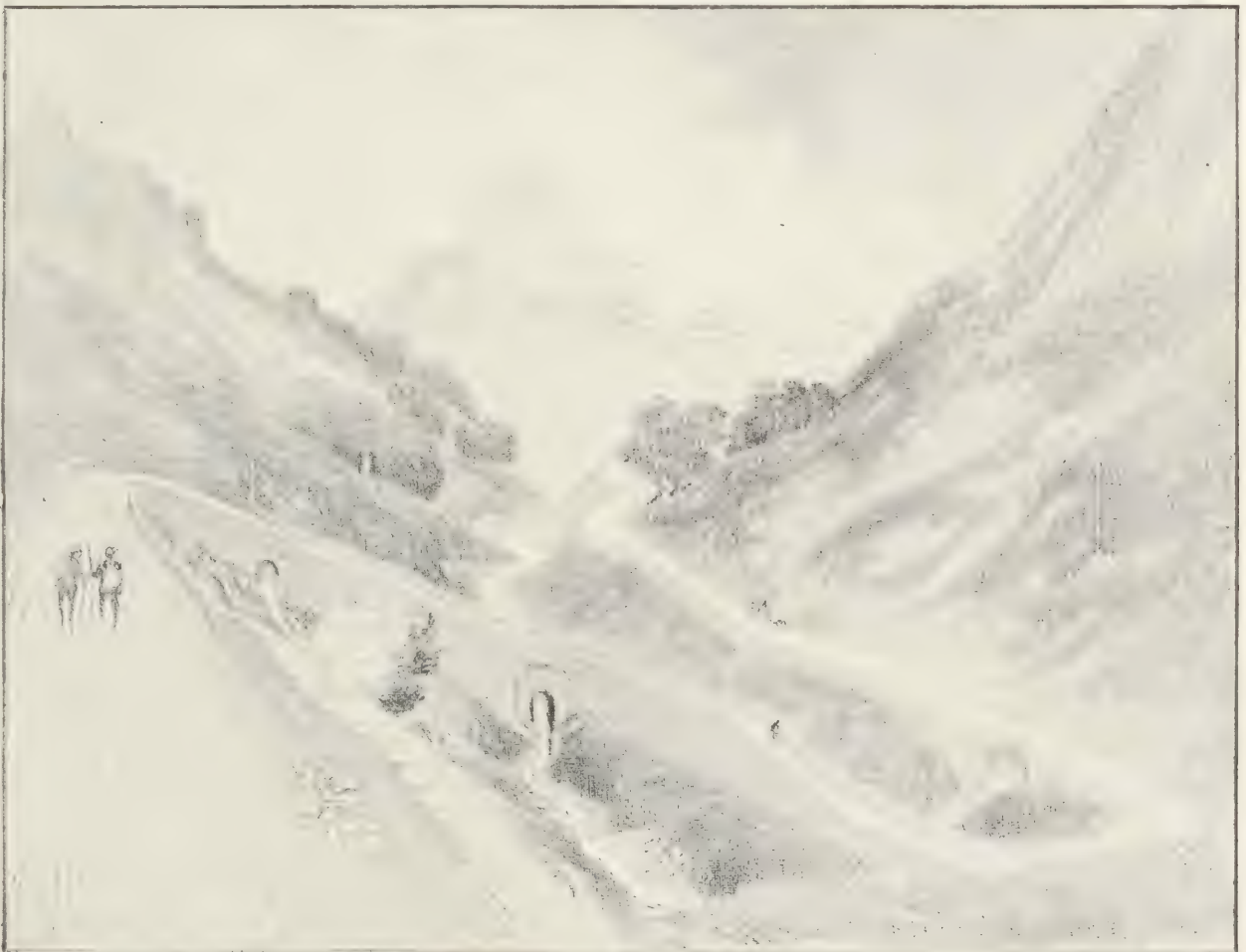
Switzerland, for a strong, plucky rider, is one of the most pleasurable countries in Europe to cycle in. The roads built by Napoleon over the great passes are wonderful feats of engineering; and the dreadful state into which the Swiss have allowed them to degenerate is equally wonderful. No care whatever is given to them. Those of France and Italy to the very frontier may be perfect; once the frontier is crossed they become abominable, for which there is no excuse but the proverbial Swiss meanness. It is scarcely possible, unless one takes one's time to it,

to ride up any of the great passes, save as a feat of hill-climbing. But if one avoids the Tête-Noire, all the others may be pushed and ridden with comparative ease. It is not that they are too steep to ride; save at the top, the gradient is usually very easy. But a steady grind, even upon an easy gradient, of from ten to twenty miles, is impossible to keep up. They may all be ridden down, many of them coasted, if machines are furnished with efficient brakes on front and back wheels. Both brakes should be so arranged that they will stay on without being held, and yet may be instantly let off. With careful back-peddalling on the steepest and shortest turns, everything can be ridden. For the back wheel the pneumatic brake—of which only the best English make is really reliable—is, on the whole, to be preferred. The front brake should be controlled by a brake-holder or a strap. Back-peddalling, save in case of necessity, is avoided, and there is no need for tying on tree trunks, or

making a brake of your feet, or any other absurdity. The tourist in Switzerland should map out his route with the greatest possible care. For example, he should enter by the Col de la Faucille, to the top of which he can ride, and then coast some fifteen miles, almost into Geneva. In the opposite direction, he will have a grind of the same distance and a walk up the pass itself. If he wishes to visit Chamouni, he should go there straight from Geneva, and not around by the lake. Although the Tête-Noire, the other way out, is barely rideable, twice as much walking has to be done from Martigny to Chamouni as from Chamouni to Martigny. The Simplon should be crossed from Brieg to Domo d'Ossola, and not in the reverse direction. The St. Gothard should be tackled from the Italian side. If this is done, the unrideable part of the climb is only about ten miles in length, from Airolo to the summit, and from here you can coast almost all the way to Göschenen, and more or less to Lucerne, some forty to fifty miles. Swit-

zerland is a country which needs careful study, if you want to enjoy riding through it. But most cyclers give no thought to such important details. Last summer, within twenty-four hours, I saw fifteen riders doing the Tête-Noire; thirteen of them in the wrong direction, and only two—it is scarcely necessary to say my wife and myself—in the right. They had consulted the Swiss road-book, which is all wrong; I had studied the question of heights. However, the average cyclist does not bother about these things, in advance. Beware of Swiss drivers; they are the greatest "road hogs" in Europe.

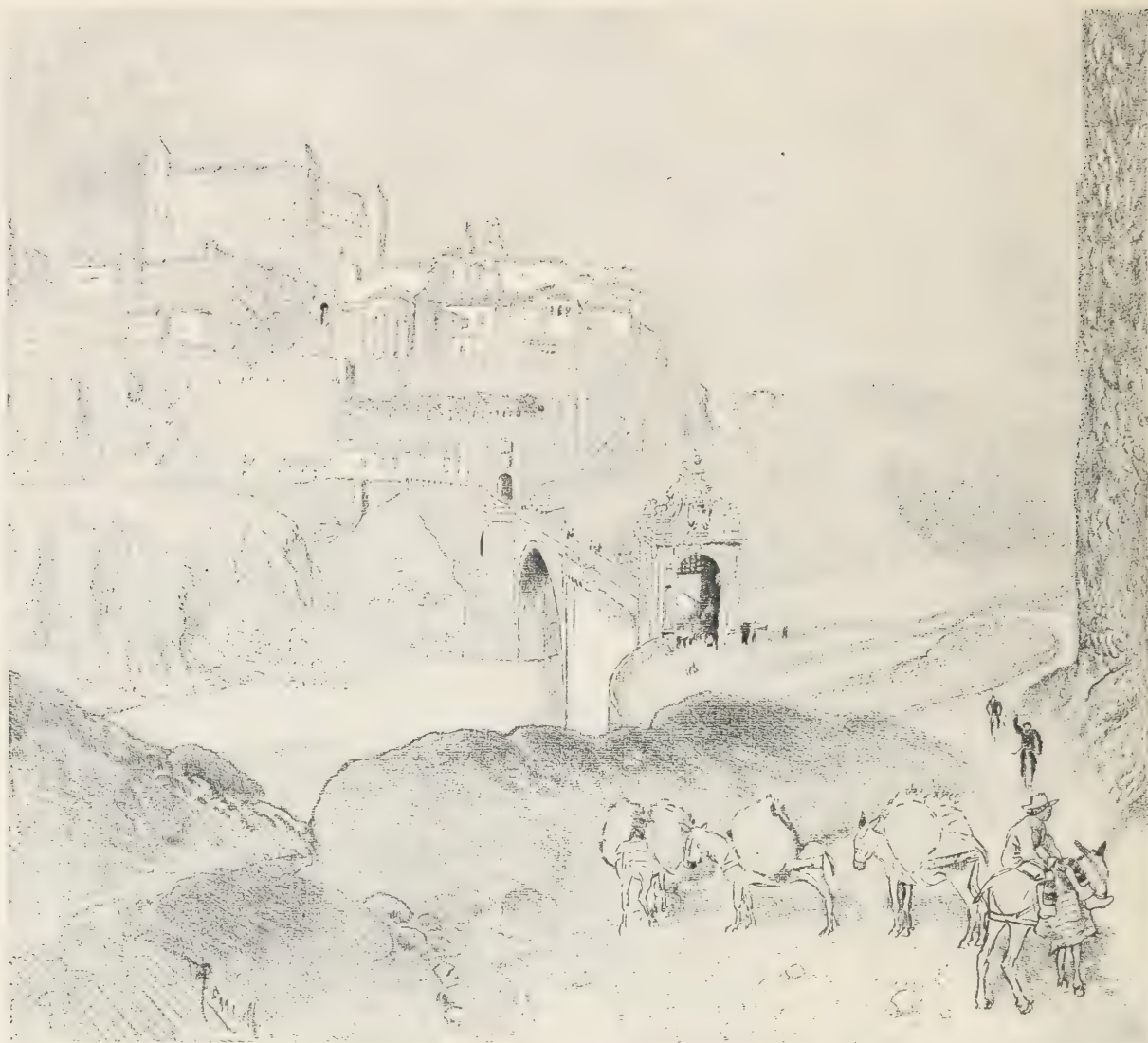
The greater part of Austro-Hungary is not worth riding over. Some bits of the Tirol are good, but the roads, as a rule, are not much better than those in the hilly, mountainous, unimproved parts of America. The scenery is often fine. The great Hungarian plain is out of the question, being mainly deep in sand, traversed by mere tracks. The military roads of Transylvania, Poland, parts of western Russia, and Dalmatia are good. So too



GERMANY.

The Road into Switzerland.





#### SPAIN.

A slight Block in the Road—leaving Toledo.

are those of Denmark, Norway, and Sweden. But unless one is going in seriously for cycle-touring, it is hardly worth while to attempt these countries. While the hotel accommodations are sufficient, the difficulties of language, and the bother one has with custom-houses and passports, go far to destroy one's enjoyment. Besides, unless one is blessed with unlimited leisure, the train must be taken to some point of departure, and cycles are charged for as luggage everywhere on the Continent, save in France and parts of Germany and Spain.

If one has real love for adventure, I can recommend no country as thoroughly as Spain, and I know of no people as interesting and amusing as the Spaniards. The presence of an American, however, in that country at the present time is not

desired. It is not a pleasant thing to have to conceal one's nationality, but this is what the American must do now in out-of-the-way Spain. I do not pretend to say that Spain is an easy country to tour in. Though its roads may have been good a few years ago, there is little, alas, left of them. But the American who cares to venture might do worse when he sails, say, for Italy, than leave the ship at Gibraltar and cross in the steamboat to Algeciras. His C. T. C. ticket may admit him for nominal payment. Personally, I mounted my machine on the wharf and rode away and nothing was said to me, though I had provided myself with a government permit. From Algeciras to Cadiz, by San Fernando, there is a fairly good road, with beautiful views, passing Tarifa and Trafalgar. Tourists must be

extremely careful on Spanish hills, as carters invariably leave, lying in the middle of the road, the large stones with which they have blocked their carts, to ease the horses or mules in mounting. As these stones are usually as big as your head, caution is necessary in descending. From Cadiz there is a very good road to Seville, and hotels are to be found all along it. From Seville to Granada one may follow, as I have done, the old horse and mule route by Alcalá de Guadaira, an awful road, Gandul, Arahál, Puebla la Castella, to Ossuna. From Ossuna nearly to Antequera there is no road at all, nothing but the old track, which is unrideable. I took to the railway line. From Antequera to Granada there is a fairly good road, some of it excellent; only at the entrance of the great plain or vega, the bridge broke down some years ago, and as there is no ferry, you are forced to strip and carry your bicycle over on your head. The Xenil is a glacier-fed stream, so that the experience is sensational. From Granada it is possible to make, as I have made, various excursions to Jaen, whence you can train it to Madrid or Cordova, or you can plan a circular tour through the Sierras, over fairly good diligence routes. Again, a delightful journey is to leave the plain or vega by the Suspiro del Moro; thence to Alhama, where there is another stream to be forded; on to Loja, splendid road; thence, seventy kilometres, which must be done in a day, as there is scarcely a stopping-place, over mountains to Malaga, a most glorious ride. From Malaga the steamer may be taken to Gibraltar. You can return to Granada by Motril, though part of the way you will be forced to hire a boat, as there is no road at all. From Granada, again, one may ride to Almeria, and Elche, and then straightaway up the coast to Barcelona. No information about the south of Spain is to be found in any route-book. The roads in the north, especially in the Pyrenees, are very good and comfortably rideable as far as Toledo. After that I know nothing about them. To tour in Spain you must have some knowledge both of the Spanish language and Spanish customs. Less than two years ago my wheel was the first to traverse some of the roads.

Absurd fears exist among certain people as to the danger of travelling in out-

of-the-way parts of Europe. There is no danger whatever, if you mind your business. There is no necessity to carry pistols; they are far more likely to get you into a scrape than out of it.

Though there are large clubs in most of the important Spanish towns, their members scarcely venture into the country. Repair-shops are to be found, but extra parts must be carried by the tourist, as it is quite impossible to replace anything that is broken except by sending to Madrid, which probably will occasion a delay of weeks. A thoroughly reliable machine must be ridden, or your tour may be cut short, as mine was. The Spanish inn has been much reviled, but it affords far better accommodation than the average American tavern. In the south, the old Moorish dominion, it is beautifully clean. To an American, the chance of visiting the scenes of the story of Columbus and Ferdinand and Isabella should be most interesting, and might be, were it not for the late attitude of our government.

Portugal has been well spoken of by cyclers. I have never visited it.

But, after all, the average tourist would rather jog along at ten miles a day, or else scorch, with the certainty that he will arrive at some well-furnished inn by evening. It is best, under these circumstances, to confine the tour mainly to England; there always, however, with an eye to the policeman, who alone knows the rate of speed at which you are travelling, and is apt to give you the credit, to your own surprise, of going at twenty miles an hour, and who will arrest you promptly if you wheel your machine on the sidewalk. Or you can go safely on to France, Germany, and Switzerland, and possibly Italy and Holland. The tourist can roughly get over all of these countries in a couple of months. He will see more than he could from a railway train, but it seems to me far better to restrict his trip to one, or at most two countries, in the hope that some day he may have a chance of coming again. It gives him something to look forward to.

Now as to times and seasons. In the British Isles one must be prepared for rain every day in the week, and some days several times a day. If a shower or a ducking frightens you off your machine, I can only say that I should not advise you to bring one over. Nobody



likes to start off in rain, or even to ride in it. But if you are touring there will be times when you must either sit in a hotel possibly many days, or else face it. There may be no railroad, no other means of getting away. But you should time your tour so as to risk as little rain, as little bad weather, as possible. Through the British Islands, and in fact the whole of North Europe, you may ride from Easter to November. In the lowlands of central Europe, anywhere south of Paris, it becomes hot by the middle of July, but not hot enough to hurt an American. Of course the further south you go the hotter it gets, and the less rain there is. But the whole summer through you may ride, if you dress yourself properly, as far south as Milan; and if you get up early enough in the morning, and loaf long enough in the middle of the day, you can do it with comfort, and probably a good deal of pleasure. You must remember, however, that if you start your tour in England and end it at Genoa, you will not only suffer more from the heat, but as you go south in midsummer you will find the roads becoming worse, owing to the absence of rain and the increase of dust. If you cycle for pleasure, it is perfectly absurd to visit Andalusia, southern Italy, Dalmatia, or Hungary after the end of June or before September. The heat and the dust in those countries at that time are simply awful. In any case it is best to visit southern Europe in the spring-time. The roads are generally repaired in the autumn, the new metal has had time to work in and solidify by spring, and in April, May, and June they are at their best. In the autumn they are at their worst; they have had nearly a year's steady traffic, and the road-makers are only waiting for October and November to put down a new surface. There is no use to expect in the south of Europe a perfectly clear sky throughout the winter because snow is unknown. If there is not snow there is rain. And though, outside of Spain and America—for America is the most serious rival Spain possesses in bad road-making—steam-rollers are generally used, and road-repairing is a science, still, during the whole winter months there is little pleasure to be had from cycle touring. Therefore block out your trip for the sake of roads, wind, and weather, so that, broadly speaking, you ride really from

the south to the north, and you will not regret it. Do not think that every foreign land is altogether populated by idiots and fools—especially if you do not speak the language. Do not blame all customs officials until you have escaped from those of New York. Some European laws and regulations may be absurd, but they are that country's laws and regulations, and you must conform to them. Do not get entangled with government officials. They have no sense of humor, but an overwhelming sense of their own importance, and are not pleasant to deal with, especially in remote parts. A refusal to comply with some of their requests, which may appear to you unintelligible, has before this resulted in the foreigner suddenly finding himself in prison, from which it is not so easy to escape.

My countrymen, I regret to say, have greater difficulty in enjoying the national dishes and drinks of foreign lands than anybody else save the English, who are hopeless. But if you expect to obtain the benefit of the hotel tariffs of any Continental Touring Club, you must eat and drink what the natives eat and drink, and at their hours and seasons. On the Continent of Europe if you ask for anything more than coffee and rolls for breakfast, your bill for that breakfast may cost you as much as for all the rest of the day put together. And if you expect coffee and rolls for supper, you will be disappointed. Besides which, as I have said, if you want to enjoy yourself, join the English and French Touring Clubs, and have a lamp, a bell, and a number on your machine. Having seen to these things, it is your own fault if you do not have a good time. Do not try to make a long trip in Europe if you have never ridden a bicycle in America; you will not enjoy it; you had better depend upon the train. But if you ride well, and care for riding, I can conceive no more delightful, no cheaper way of seeing the world. If you can only come abroad once, it will be something enchanting to look back to for the rest of your life. If you can come oftener, so much the better. If you have the good luck, as I have had, to tour somewhere every year, you will know that during the last quarter of a century a new pleasure has been added to life. And it is out of my experience of some twenty years of cycling that I have gathered the facts that are in this article.



## PRIMORDIAL.

BY MORGAN ROBERTSON.

GASPING, blue in the face, half drowned, the boy was flung spitefully—as though the sea scorned so poor a victory—high on the sandy beach, where succeeding shorter waves lapped at him and retired. The encircling life-buoy was large enough to permit his crouching within it. Pillowing his head on one side of the smooth ring, he wailed hoarsely for an interval, then slept—or swooned—while the tide went down the beach, and the typhoon whirled its raging centre off to sea. The tropic moon came out, lighting up, between the beach and barrier-reef, a heaving stretch of oily lagoon, on which appeared and disappeared hundreds of shark fins, quickly darting. Out on the barrier-reef, perched high, yet still pounded by the ocean combers raised by the storm, lay a fragment of ship's stern with a stump of mizzenmast. The elevated position of the fragment, the quickly darting dorsal fins, and the absence of company for the child on the beach spoke too plainly of shipwreck, useless boats, and horrible death.

Sharks must sleep, like other creatures, and they nestle in hollows in the bottom or in coral caves or under overhanging ledges of the reefs which attract them. The first swimmer may pass safely by night, seldom the second. Like she-wolves, fiendish cats, and vicious horses, they have been known to show mercy to children. For one or both reasons this child had drifted to the beach unharmed.

Anywhere but on a bed of hot sand near the equator the sleep in wet clothing of a three-year-old boy might have been fatal; but salt water carries its own remedy for the evils of its moisture, and he awakened at daylight with strength to rise and cry out his protest of loneliness and misery. He was in a new, an unknown world. His mother had filled his old. Where was she now? Why had she tied him into that thing and thrown him from her—into the darkness and wet?

His childish mind could record facts, but not their reason or coherency. Strange things had happened, which he dimly remembered: he had been roused from his sleep, dressed, and taken out of

doors in the dark, where there were frightful crashing noises, shoutings of men, and crying of women and children. He had cried himself, from sympathy and terror, until his mother had thrown him away. Had he been bad? Was she angry? And after that—what was the rest? He was hungry and thirsty now. Why did she not come? He would go and find her.

With the life-buoy hanging about his waist—though of cork, a heavy weight for him—he toddled along the beach to where it ended at a massive ridge of rock that came out of the wooded country inland and extended into the lagoon as an impassable point. He called—the one word in his vocabulary—again and again, sobbing between calls. She was not there, or she would have come; so he went back, glancing fearfully at the dark woods of palm and undergrowth. She might be in there, but he was afraid to go. His little feet carried him a full half-mile in the other direction before the line of trees and bushes reached so close to the beach as to stop him. Here he sat down, screaming passionately and convulsively for his mother.

Crying is an expense of energy, which must be replenished by food. When he could cry no longer he tugged at the straps and strings of the life-buoy. But they were wet and hard; his little fingers knew nothing of knots and their untying, and it was well on toward mid-day before he succeeded in scrambling out of the meshes, by which time he was famished, feverish with thirst, and all but sun-struck. He wandered unsteadily along the beach, falling occasionally, moaning piteously through his parched open lips, and when he reached the obstructing ridge of rock, turned blindly into the bushes at its base, and followed it until he came to a pool of water formed by a descending spray from above. From this, on his hands and knees, he drank deeply, burying his lips as an animal would.

Child like, he put pebbles, twigs, and small articles into his mouth, until he found what was pleasant to his taste and eatable—nuts and berries. During the



day, while he crawled about at the foot of the rocks or searched for food among the trees, wild-hogs, marsupials, and wood-rats would examine him suspiciously through the undergrowth and decamp. That night, after he had cried himself to sleep on a narrow shelf of rock, howling night-dogs came up, sniffed at him from a safe distance, and scattered from his vicinity. He would have yielded in a battle with a pugnacious kitten, but these creatures recognized a prehistoric foe, and would not abide with him.

A week passed before he had ceased crying for his mother; but from this on her image grew fainter, and in a month the infant intelligence had discarded it. He ate nuts and berries as he found them, drank from the pool, climbed the rocks and strolled in the woods, played on the beach with shells and fragments of wreckage, wore out his clothes, and in another month was naked; for when buttons and vital parts gave way and a garment fell, he let it lie. But he needed no clothes, even at night; for it was Southern summer, and the northeast monsoon, adding its humid warmth to the radiating heat from the sun-baked rocks, kept the temperature nearly constant.

He learned to avoid the sun at mid-day, and, free from contagion and motherly coddling, escaped many of the complaints which torture and kill children. Yet he suffered frightfully from colic, until his stomach was accustomed to the change of diet; then a reaction set in, and as time passed he gained healthy flesh and muscle on the nitrogenous food.

Six months from the time of his arrival another storm swept the beach. Pelted by the warm rain, terror-stricken, he cowered under the rocks through the night, and at daylight peered out on the surf-washed sands, heaving lagoon, and white line of breakers on the barrier-reef. The short-lived typhoon had passed, but the wind still blew slantingly on the beach with force enough to raise a turmoil of crashing sea and undertow in the small bay formed by the extension of the wall. The fragment of ship's stern on the reef had disappeared; but a half-mile to the right, directly in the eye of the wind, was another wreck, and somewhat nearer, on the heaving swell of the lagoon, a black spot which moved and approached. It came down before the wind,

and resolved into a closely packed group of human beings, some of whom tugged frantically at the oars of the waterlogged boat which held them, others of whom as frantically baled with caps and hands. Escorting the boat was a fleet of dorsal fins, and erect in the stern-sheets was a white-faced woman, holding a child in one arm, while she endeavored to remove a circular life-buoy from around her waist. At first heading straight for the part of the beach where the open-eyed boy was watching, the boat now changed its course, and by desperate exertions of the rowers reached a position from which it could drift to leeward of the point and its deadly maelstrom. With rowers baling, and the white-faced woman seated, fastening the child in the life-buoy, the boat, gunwale-deep, and the grewsome guard of sharks, drifted out of sight behind the point. The boy had not understood, but he had seen his kind, and, from association of ideas, appreciated again his loneliness—crying and wailing for a week, but not for his mother: he had forgotten her.

With the change of the monsoon came a lowering of the temperature. Naked and shelterless, he barely survived the first winter, tropical though it was; but the second found him inured to his surroundings, hardy and strong. When able to, he climbed trees and found birds' eggs, which he accidentally broke, and naturally ate. It was a pleasant relief from a purely vegetable diet, and he became a proficient egg-thief. Then the birds built their nests beyond his reach. Once he was savagely pecked at by an angry brush-turkey, and forced to defend himself. It aroused a combativeness and a destructiveness that had lain dormant in his nature, and he became a hunter—of bugs, insects, and young birds; but only to kill, maim, or torture. He did not eat them, because hunger was satisfied, and he possessed a child's dislike of radical change.

During the first winter he had learned the value of a small hole or cave in the rocky wall as a shelter from the rain. One day, down where the bush-line touched the beach, he found the life-buoy, stained and weather-worn. He had no remembrance of it; it was merely something new; and he played with it until the novelty was gone, then gave it lodgement in his cave. It was company during stormy



weather—good to sit upon by day and for a pillow at night.

On fine sunny days, influenced by the freshness and brightness, he would laugh and shout hilariously. A gloomy sky made him morose, and he clung to his cave and his life-buoy. When hurt, or angered by disappointment in the hunt, he would cry out inarticulately, but, having no use for language, did not talk—hence did not think, as the term is understood. His mind received the impressions of his senses, and could fear, hate, and remember, but knew nothing of love, for nothing lovable appealed to it. He could hardly reason as yet; his shadow puzzled, annoyed, and angered him, until he noticed its concomitance with sunshine. Then reversing cause and effect, he considered it a beneficent, mysterious something that had life, and endeavored by gesture and grimace to placate and please it. It was his beginning of religion.

As he grew older there came a lessening of his cruelty to defenceless creatures; not that he felt pity—he merely found no more amusement in killing and tormenting; and in time he transferred his antagonism to the sharks in the lagoon, whose dorsal fins made famous targets for pebbles. He needed no experience with these pirates to teach him to fear and hate them, and when he bathed—which habit he acquired as a relief from the heat, and indulged daily—he chose a pool near the rocks that filled at high tide, and in it learned to swim, paddling like a dog.

And so the boy, blue-eyed and fair at the beginning, grew to early manhood, as handsome an animal as the world contains, tall, straight, and clean-featured, with steady eyes wide apart, and skin—tanned to the color of old copper by sun and wind—covered with a fine soft down, which at the age of sixteen had not thickened on his face to beard and mustache, though his wavy brown hair reached to his shoulders.

At this period a turning-point appeared in his life, which gave an impetus to his almost stagnant mental development: his food-supply diminished and his pebble-supply gave out completely, forcing him to wander. Pebble-throwing was his only amusement, pebble-gathering his only labor; eating was neither. He browsed and nibbled at all hours of the day, never knowing the sensation of a

full stomach, nor, until lately, of an empty one. To this perhaps may be ascribed his wonderful immunity from sickness.

One morning, eye and ear on the alert, as a high-spirited horse enters a strange pasture, he ventured past the junction of bush and tide-mark and down the unknown beach beyond. He filled his hands with the first pebbles he found, but noticing the plentiful supply on the ground ahead, dropped them and went on; there were other things to interest him. A broad stretch of undulating, scantily wooded country reached inland from the convex beach of sand and shells to where it met the receding line of forest and bush behind him; and far away to the right, darting back and forth among the stray bushes and sand hummocks, were small creatures, strange, unlike those he knew, but in regard to which he felt curiosity rather than fear.

He travelled around the circle of beach, and noticed that the moving creatures fled at his approach. They were wild-hogs, hunted of men since hunting began. He entered the forest about mid-day, and emerging, found himself on a pebbly beach similar to his own, and facing a continuation of the rocky wall which, like the other end, dipped into the lagoon and prevented further progress. He was thirsty, and found a pool near the rocks; hungry, and he ate of nuts and berries which he recognized. Puzzled by the reversal of perspective and the similarity of conditions, he proceeded along the wall, dimly expecting to find his cave. But none appeared, and, mystified, somewhat frightened, he plunged into the wood, keeping close to the wall and looking sharply about him. Like an exiled cat or a carrier-pigeon, he was making a straight line for home and did not know it.

His progress was slow. Boulders, stumps, and rising ground impeded him, and darkness descended when he was but half-way home and nearly on a level with the top of the wall. Forced to stop, he threw himself down, exhausted, yet nervous and wakeful as any other animal in a strange place. But the familiar moon came out, shining through the foliage, and this soothed him into a light slumber.

He was wakened by a sound that he had heard all his life at a distance—a wild chorus of barking. It was coming



his way, and he crouched and waited, grasping a stone in each hand. The barking, interspersed soon with wheezing squeals, grew painfully loud, and culminated in vengeful growls, as a young pig sprang into a patch of moonlight, with a dozen dingoes—night-dogs—at its heels. In the excitement of pursuit they did not notice the crouching boy, but pounced on the pig, tore at it, snapping and snarling at each other, and in a few moments the meal was over.

Frozen with terror at the strange sight, the boy remained quiet until the brutes began sniffing and turning in his direction; then he stood erect, and giving vent to a scream which rang through the forest, hurled the two stones with all his strength straight at the nearest. He was a good marksman; agonized yelps followed the impact of stone and hide; two dogs rolled over, and gaining their feet, sped after their fleeing companions, while the boy sat down, trembling in every limb, completely unnerved. Yet he knew that he was the cause of their flight.

With a stone in each hand, he watched and waited until daylight, then arose, and went on homeward with a new and intense emotion. Not fear of the dingoes—he was the superior animal, and knew it. Not pity for the pig—he had not developed to the pitying stage. He was possessed by a strong instinctive desire to eat of animal food. It did not come of his empty stomach; he felt it after he had satisfied his hunger, and, as he plodded down the slope toward his cave, gripped his missiles fiercely and watched sharply for small animals—preferably pigs.

But no pigs appeared. He reached his cave, slept all day and the following night, waking in the morning hungry, and with the memory of his late adventure strong in his mind. He picked up the two stones he had brought home, struck inland by the wall, and in a few hours reached his camping-spot, where he crouched to the earth listening for barking and squealing—for a pig to be chased his way. But dingoes hunt only by night, and unmolested pigs do not squeal. Impatient at last, he went on through the forest in the direction from which they had come, until he reached the open country where he had first seen them; and here, rooting under the bushes at the margin of the wood, he discov-

ered a family—a mother and four young ones—which had possibly contained the victim of the dogs. He stalked them slowly and cautiously, keeping bushes between himself and them, but was seen by the mother when about twenty yards away. She sniffed suspiciously, then, with a warning grunt and a scattering of dust and twigs, she scurried into the woods, with her brood—all but one—in her wake.

A frightened pig is as easy a target as a darting dorsal fin, and a fat suckling lay kicking convulsively on the ground. He hurried up, the hunting gleam bright in his eye, and hurled the second stone at the little animal. It still kicked; he picked up the first stone, thinking it might be more potent to kill, and crashed it down on the unfortunate pig's head. It glanced from the head to the other stone and struck a spark, which he noticed.

The pig now lay still, and satisfied that he had killed it, he tried to repeat the carrom, but failed. Yet the spark had interested him—he wanted to see it again—and it was only after he had reduced the pig's head to a pulp that he became disgusted and angrily threw the stone in his hand at the one on the ground. The resulting spark delighted him. He repeated the experiment again and again, each concussion drawing a spark, and finally used one stone as a hammer on the other with the same result—to him a bright and pretty thing, very small, but alive, which came from either of the dead stones. Tired of the play at last, he turned to the pig—the food that he had yearned for.

It was perhaps well for him that the initial taste of bristles and raw fat prevented his taking the second mouthful. Slightly nauseated, he dropped the carcass and turned to go, but immediately bounded in the air with a howl of pain. His left foot was red and smarting. Once he had cut it on a sharp shell, and now searched for a wound, but found none. Rubbing increased the pain. Looking on the ground for the cause, he discovered a wavering, widening ring of strange appearance, and within it a blackened surface, on which rested the two stones. They were dry flint nodules, and he had set fire to the grass with the sparks.

Considering this to be a new animal that had attacked him, he pelted it with stones, dancing around it in a rage and shouting hoarsely. He might have con-



quered the fire, and never invoked it again, had the supply of stones in the vicinity not given out, or those he had used grown too hot to handle; for he stayed the advancing flame on one side. But the other was creeping on, and he used dry branches, dropping to his hands and knees to pound the fire, fighting bravely, crying out with pain when he burned himself, and forced to drop stick after stick that caught fire. Soon it became too hot to remain near, and he stood off and launched fuel at it, which resulted in a fair-sized bonfire; then, in desperation and fear, he hurled the dead pig—the cause of the trouble—at the terrible monster, and fled.

Looking back to see if he was pursued, he noticed that the strange enemy had taken new shape and color; it was reaching up into the air, black and cloudlike. Frightened, tired mentally and physically, and suffering keenly from his burns, he turned his back on the half-solved problem and endeavored to satisfy his hunger. But he was on strange territory, and found little of his accustomed food; the chafing and abrading contact of bushes and twigs irritated his sore spots, preventing investigation and rapid progress, and at the end of three hours, still hungry, and exasperated by his torment into a reckless fighting mood, he picked up stones and returned to battle again with the enemy. But the enemy was dead; the grass had burned to where it met dry earth, and the central fire was now a black and white pile of still warm ashes, on which lay the charred and denuded pig, giving forth a savory odor. Cautiously approaching, he studied the situation, then, yielding to an irresistible impulse, seized the pig, and ran through the woods to the wall and down to his cave.

Two hours later he was writhing on the ground with a violent stomachache. It was forty-eight hours after when he ate again, and then of his old food—nuts and berries. But the craving returned in a week, and he again killed a pig, but was compelled to forego eating it for lack of fire.

Though he had discovered fire and cooked food, his only conception of the process so far was that the mysterious enemy was too powerful for him to kill, that it would eat sticks and grass, but did not like stones, and that a dead pig could kill it, and in the conflict be made eatable. It was only after months of playing with

flints and sparks that he recognized the part borne by dry grass or moss, and that with these he could create it at will; that a dead pig, though always improved by the effort, could not be depended upon to slay it unless the enemy was young and small—when stones would answer as well—and that he could always kill it himself by depriving it of food.

In time he became such a menace to the hogs that they climbed the wall at the high ground and disappeared in the country beyond; and after them went the cowardly dingoes that preyed on their young. Rodent animals, more difficult to hunt, and a species of small kangaroo, furnished him occupation and food, until they too emigrated, when he was forced to follow. He was now a carnivorous animal, no longer satisfied with vegetable food; and his hunting expeditions extended for miles beyond the wall, and were limited only by the necessity of returning for water, of which in the limestone rock there were plenty of pools and trickling springs.

It is hardly probable that animal food produced a direct effect on his mind, but the effort to obtain it certainly did, arousing his torpid faculties to a keener activity. The longer hunts brought difficulties which spurred him to invention. From the pouch of the mother kangaroo he borrowed the idea of a pocket to carry stones, and from the next one he killed borrowed the pouch—removing the hide with a shell, and reducing it to a girdle which supported the receptacle. Idly swinging this over his head one day, he was surprised at the distance he sent the stone-laden pouch when it slipped from his hand. Experiment produced a sling, which savages and small boys have not yet improved upon. Failing to strike sparks from flints dug from the moist earth, he petulantly hurled them at the rocky wall, and a daggerlike piece flaked from one made a much better knife than the sharpest shell. He learned in time that he could chip flints into a desired shape when moist, but that only when dry would they give out sparks. The centrifugal force of his sling—which he used without understanding—suggested to his mind a rigid radius, and soon he had evolved a mace, which later he developed into a rude tomahawk—convenient for the *coup de grâce* and for opening cocoanuts—an article of good food that



he had passed by and wondered at all his life, until his knife had divided a green one.

He was twenty years old before, by daily practice, he brought his marksmanship with the sling up to that of his unaided hand, equal to which at an earlier age was his skill at hatchet-throwing. He could bring down with his sling a kangaroo on the jump, or a pigeon on the wing, could outrun and tomahawk the fastest hog, could smell and distinguish game to windward with the keen scent of a hound, and had become so formidable an enemy of his troublesome rivals, the dingoes—whose flesh he disapproved of—and the sharks in the lagoon, that the one deserted his hunting-ground, and the other seldom left the reef.

His food-list now embraced shell-fish and birds, wild yams, bread-fruit, and cocoanuts, which, even the last, he cooked before eating and prepared before cooking. Pushed by an ever-present healthy appetite, and helped by inherited instincts based on the habits and knowledge of a long line of civilized ancestry, he had advanced in four years from an indolent, mindless existence to a plane of fearless, reasoning activity. He was a hunter of prowess, master of his surroundings, lord over all creatures he had seen, and though still a cave-dweller when at home, in a fair way to become a hut-builder, herdsman, and agriculturist; for he had arranged boughs to shelter him from the rain when hunting, had attempted to block up the pass over the wall to prevent the further wanderings of a herd of hogs that he had pursued, and had lately become interested in the sprouting of nuts and seeds, and the encroachments and changes of vegetation.

Yet he lacked speech, and did his thinking without words. The deficiency was not accompanied by the unpleasant twisted features and grimacing of mutes, which come of conscious effort to communicate. His features were smooth and regular, his mouth symmetrical and firm, and his clear blue eye thoughtful and intent as that of a student; for he had studied and thought. He would smile and frown, laugh and shout, growl and whine—the pitch and timbre of his inarticulate utterance indicating the emotion which prompted it to about the same degree as does that of an intelligent dog's language to its master. But dogs and

other social animals converse in a speech beyond human ken, and in this respect he was their inferior; for he had not yet known the need of language, and did not, until one day, in a section of his domain that he had never visited before, because game avoided it—down by the sea on the side of the wall opposite to his cave—he met a creature like himself.

He had come down the wooded slope on the steady jog-trot he assumed when travelling, tomahawk in hand, careless, confident, and happy because of the bright sunshine and his lately appeased hunger, and as he bounded on to the beach with a joyous whoop, was startled by an answering scream.

As he neared manhood strange yearnings had come to him—a dreary loneliness and craving for company. In his sleep he saw fleeting visions of forms and faces like his reflection in the pool—like, yet unlike. Soft curving outlines, tinted cheeks, eyes that beamed, and white caressing hands appeared and disappeared, fragmentary and illusive. He could not distinctly remember them when awake, but their influence made him strangely happy—strangely miserable; and while the mood lasted he could not hunt and kill.

Standing knee-deep in a shallow pool on the beach, staring at him with wide-open dark eyes, was the creature that had screamed—a living, breathing embodiment of the curves and color, the softness, brightness, and gentle sweetness, that his subconsciousness knew. There were the familiar eyes, dark and limpid, wondering, but not frightened; two white little teeth half appearing between parted lips; a wealth of long brown hair held back from the forehead by a small hand; and a rounded, dimpled cheek, the damask shading of which merged delicately into the olive tint that extended to the feet. No Venus ever rose from the sea with rarer lines of beauty than were combined in the picture of loveliness which, backed by the blue of the lagoon, appeared to the astonished eyes of this wild boy. It was a girl—naked as Mother Eve, and as innocently shameless.

In the first confusion of his faculties, when habit and inherent propensity conflicted, habit dominated his mind. He was a hunter, feared and avoided; here was an intruder. He raised his hatchet



to throw, but a second impulse brought it slowly down. She had shown no fear, no appreciation of what the gesture threatened. Dropping the weapon to the ground, he advanced slowly, the wonder in his face giving way to a delighted smile, and she came out of the pool to meet him.

Face to face, they looked into each other's eyes, long and earnestly; then, as though the scrutiny brought approval, the pretty features of the girl sweetened to a smile; but she did not speak, nor attempt to. Stepping past him, she looked back, still smiling, halted until he followed, and then led him up to the wall, where, on a level with the ground, was a hollow in the formation, somewhat similar to his cave, but larger. Flowering vines grew at the entrance, which had prevented his seeing it before. She entered, and emerged immediately with a life-buoy, which she held before him, the action and smiling face indicating her desire that he admire it.

But the boy thought he saw his property in the possession of another creature, and resented the spoliation. With an angry snarl he snatched the life-buoy and backed away, while the girl, surprised and a little indignant, followed with extended hands. He raised it threateningly; and though she did not cower, she knew intuitively that he was angry, and feeling the injustice, burst into tears; then, turning from him, she covered her eyes with her hands and crouched to the ground, sobbing piteously.

The face of the boy softened. He looked from the weeping girl to the life-buoy and back again; then, puzzled, still believing it to be his own, he obeyed a generous impulse. Advancing, he laid the treasure at her feet; but she turned away. Sober-faced and irresolute, not knowing what to do, he looked around and above. A pigeon fluttered on a branch at the edge of the wood. He whipped out his sling, loaded it, and sent a stone whizzing upward. The pigeon fell, and he was beneath before it reached the ground. Hurrying back with the dead bird, he placed it before her; but she shuddered in disgust and would not touch it. Off in the lagoon a misguided shark was swimming slowly along, dorsal fin cutting the surface, a full two hundred yards from the beach. He ran

to the water's edge, looked back, hoping that she would notice, flourished his sling, and two seconds later the shark was scudding for the reef. If she had seen, she evidently was not impressed. He returned, picked up his tomahawk on the way, stood a moment over the sulky girl, and then studied the life-buoy on the ground. A light came to his eyes. With a final glance at the girl, he bounded up the slope and disappeared in the wood.

Three hours later he returned with his own life-buoy, and found her sitting upright with her possession on her knees. She smiled gladly as he approached, then pouted, as though remembering. Panting from his exertion, he humbly placed the scarred and misshapen ring on top of the brighter and better-cared-for treasure of the girl, and stood mutely pleading for pardon. It was granted. Smiling radiantly—a little roguishly—she arose and led him again to the cave, from which she brought forth another prize. It was a billet of wood—a dead branch worn smooth at the ends—around which were wrapped faded, half-rotten rags of calico. Hugging it for a moment, she handed it to him. He looked at it wonderingly, and let it drop, turning his eyes upon her. Then, with impatience in her face, she reclaimed it, entered the cave—the boy following—and tenderly placed it in a corner.

It was her doll. Up to the borders of womanhood—untutored, unloved waif of the woods—living through the years of her simple existence alone, she had lavished the instinctive mother-love of her heart on a stick, and had clothed it, though not herself.

With a thoughtful little wrinkle in her brow, she studied the face of this new companion who acted so strangely, and he, equally mystified, looked around the cave. A pile of nuts in a corner indicated her housewifely thrift and forethought. A bed of dry moss, with an evenly packed elevation at the end, which could be nothing but a pillow, showed plainly the manner in which she had preserved the velvety softness of her skin. Tinted shells and strips of faded calico, arranged with some approach to harmony of color, around the sides and borders of the floor gave evidence of the tutelage of the bower-birds, of which there were many in the vicinity; and the vines at the entrance



had surely been planted: they were far from others of the kind. In her own way she had developed as fully as he. As he stood there, wondering at what he saw, the girl approached, slowly and irresolutely; then raising her hand, she softly pressed the tip of her finger into his shoulder.

In the dim and misty ages of the past, when wandering bands of apelike human beings had not developed their tribal customs to the level of priestly ceremony—when the medicine-man had not arisen—a marriage between a man and a young woman was generally consummated by the man beating the girl into insensibility, and dragging her by the hair to his cave. Added to its simplicity, the custom has the merit of improving the race, as unhealthy and ill-favored girls were not pursued, and similar men were clubbed out of the pursuit by stronger. But the process was necessarily painful to the loved one, and her female children naturally inherited a repugnance to being wooed.

When a civilized young lady, clothed and well-conducted, anticipates being kissed or embraced by her lover, she places in the way what difficulties are in her power: she gets behind tables and chairs, runs from him, compels him to pursue, and expects him to. In her maidenly heart she may want to be kissed, but she cannot help resisting. She obeys the same instinct that impelled this wild girl to spring from the outstretched arms of the boy and go screaming out of the cave and down the beach in simulated terror—an instinct inherited from the prehistoric mo-

ther, who fled for dear life and a whole skin from a man armed with a club and bent upon marriage.

Shouting hoarsely, the boy followed, in what, if he had been called upon to classify it, might have seemed to him a fury of rage. But it was not; he would not have harmed the girl, for he lacked the tribal education that induces cruelty to the weaker sex. He did not catch her; he stubbed his toe and fell, arising with a bruised knee-cap which prevented further pursuit. Slowly, painfully, he limped back, tears welling in his eyes, and increasing to a copious flood, as he sat down with his back to the girl, and nursed his aching knee. It was not the pain that brought the tears: he was hardened to physical suffering. But his feelings had been hurt beyond any terror of the storm or disappointment of the hunt, and for the first time since his babyhood he wept, like the intellectual child that he was.

A soft caressing hand on his head aroused him and brought him to his feet. She stood beside him, tears in her own eyes and sympathy overflowing in every line of the sweet face. From her lips came little cooing, gurgling sounds, which he endeavored to repeat. It was their first attempt at communication, and the sounds that they used—understood by mothers and infants of all races—were the first root-words of a new language. He extended his arms, and though she held back slightly, while a faint smile responded to his own, she did not resist, and he drew her close, forgetting his pain as he pressed his lips to hers.

## THE CLOSING SCENE AT APPOMATTOX COURT HOUSE.

BY GENERAL GEORGE A. FORSYTH, U.S.A.

WHEN, on the night of the 8th of April, 1865, the cavalry corps of the Army of the Potomac reached the two or three little houses that made up the settlement at Appomattox Depot—the station on the South-side Railroad that connects Appomattox Court House with the travelling world—it must have been nearly or quite dark. At about nine o'clock or half past, while standing near the door of one of the houses, it occurred to me that it might be well to try

and get a clearer idea of our immediate surroundings, as it was not impossible that we might have hot work here or near here before the next day fairly dawned upon us.

My "striker" had just left me, with instructions to have my horse fed, groomed, and saddled before daylight. As he turned to go he paused and put this question: "Do you think, Colonel, that we'll get General Lee's army to-morrow?"



"I don't know," was my reply; "but we will have some savage fighting if we don't."

As the sturdy young soldier said "Good-night, sir," and walked away, I knew that if the enlisted men of our army could forecast the coming of the end so plainly, there was little hope of the escape of the Army of Northern Virginia.

I walked up the road a short distance, and looked carefully about me to take my bearings. It was a mild spring night, with a cloudy sky, and the soft mellow smell of earthiness in the atmosphere that not infrequently portends rain. If rain came then it might retard the arrival of our infantry, which I knew General Sheridan was most anxious should reach us at the earliest possible moment. A short distance from where I stood was the encampment of our headquarters escort, with its orderlies, grooms, officers' servants, and horses. Just beyond it could be seen the dying camp fires of a cavalry regiment, lying close in to cavalry corps headquarters. This regiment was in charge of between six and eight hundred prisoners, who had fallen into our hands just at dark, as Generals Custer and Devens, at the head of their respective cavalry commands, had charged into the station and captured four railway trains of commissariat supplies, which had been sent here to await the arrival of the Confederate army, together with twenty-six pieces of artillery. For a few moments the artillery had greatly surprised and astonished us, for its presence was entirely unexpected, and as it suddenly opened on the charging columns of cavalry it looked for a short time as though we might have all unwittingly fallen upon a division of infantry. However, it turned out otherwise. Our cavalry, after the first recoil, boldly charged in among the batteries, and the gunners, being without adequate support, sensibly surrendered. The whole affair was for us a most gratifying termination of a long day's ride, as it must have proved later on a bitter disappointment to the weary and hungry Confederates pressing forward from Petersburg and Richmond in the vain hope of escape from the Federal troops, who were straining every nerve to overtake them and compel a surrender. To-night the cavalry corps was in their front and squarely across the road to Lynchburg, and it was reasonably certain, should our infantry

get up in time on the morrow, that the almost ceaseless marching and fighting of the last ten days were to attain their legitimate result in the capitulation of General Lee's army.

As I stood there in the dark thinking over the work of the twelve preceding days, it was borne in upon me with startling emphasis that to-morrow's sun would rise big with the fate of the Southern Confederacy; and as I began to recall the occurrences that had taken place since the 30th of March, I realized for the first time what a splendid burst it had been for the cavalry corps. Its superb fighting on the 30th and 31st of March at the battle of Dinwiddie Court House, which had been the immediate precursor of the great victory of the battle of Five Forks, won by it and the Fifth Army Corps on the next day, had not only crushed the right of the Confederate line and given us thousands of prisoners, but had also turned the flank of the Army of Northern Virginia. This had rendered its vast line of intrenchments utterly untenable, and by compelling the retreat of the Confederate army from before its capital, which it had defended so long and so successfully, had forced the evacuation of Petersburg and Richmond. The cavalry corps had then immediately taken up the pursuit. The Confederate army, once out of its intrenchments and away from its hoped-for junction with General Joe Johnston's forces, and knowing that the Army of the Potomac and the Army of the James were in full cry in pursuit of it, had time and again turned and fought gallantly, desperately even, against odds too great for successful defence, and against troops better equipped, better fed, and of equal gallantry in every respect, and what is more, against men who knew that the capture of the Army of Northern Virginia meant the close of the war, the end of the great rebellion, the dawn of peace, and their return to their homes, their families, and their firesides.

Scarcely had word reached us of the evacuation of Petersburg and Richmond when, without a second glance at the map, General Sheridan concluded that Danville, on the southern border of the State, was General Lee's objective point, and determined at whatever cost, if within his power, that neither he nor his army should reach it. Probably no man in either army was so well fitted by nature



and training to prevent this, if surpassing ability to handle cavalry, an almost intuitive knowledge of topography, a physique that was tireless, dogged tenacity, tremendous energy, and a courage that nothing could daunt, could bring about the desired result. Quick to see and prompt to act, his decision as to the method to be pursued by the cavalry corps was immediate and simple. It was to pursue and attack the left flank of the retreating army at any possible point with the cavalry division that first reached it, and, if possible, compel it to turn and defend its wagon trains and its artillery, then to send another division beyond, and attack the Confederate army again at any other assailable point, and to follow up this method of attack until at some point the whole army would be obliged to turn and deliver battle in the open field to its old opponent, the Army of the Potomac. In vain had General Lee's worn and tired-out cavalry tried to cover his line of retreat and protect his trains, for we were stronger in numbers, far better mounted, and, with no reflection upon our opponents, in a much better state of drill and discipline. Moreover, we had the *élan* of victory and the hope of success, while each succeeding hour they saw their numbers lessening and their hopes fading. Gallant men they were, and, considering the circumstances, bravely and well they fought; but victory for them, with their half-starved men and worn-out horses, was no longer possible.

From the morning of the second of April, when General Merritt with the first cavalry division caught up with the retreating enemy on the Namozine road, near Scotts Corners, we had given them little or no rest. At Greathouse Creek on the third, at Tabernacle Church and Amelia Court House on the fourth, at Fames Cross Roads on the fifth, and when brought to bay at Sailor's Creek on the sixth of April, a portion of their army, under General Ewell, halted and gave battle to the cavalry corps and two divisions of the Sixth Army Corps. Despite their splendid and desperate fighting, nearly eight thousand of their men, with much of their artillery, were compelled to surrender. The cavalry had given them no rest whatever, and right on their heels came our infantry constantly attacking and assailing them whenever and wher-

ever they could overtake them. Still they kept plodding wearily on, weak and hungry as they were, holding themselves well together, and turning and fighting bravely where and how they could, but with ever failing fortune and steadily diminishing numbers. Already many of us, besides General Grant, thought that it was asking too much of these gallant lads in gray to risk their lives longer in support of a confederacy that was tottering to its fall.

General Lee evidently thought otherwise. The next day, the seventh of April, after another fight with the cavalry, at Farmville, he abandoned the idea of reaching Danville, and swinging his retreating army north, from towards the Richmond, Prince Edward, and Danville pike, which had evidently been his objective point, he shaped his course for Lynchburg, Virginia, over the old Lynchburg and Richmond road. The keen perception of General Sheridan had been but a few hours at fault. Realizing that the Confederate general would probably send for supplies to meet his hungry army at some railway station on the road to Lynchburg, near his line of retreat, he at once decided that Appomattox Depot would be the place, and hurried off his scouts in that direction. The cavalry corps at once abandoned its series of flank attacks on General Lee's retreating army, and pushed out rapidly for that station on the South Side Railroad. Its march led over an old grass-grown dirt road by way of Buffalo River, which ran at times almost parallel with General Lee's retreating army, that was marching south, and for the same objective point, only about twelve or fifteen miles away. General Sheridan's opinion had proved correct, and there we were, the enemy's supplies in our hands, and the cavalry corps squarely across the path of the Confederate army on its way to Lynchburg.

Rapidly as I had thought over the campaign, it was later than I realized as I stepped into the little house near the depot at which General Sheridan had made his headquarters for the night. I found my chief stretched at full length on a bench before a bright open fire, wide-awake, and evidently in deep thought. At that time he was thirty-three years of age, with a clean-cut face, high cheek-bones, fine black eyes, an ag-



gressive chin, slightly aquiline nose, firmly set mouth, dark brown mustache, and close-cut black hair, short in stature—being about five feet two in height, very slight but wiry and muscular, with a tremendous breadth of shoulder and long powerful arms, long-bodied too, but with very short legs. He sat tall, though, so

Army of the James, about nine thousand strong), or possibly a general engagement between the two armies, in which case I thought there was no hope for the Confederates.

Just before daylight on the morning of the 9th of April I sat down to a cup of coffee, but had hardly begun to drink it



FIGHTING AGAINST FATE.

that when he was mounted he gave one the impression of being quite the average height.

Turning to the chief of staff, Colonel J. W. Forsyth, I said that if there was nothing for me to do I would turn in. He advised me to do so at once, and I accordingly sought my blankets, in the belief that the next day would be a memorable one, either in the way of a desperate engagement between the Confederate army and our cavalry corps (which was at this time, including the horse-artillery and General Mackenzie's cavalry of the

when I heard the ominous sound of a scattering skirmish fire, apparently in the direction of Appomattox Court House. Hastily swallowing what remained of it, I reported to General Sheridan, who directed me to go to the front at once. Springing into the saddle, I galloped up the road, my heart being greatly lightened by a glimpse of two or three infantrymen standing near a camp fire close by the dépôt—convincing proof that our hoped-for re-enforcements were within supporting distance.

It was barely daylight as I sped along,



but before I reached the cavalry brigade of Colonel C. H. Smith that held the main road between Appomattox Court House and Lynchburg, a distance of about two miles northeast from Appomattox Depot, the enemy had advanced to the attack, and the battle had opened. When ordered into position late the preceding night, Colonel Smith had felt his way in the dark as closely as possible to Appomattox Court House, and at or near midnight had halted on a ridge, on which he had thrown up a breastwork of rails. This he occupied by dismounting his brigade, and also with a section of horse-artillery, at the same time protecting both his flanks by a small mounted force. As the enemy advanced to the attack in the dim light of early dawn he could not see the led horses of our cavalry, which had been sent well to the rear, and was evidently at a loss to determine what was in his front. The result was that after the first attack he fell back to get his artillery in position, and to form a strong assaulting column against what must have seemed to him a line of infantry. This was most fortunate for us, for by the time he again advanced in full force, and compelled the dismounted cavalry to slowly fall back by weight of numbers, our infantry was hurrying forward from Appomattox Depot (which place it had reached at four o'clock in the morning), and we had gained many precious minutes. At this time most of our cavalry was fighting dismounted, stubbornly retiring. But the Confederates at last realized that there was nothing but a brigade of dismounted cavalry and a few batteries of horse-artillery in their immediate front, and pushed forward grimly and determinedly, driving the dismounted troopers slowly ahead of them.

I had gone to the left of the road, and was in a piece of woods with some of our cavalymen (who by this time had been ordered to fall back to their horses and give place to our infantry, which was then coming up), when a couple of rounds of canister tore through the branches just over my head. Riding back to the edge of the woods in the direction from which the shot came, I found myself within long pistol range of a section of a battery of light artillery. It was in position near a country road that came out from another piece of woods about two hundred yards in its rear, and was pouring a rapid

fire into the woods from which I had just emerged. As I sat on my horse quietly watching it from behind a rail fence, the lieutenant commanding the pieces saw me, and riding out for a hundred yards or more towards where I was, proceeded to cover me with his revolver. We fired together—a miss on both sides. The second shot was uncomfortably close, so far as I was concerned, but as I took deliberate aim for the third shot I became aware that in some way his pistol was disabled; for using both hands and all his strength I saw that he could not cock it. I had him covered, and had he turned I think I should have fired. He did nothing of the sort. Apparently accepting his fate, he laid his revolver across the pommel of his saddle, fronted me quietly and coolly, and looked me steadily in the face. The whole thing had been something in the nature of a duel, and I felt that to fire under the circumstances savored too much of murder. Besides, I knew that at a word from him the guns would have been trained on me where I sat. He, too, seemed to appreciate the fact that it was an individual fight, and manfully and gallantly forbore to call for aid; so lowering and uncocking my pistol, I replaced it in my holster, shook my fist at him, which action he cordially reciprocated, and then turning away, I rode back into the woods.

Within two hundred yards I met one of our infantry brigades slowly advancing through the trees in line of battle. It was part of the Twenty-fourth Corps of the Army of the James, which had marched nearly all the previous night to come to our assistance, and these troops were, I think, the advance of the first division of that corps. I rode up to the commanding officer of these troops and told him where the battery, which was now doing considerable damage among his men, was located, and urged him to dash forward, have the fence thrown down, and charge the guns, which I was sure he could capture. This he refused to do without authority from division or corps headquarters, and while I was earnestly arguing the case, orders came for the line to halt, fall back a short distance, and lie down. I thought then, and do now, that the guns could have been captured with less loss than they finally inflicted on this brigade.

About this time the enemy's artillery

ceased firing, and I again rode rapidly to the edge of the woods, just in time to see the guns limber up and retire down the wood road from which they had come. The lieutenant in command saw me and stopped. We simultaneously uncovered, waved our hats to each other, and bowed. I have always thought he was one of the bravest men I ever faced.

I rode back again, passing through our infantry line, intending to go to the left and find the cavalry, which I knew would be on the flank somewhere. Suddenly I became conscious that firing had ceased along the whole line.

I had not ridden more than a hundred yards when I heard some one calling my name. Turning I saw one of the headquarters aides, who came galloping up, stating that he had been hunting for me for the last fifteen minutes, and that General Sheridan wished me to report to him at once. I followed him rapidly to the

right on the wood path in the direction from which he had come.

As soon as I could get abreast of him I asked if he knew what the General wanted me for.

Turning in his saddle, with his eyes fairly ablaze, he said, "Why, don't you know? A white flag."

All I could say was "Really?"

He answered by a nod; and then we leaned towards each other and shook hands; but nothing else was said.

A few moments more and we were out of the woods in the open fields. I saw the long line of battle of the Fifth Army Corps halted, the men standing at rest, the standards being held butt on earth, and the flags floating out languidly on the spring breeze. As we passed them I noticed that the officers had generally grouped themselves in front of the centre of their regiments, sword in hand, and were conversing in low tones. The men





were leaning wearily on their rifles, in the position of parade rest. All were anxiously looking to the front, in the direction towards which the enemy's line had withdrawn, for the Confederates had fallen back into a little swale or valley beyond Appomattox Court House, and were not then visible from this part of our line.

Here and there over the field were small groups of medical officers and stretcher-bearers around a dead or wounded man, showing where the last fire of the skirmishers had taken effect; and as we passed along a portion of the front of the Fifth Corps, I think it was Chamberlin's brigade, we saw just in front of one of the New York regiments a group of sad-eyed officers gathered around the body of one of their number, a fine, stalwart-looking lieutenant, who they told us had been killed by the last shot from the Confederate artillery, just before the order was given to cease firing. He was said to have been a fine officer and a good man, promoted from the ranks for bravery, and it seemed, under the circumstances, a particularly hard fate.

We soon came up to General Sheridan and his staff. They were dismounted, sitting on the grass by the side of a broad country road that led to the Court House. This was about one or two hundred yards distant, and, as we afterwards found, consisted of the court-house, a small tavern, and eight or ten houses, all situated on this same road or street. Reporting my return, the General quietly acknowledged my salute with a pleasant nod, saying, in reply to my inquiry, that just then he had no immediate need of my services. I saluted, gave my horse to an orderly, and sat down on the grass with the rest of the staff. All nodded smilingly, one or two of my especial friends leaned over and shook hands with me, but not much was said, for we were a tired and thoughtful group.

Conversation was carried on in a low tone, and I was told of the blunder of one of the Confederate regiments in firing on the General and staff after the flag of truce had been accepted. I also heard that General Lee was then up at the little village awaiting the arrival of General Grant, to whom he had sent a note, through General Sheridan, requesting a meeting to arrange terms of surrender. Colonel Newhall, of our headquarters staff, had been despatched in search of

General Grant, and might be expected up at almost any moment.

It was, perhaps, something more than an hour and a half later, to the best of my recollection, that General Grant, accompanied by Colonel Newhall, and followed by his staff, came rapidly riding up to where we were standing by the side of the road, for we had all risen at his approach. When within a few yards of us he drew rein, and halted in front of General Sheridan, acknowledged our salute, and then, leaning slightly forward in his saddle, said, in his usual quiet tone, "Good-morning, Sheridan; how are you?"

"First-rate, thank you, General," was the reply. "How are you?"

General Grant nodded in return, and said, "Is General Lee up there?" indicating the Court House by a glance.

"Yes," was the response, "he's there." And then followed something about the Confederate army, but I did not clearly catch the import of the sentence.

"Very well, then," said General Grant. "Let's go up."

General Sheridan, together with a few selected officers of his staff, mounted, and joined General Grant and staff. Together they rode to Mr. McLean's house, a plain two-story brick residence in the village, to which General Lee had already repaired, and where he was known to be awaiting General Grant's arrival. Dismounting at the gate, the whole party crossed the yard, and the senior officers present went up on to the porch which protected the front of the house. It extended nearly across the entire house and was railed in, except where five or six steps led up the centre opposite the front door, which was flanked by two small wooden benches, placed close against the house on either side of the entrance. The door opened into a hall that ran the entire length of the house, and on either side of it was a single room with a window in each end of it, and two doors, one at the front and one at the rear of each of the rooms, opening on the hall. The room to the left, as you entered, was the parlor, and it was in this room that General Lee was awaiting General Grant's arrival.

As General Grant stepped on to the porch he was met by Colonel Babcock of his staff, who had in the morning been sent forward with a message to General Lee. He had found him resting at the



THE LAST VICTIM.

side of the road, and had accompanied him to McLean's house.\*

General Grant went into the house, accompanied by General Rawlins, his chief of staff; General Seth Williams, his adjutant-general; General Rufus Ingalls, his quartermaster-general; and his two aides, General Horace Porter and Lieutenant-Colonel Babcock. After a little time General Sheridan; General M. R. Morgan, General Grant's chief commissary; Lieutenant-Colonel Ely Parker, his military

secretary; Lieutenant-Colonel T. S. Bowers, one of his assistant adjutants-general; and Captains Robert T. Lincoln and Adam Badeau, aides-de-camp, went into the house at General Grant's express invitation, sent out, I believe, through Colonel Babcock, who came to the hall door for the purpose, and they were, I was afterwards told, formally presented to General Lee. After the lapse of a few more moments quite a number of these officers, including General Sheridan, came out into the hall and on to the porch, leaving General Grant and General Lee, Generals Rawlins, Ingalls, Seth Williams, and Porter, and Lieutenant-Colonels Babcock, Ely Parker, and Bowers, together with Colonel Marshall, of General Lee's staff, in the room, while the terms of the surrender were finally agreed upon and formally signed. These were the only officers, therefore, who were actually present at the official surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia.

After quite a length of time Colonel Babcock came to the door again, opened

\* Captain Amos Webster, of General Grant's official staff, was present on this occasion, but informs me that he did not go into the room. Four of the headquarters staff were absent, viz., General C. B. Comstock, who had been sent on a special mission to North Carolina; General F. T. Dent, who was left in charge of field headquarters during General Grant's absence; Captain William McKee Dunn, who had been sent with despatches to General Meade; and Major George K. Leet, A.A.G., who was in Washington. Notwithstanding all the various engravings that have been made of persons who were in the room at Mr. McLean's house at the time of the surrender, I have named all who were actually present in the room at any time during the conference.



it, and glanced out. As he did so he placed his forage-cap on one finger, twirled it around, and nodded to us all, as much as to say, "It's all settled," and said something in a low tone to General Sheridan. Then they, accompanied by General E. O. C. Ord, the commanding general of the Army of the James, who had just ridden up to the house, entered the house together, the hall door being partly closed again after them, leaving quite a number of us staff-officers upon the porch.

While the conference between Generals Grant and Lee was still in progress, Generals Merritt and Custer, of the Cavalry Corps, and several of the infantry generals, together with the rest of General Sheridan's staff-officers, came into the yard, and some of them came up on the porch. Colonel Babcock came out once more, and General Merritt went back to the room with him at his request; but most, if not all, of the infantry generals left us and went back to their respective commands while the conference was still in progress and before it ended.

Just to the right of the house, as we faced it on entering, stood a soldierly looking orderly in a tattered gray uniform, holding three horses—one a fairly well bred looking gray in good heart, though thin in flesh, which, from the accoutrements, I concluded belonged to General Lee; the others, a thoroughbred bay and a fairly good brown, were undoubtedly those of the staff-officer who had accompanied General Lee, and of the orderly himself. He was evidently a sensible soldier too, for as he held the bridles he was baiting his animals on the young grass, and they ate as though they needed all they had a chance to pick up.

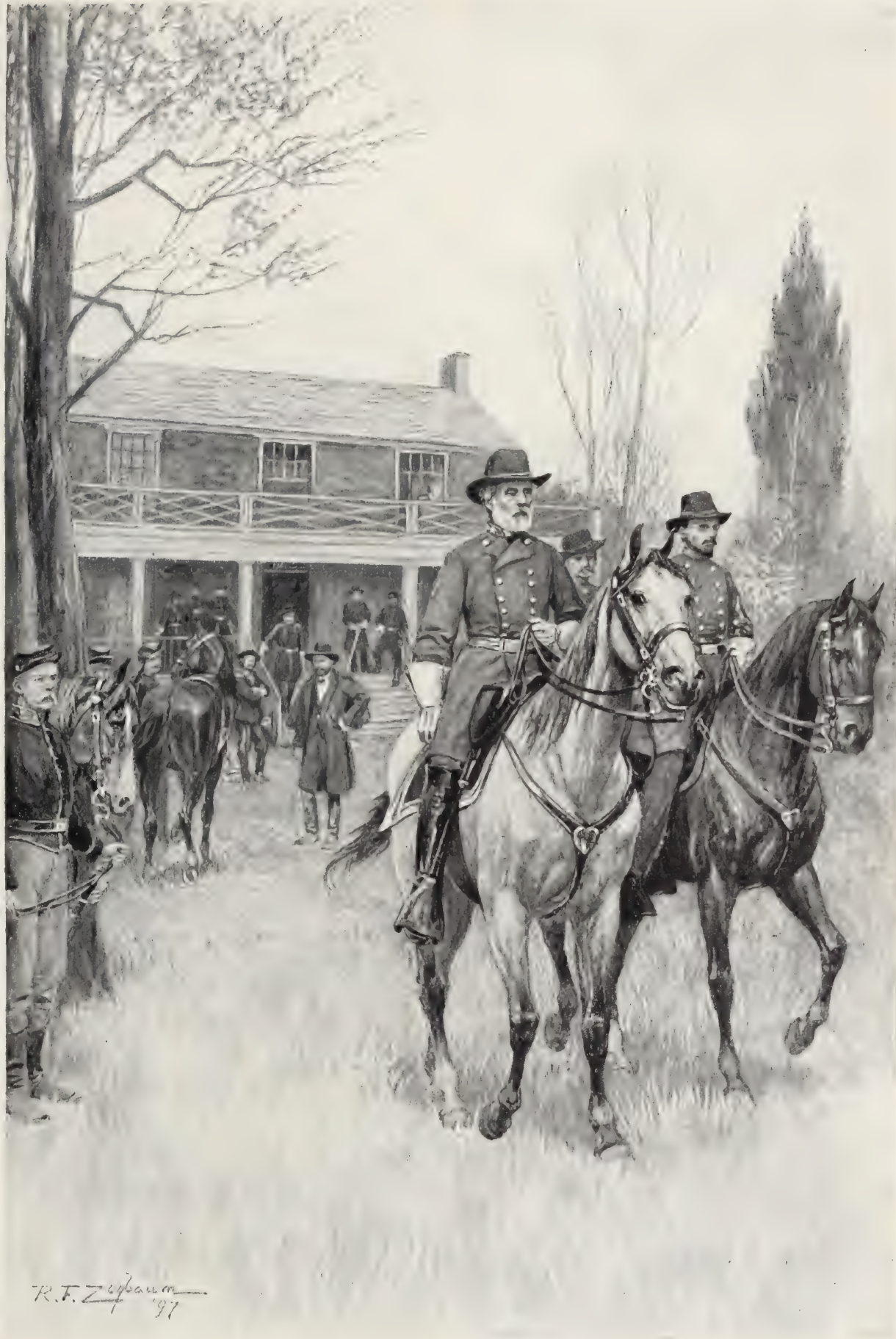
I cannot say exactly how long the conference between Generals Grant and Lee lasted, but after quite a while, certainly more than two hours, I became aware from the movement of chairs within that it was about to break up. I had been sitting on the top step of the porch writing in my field note-book, but I closed it at once, and stepping back on the porch leaned against the railing nearly opposite and to the left of the door, and expectantly waited. As I did so the inner door slowly opened and General Lee stood before me. As he paused for a few seconds, framed in by the doorway, ere he slowly

and deliberately stepped out upon the porch, I took my first and last look at the great Confederate chieftain. This is what I saw: A finely formed man apparently about sixty years of age, well above the average height, with a clear ruddy complexion—just then suffused by a deep crimson flush, that rising from his neck overspread his face and even slightly tinged his broad forehead, which, bronzed where it had been exposed to the weather, was clear and beautifully white where it had been shielded by his hat—deep brown eyes, a firm but well-shaped Roman nose, abundant gray hair, silky and fine in texture, with a full gray beard and mustache, neatly trimmed and not overlong, but which nevertheless almost completely concealed his mouth. A splendid uniform of Confederate-gray cloth, that had evidently seen but little service, which was closely buttoned about him, and fitted him to perfection. An exquisitely mounted sword, attached to a gold-embroidered Russia-leather belt, trailed loosely on the floor at his side, and in his right hand he carried a broad-brimmed soft gray felt hat, encircled by a golden cord, while in his left he held a pair of buckskin gauntlets. Booted and spurred, still vigorous and erect, he stood bareheaded looking out of the open doorway, sad-faced and weary; a soldier and a gentleman, bearing himself in defeat with an all-unconscious dignity that sat well upon him.

The moment the open door revealed the presence of the Confederate commander, each officer present sprang to his feet, and as General Lee stepped out on to the porch, every hand was raised in military salute. Placing his hat on his head, he mechanically but courteously returned it, and slowly crossed the porch to the head of the steps leading down to the yard, meanwhile keeping his eyes intently fixed in the direction of the little valley over beyond the Court House, in which his army lay. Here he paused, and slowly drew on his gauntlets, smiting his gloved hands into each other several times after doing so, evidently utterly oblivious of his surroundings. Then, apparently recalling his thoughts, he glanced deliberately right and left, and not seeing his horse, he called in a hoarse, half-choked voice: "Orderly! Orderly!"

"Here, General, here," was the quick response. The alert young soldier was





DEPARTURE OF GENERAL LEE AFTER THE SURRENDER.



holding the General's horse near the side of the house. He had taken out the bit, slipped the bridle over the horse's neck, and the wiry gray was eagerly grazing on the fresh young grass about him.

Descending the steps the General passed to the left of the house, and stood in front of his horse's head while he was being bridled. As the orderly was buckling the throat-latch, the General reached up and drew the forelock out from under the brow-band, parted and smoothed it, and then gently patted the gray charger's forehead in an absent-minded way, as one who loves horses, but whose thoughts are far away, might all unwittingly do. Then, as the orderly stepped aside, he caught up the bridle reins in his left hand, and seizing the pommel of the saddle with the same hand, he caught up the slack of the reins in his right hand, and placing it on the cantle he put his foot in the stirrup, and swung himself slowly and wearily, but nevertheless firmly, into the saddle (the old dragoon mount), letting his right hand rest for an instant or two on the pommel as he settled into his seat, and as he did so there broke unguardedly from his lips a long, low, deep sigh, almost a groan in its intensity, while the flush on his neck and face seemed, if possible, to take on a still deeper hue.

Shortly after General Lee passed down the steps he was followed by an erect, slightly built, soldierly looking officer in a neat but somewhat worn gray uniform, a man with an anxious and thoughtful face, wearing spectacles, who glanced neither to the right nor left, keeping his eyes straight before him. Notwithstanding this I doubt if he missed anything within the range of his vision. This officer, I was afterwards told, was Colonel Marshall, one of the Confederate adjutants-general, the member of General Lee's staff whom he had selected to accompany him.

As soon as the Colonel had mounted, General Lee drew up his reins, and, with the Colonel riding on his left, and followed by the orderly, moved at a slow walk across the yard towards the gate.

Just as they started, General Grant came out of the house, crossed the porch, and passed down the steps into the yard. At this time he was nearly forty-two years of age, of middle height, not overweighted with flesh, but, nevertheless, stockily and sturdily built, light complexion, mild, gray-blue eyes, finely

formed Grecian nose, an iron-willed mouth, brown hair, full brown beard with a tendency toward red rather than black, and in his manner and all his movements there was a strength of purpose, a personal poise, and a cool, quiet air of dignity, decision, and soldierly confidence that were very good to see. On this occasion he wore a plain blue army blouse with shoulder-straps set with three silver stars equi-distant, designating his rank as Lieutenant-General commanding the armies of the United States; it was unbuttoned, showing a blue military vest, over which and under his blouse was buckled a belt, but he was without a sword. His trousers were dark blue and tucked into top-boots, which were without spurs, but heavily splashed with mud, for once he knew that General Lee was waiting for him at Appomattox Court House, he had ridden rapidly across country, over road and field and through woods, to meet him. He wore a peculiar stiff-brimmed, sugar-loaf crowned, campaign hat of black felt, and his uniform was partly covered by a light-weight, dark blue, water-proof, semi-military overcoat, with a full cape, unbuttoned and thrown back, showing the front of his uniform, for while the day had developed into warm, bright, and beautifully sunny weather, the early morning had been damp, slightly foggy, and presaged rain.

As he reached the foot of the steps and started across the yard to the fence, where, inside the gate, the orderlies were holding his horse and those of several of his staff-officers, General Lee, on his way to the gate, rode across his path. Stopping suddenly, General Grant looked up, and both generals simultaneously raised their hands in military salute. After General Lee had passed, General Grant crossed the yard and sprang lightly and quickly into his saddle. He was riding his splendid bay horse Cincinnati, and it would have been difficult to find a firmer seat, a lighter hand, or better rider in either army.

As he was about to go out of the gate he halted, turned his horse, and rode at a walk towards the porch of the house, where, among others, stood General Sheridan and myself. Stopping in front of the General, he said, "Sheridan, where will you make your headquarters to-night?"

"Here, or near here; right here in this yard, probably," was the reply.

"Very well, then; I'll know where to find you in case I wish to communicate. Good-day."

"Good-day, General," was the response, and with a military salute General Grant turned and rode away.

As he rode forward and halted at the porch to make this inquiry, I had my wished-for opportunity, but my eyes

tears, and to sit down and pen a farewell order, that, to this day, no old soldier of the Army of Northern Virginia can read without moistening eyes and swelling throat.

General Grant, on his way to his field headquarters on this eventful Sunday evening, dismounted, sat quietly down by the road-side, and wrote a short and sim-



THE MESSAGE OF PEACE.

sought his face in vain for any indication of what was passing in his mind. Whatever may have been there, as Colonel Newhall has well written, "not a muscle of his face told tales on his thoughts"; and if he felt any elation, neither his voice, features, nor his eyes betrayed it. Once out of the gate, General Grant, followed by his staff, turned to the left and moved off at a rapid trot.

General Lee continued on his way towards his army at a walk, to be received by his devoted troops with cheers and

ple despatch, which a galloping aide bore full-speed to the nearest telegraph station, that on its reception in the nation's capital was flashed over the wires to every hamlet in the country, causing every steeple in the North to rock to its foundation, and sent one tall, gaunt, sad-eyed, weary-hearted man in Washington to his knees, thanking God that he had lived to see the beginning of the end, and that he had at last been vouchsafed the assurance that he had led his people aright.





## AN AUSTRALIAN CRADLE-SONG.

BY JOHN HARRISON WAGNER.

OVER the hills and far away,  
 Deep in a shady dell,  
 The crystal fountains leap and play;  
 A dream of delight is the livelong day,  
 Over the hills and far away  
 In the land where the fairies dwell.

Never a trouble or worldly care  
 Into that dell may come;  
 The sweetest flowers breathe perfume rare,  
 The wattle-tree loosens her golden hair,  
 And softly floats on the languid air  
 The wild bee's drowsy hum.



The tall fern spreads a graceful wing  
 To shut the light away;  
 And ever the fountains laugh and sing.  
 The moss and the maidenhair climb and cling,  
 And the bell-bird's note doth sweetly ring,  
 Like the drip of the silver spray.

Here, when the moon and stars are bright  
 The fairies dance and sing.  
 Down thro' the air each tiny sprite  
 Floats in a robe of filmy white,  
 On the smooth greensward the livelong night,  
 To trip in a mystic ring,

"THE WATTLE-TREE LOOSENS HER  
 GOLDEN HAIR."

To the music made by the waving  
tree.

Stirred by the fresh night air,  
While the moon looks down and  
laughs with glee,  
And each little star winks merrily;  
And it's oh, 'twere good for an  
hour to be  
With the fairies dancing there.

So hush thee, hush, my baby boy,  
Let slumber weave her spell,  
And you shall roam till break of  
day  
Where the laughing fountains  
leap and play,  
Over the hills and far away,  
In the land where the fairies  
dwell.



"WITH THE FAIRIES DANCING THERE."

## MISS MOFFETT.

BY MARGUERITE MERINGTON.

**H**OW Miss Moffett came to spend a winter with the Countess Portulaca had two explanations—the one, mysterious and flattering, constructed from the hints of Liza Jane—Miss Moffett's name was Liza Jane—by her East Side friends on the rare occasions when she condescended to forgather with them at the time; and the other, that the Countess's right hand might give her left, but never will.

Miss Moffett's origin was of the humblest, and much of Miss Moffett's lazy leisure went to marvelling at the fancied incongruity. The facts of life being against the supposition that she had been changed at nurse, she was forced to regard herself as a caprice of heredity. The phrase "spontaneous variant" was not in her lexicon, but the idea for which it stands obsessed her, arming her with an air of arrogant superiority toward those about her, and acquitting her to herself of the burdens that are the part of poverty. Nothing in Liza Jane's appearance betrayed patrician stock, yet so far as beauty is relative, beside the pallid insignificance of the Griffiths children, the family of her mother's second marriage, her high coloring and coarse blue-black hair distinguished her to her advantage. A much-prized tintype of herself brought out the sullen pout of her lips with all

the bold effect of light and shade in which the travelling photographer excels, and a neighbor had described the expression thus obtained as scornful. The girl seized upon the epithet as a compliment to be lived up to. Thereafter she was a scornful beauty to herself in the cracked looking-glass which was the altar of her nightly orisons.

Thanks to a misguided mother, Miss Moffett grew up in the aroma of distinction enjoyed by the lilies of the field. When she was eighteen her mother for the first time snatched one moment from the drudgery of existence to do something for herself, and died. The remorse that is often the agony of remembrance was spared to Liza Jane, because her mother to the last thanked Heaven for her blessings, whose value an onlooker might have found it hard to supputate, but of which Liza Jane was retrospectively content to take her mother's estimate—a frame of mind that is a perfect anodyne to grief. Soon it was made clear to her that she could no longer eat the bread of idleness in the Griffiths household, and, thrown upon her own resources, she discovered that she had none. A cousin, saleswoman in a New York departmental store, invited her to stay with her until her plans were made, and so it was



that Miss Moffett came to the metropolis.

River House is one of the few Colonial mansions the city's growth has not destroyed. Its lozenge-paned windows still look out upon a garden sloping to the shining waters of the East River, as they used to do in the days of peruked gentlemen and powdered dames, and its roof still holds the watch-station from which anxious eyes once strained across the bay, looking for the packet which would bring them news from the country still called home. But tall tenements have crept up to the old house and press it hard from behind, and an unbeautiful factory has planted itself squarely on the memory of an apple-orchard. Under the roof with the watch-station now flourish trade-school classes, day nurseries, kindergartens, and a hundred such activities; for River House is the nerve centre of a philanthropic organism whose mission is to hold a torch in the teeming darkness of the city.

To this community Miss Moffett had been introduced by Lou, her cousin, and its evening gatherings formed their only social opportunity.

The career Miss Moffett had expected to beckon her to fame as yet had made no sign. A trial as saleswoman in the store where her cousin was employed showed her that long fatiguing hours and exactness of detail were beneath her, and she dropped the experiment before the experiment dropped her. Her next venture was the operatic stage. A strenuous contralto voice and a chance acquaintance with a girl who was singing in the chorus of a vaudeville secured her an opportunity to replace an absent chorist, and for three nights of tinsel glitter Miss Moffett knew the sweets of a career. Dressed in a dingy velveteen bodice and short red skirt, she stood in a semicircle of women, who clapped their hands while chanting in monotone, or, with fingers balanced on their hips, swayed from side to side while a Castilian favorite danced with castanets. The dressing in a room crowded with strangers, some of them less than unrefined, disgusted her; her hope of immediate preferment was shaken by observing that many of the chorus were mature women whose beauty must have once been equal to her own, and whose voices were still as strenuous. The only personal recognition she received was a

reproof from the stage-manager—a reproof that only was not a fine because she was a substitute—for prolonging the last note after the rest of the chorus had slavishly stopped in obedience to the leader's signal. The only sister artist among the principals whose manner did not discourage her from attempting conversation when they rubbed elbows in the wings was the popular charmer who, as "Little Totty," in blond wig and pinafore, did the skirt dance she had been doing for the best part of her fifty years, and it was a blow to Liza Jane that, instead of whispering of wicked champagne suppers and diamonds virtuously refused, or blameless floral tributes graciously accepted, "Little Totty," who was an ardent advocate of prohibition, lectured her upon the sin of drink, to which the girl had not the slightest leaning. Also, in a burst of confidence, this idol of the galleries disclosed to Liza Jane that her highest ambition was to dance away forever from the foot-lights' glare, and retire with her husband to a chicken-farm near Philadelphia. No permanent engagement was suggested to Miss Moffett at the end of her three days, and she was by way of telling her friends that she had given up the stage because she could not stand the life. She next turned her want of energy to dress-making. A deftness of touch was in her favor, and the contact with rich fabrics, the snatches of talk, often curiously intimate and confidential, between Madame Mullénie and her clients, overheard when she was summoned to bring a half-made garment from the work-room to the fitting-room, the fine houses to which she was sent with fine clothes, all gave her a pleasing sense of familiarity with a world from which fate had too long withheld her. That her earnings were insufficient for the decorative dress she affected and to divide equally with her cousin the expenses of their small ménage did not distress her; and Lou, being as weakly good-natured as Liza Jane was strong in selfishness, submitted without a murmur to the imparity.

It is dancing-class evening at the River House. A group of fashionably dressed men and women are sitting at the head of the room, interestedly watching the scene. A score of young women and half as many young men are circling through a waltz, the girls with girls where the natural partnership falls short. The

spectators remark that the majority dance extremely well. One little golden-headed news-girl, dancing alone, is flashing about with the imponderable movement

"You never did such a hard day's work in your life, did you, Fairfax?" observed the girl next him—one of the twenty girls with whom he was supposed to be in love.



"WAITING FOR AN OPPORTUNITY TO DISTURB THE PEACE."

of a butterfly, in an intricate step acquired—as Mrs. Charlecote, the guardian angel of the establishment, tells her friends most of the accomplishments of the quarter are acquired—in the streets.

"I am surprised you give them dancing lessons," one of the visitors remarked.

"Give them dancing lessons! We give them nothing;" and Mrs. Charlecote pointed to the heap of silver in her lap. "We try to find out what they want, and make it possible to them, that's all."

"And the proceeds?"

"One-third to the Settlement; the rest to the teacher and the pianist."

"By Jove, they earn it!" and Fairfax Reade, the speaker, looked with admiration at the pugilistic encounter between a stout, perspiring German and an old war-horse of a piano, while to the strains of the resulting waltz another German was wrestling with a heavy novice.

"I think, do you know, that is why I do not really like you."

"I shall go out and chop wood instantly," declared Reade. "Or, stay. Mrs. Charlecote, mayn't I turn out those invaders?" For three roughs had sauntered in, and were sitting smoking with hats on at angles intended to be aggressive, waiting for an opportunity to disturb the peace. At the minute one of the dancers, evidently a trusted character, came up.

"Mrs. Charlecote, excuse me," he said. "Those toughs there. Would you like I and Fluster to put them out?" Fluster was the name given to the policeman of the Settlement because his Irish good-nature was sensitive to teasing.

"Certainly not, Jimmy; Fluster would only make trouble. We must keep the precious souls and humanize them;" and Mrs. Charlecote beamed with heavenly optimism upon the precious but unprepossessing souls. "I'll speak to them



myself," she added; and dropping her pile of silver into the hand Reade stretched out as he rose to detain her, she made her way across the room.

"Gentlemen," she said, "you mistake. This is neither a beer-garden nor a concert-hall. This is my private dancing class." The dignity of the small figure and the authority in the gentle voice checked an obvious intention toward facetiousness, and one soul sheepishly uncrossed his legs. "Any one is at liberty to come here," continued Mrs. Charlecote, "who pays the charge of ten cents, and who behaves properly. If you wish to stay and conduct yourselves like gentlemen, you will be very welcome." Three hats came off, three cigars disappeared, and three coins having made their way to Mrs. Charlecote's hand, the intruders sought partners for the dance, and the opening chapter of a miserable tale was begun. One, the coarsest and roughest of the men, made his way to a corner where a dark sullen girl was sitting alone, but his invitation was haughtily refused.

"How could you, Liza Jane?" said Lou, coming over to her cousin, fanning herself excitedly, "and him that handsome with his red mus-tash!"

"I think he's just as common!" replied Miss Moffett.

Mrs. Charlecote had joined her friends, and was speaking to the Countess Portulaca. "Pauline," she said.

"Edythe," replied the Countess.

"I want you to notice that girl—the dark girl in the corner."

"I have noticed her. She is the only one who does not seem to be getting some enjoyment out of it all."

"She is not enjoying herself. Pauline, some day when you have leisure—"

"I never have leisure."

"When you haven't leisure, then, I want you to do that girl a kindness."

"My dear Edythe, I do not want another servant, if it is a place she is looking for, and Freddy and Allegra are grown up and do not need a kindergartner or a nurse. And the last seamstress you sent me—"

"Never mind that," interrupted Mrs. Charlecote, hastily checking the allusion to an instance where one of her geese had not turned out a swan. "This girl has a voice."

"Now, Edythe," her friend protested,

"I absolutely decline to beg money or give a concert to send her abroad—and I haven't an hour to do anything for her myself." For the Countess had been a famous singer in her youth, and now devoted her mornings to transmitting her artistic methods to a favored few. To these her terms were either the highest ever charged for singing lessons in New York, or nothing.

"I don't want you to take her yourself, Pauline. I know you are already overrun with impecunious geniuses. But I do want you to hear this girl once—she has an overweening faith in herself—and discourage her."

"Heavens, what a task to put upon our friend!" cried Reade. "To nip a *prima donna* in the bud!"

"I've done it before," observed the Countess, rather grimly. "A little later, Edythe, you can send the girl to me."

One evening after the social club Mrs. Charlecote detained Miss Moffett's cousin. "Louise," she said, "I want to speak with you."

"Why, cert'nly, Mis' Charlecote," responded Lou. "Don't you wait for me, Liza Jane. You go 'long with the crowd."

"If Miss Moffett will allow me, I will see her home, and then come back for you, Miss Pattison," said Jimmy Brand, who was waiting to turn out the lights.

"Well, I like that!" said Lou, with noble indignation. "Catch me letting myself be waited on by a feller as is going with another girl, and she my cousin! No, thank you, Mr. Brand. I ain't that mean! Jule will wait for me, won't you, Jule?" she added, addressing one of her many bosom friends.

"Jule and me will both wait," put in Miss Moffett, with decision, and ignoring Jimmy standing with his head on one side, rubbing his hands in an attitude of deprecating courtesy, she crossed the room with the hitch of shoulder and swish of skirt that accorded with her idea of scornful elegance.

There are three steps to the altar in the neighborhood of River House. A fellow goes with a girl, and that is merely gallantry. Promoted to being her steady, the attentions are intentions on both sides, but not till she "takes the ring" are the *fiançailles* complete. Then it is a matter for tragedy if any obstacle arises to prevent the final act.



"HIS INVITATION WAS HAUGHTILY REFUSED."

Miss Moffett had not received the homage that might be thought her due.

"You're too stiff with gentlemen," Lou used to tell her, though Liza Jane's own opinion was that by lifting a finger all would have been prostrate at her feet, from the Rev. Cedric Osborn, the High-Church curate vowed to celibacy, down to Willy, the redeemed tough who did the chores; but as yet she had not thought it worth her while. However, though she was not popular, attention had not

wholly passed her by. A youth with standards and aspirations, mistaking her sullenness for refinement and intelligence, had shown a pleasant disposition toward her, till one sad day of which Mrs. Charlecote was confidante. It was the time of Miss Moffett's connection with the operatic stage.

"She has taken to wearing thumb-rings and a Ffine jacket on the street," bewailed the conservative young man, "and no lady would do that!"



Then Jimmy Brand never lost an opportunity to do her a civility, though, had Miss Moffett known the reason why, Jimmy would have perished with her scorn, instead of merely being chilled by it. Jimmy was one of the saints of the earth. His life revolved about three interests—his business, River House, and

afforded himself only because of the amusement its repeated chit-chat furnished Ma. At its gatherings he always danced with the ill-favored girls, the neglected girls, and the girls who were all feet; and to a comrade he confided that were he an artist he would paint none but "homely ladies, because gentlemen



"HER IDEA OF SCORNFUL ELEGANCE."

Ma. Ma was his step-mother, bedridden and selfish, both incurably. Dependent on her step-son for support and tendance, she had no hesitation in waking him at any time of night to read to her, choosing between her favorite volumes Mark Twain and the Bible as she felt her end remote or near. And Jimmy, shivering with unsatisfied sleep, used to say, next day, that he "didn't know if he'd taken Mark Twain seriously, God forgive him! or thrown a dash of humor into the Book of Job!" River House was a recreation he

didn't always pay them the attention they had ought to." The thought of a sweetheart would have seemed treasonable to Ma, and when he singled out Miss Moffett sulking in her corner, it was because he thought her shy and lonely and rather disagreeable. But Lou, to whom any tie between man and woman more subtle than the elemental one was inconceivable, urged Liza Jane to grapple Jimmy to her soul with binding processes, since Jimmy was a catch, and in the course of nature Ma would not be a perennial obstacle.

"I don't know what you're thinking of!" said Liza Jane one night, as she let down her hair before the looking-glass. "Me take up with the likes of Jimmy Brand? Why, he's just a common man!"

"My, how you do go on!" yawned Lou from her pillow. "What are you waiting for, I'd like to know—a lord, or a marquee?"

But to come back to Mrs. Charlecote. "Louise," she said, "I want to talk with you seriously, very seriously. The way in which some of you girls have been behaving in the Friendly Club is anything but friendly, or decent even. Those two pretty Bohemian school-teachers who have just joined, and that nice girl who writes labels in the drug-store, don't I know how you tried to keep them out, and how you have been boycotting them since they came in; and do you think I don't know why?"

"Well, what are they doing here, anyway?" asked Lou. "Us young ladies as was here first don't want them."

"They have as much right here as you—and they, at any rate, behave like ladies."

"If you mean to insinuate, Mrs. Charlecote—" Lou truculently began.

"No, my dear, I never insinuate," was the quiet interruption. "I state positively. Your behavior in the matter is neither ladylike nor womanly. You are determined to get married at all costs, you and Julia and the rest of your small clique, and you are jealous of every new girl that crosses your way. Come, Louise, I thought better of you."

"Mrs. Charlecote," replied the girl, her hands trembling with eagerness, "the long and short of it is, I've got to get married, and it don't matter how. I've just got to—else what is to become of me?"

"You are well enough off as you are," her friend assured her; "at any rate, until you meet some nice fellow who will support you and treat you kindly."

"That's all very well for your silk-stockings crowd," said Lou, with contemptuous reference to the leisure classes, "but it don't do for us young ladies as has to look out for ourselves. I've got a good position now, but they don't want salesladies over thirty-five or forty years of age, and I'm twenty-five now—'most too old to get married as it is. I tell you I'd marry anything. Else what is to become of me?"

"Well," said Mrs. Charlecote—she had heard the argument before—"at any rate, treat those other girls properly. And think twice, for your own sake, before you marry 'anything.' As drudge for an idle man you will be far worse off than you are now, as an independent, self-respecting saleswoman."

"Saleswoman! Huh!" muttered Julia, who had approached with Liza Jane. "Saleswoman! Huh!" Julia was not beautiful, but she was much esteemed among her set for her style and spirited "repartay." Her form was bossed in front with wicker-work, and her waist was girt with steel, lest her ribs should inadvertently snap out to their natural distention. The admired effect was that of a figure turned in wood. Her face was drawn on horizontal lines, and there was a witticism current in the quarter that letters could be posted in her smile.

"Huh!" she repeated, with an angry wag of her head, but Mrs. Charlecote merely wished her a kind good-night and went up stairs. The girls passed out through the garden, where the aromatic smell of geranium leaves mingled with the night air strong with sea. Along the dark highway of the river innumerable lights twinkled as far as eye could reach, and there was the throb of a heavy boat, with ripples in its wake, panting its way through the still waters to the Sound. As the girls went up the street, Lou spoke to Jule.

"You mustn't mind, dear, if she calls us salesladies women. It's just her way. She don't mean a thing."

"Well," answered Julia, with a jerk that sent her rooster-tail boa into spikes, giving her the appearance of an angry brave—"well, I only hope she noticed my expression. I looked as contemptible as I knew how!"

A flare of light from the open door of the factory showed them a man, stripped to his middle and streaming with perspiration, standing by a cart, into which from a lofty heap, with machinelike regularity, he shovelled brewery mash, to be converted into feed for cattle.

"Goodness, how I do pity the working-classes!" exclaimed Miss Moffett.

Countess Portulaca had invited Mrs. Charlecote to bring the Friendly Club to spend an evening at her house. There had been entertainment of divers kinds, stereopticon views, good things to eat and



drink, and the Countess had sung. Her first song convinced Liza Jane that if that was primer-donnering her own day was not far. "Why, there's nothing to it," she muttered to herself during the applause that followed the last lingering note. When, by special request, the Countess sang "The Last Rose of Summer" and "Home, Sweet Home," Miss Moffett was not quite so sure, especially as behind her a portly lady, evidently a personage, was saying: "She is simply the most satisfactory artist I know. Of course the first freshness is gone, and then she almost never sings nowadays; but her technique is flawless, and the *timbre* is divine."

Then there were demands for music from the guests, and her clique called loudly for Miss Moffett. But the instinct of the star was too keen in Liza Jane for her to appear at the first asking, and there would have been an ungracious pause but for Jimmy Brand, who volunteered, "just to give the young lady courage."

"Courage!" sneered Miss Moffett to herself as Jimmy cleared his throat, and from his chair, without accompaniment, sang a sentimental ditty with the refrain, "You shall be welcome to the best of all; I'll keep a little kiss for you." The *for* sliding up to the *you* on an inclined plane rich in tonal opportunity.

Miss Moffett thought it just as common, and was surprised that Mrs. General Gerard applauded with the tortoise-shell sticks of her fan, and sent out the pronunciamento, in her rich deep voice, that that young man was a good fellow, and he must come and talk to her.

The Countess was the author of several well-known songs, one of which Miss Moffett had prepared for the occasion. Accompanied by the German who played for the dancing-class, she lifted her voice to its utmost, one eye fixed upon the Countess. But madame's face remained a blank till almost the last measure, when she gave a little start, and whispered a word to Fairfax Reade, who bustled over to the singer as she took her seat.

"I don't know how to thank you," he said, with his radiant smile. "I never heard it sung just that way before. You did new things with it, positively—new things. Why, even the Countess didn't know her own song. She told me so, I give you my word. And that tremolo you manage to put into all your notes—

I can't tell you what an effect it had on me!"

Miss Moffett's bosom swelled with pride, but she only simpered genteelly, and replied, "Very kind of you to say so, I'm shore."

"How could you!" said the young lady by whom Fairfax Reade seated himself. "How could you!"

"Bah!" Reade answered. "Some one had to say something to the girl."

"She's terrible plain in her dress," commented Lou, discussing the hostess with Jimmy Brand on the way home. "No joolry. But the house is elegant. They say most of her things comes from Europe. Liza Jane there is crazy to go to Europe," she added, determined to include Liza Jane in a conversation with a feller who was supposed to be after Liza Jane.

"I don't blame her," Jimmy sympathized. "I've heard Europe very highly spoken of indeed."

"Well," said Lou, "Coney Island is good enough for me, though I dessay Europe is a real pretty place."

Jimmy took advantage of a turning to come round to Miss Moffett's curb-stone side. "Your singing was grand, ma'am—just grand," he said, enthusiastically. "And pray what did you think of our hostess's little effort?"

"Well," replied Miss Moffett, unbending in the warmth of Jimmy's admiration, "I call her simply the most satisfactory artist I know."

"What?" said Jimmy. "Does the lady paint pictures as well?"

"Why, cert'nly," replied Miss Moffett, not a bit discomfited. "I guess she does 'most everything."

"You don't say!" cried Jimmy. "Wonderful! But about her singing—you were saying?"

"Of course the first freshness is gone," continued Liza Jane; "and then she almost never sings nowadays; but her technique is flawless, and her—her tamber is divine!"

"Beautiful!" ejaculated Jimmy. "Beautifully put! Would you mind saying it over again, that I may get it off to Ma?"

A few days later, on a legal holiday, Miss Moffett arrayed herself for a call upon the Countess. That lady had made no comment on her singing, but had appointed an hour to try her voice. The phrase rankled.

"Try your voice!" Lou kept saying, reflecting Liza Jane. "Didn't she *hear* you? One of her old songs, too. Such a thing, with no two verses alike! Didn't *he* say he'd never heard the beat of it, not in all his born days?" For Reade's compliment had been repeated with the literal exactness that can be made to imply all sorts of things behind. "My belief is she's jealous," continued Lou, still reflecting Liza Jane. "I wouldn't dress up for her, if I was you. She's only a teacher, anyway, and as stuck-up!"

"She don't take pay for half she teaches," replied Miss Moffett, pinning on a stupendous imitation of a picture-hat, whose feathers had lost their curl and hung with the droop of a weeping-willow over her left eye. "And she don't need the money, anyway. He's rich. And she was an Eytalian primer donner in her youth. And the people used to take the horses out of her carriage and drag it in triumph through the streets. And there was a young man she scorned cut his throat for love of her upon her door-step in a country called Manchester. I read about her in the papers."

"Well," Lou acquiesced. "Better pin up your skirts, Liza Jane. It's terrible muddy."

"Catch me pinning up my skirts!" said Liza Jane. "Last time I pinned them up some gentlemen on the corner hooted after me!"

The Countess put the young aspirant through some exercises to test her qualities; then, without comment, inquired her plans. But Miss Moffett had no plans, and begged to be advised.

"By years of diligent work," she was informed, "you would be able to do something with your voice, even perhaps to teach—if you have the patience necessary to teach—or to take a small position in a choir." Miss Moffett started, but the Countess ruthlessly went on: "The question is, how would you support yourself during the four or five years that you would have to give to study?"

"I supposed," said Liza Jane, "that there was rich people enough in this city as would only be too glad to assist a talented young lady."

"It not infrequently happens," replied the Countess, "that rich persons will bear the expense of educating an art-student of exceptional merit, but in such cases there is always the expectation of return

—I mean that the world will be enriched by the gift, so that it is a direct contribution to art. Even supposing you were able to find some one, which I doubt, to give you the money for your musical education, it simply would be money given in charity, since, taking the most hopeful view of your power to improve, you would never rise above mediocrity."

Again Miss Moffett started, but quickly regained her self-control. "Of course you haven't heard me at my best," she said. "Them things you've made me do, they don't show off my voice at all, and the other night my selection was—well, it didn't suit *me*. But gentlemen have told me they never heard anything just like my singing. When I do myself justice they tell me it's grand—just grand!"

"Not grand," said the Countess, with a queer little half-smile of which she had the trick—"not grand, but acceptable, perhaps, to your indulgent friends." And in a moment of pity for the ambitions and limitations of the girl, she gave Miss Moffett a standing invitation to be present at the lesson she gave on Saturday afternoons to two gifted sisters who were on the way to become leaders in the lyric art. "And come in your every-day clothes," she said. "Those you have on now are such as a woman of leisure would wear at a garden party—in good materials. Now will you give me your full name?"

"Moffett," dictated the owner of the name, passing over the insult to her clothes—"Lily Juanita."

The Countess's pencil paused. "You had better give me your right name," she observed.

"Lily Juanita," repeated Liza Jane. Oh, how often she had rehearsed the high-sounding collocation, and to have it challenged thus at the baptismal font!

The Countess referred to a letter. "Mrs. Charlecote writes your initials E. J. Has she made a mistake, or does E. J. stand for Lily Juanita?"

"Commonly known as Liza Jane," snapped out Miss Moffett.

"I don't call that much," commented Lou, when the invitation was repeated to her. "To set in one of her old chairs while other girls sing! I wouldn't demean myself that far, if I was you. Tell you what, Liza Jane, she's jealous of you. That's what it is—she's jealous."

"Oh, I wouldn't go s' far 's that," re-



plied Miss Moffett, modestly. "Though any one can see she hates me. But I shall go, all the same. It's just as well for me to get acquainted in her set."

Lou married the red mus-tash, and found out directly that the man behind it was a brute. As head of the household, his first official act was to turn his wife's cousin out of doors, and as the dressmaker for whom Liza Jane worked was dismissing all but the most skilful hands in her employ, to avoid destitution the young woman was fain to seek the step-paternal roof. There she found herself regarded as a guest whose visit must come to the speediest end possible. In the bitterness of her heart at the cruelty of fate she took to writing passionate outpourings to the Countess Portulaca. Not that she had the slightest claim upon the indulgence of the Countess, whose liking she was conscious of never having won, and whose patience she had severely tried by dropping in on Saturday afternoons in a desultory fashion, and lounging in comfortable chairs with an air of bored indifference, while the gifted Ellis sisters mastered the art of tone-production; but Mrs. Charlecote was temporarily away from River House, the red mus-tash grudged Lou the pence for postage-stamps, and to a psychic make-up such as Liza Jane's a confidante is as the breath of life. At last the Countess vouchsafed her one short, sharp letter in reply: "My dear child," she said—saying it probably because she knew herself to be irritated by Miss Moffett's personality—"instead of bothering busy people and grumbling against fate, go to work."

Liza Jane's answer was immediate; her step-father refused to shelter her another night. "You have called me your dear child," she said. "For the love of heaven let me come and live with you. I will be your daughter or your slave, whichever you prefer." And before the Countess's reply, stating positively that she needed neither such accession to her household, reached its destination, Miss Moffett, with all her worldly goods in a bandbox, a tin case, and carpet bag, was ringing her bell.

In common humanity the Countess took her in, and, for Liza Jane was wretchedly pulled down, kept her till she was strong enough to shift for herself. To the last, however, the intimacy Miss Moffett had looked forward to eluded her. She had

dramatized herself breaking down the kindly tolerance with which the Countess always treated her, by the complete prostration of her own proud spirit at that prouder spirit's feet. By tactful little offices, such as giving the last deft touches to the flowers on the dinner table, she would become a child of the family; glorious possibilities unrolled themselves before her. Instead, she found herself comfortably housed in a small room opening from the sewing-room. Her meals were served to her, though not with the servants, in the kitchen; and a hint that she treated the menials with hauteur may have reached the mistress of the house, for one day the Countess took occasion to say: "Remember that you are the guest of my servants almost as much as of myself. I trust you will repay their good-will with civility." No introduction to the fashionable or artistic world was offered her; no corner in the family was made for her; no member of the quiet, orderly household was displaced on her account. She had the freedom of the sewing-room, with permission to do all the work there that she could obtain, or that the Countess could help her to procure, but not even was the incumbent seamstress dismissed that she might have the place. She was a superfluous person.

On the occasion of a reception the Countess asked her to help with the ladies' cloaks, thinking to give her pleasure; but Liza Jane replied, coldly, that she was not a servant, and went to bed, as usual, at nine o'clock. But how could she sleep, a cheerless mite in the dark, above that brilliant substratum made up of the noise of carriages, the sound of voices and laughter, the strains of music, the rustle of silk and breath of flowers—and human beings good to look upon and happy! She dressed herself and stole down the back stairs.

In the dining-room she was fairly dazzled by the glitter of glass and silver reflecting over and over again the little crowns of flame that a serious man was engaged in putting on a hundred crimson-petticoated candles. Masses of crimson roses proclaimed that whatever the season, for beauty the summer is queen; trailing sprays of green asked what would summer be without spring; and generous pyramids of fruit told that the bounty of autumn never fails those with heart to partake and money to buy. Only



winter—cold, bleak winter—was shut out, together with night and poverty.

Miss Moffett sighed, whereupon a tall, shapely man, who had been casting an approving eye upon her over a glass of champagne which he was drinking in the hall, drew near.

"'Ave I the pleasure?" he asked.

Miss Moffett, judging him to be a foreigner, and possibly distinguished, relaxed her wonted mask of scorn.

"I guess we're not acquainted—yet," she said, coquettishly. "My name is Miss Moffett."

"Hif I only 'ad me card-case!" said the foreigner. "I am Mr. Oppper."

"Pleased to meet you, Mr. Oppper."

"You belong to this 'ouse, Miss Moffett?"

"Oh, just visiting here for a spell. And you?"

"Stying with some people—I forget their bloomin' name—in the next street. 'Orrid quarters for the gentlemen, I do hassure you—'orrid!"

Miss Moffett was perplexed, but adequate. "Why do you put up with it?" she asked, sympathetically.

"Hit's my old ooman," elucidated Mr. Oppper. "Says it hamuses 'er over 'ere. Then, too, she's tryin' to make up a match for the Honorable Cecil. Bad boy Cecy! 'Ead over ears in debt!"

This was delightful. Mr. Oppper's old ooman was, no doubt, his titled aunt, mother to that bad boy, the impecunious Honorable Cecil. Liza Jane smiled encouragement, and Mr. Oppper came a step or two closer.

"But blow the spondoolicks! sez I," he declared. "Give me a pretty face, a neat ankle, and a tidy waist;" and he looked Miss Moffett up and down without reserve.

Finding herself without suitable repar-tay, Liza Jane kept on smiling in a swooning ecstasy. This style of wooing struck her as dashing and distinguished. Oh, if Lou, Jule, Jimmy Brand, and that common East Side crowd could see her now! A minute more and she would have ordered the serious man who was lighting candles to leave the room.

"'Ope you've got a low-necked body with you, my dear," Mr. Oppper was continuing. "Some of the gentlemen per-poses to get up a little dawnce, and I'll be 'appy to put your name down on the list. 'Tain't every young ooman I'd do as

much for, either, for, 'ang it! one must draw the line somewhere, you know!" And to show that she was with himself on the elect side of the line, he seized Miss Moffett's hand.

Just then a smart lady's-maid entered with suspicious readiness.

"Hopper," she said, "don't forget that my lady is leaving early, Hopper. And, Hopper, you'd better see if the carriage is there now."

And with a hurried good-night to Liza Jane, and a muttered hope that they might meet in London in the season, the man-servant ran to do the maid-servant's bidding, while Miss Moffett, in an agony of disillusionment, fled to the haven of her room. On her dressing-table she found a tray laden with dainties, placed there, doubtless, as she reflected, by the order of the woman she bore a grudge against for her superiority in station, fortune, goodness, everything, and by the good-will of one of the servants she despised.

When in the spring the Countess closed her house, Miss Moffett parted from her with perfunctory thanks for a winter's hospitality, restored health, a sum of ready money, and a small but good connection as day seamstress. In answer to the kind inquiries about her future plans, she coldly replied that she "intended visiting with friends."

Her musical aspirations had not been lightly given up. From listening to the repetitions of the Countess's pupils she had caught an imitation of style, and, with returning strength, she had taken to singing at her work, noisily, aggressively, when the house was still, when one day a message was brought up to her, "Would Miss Moffett kindly confine her singing to the hour between four and five, when the Countess was always out?" Liza Jane thought she read between the lines of that spiteful inhibition.

Then she had answered advertisements for soloists in choirs, always to be met with refusal, courteous or abrupt, but unmistakable. What wonder she was bitter against a state of things that had flaunted success and luxury before her eyes only to turn her out into the world a seamstress!

So thinking, she crossed the town to seek her cousin Lou. The chances were in favor of her being admitted, she reasoned, since the head of the family, if not



away at work, would either be at a saloon drinking up the proceeds of an abstemious spell, or sleeping off the effects of the saloon.

She found Lou, surrounded by sympathizing neighbors, her sickly baby in her arms, with all her poor possessions about her on the pavement, weeping the bitter tears of the dispossessed.

Let no one think that there is any grade of poverty so low that it has not one last touch of dignity to be crushed and humiliated by the casting out of the household into the street. To the onlooker the crying children appeal hardly more pitifully than does the unhoused furniture. The children are no strangers to the streets—and God and the neighbors will look after the children. But the helplessness of the worthless, priceless, inanimate things that have made the fabric of the home life; the wonder of the kitchen pots and pans; the patient dejection of the knock-kneed table that has held all the family has ever known of cheer; the silent reproach of the old armchair, like Priam extending its helpless hands, as if to ask why the comfort it has always given should be requited with indignity; the fine old spirit of the sofa, not one whit ashamed of the rents and broken springs of honest poverty, but sensitive to the infirmity of its casterless leg; the perforated irony of the framed "God Bless Our Home!"—all this knocks at the heart with a pathos its grotesqueness does not kill.

For a moment selfishness clutched the soul of Liza Jane, and she turned to run away. Then the best in her triumphed, and she did the only thing to do. Lou's tears turned to rejoicing when she learned that her arrears of rent were to be paid, and herself reinstalled immediately. Her man had deserted her, having gone back to another woman of whom Lou had known from the beginning, and whom she rightly suspected of having a legal claim, so that shame and self-reproach were added to her misery. Liza Jane became the head of the family. The sickly babe, reared in a day nursery while its mother drudged, demanded all Lou's care, and as the people for whom Liza Jane sewed were leaving town for the summer, she obtained employment in a factory, toiling hard and honorably till the little household was restored to a decent way of living. The summer was a

cruel season, during which children faded in the tenements and horses fell in the streets. On the worst nights the two women would carry their pillows to the docks, and, with the baby between them, would lie there by the river's ooze till dawn.

Two excursions on the boat of the St. John's Guild gave the baby an idea of heaven, and at the climax of the heat it died. For some time after Lou was as useless as a piece of elastic that has been stretched too far, and unselfishness became a settled habit with Miss Moffett.

As the winter wore on Lou regained her grasp of life, and Liza Jane was looking forward to leaving the factory and taking up sewing by the day again, as to the fulfilment of a high ambition. The girls avoided River House in those days, aware that their achievements had not equalled their pretensions; but they went to church a good deal, and in the evening walked and sat in the city parks.

One evening an errand took Miss Moffett out of her usual haunts, and in a florist's shop she caught sight of Fairfax Reade. The order he was giving must have been important, judging by his repeated instructions to the florist, also the message of two words he scrawled upon a card seemed to call for deep consideration; and watching him, Miss Moffett saw, as through an open door, a glimpse of the world of her earlier desires. The florist also was a comely youth, being what Lou would have described as "a perfect gentleman, and scents his hair with white rose," but Miss Moffett was aware of a distinction beyond the difference of the counter between. It was not the faultlessness of Reade's attire nor the flower she noticed in his buttonhole as he took out his watch, evidently afraid of being too early for an appointment, or too late—a marvellous flower with frosty crinkled petals in up-curling arches of palest mauve, caught and held by one down-dropping flare of velvety royal purple. What was the barrier that parted the many from the few, and what made that barrier impassable? As Reade came out, an impulse seized Miss Moffett to stretch out her hand and through that sunny presence reach across the barrier.

"Oh, good-evening, Mr. Reade," she said, with an effect of surprise.

"Good-evening—and thank you for remembering my name," Fairfax replied,



lifting his hat, "but—" he looked puzzled.

"Miss Moffett," supplemented Liza Jane.

"Miss—er—Moffett?" Reade was unenlightened.

"I met you, oh, ever so long ago, at the Countess Portulaca's," she explained.

"The Countess—oh, ah, yes, to be sure. You are the young lady who sang. And how have you been ever since?—well and happy, I hope. Good-night, good-night," and again lifting his hat, he was off, hurrying lest he should be too late.

Tears too heavy to overflow rose in Miss Moffett's eyes. The courtesy of Reade's greeting had been no individual recognition, but the courtesy that breeding has for anything that comes across its path. She was not well and she was not happy, and what did it matter to these people? When she had forsaken her own kind to try to mix with theirs she had been an alien element, a beggar; and it was due to their breeding as much as to her own blindness that she had failed to read the signs that warned her she was trespassing. As she turned to go, Reade came hurrying back, evidently afraid of being too early, and using the moment's grace to renew his directions to the florist. Perhaps the dejected lines of the shabby figure, whose former jauntiness came back to his quick memory, touched the young man, for when he came out of the shop again he overtook Miss Moffett and dropped something in her hand.

"Too many flowers in there," he said. "Haven't you a mother or a little sister you could take these home to? Good-night again, good-night." And he was off, hurrying lest he should be too late, before Miss Moffett realized that she held a bunch of the sweetest flowers of all, their fragrant heads pressed close together in the shining circle of their leaves. Her tears fell freely now. Yes, the barrier was there, the inexorable chasm, but moments came when it could be bridged with kindness and human sympathy. Once she had asked everything of life, forgetting how little she had to offer in return; but now she saw the light. The future would be builded on the ruin of her dreams, but within her limitations the burden should be sweet, sweet as the violets in her hand. She planned that she would go to Countess Portulaca and beg for work, and though she would be

paid for her work, none the less into its every stitch should go good-will and gratitude. Perhaps she might even reinstate herself with that generous nature, not as daughter or slave, but as, humbly yet with self-respect, a friend.

One evening Lou was dozing on a bench in the square which formed the limit of their walk, and Liza Jane sat beside her, meditating. A quick footstep and a joyful exclamation caused her to look up, and the next moment she was shaking hands with Jimmy Brand.

Jimmy looked younger than her remembrance of him, and so fresh and prosperous that Miss Moffett had a twinge for her own shabbiness; but Jimmy's pleasure at the meeting was unfeigned, and he was so full of sympathy as he sat beside her and heard all her news that they seemed to become suddenly intimate. As he left the girls at their door,

"Oh, Mr. Brand," said Liza Jane, "mayn't I run in sometimes and set with your ma? It 'u'd make it less lonely for her, maybe, and—I didn't think half enough of my own mother, I know."

Jimmy's face was illuminated with a sense of important news. "Why, didn't you know?" he said. "It's just seven months, three weeks, five and a half days—Ma joined the heavenly choir!"

"You don't say!" cried Lou and Liza Jane in one breath. And Liza Jane added, "I'm real sorry."

Jimmy had pulled his face down into long, melancholy lines, and he sighed and shook his head. "It was painless," he said. Then, in a burst of pardonable pride, added, "Fourteen carriages!"

He called by appointment next evening, and the girls made an effort to do credit to his spruceness. Ma, it seems, had been a bit of a miser, and had astonished Jimmy by leaving him a tidy little sum. Also he was promoted in his business; also the trustees of River House had decided to have the young men of the quarter represented on their board, and Jimmy had been elected by acclaim, and not only voted with, but was consulted by, distinguished citizens. Miss Moffett wondered how she had ever dared despise him. But Jimmy was turning the conversation from himself.

"Your vocal music, ma'am—I hope you keep it up?" he was inquiring, tenderly.

"Oh no! I never sing nowadays," replied Miss Moffett.



"Ah, that's all wrong—very wrong. We must put you up to it again. I used to think your singing grand, just grand!" Jimmy said.

"Not grand," said Miss Moffett, with a queer little half-smile, "but acceptable, perhaps, to my indulgent friends." And Jimmy thought it the prettiest, most modest speech he had ever heard.

A week later he asked her to be his wife.

"I ain't good enough for you, Jimmy, and that's the truth," said Liza Jane. "'Tain't as if I had my old looks. Oh, you needn't contradict me. I know I've gone off terrible."

"I wouldn't contradict you for the world, my dear," cried Jimmy. "But, honest, I never noticed you had looks in the old days—not till the night I come upon you setting on that bench. Then it was like a flash of lightning. I says, 'I never seen a sweeter face'; and I says, 'If she'll have me, she's the girl I'd like to make my wife!'"

Miss Moffett flushed slowly. Then his feeling for her had not been an unspoken passion in the palmy days of her scornful beautyhood, but pity—the same pity he had always shown the dowdy girls, the lumpy girls, and the girls who were all feet. But this was love! She turned toward him, and caught sight of Lou gently dozing. "Oh, I can't," she cried, with a catch in her throat—"I can't leave her! Don't ask it!"

"Dear me, I never meant you should," said Jimmy. "It's what you done for

that unhappy girl goes to make me love you, Liza Jane."

Then they walked up and down, hand in hand, in a way that a year before Liza Jane would have stigmatized as just as common! Every now and then Jimmy swung her hand as if to pretend to the public that it was all a joke, and every now and then he gave her hand a little squeeze, as if secretly to assure her that however the public might regard it, to him it was the most serious thing in life.

The air was crisp and cool, the sky flung out the silver definition of a moon, and somehow the world seemed a not unhopeful place.

Jimmy pointed to the Sevilian tower that overtops the square. "Some claim that looks like Europe," he observed.

"It does look like Europe," confirmed Miss Moffett; for, after all, a winter with the Countess Portulaca enabled her to speak for foreign parts.

"I remember how set you used to be on travelling," continued Jimmy.

"Ah, used to be!" sighed Liza Jane, with a world of renunciation in the sigh.

But Jimmy was engaged in mental calculation. "Washington isn't Europe," he said, tentatively, "but it's Washington."

"Oh, Jimmy!" cried Liza Jane, ecstatically. She looked about her. No one was very near except a policeman so panoplied in officialism as to be impersonal—and how Miss Moffett thanked her sweetheart was literally just between herself and him.

## GIFTS.

BY IVAN WOTHERSPOON.

AND it came to pass, on the morning of the sixth day, as Adam lay asleep in Eden, the Devil passed by, and beholding him, recognized him to be a creature of God's, and was filled with envy, hatred, and malice. Thereupon, coming before the throne of God and bowing himself, he spoke with subtle words and said, "I have beheld Thy creature made in Thine image, and fain would I bestow upon him four natal gifts."

And God, knowing his inmost thoughts, and at the same time the short-sightedness of his purpose, gave him permission.

Then the archangel Michael, who stood by the steps of the throne, filled with love of God and of His works, suspecting the malevolence of Satan, prayed that he too might be permitted to bestow four gifts on man. And God, as He had known that Satan desired to bestow curses, knew that Michael wished to give blessings, and knew also the nature of both, and gave him also permission.

Then a strange thing came to pass, for, lo! the gifts of each were the same, and their names were—Work and Wine and Woman and Death.

## A DISTANT APRIL.

BY GERTRUDE HALL.

AH, worshipped one! ah, faithful Spring!  
Again you come, again you bring  
That flock of flowers from the fold  
Where warm they slept while we were cold.

What shall we say to one so dear,  
That keeps her promise every year?  
Ah, hear me promise, and as true  
As you to us am I to you:

Ne'er shall you come and as a child  
Sit in the market piping mild,  
With dance-incitement in your glance,  
And I not dance—and I not dance!

But you the same will ever be,  
While ninety Springs will alter me;  
Yet truly as you come and play,  
So truly will I dance, I say!

There is a strange thing to be seen  
One distant April, pink and green:  
Before a young child piping sweet  
An old child dancing with spent feet...

## THE ESSENTIALS AT FORT ADOBE.

BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.



HE Indian suns himself before the door of his tepee, dreaming of the past. For a long time now he has eaten of the white man's lotos—the bi-monthly beef-issue.

I looked on him and wondered at the new things. The buffalo, the war-path, all are gone. What of the cavalymen over at Adobe—his Nemesis in the stirring days—are they, too, lounging in barracks, since his lordship no longer leads them trooping over the burning flats by day and through the ragged hills by night? I will go and see.

The blistered faces of men, the gaunt horses dragging stiffly along to the cruel spurring, the dirty lack-lustre of campaigning—that, of course, is no more.

Will it be parades, and those soul-deadening “fours right” and “column left” affairs? Oh, my dear, let us hope not.

Nothing is so necessary in the manufacture of soldiers, sure enough, but it is not hard to learn, and once a soldier knows it I can never understand why it should be drilled into him until it hurts. Besides, from another point of view, soldiers in rows and in lines do not compose well in pictures. I always feel, after seeing infantry drill in an armory, like Kipling's light-house keeper, who went insane looking at the cracks between the boards—they were all so horribly alike.

Then Adobe is away out West in the blistering dust, with no towns of any importance near it. I can understand why men might become listless when they are at field-work, with the full knowledge that nothing but their brothers are look-



ing at them save the hawks and coyotes. It is different from Meyer, with its traps full of Congressmen and girls, both of whom are much on the minds of cavalrymen.

In due course I was bedded down at Adobe by my old friend the Captain, and then lay thinking of this cavalry business. It is a subject which thought does not simplify, but, like other great things, makes it complicate and recede from its votaries. To know essential details from unessential details is the study in all arts. Details there must be; they are the small things which make the big things. To apply this general order of things to this arm of the service kept me awake. There is first the riding—simple enough if they catch you young. There are bits, saddles, and cavalry packs. I know men who have not spoken to each other in years because they disagree about these. There are the sore backs and colics—that is a profession in itself. There are judgment of pace, the battle tactics, the use of three very different weapons; there is a world of history in this, in forty languages. Then an ever-varying *terrain* tops all. There are other things not confined to cavalry, but regarded by all soldiers. The crowning peculiarity of cavalry is the rapidity of its movement, whereby a commander can lose the carefully built up reputation of years in about the time it takes a schoolboy to eat a marsh-mallow. After all, it is surely a hard profession—a very blind trail to fame. I am glad I am not a cavalryman; still, it is the happiest kind of fun to look on when you are not responsible; but it needs some cultivation to understand and appreciate.

I remember a dear friend who had a taste for out-of-doors. He penetrated deeply into the interior not long since to see these same troopers do a line of heroics, with a band of Bannocks to support the rôle. The Indians could not finally be got on the centre of the stage, but made hot-foot for the agency. My friend could not see any good in all this, nor was he satisfied with the first act even. He must needs have a climax, and that not forth-coming, he loaded his disgust into a trunk line and brought it back to his club corner here in New York. He there narrated the failure of his first night; said the soldiers were not even dusty as advertised; damned the Indians

keenly, and swore at the West by all his gods.

There was a time when I, too, regarded not the sketches in this art, but yearned for the finished product. That, however, is not exhibited generally over once in a generation.

At Adobe there are only eight troops—not enough to make a German nurse-girl turn her head in the street, and my friend from New York, with his Napoleonic largeness, would scoff out loud. But he and the nurse do not understand the significance; they have not the eyes to see. A starboard or a port horseshoe would be all one to them, and a crease in the saddle-blanket the smallest thing in the world, yet it might spoil a horse.

When the trumpets went in the morning I was sorry I had thought at all. It was not light yet, and I clung to my pillow. Already this cavalry has too much energy for my taste.

"If you want to see anything, you want to lead out," said the Captain, as he pounded me with a boot.

"Say, Captain, I suppose Colonel Hamilton issues this order to get up at this hour, doesn't he?"

"He does."

"Well, he has to obey his own order, then, doesn't he?"

"He does."

I took a good long stretch and yawn, and what I said about Colonel Hamilton I will not commit to print, out of respect to the Colonel. Then I got up.

This bitterness of bed-parting passes. The Captain said he would put a "cook's police" under arrest for appearing in my make-up; but all these details will be forgotten, and whatever happens at this hour should be forgiven. I had just come from the North, where I had been sauntering over the territory of Montana with some Indians and a wild man from Virginia, getting up before light—tightening up on coffee and bacon for twelve hours in the saddle to prepare for more bacon and coffee; but at Adobe I had hoped for, even if I did not expect, some repose.

In the east there was a fine green coming over the sky. No one out of the painter guild would have admitted it was green, even on the rack, but what I mean is that you could not approach it in any other way. A nice little adjutant went jangling by on a hard-trotting thoroughbred, his shoulders high and his seat low.



THE ADVANCE.

Frederick Nelson, 1864.





A TAME HORSE.

My old disease began to take possession of me; I could fairly feel the microbes generate. Another officer comes clattering, with his orderly following after. The fever has me. We mount, and we are off, all going to stables.

Out from the corrals swarm the troopers, leading their unwilling mounts. The horses are saying, "Damn the Colonel!" One of them comes in arching bounds; he is saying worse of the Colonel, or maybe only cussing out his own recruit for pulling his *cincha* too tight. They form troop lines in column, while the Captains throw open eyes over the things which would not interest my friend from New York or the German nurse-girl.

The two forward troops are the enemy, and are distinguished by wearing brown canvas stable-frocks. These shortly move out through the post, and are seen no more.

Now comes the sun. By the shades of Knickerbocker's *History of New York* I seem now to have gotten at the beginning; but patience, the sun is no detail out in the arid country. It does more things than blister your nose. It is the despair of the painter as it colors the minarets of the Bad Lands which abound around Adobe, and it dries up the company gardens if they don't watch the *acequias* mighty sharp. To one just out of bed it excuses existence. I find I begin to soften toward the Colonel. In fact it is possible

that he is entirely right about having his old trumpets blown around garrison at this hour, though it took the Captain's boot to prove it shortly since.

The command moves out, trotting quickly through the blinding clouds of dust. The landscape seems to get right up and mingle with the excitement. The supple, well-trained horses lose the scintillation on their coats, while Uncle Sam's blue is growing mauve very rapid-

ly. But there is a useful look about the men, and the horses show condition after their long practice march just finished. Horses much used to go under saddle have well-developed quarters and strong stifle action. Fact is, nothing looks like a horse with a harness on. That is a job for mules, and these should have a labor organization and monopolize it.

The problem of the morning was that we as an advance were to drive the two troops which had gone on ahead. These in turn were to represent a rapidly retiring rear-guard. This training is more that troops may be handled with expedition, and that the men may gather the thing, rather than that officers should do brilliant things, which they might undertake on their own responsibility in time of war, such as pushing rapidly by on one flank and cutting out a rear-guard.

Grievous and very much to be commiserated is the task of the feeling historian who writes of these paper wars. He may see possibilities or calamities which do not signify. The morning orders provide against genius, and who will be able to estimate the surgical possibilities of blank cartridges? The sergeant-major cautioned me not to indicate by my actions what I saw as we rode to the top of a commanding hill. The enemy had abandoned the stream because their retreat would have been exposed to fire. They made a stand back in the hills. The

advance felt the stream quickly, and passed, fanning out to develop. The left flank caught their fire, whereat the centre and right came around at top speed. But this is getting so serious.

The scene was crowded with little pictures, all happening quickly—little dots of horsemen gliding quickly along the yellow landscape, leaving long trails of steely dust in their wake. A scout comes trotting along, his face set in an expect-



JUMPING ON TO A HORSE.



HORSE GYMNASTICS.

cially when a gun and sabre are attached. When both living equations are young, full of oats and bacon, imbued with military ideas, and trained to the hour, it always seems to me that the ghost of a tragedy stalks at their side. This is why the polo-player does not qualify sentimentally. But what is one man beside two troops which come shortly in two solid chunks, with horses snorting and sending the dry landscape in a dusty pall for a quarter of a mile in the rear? It is good—ah! it is worth any one's while; but stop and think, what if we could magnify that? Tut, tut! as I said

ant way, carbine advanced. A man on a horse is a vigorous, forceful thing to look at. It embodies the liveliness of nature in its most attractive form, espe-

before, that only happens once in a generation. Adobe doesn't dream; it simply does its morning's work.

The rear-guard have popped at our



advance, which exchanges with them. Their fire grows slack, and from our vantage we can see them mount quickly and flee.

After two hours of this we shake hands with the hostiles and trot home to breakfast.

These active, hard-riding, straight-shooting, open-order men are doing real work, and are not being stupefied by drill-ground routine, or rendered listless by file-closer prompting or sleepy reiteration.

By the time the command dismounts in front of stables we turn longingly to the thoughts of breakfast. Every one has completely forgiven the Colonel, though I have no doubt he will be equally unpopular to-morrow morning.

But what do I see—am I faint? No; it has happened again. It looks as though I saw a soldier jump over a horse. I moved on him.

"Did I see you—" I began.

"Oh yes sir—you see," returned a little soldier, who ran with the mincing steps of an athlete toward his horse, and landed standing up on his hind quarters, whereupon he settled down quietly into his saddle.

Others began to gyrate over and under their horses in a dizzy way. Some had taken their saddles off and now sat on their horses' bellies, while the big doglike animals lay on their backs, with their feet in the air. It was circus business, or what they call "short and long horse" work—some not understandable phrase. Every one does it. While I am not unaccustomed to looking at cavalry, I am being perpetually surprised by the lengths to which our cavalry is carrying this Cossack drill. It is beginning to be nothing short of marvellous.

In the old days this thing was not known. Between building mud or log forts, working on the bull-train, marching or fighting, a man and a gun made a soldier; but it takes an education along with this now before he can qualify.

The regular work at Adobe went on during the day—guard mount, orders, inspection, and routine.

At the club I was asked, "Going out this afternoon with us?"

"Yes, he is going; his horse will be up at 4.30; he wants to see this cavalry," answered my friend the Captain for me.

"Yes; it's fine moonlight. The Colonel is going to do an attack on Cossack posts out in the hills," said the adjutant.

So at five o'clock we again sallied out in the dust, the men in the ranks next me silhouetting one after the other more dimly until they disappeared in the enveloping cloud. They were cheerful, laughing and wondering one to another if Captain Garrard, the enemy, would get in on their pickets. He was regarded in the ranks as a sharp fellow, one to be well looked after.

At the line of hills where the Colonel stopped, the various troops were told off in their positions, while the long cool shadows of evening stole over the land, and the pale moon began to grow bolder over on the left flank.

I sat on a hill with a sergeant who knew history and horses. He remembered "Pansy," which had served sixteen years in the troop—and a first-rate old horse then; but a damned inspector with no soul came browsing around one day and condemned that old horse. Government got a measly ten dollars—or something like that. This ran along for a time; when one day they were trooping up some lonely valley, and, behold, there stood "Pansy," as thin as a snake, tied by a wickieup. He greeted the troop with joyful neighs. The soldiers asked the Captain to be allowed to shoot him, but of course he said no. I could not learn if he winked when he said it. The column wound over the hill, a carbine rang from its rear, and "Pansy" lay down in the dust without a kick. Death is better than an Indian for a horse. The thing was not noticed at the time, but made a world of fuss afterwards, though how it all came out the sergeant did not develop, nor was it necessary.

Night settled down on the quiet hills, and the dark spots of pickets showed dimly on the gray surface of the land. The Colonel inspected his line, and found everybody alert and possessed of a good working knowledge of picket duties at night—one of the most difficult duties enlisted men have to perform. It is astonishing how short is the distance at which we can see a picket even in this bright night on the open hills.

I sat on my horse by a sergeant at a point in the line where I suspected the attack would come. The sergeant thought he saw figures moving in a dry bottom



THE PURSUIT.



before us. I could not see. A column of dust off to the left indicated troops, but we thought it a ruse of Garrard's. My sergeant, though, had really seen the enemy, and said, softly, "They are coming."

The bottom twinkled and popped with savage little yellow winks; bang! went a rifle in my ear; "whew," snorted my big horse; and our picket went to the supports clattering.

The shots and yells followed fast. The Colonel had withdrawn the supports toward the post rapidly, leaving his picket-line in the air—a thing which happens in war; but he did not lose much of that line, I should say.

It was an interesting drill. Pestiferous little man disturbed nature, and it all seemed so absurd out there on those quiet gray hills. It made me feel, as I slowed down and gazed at the vastness of things, like a superior sort of bug. In the middle distance several hundred troops are of no more proportion than an old cow bawling through the hills after her wolf-eaten calf. If my mental vision were not distorted I should never have seen the manœuvre at all—only the moon and the land doing what they have done before for so long a time.

We reached Adobe rather late, when I found that the day's work had done wonders for my appetite. I reminded the Captain that I had broken his bread but once that day.

"It is enough for a Ninth Cavalry man," he observed. However, I out-flanked this brutal disregard for established customs, but it was "cold."

In the morning I resisted the Captain's boot, and protested that I must be let alone; which being so, I appeared groomed and breakfasted at a Christian hour, fully persuaded that as between an Indian and a Ninth Cavalry man I should elect to be an Indian.

Some one must have disciplined the Colonel. I don't know who it was. There is only one woman in a post who can, generally; but no dinners were spoiled at Adobe by night-cat affairs.

Instead, during the afternoon we were to see Captain Garrard, the hostile, try to save two troops which were pressed into

the bend of a river by throwing over a bridge, while holding the enemy in check. This was as complicated as putting a baby to sleep while reading law; so clearly my point of view was with the hostiles. With them I entered the neck. The horses were grouped in the brush, leaving some men who were going underground like gophers out near the entrance. The brown-canvas-covered soldiers grabbed their axes, rolled their eyes toward the open plain, and listened expectantly.

The clear notes of a bugle rang; whackety, bang—clack—clack, went the axes. Trees fell all around. The forest seemed to drop on me. I got my horse and fled across the creek.

"That isn't fair; this stream is supposed to be impassable," sang out a Lieutenant, who was doing a Blondin act on the first tree over, while beneath him yawned the chasm of four or five feet.

In less than a minute the whole forest got up again and moved toward the bridge. There were men behind it, but the leaves concealed them. Logs dropped over, brush piled on top. The rifles rang in scattered volleys, and the enemy's fire rolled out beyond the brush. No bullets whistled—that was a redeeming feature.

Aside from that it seemed as though every man was doing his ultimate act. They flew about; the shovels dug with despair; the sand covered the logs in a shower. While I am telling this the bridge was made.

The first horse came forward, led by his rider. He raised his eyes like St. Anthony; he did not approve of the bridge. He put his ears forward, felt with his toes, squatted behind, and made nervous side steps. The men moved on him in a solid crowd from behind. Stepping high and short he then bounded over, and after him in a stream came the willing brothers. Out along the bluffs strung the troopers to cover the heroes who had held the neck, while they destroyed the bridge.

Then they rode home with the enemy, chaffing each other.

It is only a workaday matter, all this; but workaday stuff does the business nowadays.

THE ATTACK ON THE COSSACK POSTS.







"CRISIS IN THE PAPER TRADE: THE MALGAMITE CORNER."

## RODEN'S CORNER.\*

BY HENRY SETON MERRIMAN.

### CHAPTER XIII.

#### THE MAKING OF A MAN.

"Heureux celui qui n'est forcé de sacrifier personne à son devoir."

"YOU know," said Marguerite the next morning, as she and Cornish rode quietly along the silent, sandy roads, beneath the shade of the pines—"you know, papa is such a jolly, simple old dear—he doesn't understand women in the least."

"And do you call yourself a woman nowadays?" inquired Cornish.

"You bet. Bet those gray hairs of yours, if you like. I see them! All down one side."

"They are all down both sides, and on the top as well, my good—woman. How does your father fail to understand you?"

"Well, to begin with, he thinks it necessary to have Miss Williams, to house-keep and chaperon, and to do oddments generally—as if I couldn't run the show myself. You haven't seen Miss Williams—oh my! She has gone to Cheltenham for a holiday, for which you may thank

\* Begun in January number, 1898.

your eternal stars. She is just the sort of person who *would* go to Cheltenham. Then papa is desperately keen about my marrying. He keeps trotting likely young *partis* down here to dine and sleep—that's why you are here, I haven't a shadow of a doubt. None of the young *partis* have passed muster yet. Poor old thing, he thinks I do not see through his little schemes."

Cornish laughed, and glanced at Marguerite under the shade of his straw hat, wondering, as men have probably wondered since the ages began, how it is that women seem to begin life with as great a knowledge of the world as we manage to acquire towards the end of our experience. Marguerite made her statements with a certain careless "aplomb," and these were usually within measurable distance of the fact, whereas a youth her age, and ten years older, if he be of a didactic turn, will hold forth upon life and human nature with an ignorance of both which is positively appalling.

"Now I don't want to marry," said Marguerite, suddenly returning to her younger and more earnest manner. "What is the good of marrying?"

"What indeed," echoed Cornish.

"Well, then, if papa tackles you—about me, I mean—when he has done the *Times*—he won't say anything before, the *Times* being the first object in papa's existence, and yours very truly the second—just you choke him off—won't you?"

"I will."

"Promise."

"Promise faithfully."

"That's all right. Now tell me—is my hat on one side?"

Cornish assured her that her hat was straight, and then they talked of other things until they came to a ditch suitable for some jumping lessons, which he had promised to give her.

She was bewilderingly changeable—at one moment childlike, and in the next, very wise—now a heedless girl, and a moment later a keen woman of the world—appearing to know more of that abode of evil than she well could. Her color came and went—her very eyes seemed to change. Cornish thought of this open field which Marguerite's father had offered, and perhaps he thought of the hundred and fifty thousand pounds that lay beneath so bright a surface.

On returning to the "Ferns" they found Mr. Wade reading the *Times* in the glass-covered veranda of that eligible suburban mansion. It being a Saturday, the great banker was taking a holiday, and Cornish had arranged not to return to town until mid-day.

"Come here," shouted Mr. Wade, "and have a cigar while you read the paper."

"And remember," added Marguerite, slim and girlish in her riding-habit; "choke him off!"

She stood on the door-step, looking over her shoulder, and nodded at Cornish, her fresh lips tilted at the corner by a smile full of gayety and mysticism.

"Read that," said Mr. Wade, gravely.

But Mr. Wade was always grave—was clad in gravity and a frock-coat all his waking moments—and Cornish took up the newspaper carelessly. He stretched out his legs and lighted a cigar. Then he leisurely turned to the column indicated by his companion. It was headed, "Crisis in the Paper Trade: the Malgamite Corner."

And Tony Cornish did not raise his eyes from the printed sheet for a full ten minutes. When at length he looked up he found Mr. Wade watching him, placid and patient.

"Can't make head or tail of it," he said, with a laugh.

"I will make both head and tail of it for you," said Mr. Wade, who in his own world had a certain reputation for plain speaking. It was even said that this stout banker could tell a man to his face that he was a scoundrel with a cooler nerve than any in Lombard Street.

"What has occurred," he said, slowly folding the advertisement sheet of the *Times*, "is only what has been foreseen for a long time. The world has been degenerating into a maudlin state of sentiment for some years. The East End began it; a thousand sentimental charities have fostered the movement. Now I am a plain man—a City man, Tony, to the tips of my toes." And he stuck out a large square-toed foot. "Half of your precious charities—the societies that you and Joan Ferriby, and if you will allow me to say so, that ass Ferriby, are mixed up in—are not fraudulent, but they are pretty near it. Some people who have no right to it are putting other people's money into their pockets. It is the money of fools—a fool



and his money are soon parted, you know—but that does not make matters any better. The fools do not always part with their money for the right reason; but that also is of small importance. It is not our business if some of them do it because they like to see their names printed under the names of the royal and the great—if others do it for the mere satisfaction of being life governors of this and that institution—if others, again, head the county lists because they represent a part of that county in Parliament—if the large majority give of their surplus to charities because they are dimly aware that they are no better than they should be, and wish to take shares in a concern that will pay a dividend in the future. They know that they cannot take their money out of this world with them, so they think they had better invest some of it in what they vaguely understand to be a great limited company, with the Bishops on the board, and—I say it with all reverence—the Almighty in the chair. I would not say this to the first comer, because it would not be well received, and it is not fashionable to treat charity from a common-sense point of view. It is fashionable to send a check to this and that charity—feeling that it is charity, and therefore will be all right, and that the check will be duly placed on the credit side of the drawer's account in the heavenly books, however it may be foolishly spent or fraudulently appropriated by the payee on earth. Half a dozen of the fashionable charities are rotten, but we have not had a thorough-going swindle up to this time. We have been waiting for it—in Lombard Street. It is there. . . .”

He paused and tapped the printed columns of the *Times* with a fat and inexorable forefinger. He was, it must be remembered, a mere banker—a person in the City, where honesty is esteemed above the finer qualities of charity and beneficence, where soul and sentiment are so little known that he who of his charity giveth away another's money is held accountable for his manner of spending it.

“It is there—and you have the honor of being mixed up in it,” said Mr. Wade.

Cornish took up the paper and looked at the printed words with a vague surprise.

“There is no knowing,” went on the banker, “how the world will take it.

It is one of our greatest financial difficulties that there is never any knowing how the world will take anything. Of course we in the City are plain-going men who have no handles to our names and no time for the fashionable fads. We are only respectable, and we cannot afford to be mixed up in such a scheme as your Malgamite business.” Mr. Wade glanced at Cornish and paused a moment. He was a stolid Englishman, who had received punishment in his time, and could hit hard when he deemed that hard hitting was merciful. “It has only been a question of time. The credulity of the public is such that sooner or later a bogus charity must assuredly have followed in the wake of the thousand bogus companies that exist to-day. I only wonder that it has not come sooner. You and Ferriby and of course the women have been swindled, my dear Tony—that is the head and the tail of it.”

Cornish laughed gayly. “I dare say we have,” he admitted. “But I will be hanged if I see what it all means, now.”

“It may mean ruin to those who have anything to lose,” explained Mr. Wade, calmly. “The whole thing has been cleverly planned—one of the cleverest things of recent years—and the man who thought it out had the makings of a great financier in him. What he wanted to do was to get the Malgamite industry into his own hands. If he had formed a company and gone about it in a straightforward manner, the paper-makers of the whole world would have risen like one man and smashed him. Instead of that he moved with the times, and ran the thing as a charity—a fashionable amusement, in fact. The Malgamite industry is neither better nor worse than the other dangerous trades, and no man need go into it unless he likes. But the man who started this thing—whoever he may be—supplied that picturesqueness without which the public cannot be moved—and lo! we have an army of martyrs.”

Mr. Wade paused and jerked the ash from his cigar. He glanced at Cornish.

“No one suspected that there was anything wrong. It was plausibly put forth, and Ferriby . . . did his best for it. Then the money began to come in, and once money begins to come in for a fashionable charity, the difficulty is to stop it. I suppose it is still coming in.”

“Yes,” said Cornish. “It is still

coming in—and nobody is trying to stop it."

Mr. Wade laughed in his throat, as fat men do.

"And," he cried, sitting upright and banging his heavy fist down on the arm of his chair—"and there are millions in your Malgamite works at the Hague—millions. If it were only honest, it would be the finest monopoly the world has ever seen—for two years, but no longer. At the end of that period the paper-makers will have had time to combine and make their own stuff—then they'll smash you. But during those two years all the makers in the world will have to buy your Malgamite at the price you choose to put upon it. They have their forward contracts to fulfil—government contracts, Indian contracts, newspaper contracts. Thousands and thousands of tons of paper will have to be manufactured at a loss every week during the next two years, or they'll have to shut up their mills. Now do you see where you are?"

"Yes," answered Cornish, "I see where I am, now."

His face was drawn and his eyes hard, like those of a man facing ruin. And that which was written on his face was an old story, so old that some may not think it worth the telling; for he had found out (as all who are fortunate will sooner or later discover) that success or failure, riches or poverty, greatness or obscurity, are but small things in a man's life. Mr. Wade looked at his companion with a sort of wonder in his shrewd old face. He had seen ruined men before now—he had seen criminals convicted of their wrong-doing—he had seen old and young in adversity, and, what is more dangerous still, in prosperity—but he had never seen a young face grow old in the twinkling of an eye. The banker was only thinking of this matter as a financial crisis, in which his great skill made him take a master's delight. There must inevitably come a great crash, and Mr. Wade's interest was aroused. Cornish was realizing that the crash would of a certainty fall between himself and Dorothy.

"This thing," continued the banker, judiciously, "has not evolved itself. It is not the result of a singular chain of circumstances. It is the deliberate and careful work of one man's brain. This sort of speculative gambling comes to us

from America. It was in America that the first cotton corner was conceived. That is what the paper means when it plainly calls it the Malgamite Corner. Now, what I want to know is this—who has worked this thing?"

"Percy Roden," answered Cornish, thoughtfully. "It is Roden's Corner."

"Then Roden's a clever fellow," said the great financier. "The sort of man who will die a millionaire or a felon—there is no medium for that sort. He has conducted the thing with consummate skill—has not made a mistake yet. For I have watched him. He began well, by saying just enough and not too much. He went abroad, but not too far abroad. He avoided a suspicious remoteness. Then he bode his time with a fine patience, and at the right moment converted it quietly into a company—with a capital subscribed by the charitable—a splendid piece of audacity. I saw the announcement in the newspaper, neatly worded and issued at the precise moment when the public interest was beginning to wane, and before the thing was forgotten. People read it, and having found a new plaything—bicycles, I suppose—did not care two pins what became of the Malgamite scheme, and yet they were not left in a position to be able to say that they had never heard that the thing had been turned into a company." The banker rubbed his large soft hands together with a cynical appreciation of this misapplied skill which so few could recognize at its full value. "But," he continued, in his deliberate, practical way, as if in the course of his experience he had never yet met a difficulty which could not be overcome, "it is more our concern to think about the future. The difficulty you are in would be bad enough in itself—it is made a hundred times worse by the fact that you have a man like Roden, with all the trumps in his hand, waiting for you to throw the first card. Of course I know no details yet, but I soon shall. What seems complicated to you may appear simple enough to me. I am going to stand by you—understand that, Tony. Through thick and thin. But I am going to stand behind you. I can hit harder from there. And this is just one of those affairs with which my name must not be associated. So far as I can judge at present there seems to be only one course open to you, and that is to abandon the whole affair as quietly



and expeditiously as possible, to drop Malgamite and the hope of benefiting the Malgamite-workers once and for all."

Tony was looking at his watch. It was, it appeared, time for him to go, if he wanted to catch his train.

"No," he said, rising. "I will be damned if I do that."

Mr. Wade looked at him curiously, as one may look at a sleeper who for no apparent reason suddenly wakes and stretches himself.

"Ah!" he said, slowly, and that was all.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

##### UNSOUND.

"For this is death and the sole death,  
When a man's loss comes to him from his gain."

IF Major White was not a man of quick comprehension, he was, at all events, honest in his density. He never said that he understood when he did not do so. When he received a telegram in barracks at Dover to come up to London the next day and meet Cornish at his club at one o'clock, the Major merely said that he was in a state of condemnation, and fixing his glass very carefully into his more surprised eye, studied the thin pink paper as if it was a unique and interesting proof of the advance of the human race. In truth, Major White never sent telegrams, and rarely received them. He blew out his cheeks and said a second time that he was damned. Then he threw the telegram into a waste-paper basket, which was rarely put to so legitimate a use; for the Major never wrote letters if he could help it, and received so few that they hardly kept him supplied in pipe-lights.

He apparently had no intention of replying to Cornish's telegram, arguing very philosophically in his mind that he would go if he could, and if he could not it would not matter very much—a method of contemplating life, as a picture with a perspective to it, which may be highly recommended to fussy people who herald their paltry little comings and goings by a number of unnecessary communications.

Without, therefore, attempting a surmise as to the meaning of this summons, White took a morning train to London, and solemnly reported himself to the hall porter of a club in St. James's Street, as the well-dressed throng was leisurely returning from church.

"Mr. Cornish told me to come and have

lunch with him," he said, in his usual bald style, leaving explanations and superfluous questions to such as had time for luxuries of that description.

He was taken charge of by a button-boy whose head reached the Major's lowest waistcoat button, was deprived of his hat and stick, and practically commanded to wash his hands, to all of which he submitted under stolid and silent protest.

Then he was led up stairs, refusing absolutely to hurry, although urged most strongly thereto by the boy's example and manner of pausing a few steps higher up and looking back.

"Yes," said the Major, when he had heard Cornish's story across the table, and during the consumption of a perfectly astonishing luncheon—"yes; half the trouble in this world comes from the incapacity of the ordinary human being to mind his own business." He operated on a creamy Camembert cheese with much thoughtfulness, and then spoke again. "I should like you to tell me," he said, "what a couple of idiots like we are have to do with these confounded Malgamiters. We do not know anything about industry or workmen—or work, so far as that goes"—he paused and looked severely across the table—"especially you," he added.

Which was strictly true; for Tony Cornish was and always had been a graceful idler. He was of those unfortunate men who possess influential relatives, than which there are few heavier handicaps in that game of life where, if there be any real scoring to be done, it must be compassed off one's own bat. To follow out the same inexpensive simile, influential relatives may get a man into a crack club, but they cannot elect him to the first eleven. So Tony Cornish, who had never done anything, but had waited vaguely for something to turn up that might be worth his while to seize, had no answer ready, and only laughed gayly in his friend's face.

"The first thing we must do," he said, very wisely leaving the past to take care of itself, "is to get old Ferriby out of it."

"'Cos he is a lord?"

"Partly."

"'Cos he is an ass!" suggested White, as a plausible alternative.

"Partly—but chiefly because he is not the sort of man we want if there is going to be a fight."

A momentary light gleamed in the Major's bovine eye, but it immediately gave place to a placid interest in the Camembert.

"If there is going to be a fight," he said, "I'm on."

In which trivial remark the Major explained his whole life and mental attitude. And if the world only listened, instead of thinking what effect it is creating and what it is going to say next, it would catch men thus giving themselves away in their daily talk from morning till night. For Major White had always been "on" when there was fighting. By dint of exchanging and volunteering and asking, and generally bothering people in a thick-skinned, dull way, he always managed to get to the front, where his competitors—the handful of modern knights-errant who mean to make a career in the army, and inevitably succeed—were not afraid of him, and laughingly liked him. And the barrack-room balladists had discovered that White rhymes with Fight. And lo! another man had made a name for himself in a world that is already too full of names, so that in the paths of Fame the great must necessarily fall against each other.

After luncheon, in the smaller smoking-room, where they were alone, Cornish explained the situation at greater length to Major White, who did not even pretend to understand it.

"All I can make of it is that that loose-shouldered chap Roden is a scoundrel," he said, bluntly, from behind a great cigar, "and wants thumping; now if there's anything in that line—"

"No; but you must not tell him so," interrupted Cornish. "I wish to goodness I could make you understand that cunning can only be met by cunning, not by thumps—in these degenerate days. Old Wade has taken us by the hand, as I tell you. They come to town, by-the-way, to-morrow, and will be in Eaton Square for the rest of the season. He says that it is his business to meet the low cunning of the small solicitors and the noble army of company promoters, and it seems that he knows exactly what to do. At any rate, it is not expedient to thump Roden."

Major White shrugged his shoulders with much silent wisdom. He believed, it appeared, in thumps in face of any evidence in favor of milder methods.

"I'm deuced sorry for that girl," he said.

Cornish was lighting a cigarette. "What girl?" he asked, quietly.

"Miss Roden—chap's sister. She knows her brother is a dark horse, but she wouldn't admit it, not if you were to kill her for it. Women—" The Major paused in his great wisdom and looked at his own boots, which, it may be mentioned in passing, were just one size larger than the bootmakers usually keep in stock. "Women are a rum lot."

Which, assuredly, no one is prepared to deny.

Cornish glanced at his companion through the cigarette smoke and said nothing.

"However," continued the Major, "I am at your service. Let us have the orders."

"To-morrow," answered Cornish, "is Monday, and therefore the Ferribys will be at home. You and I are to go to Cambridge Terrace about four o'clock to see his lordship. We will scare him out of the Malgamite business. Then we will go up stairs and settle matters with Joan. Wade and Marguerite will drop in about half past four. Joan and Marguerite see a good deal of each other, you know. If we have any difficulty with my uncle, Wade will give him the *coup de grâce*, you understand. His word will have more weight than ours. We shall then settle on a plan of campaign and clear out of my aunt's drawing-room before the crowd comes."

"And you will do the talking," stipulated Major White.

"Oh yes, I will do the talking. And now I must be off. I have a lot of calls to pay, and it is getting late. You will find me here to-morrow afternoon at a quarter to four."

Whereupon Major White took his departure, to appear again the next day in good time, placid and debonair—as he had appeared in various parts of the world where things were stirring, when called upon.

They took a hansom, for the afternoon was showery, and drove through the crowded streets. Even Cambridge Terrace, usually a quiet thoroughfare, was astir with traffic, for it was the height of the season and a levee day. As the cab swung round into Cambridge Terrace, White suddenly pushed his stick up





“ ‘NINETY-NINE,’ HE SHOUTED, ‘NOT EIGHTY-NINE.’ ”

through the trap-door in the roof of the vehicle.

“Ninety-nine,” he shouted to the driver in his great voice. “Not eighty-nine.”

Then he threw himself back against the dingy blue cushions.

Cornish turned and looked at him in surprise.

“Gone off your head?” he inquired. “It is 89—you know that well enough.”

“Yes,” answered White, “I know that; but you could not see the door of 89 as I could when we came round the corner. Roden and Von Holzen are on the steps, coming out.”

“Roden and Von Holzen in England?”

“Not only in England,” said White, placidly, “but in Cambridge Terrace. And”—he paused, seeking a suitable remark among his small selection of conversational remnants—“and the fat is in the fire.”

The cab had now stopped at the door of No. 99. And if Roden or Von Holzen, walking leisurely down Cambridge Terrace, had turned during the next few moments, he would have seen a stationary hansom-cab with a large round face, like a pink harvest-moon, rising cautiously over the roof of it, watching them.

When the coast was clear, Cornish and White walked back to No. 89. Lord Ferriby was at home, and they were ushered into his study, an apartment which, like many other things appertaining to his lordship, was calculated to convey an erroneous impression. There were books upon the tables—the lives of great and good men. Pamphlets relating to charitable matters, missionary matters, and a thousand schemes for the amelioration of the human lot, here and hereafter, lay about in profusion. This was obviously the den of a great philanthropist.

His lordship presently appeared, carrying a number of voting papers, which he threw carelessly on the table. He was, it seemed, a subscriber to many institutions for the blind, the maimed, and the halt.

"Ah!" he said, "I generally get through my work in the morning, but I find myself behindhand to-day. It is wonderful," he added, directing his conversation and his benevolent gaze towards White, "how busy an idle man may be."

"M—m—yes!" answered the Major, with his stolid stare.

Cornish broke what threatened to be an awkward silence by referring at once to the subject in hand.

"It seems," he began, "that this Malgamite scheme is not what we took it to be."

Lord Ferriby looked surprised and slightly scandalized. Could it be possible for a fashionable charity to be anything but what it appeared to be? In his eyes, wandering from one face to the other, there lurked the question as to whether they had seen Roden and Von Holzen quit his door a minute earlier. But no reference was made to those two gentlemen, and Lord Ferriby, who, as a chairman of many boards, was a master of the art of conciliation and the decent closing of both eyes to unsightly facts, received Cornish's suggestion with a polite and avuncular pooh-pooh.

"We must not," he said, soothingly, "allow our judgment to be hastily affected by the ill-considered statements of the—er—newspapers. Such statements, my dear Anthony—and you, Major White—are, I may tell you, only what we, as the pioneers of a great movement, must be prepared to expect. I saw the article in the *Times* to which you refer—indeed, I read it most carefully, as, in my capacity

of chairman of this—eh—char—that is to say, company, I was called upon to do. And I formed the opinion that the mind of the writer was—eh—warped."

Lord Ferriby smiled sadly, and gave a final wave of the hand as if to indicate that the whole matter lay in a nutshell, and that nutshell under his lordship's heel.

"Warped or not," answered Cornish, "the man says that we have formed ourselves into a company, which company is bound to make huge profits, and those profits are naturally assumed to find their way into our pockets."

"My dear Anthony," replied the chairman, with a laugh which was almost a cackle, "the laborer is worthy of his hire."

Which misapplied axiom is likely to become the *dernier cri* of the overpaid throughout all the ages.

"Even if we contradict the statement," pursued Cornish, with a sudden coldness in his manner, "the contradiction will probably fail to reach many of the readers of this article, and as matters at present stand I do not see that we are in a position to contradict."

"My dear Anthony," answered Lord Ferriby, turning over his papers with a preoccupied air, as if the question under discussion only called for a small share of his attention—"My dear Anthony, the money was subscribed for the amelioration of the lot of the Malgamite-workers. We have not only ameliorated their lot, but we have elevated them morally and physically. We have far exceeded our promises, and the subscribers, who, after all, take a small interest in the matter, have every reason to be satisfied that their money has been applied to the purpose for which they intended it. They were kind enough to intrust us with the financial arrangements. The concern is a private one, and it is the business of no one—not even of the *Times*—to inquire into the method which we think well to adopt for the administration of the Malgamite Fund. If the subscribers had no confidence in us they surely would not have given the management unreservedly into our hands."

Lord Ferriby spread out the limbs in question with an easy laugh. Has not a greater than any of us said that a man "may smile, and smile, and be a villain"?



A silence followed, which was almost, but not quite, broken by the Major, who took his glass from his eye, examined it very carefully, as if wondering how it had been made, and replacing it with a deep sigh, sat staring at the opposite wall.

"Then you are not disposed to withdraw your name from the concern?" asked Cornish.

"Most certainly not — my dear Anthony. What have the Malgamiters done that I should, so to speak, abandon them at the first difficulty which has presented itself?"

"And what about the profits?" inquired Cornish, bluntly.

"Mr. Roden is our paid secretary. He understands the financial situation, which is rather a complicated one. We may, I think, leave such details to him. And if I may suggest it (I may perhaps rightly lay claim to a somewhat larger experience in charitable finances than either of you), I should recommend a strict reticence on this matter. We are not called upon to answer idle questions, I think. And if — well — if the laborer is found worthy of his hire — buy yourself a new hat, my dear Anthony. Buy yourself a new hat."

Cornish rose and looked at his watch.

"I wonder if Joan will give us a cup of tea?" he said. "We might, at all events, go up and try."

"Certainly — certainly. And I will follow when I have finished my work. And do not give the matter another thought — either of you — eh!"

"He's been got at," said Major White to his companion as they walked up stairs together, as if Lord Ferriby was a jockey or some common person of that sort. "He's been got at."

#### CHAPTER XV.

##### PLAIN SPEAKING.

"Il est rare que la tête des rois soit faite à la mesure de leur couronne."

"WHAT I want is something to eat," Miss Marguerite Wade confided in an undertone to Tony Cornish, a few minutes later in Lady Ferriby's drawing-room. She said this with a little glance of amusement, as Cornish stood before her with two plates of biscuits which certainly did not promise much sustenance.

"Then," answered Cornish, "you have come to the wrong house."

Marguerite kept him waiting while she arranged biscuits in her saucer. He set the plates aside and returned to her in answer to her tacit order, conveyed by laying one hand on a vacant chair by her side. Marguerite was in the midst of that brief period of a woman's life wherein she dares to state quite clearly what she wants.

"Why don't you marry Joan?" she asked, eating a biscuit with a fine young optimism which almost implied that things sometimes taste as nice as they look.

"Why don't you marry Major White?" retorted Tony, and Marguerite turned and looked at him gravely.

"For a man," she said, "that wasn't so dusty. So few men have any eyes in their head, you know." And she thoughtfully finished the biscuits.

"I think I'll go back to the bread-and-butter," she said. "It's the last time Lady Ferriby will ask me to stay to tea, so I may as well be hanged for — threepence as three farthings. And I think I will be more careful with you in future. For a man, you are rather sharp."

And she looked at him doubtfully.

"When you get to my age," replied Tony, "you will have arrived at the conclusion that the whole world is sharper than one took it to be. It does not do to think that the world is blind. It is better not to care whether it sees or not."

"Women cannot afford to do that," returned Marguerite, with the accumulated wisdom of nearly a score of years. "Oh hang!" she added a moment later, under her breath, as she perceived Joan and Major White coming towards them.

"I have a letter for you," said Joan. "enclosed in one I received this morning from Mrs. Vansittart at the Hague. She is not coming to the Haberdashers' Assistants' Ball, and this is, I suppose, in answer to the card you sent her. She explains that she did not know your address."

And Joan looked at him with a queer glance for a moment. Cornish took the letter but did not ask permission to open it. He held it in his hand and asked Joan a question:

"Did you see Saturday's *Times*?"

"Yes, of course I did," she answered, earnestly; "and of course, if it is true, you will all wash your hands of the whole affair, I suppose. I was talking to Mr.

Wade about it. He, however, placed both sides of the question before me in about ten words, and left me to take my choice—which I am incompetent to do.”

“Papa doesn’t understand women,” put in Marguerite.

“Understands money, though,” retorted Major White, looking at her in somewhat severe astonishment, as if he had been hitherto unaware that she could speak. Marguerite took the rebuff with demurely closed lips, a probable indication that the only retort she could think of was hardly fit for enunciation.

Then Cornish drifted out of the conversation, and presently moved away to the window, where he took the opportunity of opening Mrs. Vansittart’s letter. Mr. Wade, near at hand, was explaining good-naturedly to Lady Ferriby that with the best will in the world, five per cent. and perfect safety are not to be obtained nowadays.

“Mon Ami,” wrote Mrs. Vansittart in French, “I take a daily promenade after coffee in the Oude Weg. I sit on the bench where you sat, and more often than not I see the sight that you saw. I am not a sentimental woman, but, after all, one has a heart, and this is a pitiful affair. Also, I have obtained from a reliable source the information that the new system of manufacture is more deadly than the old, which I have long suspected, and which I believe has passed through your mind as well. You and I went into this thing without le bon motif—but Providence is dealing out fresh hands, and you, at all events, hold cards that call for careful and bold playing. My friend, throw your Haberdashers over the wall, and act without delay. E. V.”

She enclosed a formal refusal of the invitation to the Haberdashers’ Assistants’ Ball.

Major White was not a talkative man, and towards Joan in particular his attitude was one of silent wonder. Instead of talking to her he preferred to stand a little way off and look at her. And if, at these moments, the keen observer could detect any glimmer of expression on his face, that glimmer seemed to express abject abasement before a creation that could produce anything so puzzling, so interesting, so absolutely beautiful—as Joan. Cornish, seeing White engaged in his favorite pastime, took him by the arm and led him to the window.

“Read that,” he said, “and then burn it.”

“Of course,” Joan was saying to Marguerite, as he joined them, “there are, as your father says, two sides to the question. If papa and Tony and Major White withdraw their names and abandon the poor Malgamiters now, there will be no help for the miserable wretches. They will all drift back to the cheaper and more poisonous way of making Malgamite. And such a thing would be a blot upon our civilization—wouldn’t it, Tony?”

Marguerite nodded an airy acquiescence. She was watching Major White—that great strategist—tear up Mrs. Vansittart’s letter and throw it into the fire, with a deliberate non-concealment, which was perhaps superior to any subterfuge. The Major joined the group.

“That is the view that I take of it,” answered Tony.

“And what do *you* say?” asked Joan, turning upon the Major.

“I—? Oh, nothing!” replied that soldier, with perfect truthfulness.

“Then what are you going to do?” asked Joan, who was practical, and, like many practical people, rather given to hasty action.

“We are going to stick to the Malgamiters,” replied Tony, quietly.

“Through thick and thin?” inquired Marguerite, buttoning her glove.

“Yes—through thick and thin.”

Both girls looked at Major White, who stolidly returned their gaze, and appeared, as usual, to have no remark to offer. He was saved, indeed, from all effort in that direction by the advent of Lord Ferriby, who entered the room with more than his usual importance. He carried an open letter in his hand, and seemed by his manner to demand the instant attention of the whole party. There are some men and a few women who live for the multitude, and are not content with the attention of one or two persons only. And surely these have their reward, for the attention of the multitude, however pleasant it may be while it lasts, is singularly short-lived, and there is nothing more pitiful to watch than the effort to catch it when it has wandered.

“Eh—er,” began his lordship, and everybody paused to listen. “I have here a letter from our clerk at the Malgamite office in Great George Street. It appears that there are a number of per-



sons there—paper-makers, I understand—who insist upon seeing us, and refuse to leave the premises until they have done so.”

Lord Ferriby's manner indicated quite clearly his pity for these persons who had proved themselves capable of such a shocking breach of good manners.

“One hardly knows what to do,” he said, not meaning, of course, that his words should be taken *au pied de la lettre*. His hearers, he obviously felt, assuredly knew him better than to imagine that he was really at a loss. “It is difficult to deal with—er—persons of this description. What do you propose that we should do?” he inquired, turning, as if by instinct, to Cornish.

“Go and see them,” was the reply.

“But, my dear Anthony, such a crisis should be dealt with by Mr. Roden, whom one may regard as our—er—financial adviser.”

“But as Roden is not here, we must do without his assistance. Perhaps Mr. Wade would consent to act as our financial adviser on this occasion,” suggested Cornish.

“I'll go with you,” replied the banker, “and hear what they have to say, if you like. But of course I can take no part in anything in the nature of a controversy, and of course my name must not be mentioned.”

“Incognito,” suggested Lord Ferriby, with a forced laugh.

“Yes—incognito,” returned the banker, gravely.

The Major attracted general attention to himself by muttering something inaudible, which he was urged to repeat.

“Doocid decent of Mr. Wade,” he said, a second time. And that seemed to settle the matter, for they all moved towards the door.

“Leave the carriage for me,” cried Marguerite over the banisters as her father descended the stairs. “Seems to me,” she added to Joan in an undertone, “that the Malgamite scheme is up a gum-tree.”

At the little office of the Malgamite Fund the directors of that fashionable charity found four gentlemen seated upon the chairs usually grouped round the table where the ball committee or the bazar subcommittees held their sittings. One who appeared to be what Lord Ferriby afterwards described, more in sor-

row than in anger, as the ringleader, was a red-haired, brown-bearded Scotchman, with square shoulders and his head set thereon in a manner indicative of advanced radical opinions. The second in authority was a mild-mannered man with a pale face and a drooping, sparse mustache. He had a gentle eye, and lips forever parting in a mildly argumentative manner. The other two paper-makers appeared to be foreigners.

“A'hm thenking—” began the mild man in a long drawl, but he was promptly overpowered by his fellow-countryman, who nodded curtly to Mr. Wade, and said,

“Lord Ferriby?”

“No,” answered the banker, calmly.

“That is my name,” said the chairman of the Malgamite Fund, with his finger in his watch-chain.

The russet gentleman looked at him with a fierce blue eye.

“Then, sir,” he said, “we'll come to business. For it's on business that we've come. My friend, Mr. MacHewlett, is, like myself, in charge of one of the biggest mills in the country; here's Mossier Delmont, of the great mill at Clermont-Ferrand, and Mr. Meyer, from Germany. My own name's a plain one—like myself—but an honest one;—it's John Thompson.”

Lord Ferriby bowed, and Major White looked at John Thompson with a placid interest, as if he felt glad of this opportunity of meeting one of the Thompson family.

“And we've come to ask you to be so good as to explain your position as regards Malgamite. What are ye, anyway?”

“My dear sir,” began Lord Ferriby, with one hand upraised in mild expostulation, “let us be a little more conciliatory in our manner. We are, I am sure (I speak for myself and my fellow-directors, whom you see before you), most desirous of avoiding any unpleasantness, and we are ready to give you all the information in our power, when”—he paused, and waved a graceful hand—“when you have proved your right to demand such information.”

“Our right is that of representatives of a great trade. We four men that have been deputed to see you on the matter have at our backs no less than eight thousand employés—honest, hard-workin' men, whose bread you are taking out of their



"HE WAS FOLLOWED DOWN THE STAIRS BY THE PAPER-MAKERS."

mouths. We are not afraid of the ordinary vicissitudes of commerce. If ye had quietly worked this monopoly in fair competition, we should have known how to meet ye. But ye come before the world as philanthropists, and ye work a great monopoly under the guise of doin' a good work. It was a dirty thing to do."

Lord Ferriby shrugged his shoulders. "My dear sir," he said, "you fail to grasp the situation. We have given our time and attention to the grievances of these poor men, whose lot it has been our earnest endeavor to ameliorate. You are

speaking, my dear sir, to men who represent, not eight thousand employés, but who represent something greater than they, namely, charity."

"A'hm thenking—" began Mr. Mac-Hewlett, plaintively, and the very richness of his accents secured a breathless attention. "Damn charity!" he concluded, abruptly. And Major White looked upon him in solid approval, as upon a plain-spoken man after his own heart.

"And we," said Mr. Thompson, "represent commerce, which was in the world before charity, and will be there after it,



if charity is going to be handled by such as you."

There was, it appeared, no possibility of pacifying these irate paper-makers, whose plainness of speech was positively painful to ears so polite as those of Lord Ferriby. A Scotchman, hard hit in his tenderest spot, namely, the pocket, is not a person to mince words, and Lord Ferriby was for the moment silenced by the stormy attack of Mr. Thompson, and the sly, plaintive hits of his companion. But the chairman of the Malgamite Fund would not give way, and only repeated his assurances of a desire to conciliate, which desire took the form only of words, and must, therefore, have been doubly annoying to angry men. To him who wants war there is nothing more insulting than feeble offers of peace. Major White expressed his readiness to fight Messrs. Thompson and MacHewlett at one and the same time on the landing, but this suggestion was not well received.

Upon two of the listeners no word was lost, and Mr. Wade and Cornish knew that the paper-makers had right upon their side.

Quite suddenly Mr. Thompson's manner changed, and he glanced towards the door to see that it was closed.

"Then it's a matter of paying," he said to his companions. Turning towards Lord Ferriby, he spoke in a voice that sounded more contemptuous than angry.

"We're plain business men," he said. "What's your price—you and these other gentlemen?"

"I have no price," answered Cornish, meeting the angry blue eyes and speaking for the first time.

"And mine is too high—for plain business men," added Major White, with a slow smile.

"Seeing that you're a lord," said Thompson, addressing the chairman again, "I suppose it's a matter of thousands. Name your figure and be done with it."

Lord Ferriby took the insult in quite a different spirit from that displayed by his two co-directors. He was pale with anger, and spluttered rather incoherently. Then he took up his hat and stick and walked with much dignity to the door.

He was followed down the stairs by the paper-makers, Mr. Thompson making use of language that was decidedly bespattered with "wingèd words," while Mr. MacHewlett detailed his own thoughts

in a plaintive monotone. Lord Ferriby got rather hastily into a hansom and drove away.

"There is nothing for it," said Mr. Wade to Cornish, in the gay little office above the Ladies' Tea Association—"there is nothing for it but to run Roden's Corner yourself."

## CHAPTER XVI.

### DANGER.

"The first and worst of all frauds is to cheat one's self."

PERCY RODEN was possessed of that love of horses which, like sentiment, crops up in strange places. He had never been able to indulge this taste beyond the doubtful capacities of the livery-stable. He found, however, that at the Hague he could hire a good saddle-horse, which discovery was made with suspicious haste after learning the fact that Mrs. Vansittart occasionally indulged in the exercise that his soul loved.

Mrs. Vansittart said that she rode because one has to take exercise, and riding is the laziest method of fulfilling one's obligations in this respect.

"I don't like horsy women," she said; "and I cannot understand how my sex has been foolish enough to believe that any woman looks her best, or, indeed, looks anything but her worst, in the saddle."

There is a period in the lives of most men when they are desirous of extending their knowledge of the surrounding country on horseback, on a bicycle, on foot, or even on their hands and knees, if such journeys may be accomplished in the company of a certain person. Percy Roden was at this period, and he soon discovered that there are tulip-farms in the neighborhood of the Hague. A tulip-farm may serve its purpose as well as ever did a ruin or a waterfall in more picturesque countries than Holland; for, indeed, during the last weeks in April and the early half of May these fields of waving yellow, pink, and red are worth travelling many miles to see. As for Mrs. Vansittart, it may be said of her as of the rest of her sex under similar circumstances, that it suited her purpose to say that she would like nothing better than to visit the tulip-farms.

Roden's suggestion included breakfast at the Villa des Dunes, whither Mrs. Vansittart drove in her habit, while her sad-

dle-horse was to follow later. Dorothy welcomed her readily enough, with, however, a queer reserve at the back of her gray eyes. A woman is, it appears, ready to forgive much if love may be held out as an excuse; but Dorothy did not believe that Mrs. Vansittart had any love for Percy; indeed, she shrewdly suspected that all that part of this woman's life belonged to the past, and would remain there until the end of her existence. There are few things more astonishing to the close observer of human nature than the accuracy and rapidity with which one woman will sum up another.

"You are not in your habit," said Mrs. Vansittart, seating herself at the breakfast table. "You are not to be of the party?"

"No," answered Dorothy. "I have never had the opportunity or the inclination to ride."

"Ah, I know," laughed the elder woman. "Horses are old-fashioned, and only dowagers drive in a barouche to-day. I suppose you ride a bicycle, or would do so in any country but Holland, where the roads make that craze a madness. I must be content with my old-fashioned horse. If, in moving with the times, one's movements are apt to be awkward, it is better to be left behind—is it not, Mr. Roden?"

Roden's glance expressed what he did not care to say in the presence of a third person. When a woman whose every movement is graceful speaks of awkwardness, she assuredly knows her ground.

Mrs. Vansittart, moreover, showed clearly enough that she was on the safe side of forty by quite a number of years when it came to settling herself in the saddle and sitting her fresh young horse.

"Which way?" she inquired, when they reached the canal.

"Not that way, at all events," answered Roden, for his companion had turned her horse's head toward the Malgamite works. He spoke with a laugh that was not pleasant to the ears, and a queer look passed through Mrs. Vansittart's dark eyes. She glanced across the yellow sand hills, where the works were effectually concealed by the rise and fall of the wind-swept land, from whence came no sign of human life, and only at times, when the north wind blew, a faint and not unpleasant odor, like the smell of sealing-wax. For all that the world

knew of the Malgamite-workers, they might have been a colony of lepers.

"You speak," said Mrs. Vansittart, "as if you were a failure, instead of a brilliant success. I think"—she paused for a moment, as if the thought was a real one and not a mere conversational convenience, as are the thoughts of most people—"that the cream of social life consists of the cheery failures."

"I have no faith in my own luck," answered Percy Roden, gloomily, whose world was a narrow one, consisting as it did of himself and his bank-book. Moreover, most men draw aside readily enough the curtain that should hide the world in which they live, whereas women take their stand before their curtain and talk, and talk—of other things. Mrs. Vansittart had never for a moment been mistaken in her estimate of her companion, of—as he considered himself—her lover. She had absolutely nothing in common with him. She was a physically lazy, but a mentally active woman, whose thoughts ran to abstract matters so persistently that they brought her to the verge of abstraction itself. Percy Roden, on the other hand, would, with better health, have been an athlete. In his youth he had overtaxed his strength on the football-field. When he took up a newspaper now he read the money column first and the sporting items next. Mrs. Vansittart glanced at neither of these, and as often as not contented herself with the advertisements of new books, passing idly over the news of the world with a heedless eye. She, at all events, avoided the mistake common to men and women of a journalistic generation, of allowing themselves to be vastly perturbed over events in far countries, which can in no way affect their lives.

Roden, on the other hand, took a certain broad interest in the progress of the world, but only watched the daily procession of events with the discriminating eye of a business man. He kept his eye, in a word, on the main chance, as on a small golden thread woven in the gray tissue of the world's history.

It was easy enough to make him talk of himself and of the Malgamite scheme.

"And you must admit that you are a success, you know," said Mrs. Vansittart. "I see your quiet gray carts, full of little square boxes, passing up Park Straat to the railway station in a procession every day."



"Yes," admitted Roden. "We are doing a large business."

He was willing to allow Mrs. Vansittart to suppose that he was a rich man, for he was shrewd enough to know that the affections, like all else in this world, are purchasable.

"And there is no reason," suggested Mrs. Vansittart, "why you should not go on doing a large business, as you say your method of producing Malgamite is an absolute secret."

"Absolute."

"And the process is preserved in your memory only?" asked the lady, with a little glance towards him which would have awakened the vanity of wiser men than Percy Roden.

"Not in my memory," he answered. "It is very long and technical, and I have other things to think of. It is in Von Holzen's head, which is a better one than mine."

"And suppose Herr von Holzen should fall down and die, or be murdered, or something dramatic of that sort — what would happen?"

"Ah," answered Roden, "we have a written copy of it, written in Hebrew, in our small safe at the works, and only Von Holzen and I have the keys of the safe."

Mrs. Vansittart laughed. "It sounds like a romance," she said. She pulled up and sat motionless in the saddle for a few moments.

"Look at that line of sea," she said, "on the horizon. What a wonderful blue!"

"It is always dark like that with an east wind," replied Roden, practically. "We like to see it dark."

Mrs. Vansittart turned and looked at him interrogatively, her mind only half weaned from the thoughts which he never understood.

"Because we know that the smell of Malgamite will be blown out to sea," he explained, and she gave a little nod of comprehension.

"You think of everything," she said, without enthusiasm.

"No—I only think of you," he answered, with a little laugh, which, indeed, was his method of making love.

For fear of Mrs. Vansittart laughing at him, he laughed at love—a very common form of cowardice. She smiled and said nothing, thus tacitly allowing him, as she had allowed him before, to assume that she was not dis-

pleased. She knew that in love he was the incarnation of caution, and would only venture so far as she encouraged him to come. She had him, in a word, thoroughly in hand. They rode on, talking of other things, and Roden, having sped his shaft, seemed relieved in mind, and had plenty to say—about himself. A man's interests are himself, and Malgamite naturally formed a large part of Roden's conversation. Mrs. Vansittart encouraged him with a singular persistency to talk of this interesting product.

"It is wonderful," she said. "Quite wonderful."

"Well—hardly that," he answered, slowly, as if there was something more to be said, which he did not say.

"And I do not give so much credit to Herr von Holzen as you suppose," added Mrs. Vansittart, carelessly. "Some day you will have to fulfil your promise of taking me over the works."

Roden did not answer. He was perhaps wondering when he had made the promise to which his companion referred.

"Shall we go home that way?" asked Mrs. Vansittart, whose experience of the world had taught her that deliberate and steady daring in social matters usually succeeds. "We might have a splendid gallop along the sands at low tide, and then ride up quietly through the dunes. I take a certain interest in—well—in your affairs, and you have never even allowed me to look at the outside of the Malgamite works."

"Should like to know the extent of your interest," muttered Roden, with his awkward laugh.

"I dare say you would," replied Mrs. Vansittart, coolly. "But that is not the question. Here we are at the cross-roads. Shall we go home by the sands and the dunes?"

"If you like," answered Roden, not too graciously.

According to his lights he was honestly in love with Mrs. Vansittart, but Percy Roden's lights were not brilliant, and his love was not a very high form of that little-known passion. It lacked, for instance, unselfishness, and love that lacks unselfishness is, at its best, a sorry business. He was afraid of ridicule. His vanity would not allow him to risk a rebuff. His was that faintness of heart which is all too common, and owes its



"ANY OTHER DAY, MADAME."



ignoble existence to a sullen vanity. He wanted to be sure that Mrs. Vansittart loved him before he betrayed more than a half-contemptuous admiration for her. Who knows that he was not dimly aware of his own inferiority, and thus feared to venture?

The tide was low, as Mrs. Vansittart had foreseen, and they galloped along the hard, flat sands towards Scheveningen, where a few clumsy fishing-boats lay stranded. Far out at sea others plied their trade, tacking to and fro over the banks where the fish congregate. The sky was clear, and the deep-colored sea flashed here and there beneath the sun. Objects near and far stood out in the clear air with a startling distinctness. It was a fresh May morning, when it is good to be alive, and better to be young.

Mrs. Vansittart rode a few yards ahead of her companion, with a set face and deep calculating eyes. When they came within sight of the tall chimney of the pumping-station, it was she who led the way across the dunes.

"Now," she suddenly inquired, pulling up and turning in her saddle, "where are your works? It seems that one can never discover them."

Roden passed her and took the lead. "I will take you there, since you are so anxious to go—if you will tell me why you wish to see the works," he said.

"I should like to know," she answered, with averted eyes and a set deliberation, "where and how you spend so much of your time."

"I believe you are jealous of the Malgamite works," he said, with his curt laugh.

"Perhaps I am," she admitted, without meeting his glance, and Roden rode ahead, with a gleam of satisfaction in his heavy eyes.

So Mrs. Vansittart found herself within the gates of the Malgamite works, riding quietly on the silent sand, at the heels of Roden's horse.

The workmen's dinner-bell had rung as they approached, and now the factories were deserted, while within the cottages the mid-day meal occupied the full attention of the voluntary exiles. For the directors had found it necessary, in the interests of all concerned, to bind the workers by a solemn contract never to leave the precincts of the works without permission.

Roden did not speak, but led the way across an open space, now filled with carts, which were to be loaded during the day in readiness for an early despatch on the following morning. Mrs. Vansittart followed without asking questions. She was prepared to content herself with a very cursory visit.

They had not progressed thirty yards from the entrance-gate, which Roden had opened with a key attached to his watch-chain, when the door of one of the cottages moved, and Von Holzen appeared. He was hatless, and came out into the sunshine rather hurriedly.

"Ah, madame," he said. "You honor us beyond our merits."

And he stood, smiling gravely, in front of Mrs. Vansittart's horse. She surreptitiously touched the animal with her heel, but Von Holzen checked its movement by laying his hand on the bridle.

"Alas!" he said. "It happens to be our mixing day, and the factories are hermetically closed while the process goes forward. Any other day, madame, that your fancy brings you over the dunes, I should be delighted—but not to-day. I tell you frankly there is danger. You surely would not run into it." He looked up at her with his searching gaze.

"Ah! You think it easy to frighten me, Herr von Holzen," she cried, with a little laugh.

"No, but I would not for the world that you should unwittingly run any risks in this dull place."

As he spoke he led the horse quietly to the gate, and Mrs. Vansittart, seeing her helplessness, submitted with a good grace. Roden made no comment and followed, not ill pleased, perhaps, at this simple solution of his difficulty.

Von Holzen did not refer to the incident until late in the evening, when Roden was leaving the works.

"This is too serious a time," he said, "to let women, or vanity, interfere in our plans. You know that the deaths are on the increase. Anything in the nature of an inquiry at this time would mean ruin and—perhaps worse. Be careful of that woman. I sometimes think that she is fooling you." "But I think," he added to himself when the gate was closed behind Roden, "that I can fool her."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## FREE WILL?

BY WILLIAM REED HUNTINGTON.

EASTWARD the vessel plunged; her high-flung spray  
A trysting-place for rainbows; every thrill  
And throb of the huge monster winning still  
For the tossed cloud some newly broken ray  
From the cold sunshine of that Autumn day;  
Type, thought I, of the phantasies which fill  
These hearts of ours, persuading that "I will"  
Is somewhat other than plain "I obey."

Then, ere the prow had scaled another ridge,  
Murmuring, "At least this deck's length must be free,"  
And thinking to pique Fate by counter-choice,  
Westward I walked, but Fate still conquered me;  
"Due East!" the captain thundered from the bridge.  
"Due East it is, sir," came the steersman's voice.

## THE CURSED PATOIS.

BY MARY HARTWELL CATHERWOOD

AS his boat shot to the camp dock of beach stones, the camper thought he heard a child's voice behind the screen of brush. He leaped out and drew the boat to its landing upon a cross-piece held by two uprights in the water, and ascended the steep path worn in leaf mould.

There was not only a child, there was a woman also in the camp. And Frank Puttany, his German feet planted outward in a line, his smiling dark face unctuous with hospitality towards creatures whom he had evidently introduced, in foolish helplessness gave his partner the usual greeting:

"Vell, Prowny."

"Hello, Puttany. Visitors?"

Brown pulled off his cap to the woman. She was pretty, with eyes like a deer's, with white teeth showing between her parted scarlet lips, and much curling hair pinned up and blowing over her ears. She had the rich tint of a quarter-breed, lightened in her case by a constant suffusion which gave her the steady color of a wild rose. She was dressed in a mixture of patches, but all were fitted to her perfect shape with a Parisian elegance sensed even by backwoodsmen. Pressed against her knee stood the dirtiest and chubbiest four-year-old child on the borders of Brevoort Lake—perhaps the dirtiest on the

north shore of Michigan. The Indian mixed with his French had been improved on by the sun until he was of a brick redness and hardness of flesh; a rosy-meated thing, like a good muskalonge. Brown suddenly remembered the pair. They were Joe La France's wife and child. Joe La France was dead. Puttany had recently told him that Joe La France left a widow and a baby without shelter, and without relations nearer than Canada.

After greeting Brown the guest resumed her seat on one of the camp-chairs, a box worn smooth by much use, having a slit cut in the top through which the hand could be thrust to lift it.

The camp, in a small clearing, consisted of two tents, both of the wedge-shaped kind. The sleeping-tent was nearly filled by the bed it contained; and this, lifted a few inches above the ground on pole supports, was of browse or brush and straw, covered with blankets. A square canopy of mosquito-netting protected it. The cooking-tent had a foundation of logs and a canvas top. The floor was of pure white sand. Boxes like lockers were stored under the eaves to hold food, and in one corner a cylindrical camp-stove with an oven thrust its pipe through a tinny hole in the roof. Plenty of iron skillets, kettles, and pans hung above the lockers on pegs in the logs; and the camp





"WHAT HAVE YOU BROUGHT THESE CURSED PATOIS INTO CAMP FOR?"



dinner service of white ware, black-handled knives and forks, and metal spoons, neatly washed, stood on a table. Jess, the Scotch collie, who was always left to guard the tents in their owners' absence, sat at her usual post within the door; and she and Brown exchanged repressed growls at the strangers. Jess, being freed from her chain, trotted at his heels when he went back to the beach to clean fish for supper. She sat and watched his deft and work-hardened hands as he dipped and washed and drew and scaled his spoil. He was a clean-skinned, blue-eyed Canadian Irishman, well made and sinewy, bright and open of countenance. His blond hair clung in almost flaxen tendrils to his warm forehead. No ill-nature was visible about him, yet he turned like a man in fierce self-defence on his partner, who followed Jess and stood also watching him.

"Puttany, you fool! what have you brought these cursed patois into camp for?"

"Joe La France vas my old pardner," softly pleaded the German.

"Damn you, man, we can't start an orphan-asylum and widows' home! We'll get a bad name at the hotels. The real good people won't have us for guides."

"She told me in Allanville she had no place to stay. She did not know what to do. At the old voman's, where Joe put her, they have need of her bed. The old voman is too poor to keep her any more."

"I'd have done just what you did; that's what makes me so mad. How long is she going to stay?"

"I don't know," sheepishly responded his partner.

"A Dutchman ought to have more sense than to load up with a lot of cursed patois. Nothing but French and Indian! We'll have to put the precious dears in the sleeping-tent, and bunk down ourselves with blankets in the other. Did you air the blankets good this morning, Frank?"

"They vos vell aired."

"You're a soft mark, Frank! One of us will have to marry Joe La France's widow—that's what it will come to!" Brown slapped the water in violent disgust, but Puttany blushed a dark and modest red.

Men of their class rarely have vision or any kind of foresight. They live in the present and plan no farther than

their horizon, being, like children, overpowered by visible things. But the Irish Canadian had lived many lives as lake sailor and lumberman, and he had a shrewd eye and quick humor. It was he who had devised the conveniences of the camp, and who delicately and skilfully prepared the meals so that the two fared like epicures; while Puttany did the scullery-work, and was superior only at deer-stalking.

The perfume of coffee presently sifted abroad, and the table was brought out and set under the evening sky. Lockers gave up their store of bread and pastry made by the capable hands of the camp housekeeper. The woman, their guest, sat watching him move from cook-tent to table, and Puttany lounged on the dog-kennel, whittling a stick.

"Frank," said his partner, with sudden authority, "you take the kid down to the water and scrub him."

"All over?" whispered Puttany, in confusion.

"No—just his hands and top. Supper is ready to put on."

The docile mother heard her child yelling and blubbing under generous douches while nurse's duty was performed by one of her entertainers, and she smiled in proof that her faith was grounded on their righteousness. She was indeed a mere girl. Her short scarlet upper lip showed her teeth with piquant innocence. As much a creature of the woods as a doe, her lot had been that primitive struggle which knows nothing about the amenities and proprieties of civilization. This Brown could clearly see, and he addressed her with the same protecting patronage he would have used with the child.

"What's your kid's name?"

"Grégoire, but he call himself Gougou. Me, I am Françoise La France."

"Yes, I know that. You have had a hard time since Joe died."

"I been anxion"—she clasped her hands and looked pleadingly at him—"I been very anxion!"

"Well, you're all right now."

"You let me do de mend'? I can sew. I use' learn to sew when I have t'ing to sew on."

"Jerusalem! look at them shirts on the line! We have more clothes to sew on than any dude at the hotels. And if that isn't enough, I'll make Puttany strip



and stay in the brush while you do his clothes."

Françoise widened her smile.

"I've been thinking we'll have to build you a house right over there." Her entertainer indicated the shore behind her.

"Oppos'?" exclaimed Françoise, turning with pleased interest. Even in her husband's lifetime little thought had ever been taken for her.

"Yes, directly opposite. We can fix it up snug like our winter camp at the other end of the lake."

"Have you two camp?"

"Yes—a winter camp and a summer camp. But we have staid comfortably here in the cook-tent until the thermometer went fourteen degrees below zero. We'll sleep in it till we get your house done, and you can take the tent. If there are no parties wanting guides, we might as well begin it in the morning."

"But," faltered Françoise, "afterw'iles when de ice is t'ick, and you go to de hudder camp—"

"Oh, we'll take care of you," he promised. "You and Gougou will go with us. We couldn't leave you on this side."

"In de dark nights," shuddered Françoise.

"You needn't be afraid, any time. When we are off during the day we always leave Jess and Jim to guard the camp. Jess is a Scotch collie and Jim is a blood-hound. He's there in the kennel. Neither man nor varmint would have any chance with them."

"I been use' to live alone when my husban' is away, M'sieu' Brownee. I not 'fraid like you t'ink. But if Gougou be cold and hongry."

"Now that's enough," said Brown, with gentle severity. "Gougou will never be cold and hungry again while there's a stick of wood to be cut on the shores of this lake, or any game to bag, or a 'lunge to spear through the ice. We get about two days' lumbering a week down by St. Ignace. No use to work more than two days a week," he explained, jocosely. "That gives us enough to live on; and everybody around here owes us from fifty to a hundred dollars back pay for work, anyhow. I've bought this ground, twenty acres of it, and another year I'm going to turn it into a garden."

"Oh, a garden, M'sieu' Brownee! Me, I love some garden! I plant honion once, salade also."

"But I want to get my fences built before I put in improvements. You know what the silver rule is, don't you?"

"No, m'sieu'," answered Françoise, vaguely. She knew little of any rule.

"The silver rule is different from the golden rule. It's 'Do your neighbors, and your neighbors will do you.' If I don't protect myself, all the loose cattle around Brevoort will graze over me. Every fellow for himself. We can't keep the golden rule. We'd never get rich if we did."

"You are rich mans?" interrogated Françoise, focussing her curiosity on that invisible power of wealth.

"Millionaires," brazenly claimed the young man as he put an earthen-ware pitcher on the table. "Set there, you thousand-dollar dish! We don't have a yacht on the lake because we prefer small boats, and we go out as guides to have fun with the greenhorns. The cooking at the hotels is good enough for common hunters and fishermen who come here from the cities to spend their money, but it isn't good enough for me. You've come to the right place, you may make your mind easy on that."

Françoise smiled because he told her to make her mind easy, not because she understood the irony of his poverty. To have secure shelter, and such a table as he spread, and the prowess to achieve continual abundant sustenance from the world, made wealth in her eyes. She was as happy as Gougou when this strange family, gathered from three or four nations, sat down to their first meal.

The sun went low like a scarlet egg, probing the mother-of-pearl lake with a long red line of shadow, until it wasted into grayness and so disappeared. Then home-returning sails became spiritualized, and moved in mist as in a dream—foggy lake and sky, as one body, seeming to push in upon the land.

Françoise slept the sleep of a healthy woman, with her child on her arm, until at dawn the closed flap of the tent yielded to a bounding shape. She opened her startled eyes to see Jim the blood-hound at the foot of the bed, jerking the mosquito-netting. He growled at the interlopers, not being able in his canine mind to reconcile their presence with his customary duty of waking his masters in that tent. A call and a whistle at the other side of the camp drew him away

doubting. But in a day both he and Jess had adopted the new members of the family and walked at Gougou's heels.

Gougou existed in wonderland. He regarded the men as great and amiable powers, who could do what they pleased with the elements and with the creatures of the earth. They had a fawn, which had followed Brown home along the beach, feeding on leaves from his hand. They had built it a sylvan home of cedar boughs behind the camp, from which it wandered at will. And though at first shy of Gougou, the pretty thing was soon induced to stand upon its hind feet and dance for bits of cake. His Indian blood yearned toward the fawn; but Methuselah, the mighty turtle, was more exciting. Methuselah lived a prisoner in one side of the bait-tank, from which he was lifted by a rope around his tail. He was so enormous that it required both Brown and Puttany to carry him up the bank, and as he hung from the pole the sudden projection of his snapping head was a danger. When he fastened his teeth into a stick, the stick was hopelessly his as long as he chose to keep it. He was like an elephant cased in mottled shell, and the serrated ridge on his tail resembled a row of huge brown teeth. Methuselah was a many-wrinkled turtle. When he contracted, imbedding head in shoulders and legs in body, revealing all his claws and showing wicked little eyes near the point of his nose, his helpless rage stirred all the Indian; he was the most deliciously devilish thing that Gougou had ever seen.

Then there was the joy of wintergreen, which both men brought to the child, and he learned to forage for it himself. The fleshy dark green leaves and red berries clustered thickly in the woods. He and his mother went in the boat when the day was to be given to bass or pickerel fishing, and he learned great lessons of water-lore from the two men. If they trusted a troll line to his baby hands, he was in a state of beatitude. His object in life was to possess a bear cub, and many a porcupine creeping along the beach he mistook for that desirable property, until taught to distinguish quills from fur. Gougou heard, and he believed, that all porcupines were old lumbermen, who never died, but simply contracted to that shape. He furtively stoned them when he could, reflecting that they

were tough, and delighting to see the quills fly.

Françoise would sit in the camp like a picture of still life, glowing and silent at her appointed labor. She sewed for all of them, looking womanly and unhurried, with a pink-veined moccasin-flower in her hair; while Brown, cooking and baking, rushed from tent to wood-pile, his sleeves turned back from his white muscular arms. He lived more intensely than any other member of the sylvan household. His blue eyes shone, and his face was vivid as he talked to her. He was a common man, blunted in the finer nature by a life of hardship, yet his shrewd spirit seized on much that less facile people like Puttany learned slowly or not at all.

Puttany and the child were often together in one long play, broken only by the man's periods of labor. They basked in a boat near rushes, waiting for pickerel to strike, or waded a bog to a trout stream at the other end of the lake, hid in a forest full of windfalls and hoary moss and tropical growths of brake and fern. Gougou had new strong clothes and buckskin shoes. For the patois had not been a week in camp before Brown went to St. Ignace and brought back denim and white and black calico, which he presented to Françoise.

"She ought to have a kind of second mourning," he explained to Puttany, who received his word on any matter as law. "Joe La France wasn't worth wearing first mourning for, but second mourning is decent for her, and it won't show in the camp like bright colors would."

The world of city-maddened people who swarmed to this lake for their annual immersion in nature did not often intrude on the camp. Yet the fact of a woman's presence there could not be concealed, and Puttany was disciplined to say to strangers, "Dot vas my sister and her little poy."

A tiny cabin was built for Françoise, with the luxuries of a puncheon floor and one glazed window. She inhabited it in primitive gladness, as a child adorns a play-house, and was careful to keep it in that trim military state which Brown demanded. Françoise had a regard for M'sieu' Puttanee, who was neat and lady-like in all his doings, and smiled amiably at her over her boy's head; but her veneration of M'sieu' Brownee extended be-



yond the reach of humor. If he had been a priest he could have had no more authority. She used to watch him secretly from her window at dawn, as he put himself through a morning drill to limber his muscles. Some spectators might have laughed, but she heard as seriously as if they were the motions of her own soul his tactics with a stick:

"Straight out—across the shoulder—under the arm—down on the turf!"

There were days when the misty gray lake, dim and delicious, lay veiled within its irregular shores. Then the lowering sun stood on tree-tops, a pale red wraith like the ghost of an Indian. And there were days of sharp clear shine, when Black Point seemed to approach across the water, and any moving object could be seen in the Burning—a growth of green springing where the woods had been swept by fire. The men were often away, guiding fishing parties from dawn until sunset, or hunting parties from sunset half the night. Françoise and Gougou dwelt in the camp, having the dogs as their protectors, though neither primitive nor civilized life menaced them there with any danger. Some evenings, when few affairs had crowded the day, Brown sat like a patriarch in the midst of his family, and took Gougou on his knee to hear bear stories. He supervised the youngster's manners like a mother, and Gougou learned to go down to the washing-place and use soap when the signs were strong for bear-dens and deer-stalking.

"I saw a bear come out on the beach once," Brown would tell him, "when I was stalking for deer and had a doe and fawn in the lake. I smelt him, but couldn't get him to turn his eyes toward me. I killed both deer, and skinned them, and cut up one. And that bear went into the woods and howled for hours. I took all the venison I could carry, but left part of the carcasses. When we went after them in the morning, the bear had eaten all up clean."

Bear-dens, Gougou was informed, might be found where there was a windfall. The bears stuffed cracks betwixt the fallen trees with moss, and so made themselves a tight house in which to hibernate. If you were obliged to have bear meat that season when the game was thin, you could cut a hole into a den, stand by it with an axe, and lop off the in-

quiring head stuck out to investigate disturbances. Bears had very small stomachs, but whatever they ate went to fat. They walked much on their hind feet, and browsed on nuts or mast when their hunting was not successful, being able to thrive on little. Usually a father, a mother, and a cub formed one household in one den.

Brown's mind ran on the subject of households; and he sometimes talked to Françoise about his mother.

"My mother Gaelics like the Scotch," he said. Françoise could not imagine what it was to Gaelic. People had not Gaelic-ed on the Chaudière, where she was brought up until the children were obliged to scatter from the narrow farm. But the priest had never warned her against it, and since M'sieu' Brownee's mother was addicted to the practice, it must be something excellent, perhaps even religious. She secretly invoked St. Francis, her patron saint, to obtain for her that mysterious power of Gaelic-ing of which M'sieu' Brownee spoke so tenderly.

So the summer passed, and frost was already ripening to glory the ranks on ranks of dense forest pressing to the lake borders. Brown and Puttany rowed home through an early September evening, lifted their boat to its cross-piece dock, and pulled the plug out of the bottom to let it drain. There was no sound, even of the dogs, as they flung their spoil ashore. It was the very instant of moon-rise. At first a copper rim was answered by the faintest line in the water. Then the full reddish disk stood upon a strong copper pillar, smooth and flawless in a rippleless lake, and that became denuded of its capital as the ball rose over it into the sky.

"Seems still," remarked Brown, and he ran up the path, shaking leaf loam like dry tobacco dust from the roots of ferns he had brought to Françoise. He knew at once that she and Gougou had left the camp. He sat down on the dog-kennel with his hands on his knees, staring at the dim earth. Puttany went from tent to cabin, calling his daily playmate, unable to convince himself that some unusual thing had happened, and he hoped that Brown would contradict him when he felt compelled to announce his slow discovery.

"Dey was gone!"

"Damn you, Puttany!" exploded his

partner, "what did you bring her here for? I didn't want to get into this! I wanted to steer clear of women! You knew I was soft! You knew her black eyes, and the child that made her seem like the Virgin, would get in their work on me!"

"No, I didn't," said Puttany, in phlegmatic consternation.

"What's the matter, Frank? Haven't we behaved white to this woman? Have you done anything, you stupid old Dutchman," cried Brown, collaring his partner with abrupt violence, "that would drive her out of the camp without a word?"

"I sveal, Prowny," the other gasped, as soon as he had breath for swearing, "I haf been so polite to her as my own mud-der."

The younger man sat down again, dropping lax hands across his knees. A growl inside the box reminded him that Jim the blood-hound should be brought to account for this disappearance.

"Come out here!" he commanded, and the lithe beast crept wagging and apologizing to his side. "What kind of a way is this for you to keep a camp—Jess sitting in the kitchen, and you in the box, and somebody carrying off Françoise and the boy, and every rag that would show they had ever been here—and not a sound out of your cowardly head till we come home and catch you skulking? I've a notion to take a board and beat you to death!"

Jim lay down with an abject and dismal whine.

"Where is she?"

Jim lifted his nose and sniffed hopefully, and his master rose up and dragged him by the collar to the empty cabin. It was the first time Brown had entered that little cell since its dedication to the woman for whom it was built. He rubbed Jim's muzzle against the bed, and pointed to nails in the logs where the clothes of the patois had hung.

"Now you lope out and find them—do you hear?"

Jim, crouching on his belly in acknowledgment that his apprehension had been at fault during some late encounter, slunk across the camp and took the path to the hotels.

Brown turned on Puttany following at his heels: "Frank, are you sure Joe La France is dead?"

"Oh, yes, he is det."

"Did you see him die? Were you there when he was buried? Was he put underground with plenty of dirt on top of him, or did he merely drop in the water?"

"I vas not there."

"Maybe the lazy hound has resurrected. I've seen these lumbermen dropped into the water and drowned too often. You can never be sure they won't be up drinking and fighting to-morrow unless you run a knife through them."

"He is a det man," affirmed Puttany.

"Then somebody else has carried her off, and I'm going to know all about it before I come back to camp. If I never come back, you may have the stuff and land. I'm in this heels over head, and I don't care how soon things end with me."

"But, Prowny, old poy, I vill help you—"

"You stay here. This is my hunt."

Jim passed the rustic guest-houses without turning aside from the trail. Brown took no thought of inquiring at their doors, for throughout the summer Françoise had not once been seen at the hotels. He did, however, hastily borrow a horse from the stable where he was privileged, and pursuing the blood-hound along the lake shore, he cantered over a causeway of logs and earth which had been raised above a swamp.

The trail was very fresh, for Jim, without swerving, followed the road where it turned at right angles from the shore and wound inland among stumps. They had nearly reached Allanville, a group of log huts beside a north-shore railroad, when Jim uttered the bay of victory.

Brown dropped from the saddle and called him sternly back. To be hunting Françoise with a blood-hound out of leash—how horrible was this! He tied his horse to a tree and took Jim by the collar, restraining the creature's fierce joy of discovery. Françoise must be near, unless a hound whose scent was unerring had become a fool.

What if she had left camp of her own will? She was so quiet, one could not be sure of her thoughts. Brown was sure of his thoughts. He grinned in the lonely landscape, seeing himself as he had appeared on recent Sundays, in his best turtle-tail neck-tie mounted on velvet.

"I've got it bad," he confessed.

Stooping to Jim's collar while the dog whined and strained, he passed a cabin.



And there Jim relaxed in the search and turned around. The moon stood high enough to make a wan fairy daylight. Gougou, like a gnome, started from the ground to meet them, and the dog at once lay down and fawned at his feet.

More slowly approaching from the cabin, Brown saw Françoise, still carrying in her hand the bundle of her belongings brought from camp. In the shadow of the house a man watched the encounter, and a sift of rank tobacco smoke hinted the pipes of fathers and sons resting from the day's labor on the cabin door-sill or the sward. Voices of children could be heard, and other dogs gave mouth, so that Brown laid severe commands on Jim before he could tremblingly speak to Françoise.

"Oh, M'sieu' Brownee, I t'ink maybe you come!"

"But, Françoise, what made you leave?"

"It is my husban's brudder. I not know what to do! He bring us to dese folks to stay all night till de cars go."

"Why didn't he show himself to us, and take you like a man?"

"Oh, M'sieu' Brownee—he say de priest hexcommunicate me—to live—so—in de

camp! It is not my fault—and I t'ink about you and M'sieu' Puttanee—and Gougou he bite his honcle, and kick and scream!"

"Damn the uncle!" swore Brown, deeply.

"Oh, I been so anxion!" sobbed Françoise.

"We must be married right off," said Brown. "I'll fix your brother-in-law. Françoise, will you have me for your husband?"

"Me, M'sieu' Brownee?"

"Yes, you—you cursed sweet patois!"

"M'sieu' Brownee, you may call me de cursed patois. I not know anyt'ings. But when André La France take me away, oh, I t'ink I die! Let me honly be Françoise to do your mend'! I be 'appier to honly look at you dan some womans who 'ave 'usban'!"

"Françoise, kiss me—kiss me!" His voice broke with a sob. "If you loved me you would have me!"

"M'sieu' Brownee, I ado' you!"

Suddenly giving way to passionate weeping, and to all the tenderness which nature teaches even barbarians to repress, she abandoned herself to his arms.

## BLOOM-TIME.

BY CHARLES WASHINGTON COLEMAN.

**H**AD you wandered otherwhere  
Through the May-time of the year,  
I'm not saying that one rose  
Had been slower to uncloze,  
That one pollen-cell the less  
Had grown quick o' beauteousness,  
Had you wandered otherwhere  
Through the bloom-time of the year.  
Whatsoever way you went,  
How should May be else than May?  
Mine the sweeter wonderment  
Since you walked with me the way.

Had you passed me all unseeing  
In the May-time of your being,  
I'd not say these rhymes of mine  
Had been fewer by one line,  
That my heart had gone unsung  
All the blooming ways among,  
Had you passed me by unseeing  
In the love-time of your being.

Only, had you never come,  
Just one heart-beat were unstirred,  
Just one chord had waited dumb,  
One song failed to find its word.

# COMMERCIAL ASPECTS OF THE PANAMA CANAL.

BY WORTHINGTON C. FORD.

THE most instructive feature of economic life in recent years has been the immense increase of output, at low cost, of food-supplies and of other products of industry. That this increase has generally more than kept pace with the growth of population and its immediate needs the condition of great markets and centres of protection testifies. That it has been accomplished only through a great economic struggle, in which the weaker competitors have been driven to the wall, the geographical relations of trade prove. Old sources of supply have run out or been depressed, and new sources have secured the largest share in supplying the world's demands. Countries and continents believed to be commercially of little present importance, and even uninhabitable by the colonizing nations of Europe, have become of prime importance as producers of certain commodities. The wool of Australia, the coffee of Brazil, the wheat of Argentina, the beet sugar of Europe, and the copper of the United States are controlling elements in determining the extent and direction of the immense dealings in these important articles throughout the commercial world. Production has been localized, either naturally or artificially, where the advantages of soil and climate are greatest, or where labor and encouragement of legislation offer the highest returns. The social influences exerted by this differentiation can hardly be measured, so many and so intricate are their direct or indirect results.

Little of this great economic movement had been possible had it not been accompanied and encouraged by a development in the means of transportation. The economies effected in land and water carriage, through better instruments of transportation, more highly organized markets, and more perfect methods of banking and exchange, have brought within the reach of every commercial nation a share in the material advance of a people or a nation, however remote it may seem. The slow-moving caravan and the canoe paddled over natural watercourses have

given place to the railroad and the vessel propelled by steam. Natural channels of trade have been developed by better roads, by more direct connections, by canals joining great waterways, and by the many appliances which reduce the risk and dangers to the carriers. The railroads of India and Africa, of South America and Australia, have added potentialities to production in those continents which have as yet hardly been touched.

The tendency of international commerce is to eliminate chance from its calculations. A merchant of a century ago sent out a few ventures each year, and after many months reaped profit or loss according to the condition of a variable market. The regular voyage, taken at a definite time and for a definite purpose, was the exception; the more usual procedure was to ship goods "for a market"—that is, wherever the best bargain could be struck. Both in buying and in selling the risks were great, and the time involved in a single voyage made large and frequent transactions out of the question. To-day commerce is conducted on certain lines, regular and determinate in time and destination, and with the least expenditure of time and effort. The telegraph and steamship have almost eliminated time as a doubtful factor from market transactions, and the dealer in New York or London is in instant communication with every leading source of supply or centre of distribution in his particular business. He hourly feels the pulse of trade activity throughout the world, and governs his operations accordingly, having a positive conviction that every fit agency is at command for carrying his plans into effect.

This has resulted in developing a system of sea carriage almost as perfect as that of land carriage. The sailing-vessel of limited tonnage and high risk has grown into the steam-vessel of ever-increasing size and freight-capacity, sailing from port to port on schedule time, and wellnigh irrespective of wind and tide. Such a development has called into existence a number of auxiliaries—har-



bors, docks, warehouses, and an immense and complicated machinery for prompt and safe handling and forwarding of goods. It has also selected ocean paths from continent to continent, which offer, if not the shortest route, that which experience shows to be least fraught with danger or delay. The ocean shows quite as definite routes for regular sailings, charted as it is according to currents or prevailing winds, as the land, and along those routes is the greater part of international traffic borne.

It frequently happens that the discovery or construction of a new channel for overland trade presents advantages so definite as to produce an immediate change in existing channels. A portion of the transportation adopts the new route, and, favored by economic conditions, grows at the expense of the older branch, which may even become a thing of the past. The tracing of abandoned trade routes has become an important branch in the study of history and geography, and shows that from the most primitive times a good share of the efforts of man has been directed to overcoming the difficulties imposed by nature or by man on the transportation of merchandise.

It does not follow that every effort to direct the course of trade has been successful. On the contrary, the number of failures has far exceeded the successes. The older route is followed from prejudice or custom, and the proposed line may have been misplaced, and condemned by economic causes from the start. The eagerness of the projector has blinded him to irreparable faults in his schemes, and the hope of gain has led him into undertakings which no existing commerce, and even no future development of trade, can justify. Yet the restlessness of man keeps him at the problem of still further binding natural forces and agencies to his service, and success promises a return sufficient to compensate for every failure.

There have never been wanting schemes for cutting a canal through the American isthmus, for the expediency of a shorter route from western Europe to eastern Asia has never been questioned. Beginning with the wish for a short route to the South Seas, the arguments in favor of a canal have gained in force and number with the settlement and economic growth

of the American Continent. The commercial connections between the east and west coasts of the Americas, and the trade of the commercial nations of Europe and America with the countries of Asia and Australia, have emphasized the importance of this question, and the time is now ripe to state the commercial aspects of a proposed canal.

In dealing with commercial possibilities a wide field is open for conjecture, and when existing conditions are in doubt, through the lack of full or approximately complete records, the field of uncertainties is greatly widened. This is the situation found in approaching this canal problem. Only one phase of actual conditions has been accurately determined—the commerce of certain countries of Europe and the United States with countries of Asia and South America. Wherever the trade returns are published in sufficient fulness of detail, the movement of merchandise and its relative importance in the commercial transactions of the world's trade may be measured.

It is a very simple matter to compile statistics of merchandise and tonnage which would probably utilize an isthmian canal. Such statistics range over a very wide field, and vary much, according to the interest or the theories of the compilers. Some believe that the entire movement of commerce from the Pacific Ocean to Europe and the United States would pass through such a canal, because the "natural lines" of ocean trade would encourage this use. Not only would the products of Asia and Australia pass through Panama, but the products of western South America and eastern Africa also. So sanguine an expectation will not bear examination, for past experience in other directions discredits it at once. Nor is it possible to draw any conclusions from the many differences in distance which the canal would offer against existing lines. It does not follow that the shortest route is the best or the cheapest. The quality of traffic is an important element, and determines the mode of transport. If this were not so, all trade of eastern Asia with Europe would pass over the transcontinental roads of the United States and Canada, or even over the existing railroad at Panama. It is hardly necessary to point out that the question of cost of breaking bulk and



of land carriage has explained why the trade is not over these land lines.

No more acceptable is the opinion that a canal would not affect the existing channels of trade between the East and West. In the intensity of modern competition conditions arise when a few hours may make or destroy profit. Orders are transmitted by telegraph, but there is no means of meeting urgency in transporting the merchandise. It must be kept in mind that the consumption of most products of the earth by the world is so great that it is never more than a few months removed from want and starvation. In the event of a sudden and unforeseen demand the first-comer is in the best position to reap the profit. The recent famine in India, the deficiency in grain crops in Europe, and in the leading producing and exporting countries of the world outside of the United States, and the extraordinary demand for sugar and raw wools on the part of the United States in anticipation of higher tariff duties, are instances in point. When such emergencies arise the quickest route of transport is selected, with little regard to such an increase in charges as canal tolls.

No canal could, however, be supported by occasional and temporary conditions, and the true basis must be sought in the permanent trend of commercial movements. It is on the development of Asiatic and South American peoples in production and manufacture that the reasons for undertaking a canal must be sought, and this inquiry involves considerations of the highest economic importance.

From the experience of the Suez Canal an instructive lesson may be drawn. From 1870 to 1896 the number of vessels passing through the canal has increased from 486 to 3409, and the net tonnage from 436,609 to 8,560,283 tons. This remarkable showing may be still further analyzed. In 1878 only 27 vessels, with a net tonnage of 46,248 tons, engaged in the Australian trade, used the canal; in 1896 the number of vessels in this trade was 276, and the tonnage 839,548 tons. In other words, the number of ships had increased tenfold in that period, and the tonnage twentyfold. The steam-shipping engaged in the foreign trade of British India showed quite as remarkable a result. In 1871-2 the number of these ships passing through the Suez Canal was 420,

of a tonnage of 464,198 tons; in 1894-5 the number was 1714, and the tonnage 3,814,909 tons. In this latter year 71 per cent. of the total imports and exports of India were taken through the canal. That the Suez derives its revenue and profit from commerce is proved by the details of the total tonnage of the traffic in 1896. Of 8,560,283 tons, merchant vessels represented 5,810,930 tons, mail-boats 2,120,335 tons, and the balance was made up of vessels of war, or chartered by government, or in ballast. The revenues of the canal from tonnage dues in the last year were 76,487,716 francs (\$14,761,129).

The influence of this canal is most apparent in the commerce of Australia and British India. In the one case the trade has been based upon a development of existing and purely economic lines; in the other case an economic revolution and an almost entire change of production on a commercial scale have been effected.

From the beginning of Australia as a commercial factor it was evident that its strongest influence would lie in gold production, in the growth of wheat, and in the raising of cattle for meat and hides, and of sheep for meat and wool. These products of that continent found a ready market in Europe, and the trade in everything but gold has increased at a very rapid pace. The notable commodity is, and will be for some time to come, raw wool, for the production of which the country and climate are peculiarly fit. In the year 1870, the first year of the Suez Canal, the exports of wool from Australia were 176,000,000 pounds; in 1895, the year of latest full returns, the outward movement was 780,000,000 pounds. The movement of other products could not show so great an increase in quantity, but it did become greater by reason of the Suez Canal. Here was an instance of the growth of an enormous commerce in a single commodity, based upon natural advantages, and fostered by better and cheaper means of transport. The early indications of Australian wool industry became developed through the demand of the world's markets.

In India the influence has been different, in that it has acted in turning the energies of the population into new channels, rather than in developing existing lines of production.

One of the most striking results of more



certain and frequent communication with India is the modification of production in that immense and notoriously rigid empire. Where social and economic conditions have subsisted through centuries of time almost unchanged, a change in kind or method of production or distribution appears wellnigh impossible, and not to be introduced without effecting a revolution in habits involving the very integrity of the community affected. The Indian, connected with and dependent upon the soil, inheriting his calling as well as his processes and implements, ignorant of foreign markets or intensive cultivation on a commercial scale, possessing no freedom of movement from place to place, acquiring a knowledge of money and credit through the village usurer, and saving and hoarding only through fear of his rulers, and not for employing his savings in further production—this Indian offered little evidence of embodying an economic unit capable of threatening one of the most extensive and best equipped manufacturing industries with aggressive competition.

Nor could this competition have arisen had the Indian remained unchanged. In fact, nearly all the modification has been made in his character, surroundings, and relations to the world, and so radical has this change been that the commercial East of a century ago is not to be recognized in the commercial East of to-day. Production has adapted itself to trade, and the introduction throughout India of irrigation, railroads, canals, and other public works, of peace and a strongly organized administration, is working as a leaven through the mass, promising even greater results in the future than have already been attained. How far this influence has modernized the economy of India in relation to its foreign trade is easily recognized by a glance at the more important items of domestic exports. Spices, silk, lac, oil, dyestuffs, and salt-petre, historic industries often supposed to be characteristic of the East, now take but a small place in the list of exports. Only two of the original products, opium and indigo, still hold their ground, but their progress is slow compared to the rapid advances made by the products of more recent origin and development. The great export of cotton followed 1865, and the commencement of a manufacture of cotton by machinery began much later.

The movement of jute in large quantities began after the Crimean war, but its manufacture by machinery was again of still later origin. The seed trade and the trade in wheat and rice took their present large proportions only after the opening of the Suez Canal; while the trade in tea, coffee, hides and skins, wool, and timber are creations of the last quarter of a century.

This same difference in ability to respond to a new influence that existed between Australia and British India will be met with in dealing with South America and eastern Asia. In South American countries it will be rather a growth upon existing lines of production, while in Asia a change of product would seem to be the best hope for commercial expansion. The actual exports of Asia in demand in Western markets are tea and silk—articles which will bear a land carriage. That the consumption of either article has reached its highest stage cannot be asserted, but the economy of Asia must be altered to permit of further development even in these peculiarly Eastern products. The original monopoly of China in tea has been broken by a neglect to pursue reasonable precautions against the export of a poor product, as well as by the competition of other countries—like Ceylon. In silk, China has again permitted the fibre to deteriorate, and even Europe is a competitor in production and manufacture. In existing conditions of Asiatic trade an isthmian canal would only shorten the voyage, without increasing the merchandise to be carried from Asia to other continents.

In speculating upon the commercial possibilities of the east of Asia it will be instructive to begin with the country lowest in the scale of economic condition—Korea. There was much jubilation when a treaty of amity, commerce, and navigation was entered into between the United States and Korea in 1882, and the richness of the mineral deposits of that peninsula was dwelt upon as offering great profit for American capital. That a country containing a population of more than ten millions could be so poor as to be almost without the power to indulge in any foreign intercourse was something the experience with British India had made to appear impossible. It was only necessary to bring to Korea the instruments of trade and a trade would follow, and, as one of



the first of the Western powers to enter into treaty relations with this Asiatic people, the lion's share of its commerce would come to the United States.

More than fifteen years have elapsed since the date of that treaty, and Korea has been practically dead to all commerce in that time. It required a war of conquest to awaken it, and even now the promise of improvement comes not from Koreans, but from the more powerful neighbors, and from foreign agents, who have secured concessions of all descriptions, many of which are legitimate, and more, it is to be feared, of a purely speculative nature. In all this time the domestic concerns of the country have developed in a line of little or no utility to American or European connections. As an agricultural country, Korea grows only rice and beans for export, and these products find a market in Japan. Its roads are in so backward a condition as to forbid even the use of carts, and the result is that produce of the interior on reaching the coast is so enhanced in price by the cost of transport as to be unable to compete with a like foreign product, while foreign imports on reaching the interior stand at a fancy price beyond the reach of the ordinary peasant.

This situation not only restricts, but prohibits, the utilization of the undoubted fertility of the valleys of this country for growing commercial crops. The little industry pursued is confined to household products, and while some yarns were at one time imported from England to be worked up on the hand-loom, this yarn is now wholly obtained from Japan and China. Whatever foreign products are consumed in the peninsula are obtained through Japan. The general drift of trade in Korea is to be confined to Asiatic countries, and this drift must continue until checked by the construction of railroads and a development of interior road communication. Indeed, this corrective may itself be neutralized, as a French concession provides for a railroad from Seoul, the capital, to the northwest frontier, where it will connect with the Russian trans-Siberian road.

Since 1884 the value of the exports of China has nearly doubled, rising from 67,147,680 Hai-kwan taels (a tael equals 81 cents) to 131,081,709 taels. The destinations of these exports in the years 1884 and 1896 were:

	1884.	1896.
	Hai-kwan taels.	Hai-kwan taels.
To Great Britain .....	19,465,553	11,282,049
“ Hong-kong .....	17,239,750	54,053,060
“ British America .....	67,081	427,038
“ United States .....	2,418,367	11,123,599
“ Continental Europe ..	1,752,222	18,077,820
“ Russia, Odessa .....	10,401	4,265,820
“ Other countries .....	26,194,306	31,852,323
Total .....	67,147,680	131,081,709

Hong-kong is a centre of distribution for Asiatic rather than for European trade, and the notable increase in its share of transactions points to commercial interests in which the United States and Europe have little participation. A proof of this may be found in the commercial reports of those countries, for Hong-kong keeps no record of its own. In 1884 the imports into the United Kingdom from Hong-kong were valued at £1,052,302; in 1896 the value had fallen to £797,158. In the former year the United States imported from Hong-kong merchandise to the value of \$1,504,580; in 1896 the value was about the same—\$1,419,124. The same result is obtained from the returns of other European nations, as well as of British India. The conclusion is inevitable that this merchandise sought Hong-kong for redistribution chiefly among the countries of eastern Asia. This conclusion is supported by the imports into China from Hong-kong, which increased in value from 30,770,453 HK. taels in 1884 to 91,356,530 HK. taels in 1896.

Such comparative returns bring into strong relief the fact that, so far as Asiatic products are involved, Europe and the United States had as large a share of Chinese exports in 1896 as in 1884 (in each case about 35 per cent. of the whole), but with little tendency to increase. This is explained by the articles sent out from China. In looking over the list of native goods exported from China, the value of which in 1896 was \$102,865,137, the most important items of this trade were raw silk (\$23,655,541) and tea (\$24,125,509), together accounting for nearly one-half of the total export value. Among other articles of less importance, of which the value of annual export is more than \$3,000,000 each, are found raw cotton, straw braid, and manufactures of silk, the aggregate of which did not exceed \$15,000,000. No other leading articles of export are to be found which are not of secondary moment in the face of the world's supply.

With most of the domestic products of



China the United States has, and can have, but little concern, for they are peculiar to the people of China, and appeal to no interest in Europe or America. We read with astonishment of the immense quantities of certain products, like beans and bean cake, reported in the trade returns of that empire. At the port of New-chwang, the seaport of Manchuria, the export of beans in a single year amounts to more than 550,000,000 pounds, and of bean cake more than 375,000,000 pounds. At the other treaty ports the movement is large, and constitutes a most important feature in their commerce; but China, as a whole, sends to foreign countries less than 200,000,000 pounds of beans, and about the same quantity of bean cake, and these exports do not go outside of Asia, save in very small quantities.

Much the same conditions apply to the trade of Europe and the United States with China. The share of China and Hong-kong in the total exports from the United States in 1897 was only a little over one and one-half per cent., and all Asia took less than four per cent., or about \$40,000,000. In the English export trade China and Hong-kong received in 1896 about one per cent.; and if the examination is confined to British produce, the share is about three and one-half per cent. of the total movement. In the foreign trade of Germany and France the share of China is almost inappreciable—a fraction of one per cent. From the United States China will take cotton cloths and petroleum; from the United Kingdom, cotton and woollen goods, and iron or steel products; from Germany and France, no single article of importance. With Japan and British India manufacturing cottons for the Asiatic market, the two lines of expansion offered to Europe and America are in petroleum and iron products.

If the returns of the Japanese and British Indian trade be analyzed in the same manner, they will point to the same conclusion—that Asiatic commerce is singularly inelastic, and will not develop in such a manner as to benefit Europe and the United States until a remarkable change has taken place—a change that must first tend to still further isolate Asia from the West before it will become a world-wide influence. Even Japan, the most progressive nation in that part of the world, finds it to be to her interest to

manufacture for her neighbors, and takes from us only what will enable her the better to control the markets of Asia.

In internal transport alone Asia must do wonders before it can be a really active factor in the world's economy. Its backwardness in railroad construction is notorious. Of 433,953 miles of roads throughout the world in 1895, only 26,890 miles were credited to the Asiatic continent. Australia could show one-half as great a mileage; and even Africa, the most recent of continents available for settlement and development, has 8169 miles. If population is taken as a test, the deficiency becomes more marked. While Australia has a mile of road for every 306 inhabitants—a better showing than is afforded by any other continent—America a mile to 566 inhabitants, and Europe a mile to 2438 inhabitants, Asia is estimated to have 28,000 people for every mile of railroad.

This absence of the means of movement has made our knowledge of the countries of eastern Asia as yet very imperfect. In China and Japan a few seaport cities have reluctantly been thrown open to commerce, and on the continent three or four interior ports have been thus distinguished. This is permitting only the surface to be scratched, and every obstacle of prejudice and fixed custom is thrown in the way of a deeper impression. Without the implements of machinery for extensive production, without the means of transporting rapidly and cheaply the native products, oppressed by rapacious officials and arbitrary taxation, only a part of the produce of the country trickles through the treaty ports and enters into the commerce of the world.

A change in the habits of the people, such as is involved in a transition from one stage of economic development to another, produces a dislocation that places the issue of the change in doubt. The fairest promise of success, where natural conditions have held out every reason to count upon profit and fruitful development, has been neutralized by that very uncertain element in the undertaking—man. In the Congo Independent State the soil and climate are believed to be eminently suited to the cultivation of coffee and cocoa, and wherever a trial has been made, on a small scale, fair returns have been received. The administration has offered to stock without expense as many estates as private enter-



prise may purchase. No one has accepted the offer, because of the difficulty of securing labor; and even could the labor be had, the problem of feeding it would offer an even greater obstacle. Such has been the wholesale disarrangement of aboriginal life and habits that the supply of food has become far short of the need, and, as has been said, every estate would be a "starvation camp" until it could become independent of outside supply.

Much the same disarrangement of economic life would occur should railroads and manufactures be introduced into China. Writers dwell upon the inexhaustible supply of cheap labor existing at hand in China, only waiting to be turned upon the great natural resources of the empire to produce a competition with Europe and America more destructive than can be pictured from any past experience. It is overlooked that before so great a change as will make the East a competing factor can be accomplished a social revolution must be effected. The labor of China cannot be turned into new channels without itself experiencing a change. We see this in Japan. As the demand for labor arises, and a labor market comes into existence, the wages of labor increase; and with the concentration of labor into factories, the cost of living tends to rise. The general course of prices in Japan has been upward since 1889, and this in the face of a remarkable and an almost universal fall in prices throughout the world. This rise brings conditions of production in Japan nearer to an equality with those elsewhere, and so reduces that greater margin of profit that was the controlling factor with those who feared Asiatic competition. The same experience has been felt in India, and only in the lower forms of textile manufacture has competition thence been felt.

It is evident that we are dealing with peoples of very different social activity from our own, and of slow apprehension of economic possibilities. The establishment of treaty ports in China has not led to such a development of internal production, and, as a consequence, of foreign trade, as might have been expected. The spirit of the government and the prejudices of the people interfered, and have successfully combated the introduction of factors which would have led to the creation of industrial and commercial power. What a dead weight this policy embodies

may be in part recognized by comparing the remarkable rise of Germany as an industrial factor in the world's markets in a quarter of a century with the immobility of China. The contrast may be heightened when the advancing movement of Japan is measured by the stable conditions of the neighboring kingdom.

It is due to the foreigner, rather than to the native, that the East occupies the present place in the world's commerce, and this is a factor which now favors the use of the most efficient instruments of transportation, along the most profitable lines of passage. A large part of this foreign commerce of Asia is in the hands of foreigners, and this holds true as well with the trade among Asiatic countries as with the trade of Asia with the outside world. In Japan, where the advances have been the most marked, the foreign merchant performs the largest share of the foreign transactions. One-fourth only of the entire export trade, and less than one-third of the entire import trade, are in Japanese hands. The disproportion becomes greater when the distribution of imports and exports by continents is made. In 1896, of 35,379,468 yen sent to Europe, only 5,208,881 yen were exported by Japanese merchants. They enjoyed a larger share in the import trade from European countries, receiving 22,300,937 yen in a total of 90,376,306 yen, and this greater importance of the native merchants is due to their imports from Great Britain—18,788,692 yen in a total of 59,251,780 yen. In the trade with the United States the Japanese handle about one-fourth of the exports and nearly one-fifth of the imports, reversing their relations to the English trade. Even where the native influence might be expected to dominate in the trade with Asiatic countries, their share is less than one-half—42,000,000 yen out of a total import and export movement of 107,000,000 yen. Only in the transactions with Korea and British India do they approach a monopoly in exports, and only in the imports from China do they perform three-fourths of the transactions. The same conditions, with only slight modifications, are to be found in China. The foreign trade is for the most part in foreign hands, and the old influence of the great trading companies of China has slowly diminished, under the pressure of that outside competition so difficult to control.



One more important feature of the commerce to be affected by the isthmian canal is to be found in South America. In place of teeming millions of inhabitants, as in Asia, there is a scarcity of labor, and the great resources of the country must be developed by immigrants, either from Europe or from Asia. As it is, their commerce depends upon natural products which have already been so far specialized as to find their proper position in international trade. Indeed, each country might be set apart for some single article, or for a few articles, in which it holds advantage. Argentine and Uruguayan export interests are filled by their wheat, wool, and products of the cattle industry. Brazil exports coffee and India-rubber, and a growing quantity of cane sugar. In its great deposits of nitrate of soda and copper Chile has the means of supplying a leading trade, and as a raiser of wheat and barley is increasing in importance. The coffee of Colombia and Venezuela, the hides and skins of Peru and Ecuador, and a little raw cotton from Peru may be noted as commercial factors, as also the woods and coffee of Central America. In these items are the immediate interests of Central and South America in the world's trade summarized, and along those lines must development take place.

A canal through the isthmus can benefit South America only as it encourages the trade of the eastern coast with Asia or the Pacific coast of North America, and the trade of the western coast with Europe and the eastern coast of the United States. The prospect of any large development is remote, for the commodities of the respective sections do not appeal to the wants of the section supposed to be benefited by being brought nearer to the producing country. Asia wants little that South America now produces, and itself exports few items that would appeal to a South American market. Europe takes very much more from Brazil and the river Plate countries than from Chile, Peru, or Colombia, and her interests are due to natural conditions which no canal could modify.

As to the connections between the eastern and western coasts of the United States, it is a question whether they would permit of an extensive use of a canal. In the year 1897 New York sent to San Francisco \$3,054,988 in merchandise by

way of the Isthmus of Panama, and received from the West by the same route \$1,266,837. In the one case cottons (probably for the Asiatic markets) and manufactures of iron and steel gave nearly one-half of the total value; in the other, wines, fruit, and fish make up the total. The movement of the iron and steel industry to the Middle West, and the rise of a cotton industry in the South, have made the Western markets less dependent upon the products and manufactures of the East, and what they now take of them will bear a transportation across the continent. In 1887 the value of iron and steel products sent from New York to San Francisco by Panama was almost the same as in 1897—\$846,136 in the former year, and \$828,718 in the latter. The decrease has been in other lines—like paper, cotton cloths, electric and other instruments and apparatus. The movement from San Francisco to New York has decreased in ten years from \$1,990,334 to \$1,256,837, the fall being due to a stoppage of wool shipments across the isthmus.

The markets of the western part of the United States are of limited ability, and are more easily filled to repletion than those of the eastern part. Before 1896 the sugar produced in the Hawaiian Islands was shipped only to Californian markets, but in the last two years cargoes of sugar amounting to more than 120,000,000 pounds in all have been sent round the Horn to Atlantic ports, as the Western markets could not take them. There are no conditions which will tend to make San Francisco a greater entrepôt of trade, a more extensive receiving and distributing centre of foreign commodities, than it now is, and the competition of transcontinental railroads will always afford a reasonable means for land carriage.

The situation may thus be summarized: The existing lines of trade seem sufficient to carry the products between countries that are in a line with an isthmus canal. To multiply ships will not make trade, as the products to be traded in must first be raised. A survey of the East and its needs and supplies leads to the conviction that an economic revolution must take place before any great change in production and expansion of commerce can be expected. In South America the centres of production are on the eastern coast, and would receive little demand

from Asia or the west of the United States. What is obtained from the west coast of South America will bear a transport round the Horn. The carriage of merchandise between the Atlantic and Pacific coasts of the United States alone may offer a prospect of some small increase, but this increase cannot be measured. The rise of the Suez passage in importance is no gauge of a Panama canal, for the productions of India and Australia, which have more and more

appealed to the markets of Europe, and made the canal what it is, will still use that path, and find little or no advantage in passing through Panama. My conclusion is that a canal will be an undoubted commercial convenience; it is not a necessity. It will not result in an immediate or extensive development of trade among the continents, and the commercial interests of the United States in any event are of even less importance than the interests of Europe.

## ENDING ON A HALF-NOTE.

BY MADELENE YALE WYNNE.

"JOSHUAY, do you hear him a-whistling?"

"Let him whistle."

Mrs. Joshua Bagg darned a large hole in a large blue woollen sock before she spoke again; she darned slowly and with integrity, and when the hole in the heel was filled with the even basket-stitch, she ran her needleful of blue yarn several times backward and forward over the adjacent thin places. Then she held up the sock with her hand resolutely jammed into the foot, and projected a knuckle or a finger here and there in search of a lurking hole or a slipping stitch.

"He's been a-whistling that tune 'most all the time since supper," said she, in her flat, even tones. "It worrits me considerable."

No reply from Joshua. A fragment of a tune leaked down through a hole cut in the ceiling over the stove. The tune was familiar, but with a strange unlikeness to itself; it sounded like the beginning of a reel or some other dancing-tune, which through a lack of musical ability had been pitched on a minor key, and it always ended on a half-tone, such as only the utterly unmusical can accomplish. This slight deviation from the key-note was disastrous, for it necessitated the tune's being begun at each repetition a little higher up; and as but half of the tune was at the whistler's command, he had climbed rapidly up the scale some dozens of times, and had been obliged to begin back arbitrarily at some lower starting-point. It was after another of these fresh starts that Mrs. Bagg had spoken.

Deacon Bagg was reading the *Naugatuck Farmer*; he held the paper in both hands, and read very thoroughly down the page. He prided himself on being thorough, and he firmly believed every printed word that he read, as if the stable quality he put into the reading added a dignity and authority to the printed page. Mrs. Bagg rarely spoke to the deacon when he was reading, for he had an impressively forbidding look at such times; but to-night she was perturbed.

"Joshuay," said she, "I think something is going on; he's whistled that tune for ever and ever so long, 'most ever sence supper. He ain't generally given to whistling."

There was a long pause before she revealed her gradually ripening suspicion.

"I sometimes think he's got an idea in his head; mebbly it's a trip to the city. To-morrow is his birthday."

Deacon Bagg laid down his paper on his knees and took off his large spectacles, and sat looking in the fire. The Baggs being a well-to-do family, and he being of some dignity as deacon of the church, they sat in the front room in the evening instead of in the kitchen, as was the custom of their more simple neighbors at Baptist Four Corners. There was a fire in the Franklin-stove, and Joshua had his blue-woollen-clad feet on the fender; his shoes were set beside him. They were huge and cavernous, and very resolute-looking. Joshua was cast in a large mould; his under lip projected, and when he closed his mouth he looked as impassable as a fortress. At this moment,



however, he had left his under lip hanging down, being uncertain in his mind as to exactly what the situation called for. Joshua was a just man and not hasty; he moved his toes from time to time in a tentative manner up and down in his blue stockings, partly in appreciation of the pleasant warmth, and partly in slow cogitative sympathy with his thoughts. Finally he spread them out in a determined manner, making his feet look for the moment like two huge blue woollen fans, while he said,

"I ain't going to have him a-running down to the city, and that's the end on't."

He drew up his under lip; it was like the closing of the drawbridge of a citadel before an expected attack.

Mrs. Bagg sighed thin sighs of depression, and yet of approval, from time to time; she knew that her place was by the fortress, whatever came.

"How old is he, anyway?" asked Joshua.

"Thirty-two come midnight," said Mrs. Bragg, with precision: it was their only son they were speaking of, and her memory of every moment of his life was as accurate as it was detailed.

The whistling was not continuous above; it was interrupted now and then, as if the whistler was involuntarily trying to discover what was the effect of the music on the audience below. The deacon and his wife sat with attentive ears as if expecting some climax or development of a startling kind. They had as subtle an appreciation of the premonitory insurrectionary *motif* as if they had been in touch with the most modern musical theories.

There was a ceiling between parents and son, but he knew that *they* knew that something was going on in his mind, and *they* knew that *he* knew that they knew, although, except for what Mrs. Bagg had just said to Joshua, no words had been spoken. So strange is the tie of authority, especially parental. The whistling became more fragmentary; then there was a sound of a boot's being dropped on the floor; then an interval with a musical interlude; and then the sound of a struggle between a boot-jack and an obstinate boot; then the thud of the conquered boot; then muffled movings overhead, and a creaking of the corded bedstead; and then a long silence.

Now Joshua arose, ponderously, and with great self-respect in every movement; he folded up his *Naugatuck Farmer*, and tucked it behind the vase of magenta-colored immortelles on the shelf. He moved his shoes further back behind the stove, and turned the heels outward so that they would be ready to his hand at early morning candle-light; then he disappeared into the bedroom that opened out of the sitting-room.

Mrs. Bagg darned away on the blue stockings, with an occasional glance at the ceiling, as if she were keeping watch, or trying to study out the situation. She worked till the last sock was mended and carefully telescoped into its mate, then she darned her needle into the flannel needle-book that had been in use for forty years. After this she rose with a sigh, buried the coals, carefully brushed up the hearth, and lighting her candle, she turned out the kerosene-lamp and followed Joshua.

In half an hour she reappeared; she looked thinner than ever in her white gown, which was scant and short. She had wrapped her head up in a red flannel petticoat, being afraid of draughts. She went out to the kitchen and through it into the buttery, and tried the window to see if it was fastened; she also made sure that the outer door of the kitchen was locked, and then, after a moment's hesitation, she took out the key, and going to the bread-jar, dropped it in; it tinkled against the earthen side, and Mrs. Bagg started nervously. Then she carefully climbed the stairs and paused for a moment at her son's door; there was no sound inside. She gently pushed it open and peered in. Everything was quiet, and the bedquilt was drawn snugly over the figure in the bed. The cast-off clothes lay in a heap on the floor, and the moonlight streamed full on the boot-jack. She went quietly back down the stairs, not hearing the smothered groan from under the tightly clutched bedclothes, nor seeing the violent deprecatory kick that disturbed the outline of the quilt in the moonlight. Joshua Bagg snored below with steady, self-respecting diligence, and Mrs. Bagg laid herself down; but she could not sleep. She got up again, and reflannelling her neuralgic head, she pulled on her stockings, and again made the tour of the kitchen. Burglars had always been her only fear, but now another



sort of danger seemed in the air. This time the barring of door and window must be done to keep some one from getting out, rather than to keep any one from getting in. She knew that while it was not possible to prevent her son from unlocking what she herself had locked, yet the moral force of implied detention ought to have great weight, so she put an extra stick over the buttery window, and said to herself: "I 'ain't brought him up through measles and mumps to have him going off now, not if taking pains can help it."

The son had been restless of late. Some one had reported his having been seen walking out with a girl, and he had been buying neck-ties lately out of all proportion to his needs—not that he did not have money enough, but he had not hitherto been in the habit of spending it without due consultation with his mother. He

was thirty-two years old; but what is age—looking backward! It seemed only yesterday that he was revolting against castor oil, and now he was revolting against authority; but was a parent's duty less imperative for that?

The household slept.

At twelve o'clock, thirty-two years to an hour since his advent into this world, an insurrectionary young man rose from his bed; he was fully dressed, and in his best clothes. There was a resolute look in his face that strongly favored his father's, though the chin had a backward slope in its bony structure that did not exactly carry out the suggestion of will that was conveyed by the slightly projecting lower lip. His figure was like his mother's; in fact, as his shadow was cast on the white-washed wall of the hallway—for the moon shone full in at the window—this black likeness of himself looked like his



"JOSHUAY, DO YOU HEAR HIM A-WHISTLING?"



mother's figure with his father's head on its shoulders.

He made his way very quickly to the kitchen, his boots in his hand; he expected to find the door locked, of course, but it startled him to find that there was no key in the lock. He got down on his hands and knees and hunted over the floor for it; but it had not *fallen out*; *the key had been taken out*. He felt curiously cold and warm at the same time. The familiar "Thou shalt not" of the commandments came to his mind, but with daring self-assertion it was trampled down and out.

He went to the buttery window; it was double-barred; and he read in this, as clearly as if it were written, "Thou shalt not." But what was this hinderance, this message in signs from his sleeping parents, in the face of the fact that he had been for weeks planning this step—this twenty-four hours of utter freedom, freedom begun and never to be ended, the freedom that should so build up his courage that he could even say in words, on his return, "I am no longer a child, and I will not be treated as one." He had even practised a gesture to go with the words, but had finally concluded that the words were enough in themselves. Now this meeting with silent resistance at the outset made him distrustful of himself; he put his hand up to his chin as if to strengthen himself where he was the weakest. It took only a moment for him to throw his long limbs over the shelf in front of the window and to climb out; the window locked itself behind him with a click, but by no possible means could he replace the stick over the sash; there it lay, convicting him, but of what? Of course they would find out that he was gone, and would know that he must have got out in some way; but the stick lying there out of place seemed to make his flight ignominious, almost felonious, whereas in his imagination beforehand it had seemed glorious and independent. So much do trifles alter great issues.

He walked away into the night. How sweet the air was, how white the moon! how gravely the shadows of the trees lay before him in long bars across the lane! how strong he felt, how free! And everything was clean and calm before him, and only two sleeping old people behind him, and yet they had hitherto been all that there was between him and this large

freedom. Why had he not before seen this way to happiness and manhood? It was as if he were entering a long, uninterrupted avenue of far-reaching delight.

It was one o'clock; the milk-train was just starting for the city. A young man asked the brakeman if he could get a ride; the brakeman winked, and a silver half-dollar passed from hand to hand.

Through the night the train rumbled and backed and made false starts and fresh beginnings, grinding out sparks and blowing black breath in the face of the moon, shrieking as it plunged under archways and around curves, while its long shadow played grotesque pranks on bank and tree or level sandy plain.

Two o'clock; the train rumbled on.

Half past two, and now it was sidetracked to let the night express go by.

Then from out of the rear end of the last car slipped a black figure, letting itself cautiously down on the cindered track; no eye saw the deed, so quietly did the long black shadow disentangle itself from the great bulk of the milk-train. The express flew by with a triumphant crescendo; there was a swirl of dust and cinders, enveloping the shadowy figure at the rear of the milk-train, which seemed for a moment to be lifted up and swept from the earth by the cloud of moving black. The express had passed, the milk-train began to bump and gather itself for a start, and no one noticed the backward-flying figure of one who, with bent head and forward-projecting shoulders, was speeding back towards Baptist Four Corners. Back, back, miles on miles through moonlight and over long stretches of ties barring his path like the rungs of an endless ladder, on between two silver lines that led into endless moonlit space.

His sloping chin had betrayed him. At four o'clock the next morning Mrs. Bagg arose, and looking out of her window she saw her son at the barn; he had milked the cow, and was washing down the old buggy.

Mrs. Bagg noticed that he had on his overalls, and it seemed to her that the clothes showing above the straps were those known as his "Sunday best."

When she went into the kitchen she found the door still locked, and as she took the key furtively from the bread-jar, where she had put it the night before, she inspected it curiously, as if she ex-



"HE HAD MILKED THE COW, AND WAS WASHING DOWN THE OLD BUGGY."

pected to find some sign of its having been somehow tampered with. She went into the buttery; the stick which she had put over the window was lying on the shelf. She took that up and examined it closely. She made an errand out to the barn, and seeming surprised that her son was in his Sunday best, she asked him why he had his new clothes on.

He answered, laconically, "It's my birthday."

"Sure enough," said she. And she made batter-cakes for breakfast, and set the honey-jar on the table.

They ate in silence, as usual. Mr. Bagg at last pushed his chair back, and announced to his son that he guessed they'd better "tackle the long medder and seed it down."

All day they worked. Joshua's lip was closed up tight—it projected like a shelf—but not one cause for discipline came up between father and son from morning till night. The son's lesser lip was also closely drawn up. He had had

his battle with himself and had lost—or gained—who knows?

Mrs. Bagg looked from time to time at the buttery window, and wondered if she had only dreamed that she had put the stick up over it the night before; but even if she hadn't, what of the key in the bread-jar, and the door still locked as she had left it, and *he* at the barn? He *must* have got out at the window; but she said nothing to Joshua.

The deacon fumbled ostentatiously in his vest pocket after supper, and then, holding out a five-dollar bill, he said to his son: "There, take that, and spend it on yourself! I dun'no' as I care if you go down to the city, if you want to."

"Thank you, I don't seem to care for it. I'm too old now for birthdays."

Joshua did not close his lower lip for more than an hour.

As the vanquished hero climbed up the back stairs to his room he might have been heard to say, "I shall be glad anyhow when I *do* come of age."





## AN ISLAND CITY

BY THOMAS R. DAWLEY JR.

THE assertion made by the old priest of Quiche that the country to the north of the Cordilleras, bounded by Chiapas and Yucatan, was inhabited by a people whom the Spaniards had never conquered was sufficient to inspire a less adventurous youth with a desire to explore that region. The cura's story was of a large and populous city occupied by Indians in precisely the same state of civilization as before the discovery of America. He had climbed to the naked summit of the sierra, and looking down upon the immense plain extending towards Yucatan, had seen with his own eyes the great city with its white walls and turrets glistening in the sun. No white man had ever reached this city, and the inhabitants, aware that the country about had been conquered by him, would allow no stranger to enter their domain.

I, too, climbed the sierra and looked away over that broad expanse stretching to the Mexican gulf, a country full of mysteries. But I saw nothing. In the distance mists rose and mingled with the clouds overhead. Beyond perhaps lay the city. I inquired of every passer-by; some shook their heads and said they did not know, others told queer tales, and at last I concluded that the priest had lied. But one day they dragged a strange Indian into my presence with the assurance that he could tell me all about the phantom city. He was a Maya; had been there; had trafficked with the people. He was a bushy-haired, bright-eyed, yellow-

visaged individual, with a slight stoop in the shoulders. He courtesied before me, holding his steeple-crowned hat in his hand, and, when invited to sit down, with Indian dignity squatted on the floor. We drew around him, and gave him cigarettes and matches, as with an intelligent expression he answered my questions.

The city lay somewhere to the north of Peten, in the wilderness of Yucatan. It might be visited by the foreigner, but it would be necessary to obtain permission from the chiefs who ruled there, and if permission were granted, guides would be sent to accompany the traveller. If the visitor desired to remain, he would be required to make some kind of a compact with the chiefs, and to take a wife from among them, as a seal to his vow never to leave the place. If he should break his vow by undertaking to return to the outside world, he would be captured before leaving the wilderness, and summarily dealt with. Within the city there were officers, an army, priests, chiefs, and justices, and all the functionaries that go to make up a civilized community. Such was the pith of the story drawn from the Maya merchant.

After listening to such a tale I could scarcely be expected to put off my contemplated exploration of the northern wilds any longer, especially as the Maya had brought me a letter from the authorities at Peten, inviting me to visit their city, which was half the journey. And so I began to make preparations at



once. I hunted up my old and trustworthy servant, José Chun, a Quekchí Indian, and commissioned him to find others to carry my equipage and provisions; for the journey through the forest beyond the Cordilleras was a long one, with no friendly abodes on the way. Friends tried to dissuade me from going, assuring me that if I escaped the prowling jaguar in the wilderness, I would surely fall a victim to the jealousy and hatred of the people inhabiting the country beyond. But I had decided to go, and the contemplation of danger was only as a spur to hasten my departure.

It was a familiar road down the last range of mountains to Xalxixa (River of Ashes, in English). With my Indian carriers, fifteen of them in all, despatched a day previous, I mounted my mule, which a soldier held at my door, and bidding my friends a last farewell, I spurred the beast down the street. He shambled along, flopping his ears and beating time irregularly with his tail, out upon the mountain road set with coffee-trees and productive gardens. That night I overtook old José Chun and my Indian carriers on the other side of the river, and camped with them, ready the next day to plunge into the wild and gloomy forest. But I will not tire my readers with an account of that journey, during which, with a few exceptions, we saw no other human beings than ourselves.

No sailor ever gazed with more joy upon his first sight of land after a long voyage over the monotonous sea than we felt upon emerging from the gloom of the tropical wilderness at the end of fourteen days. Our last stopping-place had been at "The Fifth Little Hell"—a significant name—and now the sight of the savannas bathed in the mellow light of evening, with the sun, so long a stranger to our observation, sinking behind one of the many little islands of gnarled and crooked trees, seemed by contrast a veritable paradise.

That night we arrived at the little village of Sacluc (Red Earth, in the Maya tongue). Our ride through the darkness into that village and our hospitable welcome are among the joyous recollections still cherished in my memory. Beyond this village there were eight more leagues to Flores, where it was my intention to rest until I could carry my investigations further.

With a fresh horse and numerous friends, I set out early in the morning to make those eight leagues. Just half of them had been told off when we met the comandante and several officers from Flores come to meet us, and there was a little settlement consisting of two houses, one the summer residence of a rich Petenero. It was a pretty spot, with fat cattle roaming about and pigs wallowing in a muddy pool. They were the only houses on the whole eight leagues of road, and so we hitched our horses and breakfasted at the house of the rich Petenero. A great friendship sprang up between the comandante and me, and, breakfast over, we mounted and rode ahead of our numerous retinue. The comandante entertained me with accounts of those things he thought of most interest, and when a sudden shower came up he led me to a grove, where beneath the thick foliage we found shelter. All along the road there were no signs of habitations, although the land showed every sign of fertility. At length we saw ahead of us a collection of white-walled houses.

"San Benito!" exclaimed the comandante. And urging our horses, we galloped along a street, and swerving to the right, drew rein upon the edge of a lake. Raising his hand with a graceful sweep, the comandante said, "There is the city of Flores."

Even to one who had heard so much about the city in the lake, the scene before me was a surprisingly beautiful one. There in the midst of a sheet of blue water rose a knob of rocks covered with the abodes of a people. It was a feast-day, and at our feet the glistening water rippled softly in sweet harmony with the waves of music wafted by the gentle breeze across the surface. An ancient church crowned the pyramid-like island, bedecked with brilliant flags and streamers in honor of the patron saint, Escapulas. Tall cocoanut-palms, reflecting streaks of silvery light from their pennated leaves like flashing bayonets, cast their shadows upon the thickly clustered house-tops. Such was the novel scene to leave an impression in one's memory forever.

A canoe, shaped from a single mahogany-tree, served as a ferry to the city, in which we took our places. The comandante's horse was no sooner relieved of his saddle and bridle than he plunged into the water and swam across. We landed at



the foot of a broad paved street, where a curious people flocked to their doors to witness the arrival of a stranger. I was ushered into a house, where a constant stream of visitors came to salute us and bring presents of food—cooked and uncooked—game, fish, fruit, and vegetables. There was a table which fairly groaned beneath its burden of good things, and there were music and singing and dancing—all, I was assured, in honor of my arrival; but it must be remembered that it was the feast-day of Escapulas. After eating roast pig and capon, I was invited to a ride around the city, which I succeeded in doing, mounted upon a beautiful iron-gray, which had a peculiar way of prancing sideways, as they say a crab does; and when I tried to restrain him from this movement he backed into some one's doorway, to suddenly dash out again and plunge at a group of pretty girls enjoying the afternoon shade in their butacas.

I learned that there was a drama in order for the evening, to be enacted by native talent. I was surprised. Here was a people shut in from the outside world, with a civilization peculiarly their own, going to give a theatrical performance, and again I was assured that the drama had been held over a day, awaiting my arrival. Darkness had shut down upon the lake when my friends escorted me to the plaza, on one side of which a stage had been erected with a curtain and wings, and the whole covered with palm leaves. Flambeaux of pitch served for foot-lights, marimbas for an orchestra, and the open plaza for an auditorium; and, strangest of all, the scene was laid in that very forest which Cortez had traversed over three and a half centuries before, when he executed Guatemotzin, the last of the Montezumas. The unfortunate prince was represented in the play as a tall, sedate Indian; and there was a representation of Marina, too, but the tragic fate of the Indian prince was brought about by the administration of a poisoned drink, instead of hanging, as we are informed by that quaint captain-chronicler, Bernal Diaz.

The performance was witnessed by the populace, those desiring to send their servants with chairs, which were placed in front of the proscenium, the rest crowding behind, there being no admission-fee charged. After it was over, a procession was formed, or rather a moonlight walk,

led by the musicians playing marimbas, and accompanied by guitars and accordions. And there was singing by a woman of local fame, a poetess—some said a witch. Then we came to a house where there were dancing and more music, and a room decorated with pink cotton and green banana-plants, where the guests helped themselves to the contents of long black bottles, which seemed to make them still more merry. Wherever we went there were music and dancing and drinking and eating, and not till the neighbor's cock was crowing the early hours of morning did we find time to rest.

Was it strange that I remained with these people for many months, sharing with them their peculiar civilization, and even entering into their political broils, and teaching them a few things of my own?

More than two centuries ago Spanish missionaries from Yucatan found gathered upon this island a people worshipping the image of a horse. A pleasing legend, coincident with the history of the old cavalier already alluded to, is the tradition still preserved by the present inhabitants.

After the conquest of Mexico, Cortez made his dreadful march across that broad expanse lying between the Cordilleras of Chiapas and the Bay of Honduras, which to-day is a region as little known as when with untold sufferings the Spanish hosts marched through its forests, bridged its rivers, and traversed its low morasses. Midway the conqueror came upon a great lake, which like a gigantic bowl receives the trickling waters from the surrounding country, filling it to its brim, to be drained only by the thirst of the sun. In one corner of this lake, rising out of the glistening water, was discerned the capital of the Itzaes, an emigrant tribe of the great Maya family.

The Canek (king) himself conducted Cortez to his Island City, and the Spanish conquerors were hospitably entertained by the inhabitants, who wonderingly listened to the missionaries who accompanied the expedition. Marina interpreted the doctrines of the Spanish priests, and willingly the benighted people consented to the demolition of their idols to embrace the religion of the new-comers.

Congratulating himself upon the ease with which these new converts had been made, Cortez gathered his troops and al-



lies together, and leaving his injured horse, Marzillo, to their care, he took his departure. After the Spaniards had gone, the horse was taken to the temple on the summit of the island, and there renamed Izimin Chac (Thunder and Lightning), as having been the means of producing the report and flash of light which had astonished the natives upon seeing the Spaniards shoot deer from the backs of their horses. Dishes of wild turkey, stewed with the choicest varieties of pepper, were placed steaming at the nostrils of the horse, now turned to a god. But lo! poor Marzillo pined away and died. The people were panic-stricken. A great calamity had befallen them, for Cortez, the prince of all gods, would come again, and finding this token of their faith gone, would wreak vengeance upon their innocent heads. Then the crafty old Canek proposed to reconstruct the dead horse in an image of stone. The proposition was eagerly consented to, and after weeks of patient toil, which required all the skill of the most talented workmen, the sculptured horse was placed in the temple, amidst great rejoicing, to await the coming of the White Gods.

Years pass away. The cunning old Canek is dead, and one by one his children have followed him. Others rise to take their places, and the history of Izimin Chac, the stone horse in the temple, is sacred tradition. And still the children watch for the coming of their Messiah, as their fathers had taught them to do.

A century has passed. One day a tiny speck is discerned from the pyramid of Tayasal slowly moving across the blue waters of Itza. As the object approaches, two dark-robed friars can be seen steering a frail craft towards the Indian capital. The representatives of the long-looked-for gods have come, and with shouts and childish glee the simple people throng to welcome the hardy travellers—missionaries whose zeal has led them to traverse the Yucatan forests from the opulent city of Merida. The hungry friars are feasted and their hearts made glad, and with pious pride the Canek and his people escort them to the temple to show the proof of their faith, which has been preserved in the likeness of old Marzillo, the conqueror's horse. But when the good friars looked upon the sculptured image, abhorrence shone from their eyes, for in it they could see but the work of the evil one,

and seizing a stone, they fell to breaking the deified horse with a wild fury. The joy of the Canek and his people was turned to horror. Had not the Christians left the horse which their ancestors had faithfully reproduced a century before? Now who were these dark-robed beings who had come to destroy it? And the monks were seized as impostors.

The Itzaes were a mild-tempered race, and they contented themselves with setting the missionaries free at the head of the lake, with a warning never to return again. But they came again, leading an army. Thunder and Lightning was tumbled into the lake, the temple was demolished, and the people reduced to bondage, under that guise which covers a multitude of sins. The pompous name of "La Ciudad de los Remédios de Nuestro Señor" was given to the island, and as the original inhabitants died or fled, the place was chosen as a presidio for the Spanish King's offenders, who could here pass their remaining days shut out from the world, without the necessity of other walls and prison bars than the impenetrable wilderness that surrounded them.

To-day the people of this Island City tell of the time of the King, when their cattle did not die, nor the prairies become parched, nor sickness and famine stalk over the land—when all was peace and plenty in the good old time of the King. Then there were no taxes to pay, nor government duties to worry about. On the contrary, the King sent his money to soldiers to spend among them—rolls of big silver dollars, which were cut into pieces for change. Occasionally the couriers came and went from Merida, or Guatemala, which was always a great event. On such occasions all the people turned out to receive the messenger, or bid him a God-speed on his hazardous journey.

Once a great discovery was made. A party of bold and venturesome hunters journeying to the east discovered the English settlement of wood-choppers founded by the freebooter Wallace at the mouth of the river to which he gave his name. After many days they returned, and related their adventures and discovery to their wondering countrymen. To them all the world belonged to their King, and massing their people and soldiers, they marched upon the English settlement to drive out the encroachers. But they only met with repulse and defeat.



And so this people lived and died in a little world of their own, with their own little troubles and trials, just as we have in this great world of ours. They loved their King. But the day came when the couriers ceased to come and go, and the King no longer sent them money. What had become of him? No one seemed to know. And these people were left without a King, for with the wars that followed the city was lost. Years passed. The barracks were deserted; the King's guns were abandoned; the cannon fell from their carriages, and lay vine-covered and useless. The drum-major laid aside his drum and grew old, wondering why the time never came for him to beat the reveille again. But he never knew, for he was laid away to rest by the side of the old church before the troubled times of a new era dawned.

At last there was a government able to turn its attention to these lost children. The Indian President of Guatemala, Rafael Carrera, had driven out Morazan, while the Mayas of Yucatan were fiercely carrying on their war of exterminating the Spanish-speaking people there, and so Carrera's government turned to the Lost City, and sent a commission with Carrera's soldiers to establish the new order of things there.

One day the inhabitants of the island were surprised to see a canoe-load of strangers being rapidly paddled across the lake to their city. They were Carrera's soldiers. Wearily they climbed out of the canoe, and limping up the hill to the plaza, they rested on their rusty flintlocks, waiting for the Alcalde, while the populace gathered wonderingly about.

The old major's drum was brought out, but there was no major, so a boy was stationed to beat the drum to summon the rest of the people. Then the Alcalde came, holding his ancient staff of office under his arm, while he took from its tin case the document handed him by the commissioner. The paper was carefully unfolded and passed to the secretary, now gray with age. Perhaps the secretary was a poor reader, or his voice was weak, or the plaza large, and the canopy of heaven furnished a poor medium for conveying the sound of a solitary human voice, but the people listened with breathless attention to the reading of the strange paper. But only one word could they catch of the all-important document. It was the name Pavon, the government minister who had signed the decree warning the people that they had at last a government to which they owed allegiance; the reading of the paper was finished with that emphasized name Pavon. Then a murmur went through the crowd, and up went the shout, "Long live Pavon!" for they knew not what else to do, and cheer upon cheer followed.

As the weary and mud-bespattered soldiers now stacked their arms, the people turned one to the other, and in whispering voices inquired the meaning of it all. The knowing ones wagged their heads and replied, "Pavon!" or shook their finger significantly as they said, "It is good, Pavon," scarcely knowing whether Pavon was their new King or Governor.

And that marked the beginning of the new era, that they were to receive a government from the capital of Guatemala.

## ENGLAND AND GERMANY.

BY SIDNEY WHITMAN, F.R.G.S.

"Fremde Staaten mit Hilfe der Revolution zu bedrohen, ist jetzt seit einer ziemlich Reihe von Jahren das Gewerbe Englands."\*—BISMARCK. 1857.

### I.

THOSE among us who are old enough to remember the London Great Exhibition of 1851, and the auguries of friendly commercial rivalry, universal peace and good-will, which were hoped would be its outcome, may well bow their heads in de-

\* For a good number of years past England has made a trade of threatening foreign states with the help of revolution.—BISMARCK. 1857.

jection when they review the history of the last forty-five years, with its record of political intrigue, war and bloodshed, all the world over. One of its results, as far as Europe is concerned, has undoubtedly been to give unquestioned political supremacy to the least civilized of the great powers. For who can close his eyes to our attitude of abject subservience to Russia?—this colossal autocracy, which has



erected a Chinese Wall along its frontiers, across which people of a particular race and creed are refused ingress, and inside which many are still relentlessly persecuted who profess any faith but the so-called Orthodox—a strange outcome indeed of forty years of liberal enlightenment. But more significant by far than that which has taken place are the almost universal signs of national, racial antagonisms and animosities which meet us wherever we turn, and which are only prevented from taking violent active form by considerations of enlightened fear for the consequences. Witness the rivalry, the deep-rooted antagonism, of Russia and England; the dislike of the French for the English, of the Italians for the French, of the Russians for the Germans; and notably the latest and most unexpected of all, the present antagonism between England and Germany. For I presume that no student of politics of the present day would venture to deny that such enmities are in truth living realities. Curious indeed that the principal organizer of that aforesaid pandemonium of international commercial brotherhood of 1851 should have been a German living in England—Prince Albert, the consort of England's Queen. He was a man in whom the culture of the arts of peace, the belief in the beneficent effects of nineteenth-century civilization which should extirpate the inherent tiger from the nature of man, may almost be said to have amounted to a fatalistic creed. Unfortunately, experience has since shown that this belief, like so many others of an ideal kind, is based upon an illusion—an incomplete, a delusive perception of the true unchanging nature of battling, struggling, self-asserting man, from whatever country he may hail. Prince Albert lived to see his dream of universal peace somewhat rudely dispelled by the Crimean war, as also by the Italian campaign of 1859. He died, however, before he could witness the final collapse, through the rise to supreme power of Otto von Bismarck, of his pet wish to see the beneficent influence of Constitutional England paramount in Germany.

National antagonisms, national asperities in the abstract, have, if anything, become more accentuated since those now distant days, in proportion to the growth of modern facilities for international commercial, personal, and political relations. Intimacy—of the kind obtainable with the

aid of cheap tripping, trade, and telegraphy—has not brought sympathy or even mutual respect. Propinquity has accentuated the feeling for minute differences, and added fuel to latent burning antagonism. It has septupled the hydra-heads of enmities hitherto undreamt-of. The passions of nations are, after all, little else than a reproduction on a colossal scale of those existing among human families and units of such, and against the full play of which a high state of civilization is powerless to operate. Rather the reverse; the more intricate our interests become, the keener our instincts to look after them and to resent any trespass upon them from without. The closer the contact, the more acute our perception of minute differences of character and interests, the keener the antipathy, the fancied wrong, the resentment.

The mainspring of all political collective action is naturally self-interest. The task of the political leaders of a nation ought to be to see that it be at least self-interest of an *intelligent*, far-sighted kind. Nations, as well as individuals, begin to hate as soon as their jealousy or greed is aroused, and only cease to hate when they have nothing more to desire or to fear from an opponent. Thus the hatred in England of the Spaniard, the Portuguese, the Dutchman, the Dane, and even the Frenchman has died with the disappearance of the naval rivalry of those nations with England. A fresh rivalry would arouse it afresh, whatever our monitors might assert to the contrary. This truth is sufficiently illustrated by two parallel cases in our time—the relations of England and Germany, and France and Italy. For there is a deal of affinity between the relative position of England and Germany and that of France and Italy. Both England and France are old-established firms which have witnessed—the one in Germany, the other in Italy—new firms spring up, competing with them for the business of the world, and asking to be treated with the same deference as is universally accorded to the older establishment. In each case the result has been exactly the same—jealousy on the part of the old firm, resented and paid back in kind by the intruder—the *parvenu*, if you will—with a large amount of malignant envy added to the score. In both cases the existence of race kinship has only added bitterness to the feud.



## II.

English people used to affect a sentiment of good-humored tolerance (*Gering-schätzung*) for the Germans as a nation, something like that which a country gentleman might feel for a foreign music-master. This was before Germany had amalgamated into one firm and set up in business on the same continent—or, let us say, in the same street—bent upon supplying the same customers, and having an equal voice in the areopagus of nations. The story of the rise of the new firm, of the persistent attempts of the old house to stay the consolidation of the new one—this is, indeed, one of too huge dimensions to be dwelt upon here in detail. It is one which forms no small part of the diplomatic history of Europe of the last forty years, and one the main incidents of which appear to be either unknown to many people in England in the present day, or conveniently forgotten when the task is daily taken in hand afresh, year after year, of showing up “German hostility,” “German intrigues,” “German unscrupulousness,” “German malevolence,” and sneering at German competition in general.

English popular bickering at Germany and Germans, English aristocratic contemptuous sufferance of Germany and everything German, are as old as the rule of the Hanoverian dynasty in England. They are for all I know even older, and form part of that peculiar insular contempt for the “foreigner” which once landed an English dustman headlong in his own mud-cart, at the hands of the brawny Maréchal de Saxe, whom he had incautiously apostrophized in a London street as a “damned foreigner.” But however that may be, it is not for me to criticise my countrymen on this head, let alone that fault-finding is outside the scope of a dispassionate review of political facts and phenomena. The personal *mémoires* and other records of the last century are replete with descriptions of the hungry crew of needy German adventurers who came over to England with or followed in the wake of the Georges. And in this century, too, down to the present day, the influential status in England of a goodly array of German *faiseurs d'une trempe douteuse* in different walks of life has not been calculated to raise the British estimate of the foreign article. On the other hand, I will not

attach too much importance to the many slights offered to the late Prince Consort by Lord Palmerston, cynically bent on pandering to the mean prejudices of the mob, when it suited his purpose. A single swallow does not necessarily portend a summer, and the conduct of a Palmerston need not necessarily reflect the more generous and better feeling of a whole nation, though it undoubtedly did appeal to the instincts of the English mob. Besides, Albert the Good—a pattern of domestic excellence—was somewhat of a political busybody. Lastly, poor Henry of Battenberg had to put up with a deal of journalistic horse-play during his life, owing to his two cardinal sins—that of being a foreigner, and, worse still, a “poor man.” For if there is one thing above all others your true-born Briton holds in supreme contempt, it is poverty—particularly poverty in high places. But when all is said and done, the German element has often done good yeoman service to England—in America, in Spain, and lastly at Waterloo, although some English historians—with an unfairness unworthy of them—have tried their best to minimize the Prussian share in that crowning victory.

General Sir C. J. Napier,\* writing barely ten years after the battle of Waterloo (under date January 8, 1825), does not scruple to speak thus of the Germans as a nation:

As to the people of every part of Germany—honor to Cæsar for killing so many of them—stupid, slow, hard animals, they have not even so much tact as to chat well. We always detected their awkward attempts, except at night when cold obliged us to submit, for phlegm prevents them from feeling cold when a man of another nation would be frozen; you might bury him before the German would collect enough ideas to say he was cold. Out of these regions we soon descended to Italy, where we found civilized beings, warm weather, and the human face instead of the German visage. But the Germans use their horses well, which is a great merit, and so it ought to be, for it is their only one. . . . A German is all sulk, and does nothing for you.

This ruthless critic is known to history as the conqueror of Scinde and as Commander-in-Chief in India.

Somehow or other the German race has never succeeded in getting itself accepted

\* *Life and Opinions of General Sir C. J. Napier, G.C.B.*, by Lieutenant-General Sir W. Napier, K.C.B. London: Murray, 1857. Vol. i., pp. 346, 347.



by the English as on a parity. Still, it would be futile for Germans to found a grievance on that score, as the relative political and material positions of the two countries in the past sufficiently explain the fact. But more than this, the Germans, even in our time, have not been quite able to please the English, or, to put it finely, "to act up to English *principles*." Germany certainly displeased England seriously by annexing Alsace and Lorraine. The Queen of England implored the Emperor William to be "magnanimous." And yet, strange to say, if the old Emperor had been magnanimous in the English sense, Germany and France might be completely reconciled by this time, and, together with Russia, in close alliance, bent on thwarting England all over the world.

The more recent and violently acute dislike of Germany in England is fairly familiar to all. And such as it is, I believe that, excepting among those—and they are not too numerous—who are entirely uninfluenced by current waves of public opinion as expressed by the daily papers, dislike of Germany exists from one end of England to the other. That "dreadful" telegram of the Emperor William to President Kruger undoubtedly revealed its high-water mark; but it had been a tide steadily though gradually rising ever since Germany became united in 1870.

This may have been partly a form of reaction against the exaggerations of Carlyle's and other German championship in England of former years; but however this may be, English dislike of Germany soon showed itself in various ways and in various places. A current of thought, mostly Liberal by denomination, could be detected bent on denying the share the hated Teuton had had in the past in the formation of England's nationality. Professors came forward passionately striving to prove that England might, perhaps, owe her coarser etymology, words such as "ox," "sheep," "house," "bread," etc., to Saxon influence; but the refinement of English life, the *Vere de Vere sang azur*, could only be of Gallic or Norman blend. Whereas, according to Teuton-hating ethnologists, England's genius is almost entirely Celtic. Shakespeare was a Celt!

Nor must we forget the preference for—or perhaps I ought to say the greater fa-

miliarity with—French literature, as evidenced by a majority of popular writers, and notably by a genius such as Algernon Swinburne and his followers, as an anti-Teuton-moulding influence, among a public in which densest ignorance with regard to German literature prevailed. Also among the better-educated classes of England an easy familiarity with Horace has always been more general than the faintest scintilla of acquaintanceship with a Goethe. In fact, what Shakespeare is to a cultivated German, Horace has generally been to a university-bred Englishman. But the most far-reaching anti-German intellectual influence in England I believe to be the great number of Irishmen, especially Roman Catholic Irishmen, on the English press and periodical literary staffs of London. To such it is natural, and therefore excusable, to hate and detest Protestant, discipline-imbued, military-trained Germany. These Irishmen have always felt a *tendre* for the French nation, and their antipathies as well as their sympathies find expression and are scattered broadcast by the gigantic machinery for distribution of the English press in hundreds of thousands of copies from the beginning of the year to the end. The leanings of these men and others have done far more to prepare the ground for a hatred of Germany than is usually understood or admitted.\* On a soil thus fertilized the ugly fungus of trade envy, which finds its most contemptuous expression in the words, "Made in Germany," has indeed flourished luxuriantly. "Anything to block the hated Teuton!" is the cry. The Radical clamors for an understanding with Holy Russia; he advertises and buys the socialistic novels of Count Tolstoi. "Never mind Russia's autocracy—she at least will not be able to undersell us for another century." Your most violent Radical possesses, withal, a keen, dog-nosed Manchesterian scent for business. Besides all

\* At this very moment (October, 1897) an enterprising London paper, with a keen scent for the public taste, and with a daily circulation of three to four hundred thousand copies, is publishing a series of grossly malevolent articles from its German correspondent, entitled "Under the Iron Heel." The undeniable journalistic cleverness with which these articles are written is well calculated to attract particular attention to them and add very materially to the present ill feeling in England towards Germany. They are, as far as I have read them, a gross caricature of everything German from the Emperor downwards.



this, the so-called German "disease" of militarism was always hateful in the eyes of Englishmen, who never stopped to look beyond what met their superficial gaze. It was enough that the Germans were working out their salvation by methods which were hateful to freeborn Englishmen, instead of disbanding their armies and taking to the blessings of commerce and free trade. That was quite enough; the Germans were schismatics; they were all wrong, and deserved all the hatred reserved for such by men of the bent of mind of Mr. Gladstone. And with all his idiosyncrasies he is, in the main, I venture to think, essentially a representative Englishman.

Thus far the position is intelligible enough. But when Germany, notwithstanding her military "disease," still takes to commerce all the same, and competes therein successfully with England, the latter, instead of frankly admiring the dual prowess in peace and war of her *parvenu* relative, waxes angry and mutters, "*Germaniam esse delendam*" (*Saturday Review*, 11, 9, '97). Here the Germans might well say: "For twenty years or more you have been pitying and vilifying my military 'disease.' You have upbraided me as a pauper, or as one hurrying on to the cataclysm of inevitable bankruptcy. You have vainly implored me to see the error of my ways; to disarm, and come and taste the untold blessings of trade. And now that I have carefully studied your methods and become a trader just to please you, you are still dissatisfied. What would be your frame of mind, I wonder, if, freed from the crushing incubus of a standing army, I had become wealthy, and thus a doubly redoubtable competitor?"

### III.

German semi-devotional reverence for England and everything English is almost as old as English cheapening of the German. If there is one nation for which the Germans individually and collectively used to entertain an extravagant admiration, it is the English. Appreciation of English literature, English science, English philosophy, even English art, has long been nearly universal. The study of the English language has for generations past not merely formed an integral part of general education in Germany; it has in many places been almost a mania—a cult pur-

sued with enthusiasm, aye, with a double enthusiasm; not merely that belonging to the gratification of a thirst for knowledge, but an enthusiasm bred of admiration for the subject itself which is studied. According to my many years' observation, the Germans know almost everything about England that is worth knowing—except, perhaps, the depressing tale of human misery and sunless social life of our great industrial towns, the truthful reality of which I have often been unable to convince them of. Indeed, the Germans owe a great measure of their success in many walks of life to a careful study of our achievements and methods. Thus it will readily be admitted that, with such a slow, hard-thinking, and tenacious people as the Germans undoubtedly are, it must have been very far-reaching influences indeed that could have brought about the deep and possibly permanent feeling of estrangement of the present day. For I fear that no mere lapse of time or superficial exchange of amenities is likely to entirely obliterate the ill-feeling towards England which has grown up in Germany in our day.

It is only within living memory that this *gradual*, but just on that account most significant and deep-seated, change has come over the Teuton mind and feeling. In the past, German reverence for England was sufficiently explained by England's great position on the European political chess-board, and Germany's miserable helplessness. But it was also accounted for by England's great achievements in other fields besides, and, above all, by Germany's capacity for generous appreciation of alien greatness—a trait of national character unique in its universality, and only too often tending towards a ridiculous over-estimate of the foreigner, a want of appreciation of home excellence, a lack of patriotism. I think it was Bismarck who once jocularly remarked that a certain class of German is quite happy if he can only feel he is in the society of a *real* English jockey.

### IV.

The unification of Germany gradually changed all this. It may, indeed, have put a strong dose of conceit—'twere only human nature if it has—in the place of what in darker days had been undue humility. I have it on good authority that even the German universities latterly



show signs of a change which is not altogether a blessing. National self-consciousness has had a marked effect here. It has, for one thing, resulted in a distinct decline of the more refined literary and philosophical culture of the pre-'70 days. German manners in general, even those of Germany's academic youth, have deteriorated sadly since '70, as I am credibly and sadly assured from reliable German sources. A note of pessimistic disenchantment has mingled with the chorus of victory, and this notwithstanding poor Friedrich Nietzsche's strenuous gospel of the "Uebermensch." But all this could not explain sufficiently the extraordinary change in the sentiments of Germans towards England—a gradual and darkening change—portending, if I am not mistaken, mischief which may not be confined to one country or the present generation.

In order to understand this strange phenomenon it is necessary to take into consideration some of the circumstances preceding and subsequent to the unification of Germany. An enormous flood of political literature has inundated Germany during the last twenty years, dealing with the history of the country from the war of liberation down to the present day; the books and pamphlets alone treating of Prince Bismarck's career would form a library by themselves. Many of these works—notably those of the Prussian historian, the late Professor Heinrich von Treitschke—deal in a very bitter spirit with the consistent attitude of meddling, of ill-concealed hostility of English policy towards Germany. On the eve of Waterloo old Marshal Blücher suggested to the Duke of Wellington that the day might be called the battle of "Belle-Alliance," to celebrate the joint victory of the English and the Prussians. Wellington declined, and stuck to the designation of Waterloo. The Prussians, although they had been useful on this occasion, could not claim equality; they had been so often defeated; they had accepted English subsidies. A parity of recognition as equals was to be avoided even on this occasion. Thus, at least, the Prussian version. It would require ten times the space allotted to this article to give even an inadequate rendering of the history of British opposition to and interference with Germany's development contained in the numerous works above referred to. It must suffice to point out that whereas the press and

the music-hall\* have done their share to nurture an anti-German feeling in England, the German book trade has done similar work to feed Anglophobia in Germany. In dealing with historical matter, from Belle-Alliance down to the dark episode of the late Dr. Morell Mackenzie's treatment of the late Emperor Frederick, many German political writings contain little else but an acrimonious treatment of a series of unpleasant incidents as between England and Germany.† Nor can it in common fairness be denied that had English influence or advice gained the upper hand on any one of several critical occasions (notably at the time of the Crimean war, the Danish war of 1864, and in 1869 when England proposed that Germany should disarm), a united Germany would, according to human ken, never have become accomplished. This view of England's political influence is one which is held right through Germany as a result of the study of books mainly dealing with the rise of the German Empire, and it is at the bottom of the intense political distrust and dislike for England in Germany. It is a feeling not unminged with contempt. For England's attitude towards Germany during the Danish war of 1864, according to the printed testimony of an English diplomatist, "left a stigma of egotism on the English nation." A great English statesman would either have prevented the unification of Germany or have loyally welcomed it as a guarantee of the peace of Europe, and would thus at least have cheaply secured for England the grateful and lasting goodwill of Germany. A great German statesman, on the other hand, might have advised the German Emperor not to telegraph to African potentates, and thus to set a bad example to the hundred English members of Parliament who telegraphed their pinchbeck sympathy to a *Roi des Grecs*.

#### V.

It is perhaps hardly to be expected that a nation, any more than an individual,

\* In England the poet-laureate has written a patriotic song for music-hall consumption; the music-hall has thus become a consecrated fostering-ground for latter-day patriotism.

† One of the most significant of these is a small pamphlet entitled "Mitregenten und Fremde in Deutschland." (Zurich, 1886.) It was currently reported at the time to have been written by the late Duke Ernest of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, the brother of Queen Victoria's husband, Prince Albert.



should be possessed of the rare gift to "see ourselves as others see us." Hence it is most unlikely that an average Englishman or German should be an impartial judge of the *pros* and *cons* of his attitude or feeling towards the other. To an Englishman, born and bred in the imperial traditions of Great Britain, it must be next to impossible to adopt a frame of mind of judicial impartiality when dealing with any foreign nationality whatsoever. Least of all is this possible towards Germany, a country he is usually intensely ignorant of—and often remains ignorant of even if he lives there for years. Tradition is too strong for him, as I dare assert after an experience of a lifetime. This tradition is summed up in the popular song:

And when they ask us how 'twas done,  
And how it was we always won,  
I looked around on every one  
Of the soldiers of the Queen.

This bland assumption that "we've always won"—not an unnatural one, perhaps, under the circumstances—and that we are consequently man for man superior, it is which mentally precludes us from looking upon the foreigner as *quite* an equal and entitled to be judged by the same standards as we lay down for ourselves. The Biblical tradition of the "chosen people" is still very strong among us. And this is one of the reasons which make mutual understanding and harmony at all times difficult. It is the unconscious effect of these traditions which bids an Englishman—who, according to a recent dictum of Prince Bismarck, is in private life an excellent person, positively shy in his modest self-repression—as a politician shriek at the Emperor of Austria to keep his "hands off" the lower Danube; telegraph his sympathy to the *Roi des Grecs* (*tout comme chez l'Empereur Guillaume et M. Kruger*); impertinently brand the spiritual head of 300,000,000 human beings an assassin, and otherwise conduct himself as if he alone were privileged to distribute mud or rose-water, as the fancy takes him, all over the world. A very passionate, aye, excitable, free-trader, quaintly pursuing his questionable calling of treading on the corns of mankind from China to Peru.

#### VI.

It is asserted that a portion of the English press is largely responsible for fan-

ning English dislike of Germany. The following are a few among endless instances in proof—each one, judged singly, perhaps of small importance, but, taken in the aggregate, embodying a tolerably formidable volume of national hatred:

An English weekly paper—the *Saturday Review* (August 14, 1897)—writes thus of Germany and the Germans:

To Bayreuth again, through dirty, dusty, nasty-smelling, unromantic Germany, along the banks of that shabby-genteel river known as the Rhine, watching at every railway station the wondrously bulky hausfrau who stir such deep emotions in the sentimental German heart, noting how the disease of militarism has eaten so deeply into German life that each railway official is a mere steam-engine, supplied by the state with fuel in case he should some day be needed, eating the badly and dirtily cooked German food—how familiar it all seems when one does it a second time!

And so on through four columns. More recently still the same paper has beaten this handsome record. What would the English press say if a respectable German periodical were to perpetrate something like the following:

To H..... again, through dirty, grimy, partially pauperized, unromantic England, across that foul, polluted river known as the H...., along the banks of which are huddled together in filthy jerry-built hovels thousands of the poorest of the poor, struggling in the dark throes of sunless economic slavery to keep body and soul together. Thus vegetates this human residuum, perpetuating a stunted, neurotic, town-bred race, the sight of which is enough to make a patriotic recruiting-sergeant despair of his country. At each railway station a crowd of shabbily dressed people, wearing the left-off clothes of their betters, push their way into the train. The British working man foremost, smoking his foul pipe, and expectorating right and left. He is accompanied by his female drudge, untidy and dingily dressed in cheap and soiled finery. What enjoyment have these people left in life? Their existence is little better than that of pigs. The diseases of drink, betting, and rowdying sport have eaten so deeply into a large section of English life as to make it unrecognizable. It is indeed a maddening spectacle to those who still cherish in their hearts a lingering fondness for the legends of "Merrie England's" pre-industrial past. Yesterday was Bank holiday, and to-day a special staff of railway porters are told off to clean out the railway carriages which were turned into veritable pig-sties by the expectorations, the vomit, the refuse of oranges and other food, and stale tobacco of the degraded, drunken, foul-mouthed holiday rabble.



And yet I make bold to say that the latter picture would be at least as truthful a one as the former. For all that, I have never come across anything of the kind in a German paper, book, or periodical.

This is the way the London *Globe*—a respectable evening paper admittedly appealing to the better-educated, conservative class—(December 15, 1896) refers to the Germans:

At Christmas we ought to feel full of goodwill towards all men, even Germans. It will be nice, when we pick the toys off the Christmas trees for our little ones, to think that £320,000 of British money has gone out to gladden the hearts of the German toy-makers who undersweat the world. It would have been so very un-Christmassy and selfish to have insisted upon spending all this money on our own hungry British working men and women.

We take it as a matter of course when our newspapers inform us that England views the policy of Germany or of Russia with distrust and suspicion. These powers are "so unscrupulous." But when a similar wind blows from eastern capitals we greet it with "surprise." Witness—*inter alia*—the following from our special correspondent to Berlin:

A very general impression gains strength here that in some way or other the visit of the Kaiser to St. Petersburg will result in a new combination of the powers with the object of checkmating England. I have alluded to this in a previous despatch, but the singular idea grows continually in the press that England is a disturbing element everywhere, and that closer union between Russia and Germany will be a sharp snub to her.

"A singular idea" by no means. For it is one held not merely by the foreign press, but by foreign cabinets as well, sundry of which, as a matter of fact, do consider England to be the disturbing element everywhere. And this on no lesser authority than that of Lord Salisbury himself. For he has publicly expressed his conviction that the hundred English members of Parliament who telegraphed their sympathy last spring to the King of Greece were responsible for the war between that country and Turkey.

The English have not had—or believe they have not had, which comes to the same thing—a defeat for a hundred years, and some of them are consequently at times in a similar frame of mind to that of the Prussian officers who, in 1806, on

the eve of Jena, sharpened their swords on the door-steps of the French embassy at Berlin. Classical, instructive, and never-to-be-forgotten instance of military megalomania! Three months afterwards Prussia had practically ceased to exist!

This lack of the corrective experience of misfortune is a distinct disadvantage for England to-day—once it be admitted that "belief" in our own superiority is not exactly tantamount to the "being" superior in fact. Hence mainly a sentiment of contemptuous indifference towards the stranger, which changes on occasion to passionate hostility.

#### VII.

It is only this unconscious feeling of an exceptional status—*eine Ausnahmestellung*—which could explain how a nation, which has never in all its history put a muzzle on its sentiments, could have so completely lost its head over that "dreadful telegram" of the German Emperor to President Kruger. "Why, that telegram," said Prince Bismarck to the writer, "might with perfect propriety have been sent even by her Majesty Queen Victoria to President Kruger. That raid was an outrage, a scandalous case of highway robbery." Thus the opinion of Prince Bismarck. No so that of Mr. Chamberlain, for whom Jameson's exploit was merely a blunder—a colossal blunder. "It was none of the German Emperor's business," as an English ex-cabinet minister indignantly told me. Exactly so. Even less was it the business of one hundred English members of Parliament to encourage the Greeks to attack Turkey, the Germans would retort.

The popular mind, with a kind of animal intuition or instinct, may vaguely grasp that it has an enemy in a certain country. But supposing this instinct be correct, it rarely occurs to the voting unit or his press mentor to reflect that such enmity could possibly be the outcome of most complex and long-standing influences and conditions. Such a possibility is seldom realized, much less touched upon by the daily press, which, after all is said and done, is omnipotent in swaying the sentiment of the British nation on these matters. "Germany is our enemy." "Austria is our friend." "The Emperor of Austria is our ally!" (See London papers, June, '97.) The German Emperor—Bismarck—is England's ene-



my! The sentiments of a whole nation, counting among its units some of the highest types of manhood in the world, all these are summed up by the journalistic pen into one trite phrase, "Germany is an enemy of England." For the party politician on the platform is only too often a cunning mob hypnotizer.

It was only yesterday that Bismarck was the Anglophobe bogie who had been righteously sent to the rightabout by the Emperor William, the grandson of England's Queen. "He himself half an Englishman, imbued with a right-minded enthusiasm, and conviction of the superiority of everything English," from an English horse down to the jack-boots of an English jockey, as also, *par parenthèse*, of the English Sunday—which latter, strange to say, his Imperial Majesty has since done his best to introduce into the father-land. But what anathemas have fallen on the Emperor's head since those so recent and yet so distant halcyon days of appreciation! Nearly two years of daily, sometimes hysterical, at others contemptuous, mud-throwing, much of it of a peculiarly offensive personal kind, at the ruler of a country which stands well on a par before the world for deeds of war and peace.

The daily splutterings of the English press have more influence on English public opinion, *for the moment*, than the writings of all the philosophers and thinkers that England has ever produced. And it is "the *moment*" which in our age of telegraphy has before now decided the fate of an Empire. "*Da liegt der Hund begraben*," and the danger.

### VIII.

The question of Prince Bismarck's hostility to England has long been such a parade-horse of English journalism that it is only natural to refer to the subject. Anybody who has studied the German statesman's political record in an impartial spirit—not in the spirit of an Englishman or of a German, but, let us say, in the spirit of an American, such as that of Motley, the historian—could, I am sure, only come to the conclusion that England, or at least English political influence, must always have been one of the great statesman's most dreaded bugbears.

And yet I make bold to say that it

would be difficult to find a single instance in the whole of Bismarck's political career in which, when dealing with England, he went further than to resent within carefully set limits what impartial history will regard in many instances as undue illegitimate interference on the part of English statesmen in German affairs. In his Frankfort days Bismarck even went out of his way on one occasion to shield his English colleague at the Diet, who, but for Bismarck's interposition, would have infallibly been recalled in consequence of his derogatory references to the Prussian government on a festive occasion. Bismarck's policy was never one of planned hostility to England. He was never, as he himself has often frankly declared, *ein Colonial Mensch*, one who nurtured the fantastic thought of Germany rivalling, much less of attacking, England's colonial power. Bismarck's policy, or rather his action towards England, has always been restricted within the task of putting England's pretensions back a peg or two, until they were narrowed down to that point where they were no longer offensive and injurious to the legitimate interests of Germany. And in this endeavor the great German statesman was successful.

I can well remember the impression I always carried away when the subject of England has cropped up in conversation with Germany's great ex-Chancellor. Having previously been fairly well acquainted with the unfriendly part English statesmanship had often played in its dealings with Bismarck, the even violent—at times personally offensive—language used by more than one English diplomatist in his published reminiscences with regard to him—I should not have been surprised to hear Prince Bismarck give vent to some strong expressions in return. But although I was present on several occasions when the Prince frankly conversed about England and the English—sometimes before company, at other times when I have been quite alone with him in the woods of Varzin—I cannot recollect one single word which betrayed the faintest suspicion of dislike or bitterness on his part. On the contrary, it has often struck me with surprise that after what Bismarck's irritable nervous system must have suffered from time to time at hands which were decidedly "English," he should still



retain such a large amount of good-natured—I had almost said extravagant—appreciation of England and the English as he undoubtedly does. And this notwithstanding whatever his opinion may be with regard to England's present political institutions and personalities.

One of Prince Bismarck's favorite sayings is that the English as a nation are the most striking exemplification of the truth of his view—that it is the judicious mixture or crossing of races (in man as in dogs and horses) which produces the so-called thoroughbred article. Surely a very unlikely view to be fathered by a man who, according to English public opinion, is a thorough-going hater of England and the English. No; Bismarck's attitude towards England never went further than that which was necessary in order to keep English influence out of Germany, where he considered—and surely he had a perfect right to consider—that it is undesirable, not wanted—in fact, a damnable nuisance. Once this object achieved, Bismarck has always been in favor of a good understanding and, if possible, cordial relations with England. His clear intellect had, however, discerned early that as long as England's foreign policy is influenced by gusts of irresponsible public opinion it is vain to hope for what he would doubtless have desired—that England should loyally join the Triple Alliance, at least so far as its aims are honestly directed towards securing the permanent peace of Europe. With the unerring insight of intuitive genius, already in the year 1858, when all the world was still bowing down before the superior political wisdom of England, Herr von Bismarck—standing in those days quite alone, almost isolated, in his opinions—gave expression to his view of the utter hopelessness of any attempt to gain closer touch with Great Britain.\* The following words of his contain, at least in substance, almost the exact opinions expressed by Thomas Carlyle, ten years later, on the occasion of the passing of the Second Reform Bill:

Since the Reform Bill (meaning the First Reform Bill), since the old hereditary wisdom is no longer able to assert discipline over party passion let loose, it is impossible for me

\* Prince William of Prussia (afterwards the Emperor William), and particularly his consort, Princess Augusta, were at that time still very English in their leanings.

to place my confidence in a country in which newspaper articles count for more than principles—in a word, a country which is ruled by the ephemeral opinions of the day. Great gods! If that were to be the fate which the Prussian monarchy is to expect! If we, too, are to have our Reform Bill! If power is to be taken out of the consecrated hands of the King and fall into those of lawyers, professors, and chatterboxes who call themselves Liberals!

Leaving politics out of consideration, Count Moltke was perhaps an even more uncompromising admirer of England and things English than is Prince Bismarck. He was particularly proud of the fact of his wife being of English descent. He drew up her family tree himself, and loved to think she could claim kinship with an English family of acknowledged standing. His preference, his enthusiastic love of English literature is also well known. But, like Bismarck, the old battle-thinker, particularly in his latter years, took a somewhat cool and disenchanted view of English politics. He was very bitter indeed with regard to England's attitude towards Germany during the 1870 war, and prophesied mischief as its outcome.

Now if it can be shown that the leading Germans of our time have been enthusiastic students and admirers of England, it may well strike the looker-on as a somewhat one-sided affair that almost all English statesmen, from Palmerston, Beaconsfield, Granville (he was half a Frenchman), Gladstone downwards, have not only been singularly indifferent to anything pertaining to the German nation, but also nearly one and all totally ignorant of the German language. There are compensations here, no doubt, and the uncompromising philoteutonism of a Thomas Carlyle, or even of a Matthew Arnold in a lesser degree, may well be held to make up for a deal of educational and political cold-shouldering. Still, for all that, the amount of indifference, not to say supercilious contempt, for the land of Goethe and Frederick the Great existing among leading Englishmen has always struck me as strange and regrettable.

In the record of recent antagonism between England and Germany the personality of the German Emperor plays a very curious part. His influence over the minds of his countrymen is usually



somewhat overrated by superficial observers of German life, particularly of the social aspect of the nation's life. At the same time there can be no doubt that the Emperor's action in sending that "dreadful" telegram to President Kruger has enormously intensified an antagonism which he did not create. This latter fact had best be clearly understood, however much Englishmen may assert that England's ill feeling towards Germany only began with that ill-starred despatch, the sending of which, by-the-bye, was anything but unpopular in the father-land. For it was not unwelcome even there, where the question of its wisdom was afterwards freely admitted to be open to discussion. Also, any future attempt on the part of the Emperor to "undo" that telegram would be bad policy on his part, as he would lose more thereby in public estimation in Germany than he could possibly gain in England, where any *amende honorable* on his part would unfailingly be misunderstood and be put down to weakness. On the other hand, any attempt on the part of Englishmen to seek to explain and justify by what process of logic the English nation took that telegram to apply to itself, and felt indignant in consequence, will always meet, on the part of the Germans, with the rejoinder that if the English had not secretly sympathized with the Jameson raid they could not have felt aggrieved. But however this may be, I cannot but think that the mutual relationship of England and the present German Emperor has been unfortunate on both sides from the very beginning.

## IX.

When Prince Bismarck was dismissed from power, English public opinion fell into the pardonable error of acclaiming his fall (many a German did the same), and rejoiced at the thought that now England's greatest enemy (*sic*) was removed. The "young man" would prove more pliable as a friend to England—a "friend to England" meaning always one who sees the interests of his own country "eye to eye" with those of England. I have already stated, as an incontrovertible fact, that Prince Bismarck's policy was never necessarily antagonistic to England, and this cannot be repeated too often. But Bismarck was always decidedly opposed to a policy of subserviency to Eng-

lish interests; and it was such a policy, the Germans assert, that the English hoped to bring William II. to inaugurate, and the hopes of realizing which have now come to so disastrous a termination. A certain leading article in the *London Standard*, in August, 1895, on the occasion of the Emperor's visit to the Queen at Osborne, did a deal to lend countenance to this German view. It created a storm of indignation in Germany, for the *Standard* was by many held to be an organ inspired if not under the control of the English government.

Prince Bismarck, even when still in power, was always dead against the annual "decorative" visits of the Emperor—more particularly those to England. The late Emperor William never visited England again after he came to the throne. He was last in London as a fugitive; and it is as exiles or fugitives that foreign monarchs compromise themselves least in England. A visit to England somehow does not bring luck to those in possession of a throne. The visit of the Emperor Nicholas to England did not prevent the Crimean war from taking place. Louis Philippe, as well as Napoleon III., were both warmly welcomed visitors to England, but *ils ont fini mal*. And a few other unlucky cases might be cited, beside that of the late Emperor Frederick, who, had he lived, would have probably found his English leanings somewhat inconvenient for him as German Emperor.

Bismarck always saw clearly that the English only understand the idea of a friendly and "popular" foreign sovereign in the sense above indicated. It were perhaps better to-day the German Emperor had never visited England at all. Familiarity breeds contempt here more than anywhere else in the world. And if the Emperor had studiously avoided our shores, his famous telegram could never have excited that intense feeling of indignation which it undoubtedly did. The most popular Continental sovereign in England at the present moment is the Emperor of Austria. He has never (or hardly ever) been in England in his life. He has certainly never received deputations, made speeches in England, or distributed diamonds and stars to theatrical contractors, lord mayors, and court lackeys. He has, in fact, during the whole of his reign, never done England one single signal political service, or, to my



knowledge, has he ever been called upon to render such. On the other hand, he indirectly owes nearly all the political disasters of his life to having listened to the Western powers—France and England—during the Crimean war. Otherwise, in dealing personally with England, he has merely kept his distance as a private gentleman, and the reward has come in due course, though rather late in the day. After being brutally exhorted by the leader of the English Liberal party to keep his “hands off”—an expression since obsequiously apologized for—he has come to be saluted as the most popular monarch of his time, and suddenly “England’s ally.”\* It is a funny story, to say the least of it; and yet it points a moral, even if it does not adorn a tale. It spells the lesson: “Keep away, keep your distance, and the English will learn in time to appreciate you, even beyond your deserts.”

## X.

In the foregoing remarks I have rather striven to put the case of Germany than that of my own country. I have almost exclusively referred to the provocations of the English press, and am willing to accept the responsibility for so doing. It is true the Germans are in no need of a champion, but a little of the *audiat et altera pars* can do no harm here. It may even do good—the more so as Germany does not possess too many exponents of her opinions and interests among contributors to English or American periodical literature. It is certainly true that the tone of a part of the German press has long been very bitter, even very violent—unwarrantably violent, if you will—towards England. Journalistic outpourings of national hatred, envy, and malice are at all times an ugly mud stream, whether its bed be situated in England, Germany, or elsewhere. German denunciation of England’s political action has often been extravagant, but I have never come across anything at all to be compared to the personal, undignified, and unworthy comments on Germany and her Emperor to be daily met with in the English press, of which I have cited a very few instances taken at random. But even if this were otherwise it is as well to bear in mind that the two

cases are scarcely on an equality in their relative importance. The German press possesses comparatively little power for shaping Germany’s foreign policy. The same cannot, unfortunately, be said of the English press. The latter has before now been able to influence decisively—yes, even to reverse entirely—the whole political action of England’s world-empire. This fact kept steadily in view, and also the axiom that intelligent self-interest is legitimately at the bottom of every aggregate manifestation of human will-power, the query arises whether it is calculated to further England’s true intelligent self-interest to perpetuate the present ill feeling between England and Germany.

To this it may safely be replied that it is no more against England’s true interest to foster the present feeling of antagonism towards Germany than it is against that of Germany to continue sterile railing against the English. Prince Bismarck himself has quite lately said as much with regard to the latter point, and his judgment on such a matter will hardly be gainsaid. But before a mutual “climb-down” can possibly take place, certain facts might well be digested both in England and in Germany. Is such a national process of digestion possible by the aid of reason and common-sense alone? That is the question. Fortunately the relative geographical situation of England and Germany is such as to preclude the probability of passion easily passing from words to blows. In this lies, after all, the greatest guarantee for things remaining on a peaceful, even though for a time a cantankerous level. And here it seems a pity that the Germans, who do not allow themselves to be easily carried away by the ebullitions of their own press, attach undue importance to the splutterings of their English colleagues. A little of the placidity of the monk of the Middle Ages with his *Græca sunt non leguntur* might well come in. Instead of which the vicious London leading article is passionately commented upon, and the comment faithfully telegraphed back to London by the Berlin correspondent as gratifying evidence of the important effect it has produced on German public opinion. However, Germany still possesses the advantage of being able to receive and follow the advice of the seer of the Sachsenwald, and this, summed up in a few words, simply comes to the fol-

\* And this although for many years of his reign English public opinion and policy were dead against Austria—the “hard” ruler of Lombardy.



lowing: "Do not allow a nagging sentimental harping on political grievances of the past to blind you to your present needs and requirements. Avoid violent estrangement from England; it will not pay. Look after your own interests; but treat England with the decorum called for in dealing with an old firm doing business with you. The English may have 'had you' on many a 'deal' in the past; that is, after all, human nature. Keep your temper. Continue to do business, and profit by experience." The dispassionate business man is the standard to live up to in this matter, according to Prince Bismarck. *Do ut des* is and ever was the sensible business motto of the "honest broker." And who would venture to improve on the dictum of such an authority?

With regard to the English, the sooner they drop the contemptuous railing at things "made in Germany," the sooner they banish the fantastical project—more currently harbored than is generally believed or acknowledged—of sinking Germany's fleet, bombarding German towns, and ruining Germany's commerce, the better for all parties, themselves included. In competing with England, Germany is only fulfilling her national destiny—a competition which the English themselves invited and hailed with cordial welcome in 1851. But even if England's wish is to frustrate the realization of Germany's destiny, she is utterly powerless to prevent it, or to stop her progress towards a great commercial, industrial, economic future. Germany to-day is already a wealth-producing country to an extent little dreamt of in England. It is too late to prevent Germany, even without a fleet, from occupying that position in the world in the twentieth century which her history in the Middle Ages—set back temporarily in modern times by the Thirty Years' War and its consequences—points to as her inevitable birthright in the centre of Europe. A casual glance at Germany to-day, at the busy life—I had nearly said the magnificence of German towns such as Hamburg or Berlin, Cologne, Dresden, and many others—at the thousands of industrial centres, at the earnest work done in the laboratory, in the study, at the many national seats of learning—this, at least, might suffice to bring the conviction home even to the most patriotic Englishman that Germany,

in many practical matters, is already ahead, has already left England in the rear.

The qualities of energy, ingenuity, the capacity for self-sacrifice, the possession of wealth, which made England great, are doubtless England's still, but she is no longer to the same extent paramount in these possessions as of yore. The leadership in many important practical matters is no longer exclusively in the hands of England and Englishmen. In some things it has already irrevocably passed into the hands of Germany. This may be an unpalatable statement and seem an incredible one. But it is a fact, nevertheless, and one already seriously realized by the "few," even in England. Unfortunately for the progress of mankind, it is ever only the "few" that "see." In France, in 1870, or rather in Berlin, it was *one man only*, Baron Stoffel—the French military *attaché*—who "saw" and warned, but nobody listened—nobody ever does listen. It is a hare-brained idea to think of bombarding Germany's ports (*Saturday Review*, September 11, '97)—as if a few "wicked" English ironclads were going to sound the knell of a country which is marching onwards in its predestined course to the sonorous strains of Wagner's "Nibelungen." There may be war—there has ever been war—there will always be war. In this case it is also war—the subtlest if not the most cruel—economic war! And victory will be to the most disciplined, the most intelligent, the most thrifty—shall I add, the most virtuous—the fittest!

Lombard Street still handles the riches of the world; England still boasts the sovereignty of the seas. Almost the same might have been said of Venice in the year 1509—just prior to the formation of the League of Cambray.

Jacob Burckhardt, in his classical work, *Die Cultur der Renaissance in Italien* (Basel, 1860, p. 69), has this significant passage, which may find a place here:

The war (the result of the League of Cambray) was the outcome of a century of clamor regarding the thirst for aggrandizement of Venice. The latter now and then committed the error of over-clever people who do not give their antagonists credit for being capable of committing unaccountably foolish actions. Imbued with this optimism, which seems, by-the-way, to be most characteristic of aristocracies, the Venetians had once before



entirely ignored the armaments of Mahmud II. for the taking of Constantinople—yes, even the preparations for the expedition of Charles VIII.—until the unexpected came to pass.

The League of Cambray was also one of those unexpected occurrences, inasmuch as it was diametrically opposed to the patent interests of its principal instigators, Louis XII. and Pope Julius II. As it happened, the old feeling of hatred of the whole of Italy for the conquering Venetians was concentrated in the person of the Pope, so that he shut his eyes to the entry of foreigners into Italy. As for the policy of Cardinal Amboise and his sovereign (Louis XII.), Venice ought long previously to

have perceived their malicious imbecility as such, and have taken precautions accordingly. Most of the others took part in the League, *moved by that envy which seems to be the scourge of wealth and power, but which is in itself a wretched thing.* Venice emerged from the struggle with honor, but not without lasting damage.

The League of Cambray originated in envy—the envy of individual powerful potentates. In our time it looks very much as if it is the envy of the many which will have to be righteously restrained by the wisdom of those in exalted responsible positions.

## SOME BYWAYS OF THE BRAIN.

BY ANDREW WILSON, M.D.

### First Paper.

THERE is probably no more fascinating topic in the wide range with which the biologist deals than the brain and its working. Popular scientific culture has advanced so far that subjects which a few years ago were confined within the arcanum of technical and professional studies are capable of being discussed by the intelligent laity. There is much cause for rejoicing in this. In respect of the ways and works of the brain, it may be added, a large measure of useful and educational information may be comprehended in even a brief study. The subject is of interest from more than one stand-point of social kind. It is by no means a far cry from a knowledge of brain functions to the practical application of this knowledge to the work of the teacher, for example, and to the wider sphere of personal life as well. If the phrase “Know thyself” can be said to have any special value, a knowledge of the manner in which our daily destiny and our personal existence are governed and controlled must form an essential part of the curriculum of a cultivated mind.

The byways of the brain present perhaps the most attractive as well as the most useful of the topics which it may fall to the lot of the general reader to discuss. It is through a study of what is abnormal and unusual in brain action that oftentimes we may succeed in gaining an adequate idea of the true nature of the ordinary work of the organ of mind.

Just as the onlookers see most of the game, so a glance at the brain and its work from a by-path may well lead to a clear comprehension of its usual mode of work. In the study of the play of by-function we shall find in addition much that is curious, and much that introduces us to phases of life and mind such as perpetually recur before us, and such as appear to be illustrated even in the pages of the novelist of the day.

The preparation for the study I have outlined must begin, of course, with the discussion of a few preliminary details regarding the brain at large. Certain facts about the brain are writ large in every elementary text-book of physiology.

If one takes the trouble to look at any ordinary illustration of the brain drawn in profile, the impression might well be derived that the brain consists of two essential parts. There is the *cerebrum*, which, roughly speaking, appears to fill up about three-fifths or so of the skull's interior; and the *cerebellum*, or lesser brain, lying under the cerebrum behind. What else may be seen in a superficial view of the brain is readily told. We note that the surface of the cerebrum, or “brain proper,” is marked by *convolutions*, or folds, which, it may be added, are of a definite pattern, and capable of being anatomically and exactly indicated. Certain lower forms of life—the rodents, to wit, and the moles and shrews—possess brains which are smooth, the cerebrum being destitute of convolutions.



If we regard the cerebrum from above, it is seen to be divided in a fairly symmetrical manner into two halves. These halves, which we call its *lobes* or *hemispheres*, are described as the right and left lobes respectively. We can separate the two lobes for a certain distance from one another—that is to say, we note their entire structural independence down to a certain level, where we meet with a connecting bridge or band, known to anatomists as the *corpus callosum*. This band consists mainly of nerve fibres, which pass across from one lobe or hemisphere of the brain to the other. If we look at these fibres a little more intimately and narrowly, it may be seen that they connect similar parts in the two lobes; so that it is not by any means an unreasonable supposition that, whatever be the other duties exercised by the connecting bridge, at least it exercises the function of bringing the hemispheres into working relationship, one with the other. There are other fibres in the bridge which run in the long direction, and these latter presumably connect the front parts of each hemisphere with its hinder portions.

It is a very old view in physiology that which seeks to regard the *corpus callosum* as a connecting tract between the halves of the brain, and no doubt this opinion still holds its own, even if certain important modifications have of late years been added to the original suggestion. It seemed to be an obvious duty of the connecting bridge to bring the two semi-related but, as we may maintain, independent hemispheres of the brain into relation with one another. The cerebellum has no need of any such bridge. It exists essentially as a single organ, and as its functions differ largely and completely from the duties performed by the cerebrum, there is no need to enter here upon any comparison of the ways and works of the two great brain masses.

The brain, however, is not composed of cerebrum and cerebellum only. It is far more complex than it appears when superficially observed. It is a compound organ, made up of many different parts, which lie hidden within and beneath the cerebrum itself. In a succeeding paper I shall have occasion to refer to certain of these subsidiary parts of the brain. For the present it will suffice if the general view of the cerebrum just given be borne in mind, since our first incursion

into the domain of brain territory has special reference to its double nature.

A second fact of interest concerning brain-work is that each half of the cerebrum governs, and is specially related to, not its own side, but the *opposite* side of the body. Thus, if I move my right hand, I know that the stimulus which set the muscles in action came from a certain centre or set of centres in my *left* brain hemisphere. If, contrariwise, I move my left arm or left leg, the right brain lobe will be the seat of control. As we are right-handed, so we are left-brained, in the sense that the calls upon the left half of the cerebrum must be infinitely more numerous than those which are made on the right half. The activity which a left-handed man shows, on the other hand, will be associated with a greater activity of the right lobe of his cerebrum.

There are not wanting proofs of and reasons for this curious exchange of the duties of bodily control, as it were, on the part of the brain. If we peer into the minute anatomy of the cerebrum, we find that lying on the base or floor of the brain is a certain organ, or part, known as the *Pons Varolii*, or simply as the "Pons." This is a kind of central clearing-house. Here the varied parts of the brain practically unite. The fibres or communicating lines which pass from the upper brain, and which become nerve fibres in the body, here join those of the cerebellum and pass down to that important upper segment or top of the spinal cord which is called the *medulla*. Now in the medulla we can trace the crossing of the fibres. Most of those which come from the right half of the brain cross here to the opposite side of the spinal cord, and by it, as the great trunk line of the nervous system, are carried to the opposite or left side of the body, and *vice versa*. The message or impulse from each half of the brain is therefore bound to cross to the opposite body-half. It has no choice in its direction. This is why when we move the right hand we know that the stimulus must have come from the left brain.

The evidence, however, does not rest on anatomical data alone. Dr. Bartholow of Cincinnati, in his famous experiment of stimulating the brain (exposed in a case of disease) by electrical means, found that, as a purely muscular excitant, his act, unproductive of sensation at all, gave rise to movements of the



opposite side of the body. In another case, one of surgical operation on the brain for the cure of epileptic disease, the patient was affected on his left side. The operation was performed on the right side of the brain, which, being stimulated in the appropriate centres, gave rise to the left-handed movements seen in the course of the patient's epileptic spasms. Besides, when a man is struck by paralysis on his left side, the physician presupposes that the trouble has occurred in the right hemisphere of the brain; and *post-mortem* examination confirms the idea.

It is practically the same with messages or impressions which come *from* the body *to* the brain. Those of which I have been speaking are *motor* messages, which have as their object the influencing of the body, its muscles, and other parts, at the behest of the brain. But the brain is a receptive organ as well as a controlling one. It is a receiving-house as well as a clearing-house, and the messages which our organs of sense collate from the outer world are transmitted to the brain, there to be dealt with by the various "centres" or sub-offices set apart for the business of the senses, and ultimately to be made to appeal to our consciousness itself. These last are called *sensory* impressions. In their case they cross on their incoming either in the spinal cord or at its top—the exact point of crossing is still a matter of dispute—to the opposite brain hemisphere, as the motor messages crossed in their outgoing. The fibres in our body nerves which are set apart for the work of carrying the ingoing news to the brain pass thus from each side to the opposite brain lobe, and what is felt with the right hand we may presume will be transmuted into consciousness by the left lobe of the brain. However, while this arrangement of crossing fibres in both outgoing and ingoing nerves holds good for the general and statutory arrangements of the brain, there are certain fibres of both kinds which do not cross at all. These, constituting the proverbial exception which proves the rule, possess, as we may hereafter see, a greater degree of significance than might at first appear.

Such facts regarding brain and body and the crossing of the fibres have given rise to considerable speculation concerning the all-important question whether we possess two brains or one. Is each half of the brain an independent entity?

or is life at large, physical and intellectual, controlled essentially by a single organ? Does the double cerebrum imply an independent action of each lobe? or is our normal and natural existence ruled and governed by the united, collective energies of both lobes acting as one brain? These are queries which may lead us, no doubt, into speculative paths, if also undoubtedly in their elucidation they may reveal certain curiosities of brain-work of very remarkable kind. A first piece of evidence of somewhat important nature is that which is drawn from cases in which there has been a want of development of the connecting bridge betwixt the two hemispheres. It is plain that if the simultaneous action of the two lobes of the brain is necessary for the natural and perfect control of mind and body, then the importance of the bridge becomes paramount. Without the connecting structure there can be no exact co-operative action of the double brain. Now there is ample evidence at hand to show that deficiency of the *corpus callosum* has not necessarily been attended with the effects which, on the theory of the single nature of the brain, we should have expected. Sometimes the bridge is never perfectly developed at all. In certain of these cases there have been observed mental deficiencies, but these were probably due to the fact that other parts of the brain were involved in the want of development. In other instances, in which it was discovered after death that the connecting bridge between the hemispheres was entirely wanting, neither derangement in intellect was observed, nor any other abnormality of life in the way of movement or sensation. It is thus perfectly certain that the connection between the two lobes of the brain may be wanting, or be seriously interfered with, without any resulting effect being noticeable in the way of brain defects. Whatever is the precise value of the bridge in the way of constituting the double brain a single organ, we may hold that its absence, or its deficiency through disease, is compatible with what is, to all appearance, a normal mental and physical life.

It is a matter of much higher importance to note the evidence which may be drawn regarding the effects of deficiency in one hemisphere of the brain itself. The cases from which one may quote may be divided into two sets or



series—those in which disease or want of development is responsible for such deficiency, and those which represent the results of actual injury to the brain. Thus, in the notable case of Bichat, one of the foremost anatomists of his day, one lobe of his brain was found markedly smaller than the other. He was, in fact, deficient in one-half of his brain, and yet his mental and physical life was in its way notably of a high order. In another case, reported by Cruveilhier, a man died in hospital at the age of forty-two years from heart-disease. He exhibited no lack of intelligence, yet after death it was discovered that his left brain was practically destroyed and replaced by a watery substance. Another case, reported by Andral, was of a man who died at the age of twenty-eight. He had suffered from a fall when three years old, and as a result was paralyzed on his left side. The right half of his brain had practically disappeared, so that the parts below this half constituted the floor of an empty space. Andral says of this man that he “had received a good education and had profited by it; he had a good memory; his speech was free and easy; his intelligence was such as we should expect to find in an ordinary man.”

Turning next to the evidence derived from cases of injury to the brain, we may find an instructive instance recorded by Dr. J. D. Griffiths in the *New York Medical News* for February 21, 1891. Here a boy aged ten years was accidentally shot in the head by a revolver bullet from a distance of two feet. The bullet entered the head over the right eye, and passed out through the upper part (on the right side) of the occipital or hindmost bone of the head. It therefore traversed practically the right side of the brain. The boy when seen by the physician was insensible, and paralyzed on the left side. The right side was free from any paralytic symptoms. In the course of the surgical procedure in this case at least two ounces of brain matter escaped. Next morning the boy was perfectly conscious, and his memory appeared to be unimpaired. His memory for events which occurred before the accident “was seemingly as good as ever, and there is no reason to believe that it has since failed, for he remembers everything from the time he regained consciousness after the operation.” Then,

however, it was observed that, in addition to the paralysis of the left side, he was affected with stuttering, which, at the time of reporting, Dr. Griffiths adds, had steadily diminished. Six months after the injury he made his first attempt to walk. His muscular system exhibited certain irregularities, and his flexor muscles (or those closing the fingers) were thrown into a spasm when he attempted to grasp anything. On his return to school, the boy showed no evidence of impaired mental faculties, and the account from which I quote adds that “it is an interesting speculation whether the left hemisphere only is doing the work.” Here the evidence would appear to point to some such result, although it may also be a matter for debate whether or not any reproduction of the lost brain tissue may have taken place. This possibility may be borne in mind seeing that the patient was a mere youth, and therefore possessing a brain in which full growth had not been attained.

The “crowbar case,” reported by Dr. Bigelow and by Dr. Harlow, that of Phineas P. Gage, aged twenty-five, who was injured while tamping a blasting charge, is well known. A crowbar, three feet seven inches long, one and a half inches in diameter, and weighing thirteen and a quarter pounds, was sent by the explosion of gunpowder through the top of the man’s head. The bar struck him on the left angle of the jaw, and made its exit in the hinder part of the frontal region of the skull. An hour after the accident he was able to give an account of his injury, and to walk up a flight of stairs. He lived for twelve and a half years afterwards, dying of epileptic convulsions. Unfortunately no *post-mortem* examination of the brain was made; but the skull, obtained by Dr. Harlow, is preserved in the Surgical Museum of Harvard University. In this case the prefrontal region of the brain on one side was injured, and the absence of paralysis is accounted for on the assumption that the motor centres, or those devoted to the control of muscular movements, placed further back on the cerebrum, escaped injury. Now, as regards the effects of this injury, it may be that Phineas P. Gage exhibited certain changes in his moral character, becoming peevish, fitful, and otherwise so changed that his acquaintances said he was no longer the Gage they



used to know; but it is at least important to note that extensive injury to the brain and loss of much brain substance did not materially interfere with his intelligence. The case teaches us once more that one or even both lobes of the brain may be seriously interfered with in the way of their actual structural harmony without much impairment of sensation or motion. Dr. Ferrier says that such injuries and loss of brain substance even in the important frontal and intellectual centres may occur, "indeed, without very evident disturbance of any kind, bodily or mental, *especially if the lesion be unilateral.*"

Facts such as these have raised many interesting questions as to the functions of the brain. As far back as 1840, Sir Henry Holland, M.D., in his *Medical Notes and Reflections*, enunciated the proposition "whether some of the aberrations of mind which come under the name of insanity are not due to incongruous action of this double structure, to which perfect unity of action belongs in the healthy state." Sir Henry went on to say: "It has been a familiar remark that in certain states of mental derangement, as well as in some cases of hysteria which border closely upon it, there appear, as it were, two minds, one tending to correct by mere first perceptions, feelings, and volitions the aberrations of the other, and the relative power of the two influences varying at different times."

These are somewhat prophetic words, if certain modern explanations regarding the curious condition called "double personality" or "dual consciousness," to be alluded to hereafter, are to be credited. But four years after the appearance of Sir Henry Holland's book there was published another work, on *The Duality of the Mind*, by an English physician—Dr. Arthur Ladbroke Wigan—whose views remain to this day of highly suggestive character. Wigan contended that the two hemispheres of the brain are in fact two separate and distinct organs. Each lobe of the brain is autonomous. It exists, he argues, for and by itself; it is capable of entirely independent action; it can think on occasion differently from its neighbor lobe, and can direct or exercise the will with an equal degree of independence. Knowing as he did the apparent relative superiority of the left lobe, Wigan made due allowance, as I understand his theory, for this latter fact. In

the ordinary working of the brain one half is more active than the other, and exercises a superiority on its neighbor lobe. This lobe—in ordinary persons the left, of course—is the cerebral master. Heredity, education, or what we will—all the combined influences, in short, which mould human life—have tended, by some process of physiological selection, to place one lobe over the other in point of importance. The other (right) lobe is the servant of the left in a measure. Its education has been neglected, and it requires the control of its better-cultured neighbor in order that life may be conducted in a sensible and sane fashion. The most hopeless cases of insanity, Wigan would have held, would be those in which both hemispheres were affected. If one was alone ailing, the other might exert more or less control over it, and the extent of the control would depend on which lobe exhibited the diseased action. All degrees of insanity or mental derangement could thus be accounted for on this supposition of the relative control of one hemisphere by the other. The perfect life is that in which the better and higher half controls the weaker and less responsible.

This theory of Wigan's appears of the clearest and simplest possible character; nor do I think its simplicity is its only recommendation, for within the compass of ordinary medical records there may be found many facts which certainly support his views, or which may be explained by them, and few, I imagine, which seriously oppose his opinions. At the least, if we accept this or any other theory of the duality of brain and mind, certain phases of mental life, otherwise inexplicable or difficult of comprehension, become clear to us. Wigan found support for his views in the facts I have already detailed. He knew then, as we know to-day, of cases in which life and health and mental work were all perfectly maintained, conserved, and performed in the absence of one-half of the brain. Sometimes the deficiency was seen on the right side, and sometimes on the left; at any rate, with one half-brain as its sole cerebral possession, humanity, through the law of physical compensation, might and does contrive to live and act in a perfectly rational fashion. Later observers, and notably Dr. Hughlings Jackson, have accorded support to the view that each half of the brain, so far from govern-



ing merely the opposite side of the body, influences its own side as well. His words are that "all parts of both sides of the body are represented in each half of the brain," certain groups of muscles being unequally controlled by each half of the brain, and others nearly equally represented in each hemisphere. Dr. Brown-Séquard was another enthusiastic supporter of the affirmative reply to the question, "Have we two brains?" His words, summing up his opinions on this topic, are, that "not only can half of the encephalon (or brain) carry on all the functions known to belong to the whole brain, but there are cases of almost complete destruction of one side and also of a part of the other side of the brain without either an alteration of the mental powers or the loss of the physical faculties of that great nervous centre." In a recent edition of a well-known work on human physiology, Dr. Augustus D. Waller says: "The fundamental notion that the muscles of one side of the body are connected with the opposite side of the brain requires to be supplemented by certain other considerations; it cannot be doubted that each side of the brain mainly governs muscles—or, more properly speaking, movements—of the opposite side of the body, especially in their unilateral and most highly specialized modes of action; but it is no less certain that from one side of the brain muscles of both sides of the body may be governed, this being especially the case in their bilateral and more automatic action." Dr. Waller also remarks the notable fact that if one side of the brain be faintly stimulated we get movements of the opposite side only, while with stronger excitements we find movements performed also on the same side of the body, "though with less energy, and with a greater loss of time."

If any additional evidence be desired that Wigan was right in according to the left hemisphere the controlling influences of the body and mind, we might discuss such testimony as the fact that the left half is larger, as a rule, than the right, and heavier likewise; that its blood-supply is of greater amount, and that in certain respects its cell elements are better developed. How or why in the process of human evolution this superiority of the left brain over the right has been acquired is a topic which lies beyond the limits of this paper. Suffice it to say that

in the problem of right-handedness and its origin is included that of the faculty of language, which we know is exercised by the speech-centre in the left brain, the similar centre in the right brain remaining in abeyance. This much we know, because in the condition known as *aphasia*, in which the power of expressing our thoughts in speech is lost while intelligence may remain unimpaired, and while the person perfectly understands all that is said, it is the *left* speech-centre which is affected; and this condition of aphasia is associated, as often as not, with some degree of paralysis of the right side. In cases in which recovery from aphasia has taken place, and the patient has again learned to talk, as it were, the right speech-centre may be presumed to have become educated up to its lapsed and lost duty. This much seems to be proved by those cases in which after death the left speech-centre has been found to have been completely destroyed, so that the reacquirement of speech may be fairly credited to the centre on the right side having taken up the lost function of its left neighbor. The faculty of speech, therefore, as a function of the left brain, is in itself a significant proof of the superiority of that hemisphere over its neighbor lobe.

All evidence thus points to the fact that the brain is distinctly a double organ. But I should qualify this assertion by another, to the effect that essentially the superiority of the left hemisphere confers upon us all the attributes of a single personality. Regarded as a mere structure, we certainly possess a double brain. Viewed as an active organ in the healthy and normal condition, the brain is essentially a single worker. We may find interesting proof of the correctness of this view in considering the byways of brain action to which I have referred. In the common walks of life we may perhaps discover evidences of this occasional dual action of the brain; but the most pertinent proofs of the brain's duplex work are those observed in connection with the unusual states of mind known as "double consciousness" or "double personality."

When Robert Louis Stevenson wrote his story of *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, it was not difficult, for the scientist at least, to note that the author had portrayed a phase of life which has a real and veritable existence. I doubt not that if, as is



asserted, Stevenson dreamt the plot of his romance, his dream was suggested to him, as our dreams often are, by something or other he had read in the way of psychology. The dual personality in the one body is not a mere fiction of the novelist. We have our Jekylls and Hydes living among us—nay, it might be more correct to say that each one of us harbors within his brain-case all the materials for the evolution at any moment of a very practical illustration of Stevenson's romance. The proverbial "two sides" to a man's character, which are as real as the two sides of a coin or a question, are represented in each of us: the evil side controlled by the responsible side, and held in abeyance under the dominance of education and heredity. Equally certain is it that on occasion the case may be reversed. The uncontrollable impulse leading to crime may represent a liberation of brain phases or activities which are usually repressed and held well in hand. The one hemisphere of the brain, it may well be imagined, exercising its due power of control, keeps our purely animal life well within bounds, and presents us to the world as mild and benevolent Jekylls. Conversely, with an upward burst of impulses from the other hemisphere, and with an ungovernable sweeping away of the influence of the reigning half of the brain, we lapse into the animal Hydes, or plunge into the depths of insanity.

A simple illustration of this double personality may be afforded by the consideration of a mental state doubtless familiar to many of my readers. From this simple aberration in the way of brain-work one may pass very naturally to other states of more serious and more typical character, illustrative of the unequal or dissociated action of the two hemispheres of the brain.

When one has gone to visit some place or other to which one is a perfect stranger, there will occasionally come over him a weird feeling of absolute familiarity with the features of the scene. I am not here alluding to instances in which an infantile memory has simply been revived; that is to say, where a person who in his early life has been taken to the place in question has suddenly had his inoperative and dormant memory-cells awakened to the recollection and perception of the scene before him. Nor am I speaking of show-places. It

would not be surprising if on visiting, say, Shakespeare's tomb or Ann Hathaway's cottage one should experience a certain sense of familiarity with the surroundings. That to which I refer is a distinct feeling of consciousness that we have been in the place before; that it is well known to us, even if the recognition of it is also dimly appreciated; and that it is an experience of actual past familiarity with the scene, and not a mere chance recollection of the situation which is present with us. I say such feelings are not uncommon, and they have been alluded to by poets without number, and by prose-writers as well. It seems as if "our life for the moment exists in duplicate, that we have lived through that moment before, and shall again," as Thomas Hardy puts it. This is what Tennyson means when he says:

Moreover, something is or seems,  
That touches me with mystic gleams,  
Like glimpses of forgotten dreams—

Of something felt, like something here;  
Of something done, I know not where;  
Such as no language may declare.

Rossetti's words attest the same idea:

I have been here before,  
But when or how I cannot tell;  
I know the grass beyond the door,  
The keen, sweet smell,  
The sighing sound, the lights around the shore.

Dickens, too, in *David Copperfield*, speaks of "a feeling which comes over us occasionally of what we are saying or doing having been done in a remote time; of our having been surrounded dim ages ago by the same forces, objects, and circumstances; of our knowing perfectly well what will be said next, as if we suddenly remembered it." Out of some such ideas, I dare say, the old doctrine of metempsychosis itself may have arisen; of antecedent states of being, whereof some dim remembrances have become projected into the life that now is. I well remember an elderly lady, who was persistently affected with such phases of mind, arguing with me that it sufficed to establish her in a firm belief that she had been "somebody else" before she became her present self. What is possible to her may have been possible in the case of the ancients, merely translating an aberrant phase of brain, and translating it erroneously, in terms of the mystical.

In this feeling of ill-defined consciousness, I think, we find merely an illustra-



tion of the irregular action of the two hemispheres of the brain. Let us suppose with Wigan that in our natural life we have practically a simultaneous action of the two halves of the brain; or, what amounts to the same thing, let us imagine that the left half of the brain, attuned in its action to the work of the right hemisphere, gives us normal perceptions, and enables us to draw normal and correct conclusions. Then, on visiting an absolutely strange place, we experience no such sense of past familiarity with it. Our consciousness exercises its functions properly and sedately, and we know the scene to be new and unfamiliar to us. But suppose, on the other hand, that one hemisphere of the brain acts ever so slightly out of time with the other lobe; what will be the result? The more active half—let us presume the left—will rapidly take in all our surroundings independently of the other hemisphere, so that when the latter has, independently in its turn, also viewed and appreciated the scene before it, it is confronted with a consciousness already ours in virtue of the quicker action of the left lobe. We have in this way acquired a double consciousness of what is seen, and the first intelligence is the cause of the sense of familiarity to the second.

From this relatively trivial byway of brain action we may advance to more serious phases. I may presume that, as often as not, the most typical cases of double personality are associated with some form or other of nervous disorder. Epilepsy, for instance, in a mild form, is often responsible, I believe, for such manifestations of unequal action of the brain hemispheres. A person, the subject of the minor degree of epilepsy called *petit mal*, may suddenly stop for a second or two on the street, lose consciousness for that second, and then resume his conversation as if nothing had happened. It is not improbable that cases of somnambulism, and specially those in which an amount of apparent intelligence is witnessed in the performance of certain purposive acts by the sleeping individual, may be explained similarly—on the activity of one half of the brain, while the other half is practically asleep and inhibited in its action. As evincing the extraordinary stimulus which these abnormal brain states may confer on the subjects thereof, I may quote the instance

given by Dr. Hughlings Jackson of a servant-girl who, in describing her seizures of epileptic nature, told him that it seemed to her as if everything that occurred to her in her childhood came back to her, but that everything passed so quickly and was so soon gone that she could not describe it. The analogy between this girl's case and the false sense of familiarity of which I have spoken, is certainly remarkable. It teaches us how thin is the boundary-line which may be drawn between a slight and temporary derangement and a grave malady of the brain.

The typical cases of double consciousness found in medical records reveal to us many interesting phases of irregular action between the hemispheres of the brain—that is, presuming no better explanation of their nature can be found. In one instance, that of a young man, after a fall from a ladder, attacks of epilepsy became frequent. He began to exhibit the phenomena of double consciousness. He entered a carriage which was standing in the street, drove to the grave of his father, a mile and a half away, took some flowers, and gave them to his mother. "She, being frightened," says Dr. W. W. Ireland, from whom I quote the account (originally given in the *American Journal of Insanity*), "told him to give back the coach to the owner, instead of which he left it in a livery-stable in his own name. On awaking it was found he had totally forgotten what he had done."

In other instances there may be a regular alternation of the two states. A woman born in 1843, whose case is given by M. Azam, exhibited a hysterical tendency. At fourteen and a half years of age she began to show the phases of dual consciousness. She would fall asleep for a few minutes, and then, awaking, exhibit a new state of being. At the age of thirty-two she was a married woman with two children. For eighteen years she had exhibited the alternating phases of this double life. In the one and natural state she was morose, ailing, reticent, but industrious. In the other and unnatural state she was lively, gay, in better health, and very sensitive. This second life, M. Azam remarks, is superior to the other life, and while it continues the patient remembers all that has occurred both in her natural state and in her second life, but when she returns to her natural life she remembers nothing whatever of her



attacks. Of this case we are told that in 1883 she did not remember for twenty-five days out of every thirty what she had done during the other five. Her age then was forty years, and in describing the case again in 1891, M. Azam says of her that for the preceding nine or ten years the periods of the second life have dwindled down to a few hours only, and appear every twenty-five to thirty days, so that a marked improvement has taken place in the patient's condition. This is a highly typical case of the double-life phase of brain action.

In our courts of law the question of double consciousness occasionally forms the subject of legal deliberations. For a man in his second self may commit a crime of which he has no recollection whatever in his natural state. He is, in other words, at one time the Jekyll of his household, and may be a loving father, a responsible citizen, and a reasonable friend. Then, when he lapses, he becomes the Hyde of the romance realized

to the full. He may become a veritable villain, who will not stop short of murder if his unnatural propensities direct his energies in a homicidal direction. Yet he will wake up, all unconscious of his wrong-doing, to resume his life as a peaceful man and sober citizen.

The interdependence of our social life is aptly illustrated by cases of this nature. The question of responsibility for crimes committed under dual consciousness is one of the gravest which law and medicine alike can have to face and determine. It is not without the bounds of reason to suppose that our education in the story of the brain's byways may lead us, perchance, to form judgments even of criminal acts more consistent with mercy than have often been delivered, and to regard apparently irrational offences with a charity which is none the less real in that it is founded upon a knowledge of the weaknesses and irregularities that beset the working of the brain.

## WANTED—AN AMERICAN ALDERSHOT.

BY CAPTAIN JAMES PARKER, U.S.A.

**D**URING a visit to England some years ago the writer had occasion to visit Aldershot, the English camp of instruction for regulars and volunteers, and was much struck by the applicability of the system to this country.

Until the establishment of Aldershot, which took place about the time of the Crimean war, the regulars and volunteers of the British Isles, like our own soldiers, had no place where they could be taught how to act together in brigades and divisions, and where officers and men could work out the problems and become accustomed to the conditions of minor warfare. This was because the English laws, like ours, did not allow troops to encroach upon private grounds, as is done during the manœuvres on the Continent of Europe. The purchase of Aldershot gave an opportunity for this important instruction, and the outlay has been repaid many times in beneficial results.

Aldershot is a tract of waste land four or five miles square, situated about thirty-five miles southwest from London. The soil is a yellowish clayey gravel, admitting of no cultivation. The country is

slightly rolling. Several railroads and a canal traverse the tract. A range of hills, offering a good defensive position, passes through it. The position of Aldershot, strategically, is a good one for assembling troops, since from it troops can be conveniently sent to any threatened point on the southern coast.

On this tract the English have built an army post containing barracks and quarters for several regiments of regular troops, with storehouses and magazines for supplies. During the active season, in spring and summer, the garrison is increased by other regiments of regulars, and by a large contingent of volunteers, so that there are usually from ten thousand to fifteen thousand men in the camp, most of them in tents. These volunteer regiments are from time to time relieved, to be replaced by others. The entire force present is under the command of an officer of high rank (usually a lieutenant-general) of the regular army. The troops are kept hard at work. Besides the usual drills, parades, reviews, and so on, there are, almost daily, manœuvres on a large scale of infantry, cavalry, or artillery, or all three arms



combined, illustrating marches in advance or in retreat in the presence of an imaginary or a represented enemy, dispositions for attack, combats, etc., etc. The conclusion of each manœuvre is followed by a criticism made by the general commanding, in which he endeavors to point out the merits or the defects in the manner in which the manœuvre was conducted. In this way the troops receive much valuable instruction as to the conditions which obtain on the march or on the battle-field. In their daily life in camp the volunteers and regular troops fraternize; by the force of example the more inexperienced troops pick up knacks and ways of doing things and accomplishing results which, left to their own devices, they would only gain after much discomfort and hard work. A course of study and lectures for officers is a part of the scheme of instruction.

That a system by which, in the United States, the regulars and national guard could camp and train together in field manœuvres would be highly beneficial is, I think, not contested by any one who has the good of the country at heart.

To the officers especially the experience gained at these manœuvres, as preparing them for like contingencies in time of war, is enormously valuable. For instance, the officer who has seen his command overwhelmed by a quick flank attack on the mimic battle-field will make sure that his flanks are protected when real bullets are whistling. There are many men who learn only by the mistakes they make. But war is a terribly serious business, and we cannot afford in time of war to develop generals in that way. There was too much of that in 1861.

It is unquestionable that much of the striking success of England in her numerous petty wars has resulted largely from the opportunities given to her officers by peace manœuvres for the acquisition of sound military principles. In order to take part properly in these peace manœuvres the officer must have an extensive knowledge of the principles of war. This he must gain by study. In war, as in most other professions, it is study as well as practice which makes perfect.

Would it be possible for us to have camps of instruction like that of Aldershot? It would seem to be perfectly practicable. It has even been proposed, by act of Congress, to use for peace manœuvres

certain of our battle-fields which have been set aside as national parks. Such parks have been established at Gettysburg, at Chickamauga, and at Shiloh. But these places are not within easy reach of those States which have the most numerous militia, nor are they entirely adapted to the purpose mentioned, and the reservations are rather restricted.

The regular troops permanently stationed at any one of them would not occupy the most favorable position to resist an attack upon our coasts, or to protect our public property in time of civil disorders. The reservation at Fort Riley, Kansas, has also been recommended. This reservation is extensive, and well adapted for the purpose of manœuvres, besides having within its borders a considerable garrison of regular cavalry and light artillery. But in this case also the objection must be made that it is not convenient to those States having the largest contingent of well-drilled militia.

With our small regular army, in order to perform considerable manœuvres, the aid of the militia seems indispensable.

In considering the question of location, it is evident that, other things being equal, the best location will be that which will benefit the greatest number of troops. Thus it would seem the best results could be obtained were our training-ground established somewhere in the vicinity of New York city; for within two hundred and fifty miles of that city, with easy communication by water, if necessary, are the States of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, and Virginia, and the District of Columbia. Their militia aggregates 44,458 men, being more than one-third and nearly one-half of the total organized militia of the United States. Moreover, their forces are especially well trained and disciplined. If a camp of instruction were established in the neighborhood of New York city, we should want a central location, admitting of easy and free access, where land can be bought reasonably. We should want a piece of ground six or eight miles square, of more or less open country, high, cool, well watered, and healthy. We should want access by water, as being cheapest. We should want a location that will make the regular garrison alike effective in time of civil disorder and of invasion.



These conditions, it is believed, can be met by establishing our manœuvring-ground on Long Island. Here is a tongue of land stretching out into the ocean, containing numerous harbors and landing-places, and affording to any enemy having command of the seas a desirable line of advance to the conquest of the most important city in America, since the flanks of the invaders would be protected by its fleets, and the line of retreat assured.

History often repeats itself, and that this line of approach to New York city should be strongly held, the battle of Long Island and the capture of New York in 1776 will testify. A strong regular garrison stationed on Long Island would not only occupy a strategic position in time of war, but during peace such a garrison could be carried by water, without regard to interruption of railroad traffic, to Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, and other cities aggregating over six millions of population, and thus be available to protect government property in case of domestic disorder. Land is cheap, especially on the northern coast and in the interior. The influence of the sea tempers the midsummer heat, which makes this locality in point of temperature much preferable to some of the present State camps of instruction. The nature of the country fits it for the operations of cavalry and artillery, as well as for infantry.

With full cession of all rights of jurisdiction to the United States, the objection to sending State troops to camp in another State would be to a great extent overcome. By making use of troop-ships the United States should be able to transport the State forces quickly and economically; and if, as is probable, the bill now proposed, "to promote the efficiency of the militia" (House bill 10,169), be passed, and the President be authorized to accept, maintain, pay, and ration State troops for short periods, for combined instruction and drill, there would seem to be no reason why the Governors of States should not gladly take advantage of such improved opportunities for the training of their national guard. The establishment of such a camp will rouse an interest in our land forces like that which our people now feel in our revived navy. The army and the national guard at present are hide-bound. We are making no sufficient military progress. While other nations ad-

vance, we stand still. While they are working at the problems of warfare, while their officers are made acquainted with the conditions of the modern battle-field, thus obtaining opportunities for individual incentive, and as a result are pervaded with zeal and enthusiasm, we adhere to barrack-school methods, and our forces are almost as much behind the times as was the army of Prussia before the disaster of Jena. Our policy of scattering our regular troops about the country in small isolated posts of a few companies each results in a minimum of efficiency at a maximum of expense. In their isolated posts our companies, depleted by guard and fatigue details, rarely have present for drill more than half their small strength of sixty men, and the restricted size of most of the reservations on which these posts are situated often makes advanced instruction impracticable.

As a consequence, our officers expend their energies on petty details of administration and of ceremonial drill, while the practice of those movements of manœuvre and battle tactics which are necessary in the presence of the enemy is neglected. On the national guard, which takes the regular army for its model, these conditions necessarily react. There, too, the training in the ordinary drills, parades, and reviews is, as a rule, thoroughly carried out; it is the application of principles which is neglected. The proposed camp of instruction will be a training-school where militia and regulars alike may receive this necessary training in field duties and battle tactics.

To repeat, it is the object of this paper to propose:

That camps of instruction similar to Aldershot be established in this country for the training together of our regulars and national guard.

That to inaugurate this purpose a suitable tract of land six or eight miles square be purchased on Long Island, as being most easily accessible to a large portion of our militia, marines, and sailors, and as being a strategic point.

That a post of at least three regiments of regular troops be established there.

That during the season of field manœuvres the camp be commanded by a major-general of the regular army.

That the Governors of the respective States be invited by the United States to send their troops there to take part in



field operations, the United States to supply transportation by water, and to furnish all proper facilities for maintaining and training the troops.

That the course of instruction for each year be determined by a board, to be composed of officers nominated by the United States and by the respective States.

We commend to our authorities the consideration of the scheme here set forth. Plenty of young, active officers are available to investigate the different localities, to map them, and report upon them.

The government, by the exercise of its right of eminent domain, has an expeditious method of acquiring the tract of land that will be necessary. As to the popularity of such an undertaking there can be no doubt. As to expense, it will cost no more than a new battle-ship. And as the first battle-ship was the first step toward a new navy, this plan, if properly carried out, will be a long step in advance toward a new era in our military policy and in the history of the army and national guard.

## EDITOR'S STUDY.

### I.

I WISH to talk about the apple. The homely apple-tree, low growing and spreading, has an ancestral appearance. It is plain enough to be virtuous; it suggests a traditional sense of duty and service; it gets the respect that is given to a respectable scion of an ancient family; it has winning qualities that ensure it the love of the young and the old—of the young, for what it promises; of the old, for what it produces. It carries the seeds of good and evil. It inspires the poet; it also inspires the callow thief. It is an epitome of human life. In the Day of Judgment it will have to answer for the Spring Poet, and for that nameless appetite in the young that craves green and indigestible fruit. Of old it was chosen as a symbol of contention and known as the "apple of discord"—a discord growing out of the most amiable trait in our nature—the love of beauty.

This often gnarled and frequently ungainly tree has two seasons of glory—the one, in May, when it is a mass of sweet-smelling pink and white blossoms; the other, in October, when its boughs are hung with beautiful colored globes of fruit. We say then, how beautiful it is, just as we speak of the blooming loveliness of a girl of seventeen, and of the noble beauty of the good and intellectual woman of sixty years.

Nothing in our temperate zone is so beautiful as an apple-tree in full bloom. The tender sky with its shifting vaporous clouds is in sympathy; the freshly spring-

ing grass and the shy wild flowers join to make a bridal—or shall we say a "confirmation"?—occasion of it; the birds all know it and sing about it. What a time it is of color and sentiment and melody! The pulse that does not quicken, the eye that does not kindle, the soul that does not open, to the witching loveliness of life in the apple-blossom time are dead to the purity of beauty and to the beauty of purity.

But it does not last long. This supreme moment of half-veiled loveliness is as fleeting as the pause of the questioning maiden on the brink of womanhood. The blossoms grow pale in the effort of evanescent beauty, and the first rude wind scatters them. While you look, the angel wings are gone and the serious business of life has begun; the fruit has set; the miniature apple is already there, perfect in details. This is the most perilous moment in the life of the apple.

The analogy does not hold good of the rose, for that is born with no sense of duty but just to be a rose. And men are divided in opinion which is the more beautiful, the bud, with its sweetness shut in and so much left to the imagination, or the opened rose with its loveliness fully disclosed. As this is a world of compromise, most men prefer the bud half open to the full-blown rose. But as soon as it is full blown the petals fall off, the exquisite creation disappears. We have no further thought of the rose. Let us return to the apple.

The infant apple has tightly shut itself in and begun to elaborate its qualities—sweet, sour, piquant, full of flavor, or tasteless, just like the rest of us. What is inside of it? Nobody knows. As I said, the moment of peril was its blooming-time of youth and beauty. Were any seeds of evil laid in the tender blossom? As the time goes on we shall see. In a few weeks some of them become “wind-falls”—they had not stamina enough to hang on, or something has eaten the life out of their centres. Others endure and drop off later, and as they lie immature upon the ground, a worm crawls out of them. The germ of the worm got in in the most lovely and apparently innocent period of their lives. Loveliness, it seems, is not a protection.

But the mass of apples, we will say, endure and present a fair appearance, and go on to the harvest. And yet how many of them, when the Lord shakes the tree or the gardener climbs into it by means of a ladder, are unsound! They appear all right, but they have been living in sin all their lives; if you cut them open you may find the worm still there, carrying out his plan of getting a living, or he may have crawled out and left a spot of decay to mar all the fair beauty of the fruit. But do not some hypocrites escape the judgment day of the harvest? It would seem so. For the picker of the fruit may not be a righteous man, and he may send to market apples that are not sound at heart, and so distribute the seeds of sin throughout the world; but some time the worm will appear, even if he is only disclosed at the Christmas dinner. So few virgin apples there are that escape all the perils of their lives, and come in perfect soundness and crispness and beauty of color to old age!

And we are not altogether without responsibility; there is so much carelessness and lack of consideration and want of loving-kindness in the world. Consider how the healthy, solid apples are often “handled.” They are bruised in the gathering; they are jammed into odious juxtaposition in packing; they are confined in foul air. The bruised decay; the jammed lose form and comeliness; those condemned to bad air lose all their flavor. So that it excites remark when we find in the winter our apple firm in texture, lovely in color, full of the sweet and sprightly juice of life.

Perhaps it is not possible to protect the blossoms. The seeds of evil find such ready lodgement in young souls. But we might avoid many brutalities and the infliction of many hardships, so that the matured fruit of life should be as beautiful in its way as the maiden blossoms.

## II.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN THE GENERAL READER  
AND THE SCRIBE, WHO INTERRUPTS THE READER.

*Scribe.* Why do you turn down a leaf when you stop reading?

*General Reader.* To keep my place.

*Scribe.* Oh! so that you can tell where to begin? What is the use of that? What's the book?

*General Reader.* Why, *Crimson's* last. [*Scribe.* I wish it were.] There it is—*The High-Stepper*, by the author of *Why Nancy Blushed.* It isn't so good as *Her High Instep.*

*Scribe.* Well, turn down all the leaves, if you like, so that you will not have to begin again. All the same, it is a vile practice. No book is worth reading one leaf of which you can dare to break down.

*General Reader.* But it saves time; you can tell in a minute where you left off. I always do it.

*Scribe.* Don't borrow of me, then. That treatment of a real book is barbarous. Excuse my plain speech. It is vulgar, and reveals a lack of refining influences in the early education of the reader. You can tell what a man is by the way he handles a book—whether he has any different feeling for it from that he has for a newspaper—and I hate to see even the newspaper torn and crumpled. Any print is worthy of some respect. But a book! Heavens, man, it has a soul!—though a lost one sometimes.

*General Reader.* But it's to read, that's all, and so is a newspaper.

*Scribe.* My friend, I am sorry to hear you talk that way about reading. I hope you haven't got the habit of it. Why do you do it?

*General Reader.* Lots of times I've nothing else to do.

*Scribe.* Then quit it. If you have lots of time, don't waste it. Do you know that what you are doing is dangerous, unscientific, unsanitary?

*General Reader.* Go on. Say it's wicked. I thought you writers were all for encouraging the habit of reading.



*Scribe.* Not the kind of reading habit that you have. And wicked is unscientific. But never mind that. Take this present case. How can you let such a fellow as Crimson have possession of your mind for a couple of hours? You know by the way he treats the English language that he is a vulgarian. If his practice is like his theory, you wouldn't tolerate him socially, and you hand your mind over to him without hesitation, and let him smear it for hours at a time—yes, and what is worse, enfeeble it.

*General Reader.* Enfeeble? Why, all the critics say that Crimson is "strong."

*Scribe.* They mean "rank." And you have come to like it. That shows what a condition your mind has been brought to by your habit. If it was a question of what you should eat, you would have more sense about it. You don't treat your mind with half the respect you do your stomach.

*General Reader.* I don't understand.

*Scribe.* Why, by practice you can lose your relish for simple and like only highly spiced food. But even in that your stomach corrects you, and in time you have to be more careful in what you eat than you were in your natural state. Nature pulls you up short. You find that many things that "taste good" are digging your grave.

*General Reader.* Of course everybody has to diet now and then.

*Scribe.* But you can't diet after Crimson and his like have had possession of your mind for several years. Your power of discrimination has gone. Your mind has become "miscellaneous," and probably impaired in its fibre.

*General Reader.* You mean that it has become immoral?

*Scribe.* No. I'm not talking about morality. It has become flabby, just as the minds of children become by reading "children's books." If your mind remained robust in its acquired bad taste, I could deal with that. But now—excuse me—there is nothing to work on. Your habit of reading without thinking of the effect of your reading upon your mind has brought you to that. If you had a cook in your house as bad as Crimson, you'd discharge him at once. He does not know the first principles of his trade.

*General Reader.* So you admit that writing is a trade?

*Scribe.* Yes, as to training. Even a

genius has to learn it. Call it an art, if you like. Now Crimson and the others—and they write most of the books for the General Reader—are not artists. You can see that. Their business is to keep the printing-presses going. I don't say they are immoral. Even the "strong" ones may be only crude, or exaggerated, or bumptious, or trying to see how far the market will take "intimate" suggestions. Crimson probably thinks he is "elegant" and "subtle." He is just vulgar; his language is vicious; his conceptions of life are crude; his whole performance is mediocre.

*General Reader.* And you suggest that my mind has become like that?

*Scribe.* You mean, my friend, is becoming. Why do you read Crimson and books of that sort day after day?

*General Reader.* Well, to pass the time; for entertainment.

*Scribe.* I am glad I didn't say that. If Crimson entertains you, I have nothing more to say. You have arrived.

*General Reader.* Suppose I have. Now you who are so cocksure about everything, and talk about "style" and all that, how do you tell a good book—at any rate, what is good for me, or what you call the "average" reader?

*Scribe.* I confess you have me there. Nothing is more difficult. Crimson? Yes. A page of him shows his vulgar feebleness. But I read many a book, and am for one reason or another fascinated with it at the time, and for a day or two after if I give myself up to it—as one ought to any book he reads, in justice to the writer. And then, when the excitement has subsided, and I bring my mind round to judge it!

*General Reader.* Now you are coming to the point.

*Scribe.* Did you ever think, my friend, what an awful responsibility it is to attempt to feed the human mind? I wonder sometimes that anybody dares to print a line. I shudder to think of the escapes I have made.

*General Reader.* Well, that doesn't tell me anything. The critics talk about style and tendency and one thing and another, and then I read a book, and like it or don't like it. That is the end of it for me.

*Scribe.* No, it isn't. I'll tell you one test of a book that the critics do not always mention. Do you ever think what



is the effect of a book on your mind? When it has "settled," and you have a clear view of it, and can see how it has affected you? Is your mind purer for it, or clearer? Has it filled your mind with good or bad images? Has it raised your tone or lowered it?

*General Reader.* Commonly it doesn't do anything of the kind.

*Scribe.* Then you are a gone case. If your mind has got so that a book does not affect it, you have no mind to speak of. But no one is in that state. Every book that you read and understand affects you for better or worse. It has some effect upon you, and if you are sane, you are bound to find what that is.

*General Reader.* But I read a lot just for information—about life, for instance.

*Scribe.* You are partly right about that. Then get out the information as information. A large part of our reading is for information. Only keep your mind in your own control, sift out what you need, and then otherwise judge the book by its effect on you. That is a different thing from gorging yourself indiscriminately on the circulating library.

*General Reader.* You aren't down on the circulating library, are you?

*Scribe.* Oh, the libraries are all right. I suppose the novelists couldn't live without their aid. But in moments of despondency I have sometimes wished that nobody should read a book that he did not buy. He would then be careful not to waste time or money on a book that was not good enough to keep by him and absorb as part of his life. Do you think the general people would have their present good health if they could help themselves to all the luxuries by which the rich ruin their digestions? But this is another subject. Find your place, and go on ruining your mind.

### III.

The Smithsonian Institution has celebrated its fifty years of life—1846 to 1896—by the publication of a massive volume, an elegant piece of book-making, adorned with fine portraits of its founder, secretaries, chancellors, and benefactors. The text is a record of the founding and development of this institution, with essays on its several functions and activities, and biographical sketches of those who have made it what it is.

To the majority of the people in the

United States the "Smithsonian" is little more than a name—supposed by many to be only a museum—and its organization, special functions, and relation to the government are little understood. Among scientific institutions it is peculiar, almost *sui generis*, and it is stamped with the name American all over it. It has been a development out of the necessities of our new conditions. Its present purpose and form were only dimly conceived at first, but it has attained in its peculiar lines rank with the great foundations of the world, and is an institution of which Americans have special right to be proud. It is not an academy of limited membership, it is not a library, nor is its chief distinction that of a museum. We may say in a general way that it is a stimulator of investigation and a diffuser of knowledge. In the words of President D. C. Gilman, in his essay on its co-operation with other institutions, "Without any patronage, without the power to bestow much pecuniary assistance, without the bestowal of diplomas, medals, or other badges of distinction, without any official or paternal control, without even the disposition to criticise or correct, the Smithsonian has been and is the great auxiliary of science and education throughout the length and breadth of the land." It is a democratic institution.

Its origin is romantic. Its development has been guided by so much good sense—due to a succession of wise scientific administrators—that it may be called providential. The frontispiece of this volume is a portrait of a charming young gentleman in an Oxford cap and gown. No other institution that we know of had such an attractive founder. This is James Smithson. United in him were strains of royal and noble English blood. His mother's name was Macie, and his father, by providential accident, was Hugh Smithson, first Duke of Northumberland. Young Macie, after his mother's death, had the leave of Parliament to take the name of Smithson. For the purpose of this paper it is sufficient to say that Smithson devoted himself to scientific studies, especially in chemistry, and that his pride of birth took the form of a resolution to make his own name distinguished. He once wrote: "The best blood of England flows in my veins; on my father's side I am a Northumberland; on my mother's I am related to kings



[Lady Jane Grey, Henry VII., Henry VIII.], but this avails me not. My name shall live in the memory of man when the titles of the Northumberland and the Percys [the Smithsons were connected in lineage with the Percys] are extinct and forgotten."

James Smithson was born in 1765, and died in 1829. In 1826 he made his will, bequeathing his whole property to certain heirs, and, in case of failure of issue, "to the United States of America, to found at Washington, under the name of the Smithsonian Institution, an establishment for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men." In 1835 this clause of his will became operative, and, after debate and hesitation, Smithson's legacy was accepted by Congress. When received in 1838 the sum was \$508,318 46. This, by the falling in of some encumbrances, was increased in 1867 to the amount of \$550,000. What induced Smithson to select the United States as his beneficiary is not known; he had not been in America, nor had he any known correspondents here. It has been suggested by Mr. George Brown Goode that he may have read a passage in Washington's Farewell Address—"Promote, as of primary importance, institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge."

The Institution was organized in 1846. This volume contains in detail the various projects for utilizing the Smithson gift. There was already in Washington a National Institute, fostered by the government. It was proposed to transfer the Smithson gift to it, but the National decayed, from various causes, and the Smithsonian became the heir of its collections. Among the projects was to found an astronomical observatory, a great library, a museum, a botanical garden. Out of all these suggestions the Smithsonian was evolved, but the direction of its action is mainly due to its great secretaries—Joseph Henry, Spencer Fullerton Baird, and Samuel Pierpont Langley, the present occupant. The secretary is the executive officer of the regents.

The Smithsonian is a corporation or an establishment "for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men," of which the statutory members are the President, the Vice-President, the Chief Justice, the Secretaries of State, War, Navy, Interior, and Agriculture, the Attorney-General, and the Postmaster-Gen-

eral. The establishment has from time to time made distinguished citizens honorary members. The Board of Regents is composed of the Vice-President and the Chief Justice (one of whom has always been chancellor of the board), three members of the Senate, three members of the House, and six citizens, no two of whom may be from the same State, though two must be residents of Washington. The secretary appoints all his own staff of assistants, is responsible for the use of all the funds, is custodian of all the property, and is *ex officio* librarian and keeper of the museum. The library has now been housed in the National Library building, except such books as are needed for working purposes in the Institution.

The work and activity of the Smithsonian cannot be defined in a paragraph. It is largely that of exploration, investigation, and development of the United States, and of diffusion of knowledge thus gained in this country and by correspondence with similar institutions everywhere. Several departments of the government are contributory to the Smithsonian. Of course a great museum has grown up, which is especially distinguished for its anthropological collections illustrating the Western world. Every science is represented, and when not specially pursued in the Institution, it is stimulated by it; all branches of physics, geology, mineralogy, botany. There is a botanical garden; there is in formation a zoological garden of Western World animals. Instead of the observatory on the old lines of astronomy, which had for its object to say *where* any heavenly body is rather than *what* it is, there is the Astrophysical Observatory, which Professor Langley describes.

These are only hints as to the activities and importance of the Smithsonian Institution. No other one institution is more in touch with the vital interests of the country and its higher development. There is room here only for these hints, but if there is any foreign observer, or any American pessimist, who fancies that we have accomplished nothing in the last fifty years except to make money, and to put into office those who most zealously seek office, not those who would best serve the public—that we have, in short, abandoned all the nobler purposes of a nation—I advise him to study this superb exposition of life and progress.



# EDITOR'S DRAWER

## IN THE STUDIO.

BY HAYDEN CARRUTH.

THE studio which is inhabited by the artist Max and his friend Paul, the poet, is on the top floor of an old red brick house near Washington Square. It is a large front room—the “square room” of the advertising landlady—and at the back is an alcove, which serves as a bedroom for Max; while the little room which opens off the large one at the side—the “hall bedroom” of the landlady—is the dormitory of Paul. There are skylights over all three, and in the hall, and in the back rooms on this floor—so many, indeed, that if you ascend to the roof, of a warm summer night, you shall say that you are among a lot of chicken-coops.

Great confusion reigns in the studio proper, and rolls over into the other rooms. There is an immense tiger-skin, not on the floor, but on the wall. There is a gigantic fish-net, not on the wall, but on the floor. A lay-figure, in great distress, stands in one corner; a plaster Venus in another; an anatomical figure in still another; a suit of armor in the fourth. A tall clock, the minute-hand revolving once in three-quarters of an hour, and the other always hanging limp at VI, is edging out from the wall as if about to gather up its scant skirts and walk over and embrace the lay-figure. There are couches and easy-chairs scattered about where they are most in the way, an old sideboard, a gas-stove, a lot of ancient weapons, a brass kettle as big as a half-barrel, a last year's calendar, a tally-ho horn, a broken golf club, twenty unfinished pictures, one finished picture, a stuffed owl, a live black cat, a pair of wooden shoes, a bottle of milk, several Chinese umbrellas, a geranium in a pot, plenty of books, a stag's head, a typewriter, a score of plaster casts, a half-dozen Chianti bottles, a bicycle tire, a coffee-pot, a waste-basket, quite empty, but with paper enough all about on the floor to fill it five times over; there are also ten thousand other things, which it would be tiresome to name, and over all a peppering of pipes, of every kind yet invented by man. Alas! we tremble violently to think of the fate of shrieking art and poetry without tobacco!

It is in the afternoon; Max is at work on a black-and-white illustration. His face is buoyant with hope.

“Let me see,” he muses; “this was promised for a week ago yesterday. They said they wanted it by a week ago to-day, must have it six days ago, and would not take it if

it was not done five days ago; they really hoped for it four days ago; I tried to finish it three days ago, expected to finish it two days ago, the limit in my mind was yesterday, bet Paul a dollar I'd get through to-day, hope to finish to-morrow, may have it done by the day after, must have it off by the day after that, shall just about apply the finishing touches on the day after *that*. Well, well, it doesn't matter! Ah, but that letter was encouraging!” Lays down his pen and adds, “Where the blazes did I put that letter?”

The door opens softly, and enter Paul. “Hello, old man!” he calls. “Do you know, I've just got a letter that makes the whole world seem glorious!”

“You don't say so!” answers Max. “What a coincidence! I just got a letter of the same kind. It means money in my pocket.”

“Eh? Well, we need it.”

“Yes, yes,” answers Max, dryly, “*we* do.”

“That's what I said. Who's it from, anyhow?”

“Some duffer I never heard of, at something-ty-something east or west Somewhere street, offering me \$200 for the original of my ‘Windy Crossing’ picture.”

“Good heavens! Why, you only asked \$100!”

“I know; and fifty would have taken it.”

“And that night you lost your gold shirt stud and had to wear a brass-headed tack, you'd have even cut that price.”

“Dear boy, he could have had it that night for another shirt stud. They cost sixty cents, you know. Where the deuce did I put that letter, anyhow? I want to see what that address was.” He begins rummaging violently. “Hello! here's that tube of ivory-white I looked for two hours yesterday.”

“Seems 'sif you might ask about my letter.”

“A thousand pardons, old boy! What is it?”

“Can't you guess?”

“What, not from Marcellette?”

“It is. She says I may call. And I was right about her name.”

“I congratulate you, dear Paul. I know how you feel. What's her last name?”

“I didn't notice.”

“And her address?”

“I'll look and see.” So Paul begins rummaging his pockets, throwing out great bundles of papers, letters, and so forth, on the table.



"You'll need your dress suit," observes Max.

"Of course. I'll take it out of pawn with part of that \$200 we're going to get."

"Ah, I forgot that! *Where* did I put that letter?" He keeps on rummaging, while Paul continues to jettison the cargo in his pockets. "Oh, here's that diminishing-glass! I just sent Maggie down to DuBois's for another," continues Max.

"It's funny about that letter," complains Paul, beginning to paw over the stack on the table before him.

"No funnier than it is about mine," answers Max, impatiently, coming up and helping him paw.

A knock is heard at the door. "Only Maggie," says Paul, in a whisper. "Come in!" he calls in a loud, authoritative tone. A down-at-the-heel girl with her hair held up by half a quill pen enters.

"Mister Max, ould DuBois says he'll send you no glass without seeing the color of your money."

"Good. I've found the old one." Then, with dignity, "Go back, Maggie, and tell him that this ends our business relations."

"It beats all what became of that letter," says Paul, again beginning to explore his pockets.

"Not half so strange as what became of mine," answers Max. "Did you take it out when you first came in?"

"Possibly. It may be anywhere." They both begin overhauling the whole studio together.

"Here's the shoe-horn we were looking for the other night when we had the ice-cream," calls Paul, as he emerges from beneath a couch.

"And here's your sonnet under this mat—the one you were going to send to the *Manhattan Magazine*, you know."

"Good. Put it under the coffee-pot; there's a variation of it there now."

"It beats me about that letter," goes on Max, making another assault on the table.

"I know what we need, though," says Paul, coming up and re-enforcing him.

"What is it?"

"A smoke."

"The very thing! But have we any tobacco?"

"Certainly. There in the tea-canister." They each seize the nearest pipe, and fill it at the canister.

"Have you a match?" asks Paul.

"No. Have you?"

"Of course not! Maggie!" There is no response.

"Why, the gas is burning yet; I forgot to turn it out this morning. This will do," and he steps to the table, tears off a strip of paper, rolls it up, and soon has his pipe giving out great clouds. Paul does the same, and they sit down opposite.

"It's odd about both of those letters," says Paul.

"But they must be here somewhere."

"Yes; we shall find them. I feel certain of that. We *must* find them. My whole future happiness depends on mine."

"Ah, we shall find them after a good smoke."

"Yes, we shall find both of them. Remember how we lost the fire-shovel?"

"I fancy I do! Gone two weeks, and then we found it under your pillow."

"That was Maggie's fault. I have always told her to air the pillows."

"We oughtn't to pay her our share for such service."

"But we don't, old man!"

There is a loud knock at the door. They lay down their pipes, and Paul tiptoes into the small room and peeps through the key-hole. He comes back and whispers, "I can't make him out. Seems to have pretty good clothes. Maybe your man come after his picture." Max goes up a steep pair of stairs in the alcove and through the scuttle. On the roof he peeps down the skylight. He is back in a moment.

"Bah!" he whispers, disgusted. "That collector from the grocer's. He looked up as I looked down, but I don't think he saw me." They relight their pipes with more paper torches, and after knocking twice more the man goes away.

"We can fix him out of that \$200," observes Paul.

"I don't know. We need another rug. And it's ridiculous this trying to live without a little claret in the house."

"True. And we both need our watches. That clock has been acting queerly of late."

"I have suspected that clock ever since it struck 142 at half past four. But we can't have anything if we don't find my letter."

"Oh, yes; but mine is more important. Marcellete, Marcellete! I was right about her name, Max."

They both lay down their pipes and begin to rummage again.

"Here's my carmine," calls Max, as he overturns the coal-scuttle. "I lost Saturday by looking for it."

A moment later Paul shouts "Hurrah!" as he pulls his hand from the pocket of a buckskin hunting-jacket on the wall. "No! Thought I'd found it. It's nothing but that bill from the laundry we were looking for."

"No matter. We have had two duplicates since we lost that."

"True enough," and he tucks it behind a mirror.

"Here's our dish-towel in the grate," returns Max.

"You must have put it there. I'm too good a housekeeper for that."

"I never in my life had it in my hand."

"Neither did I."

"It was Maggie."

"We must cut down her wages."

By this time they are both back at the table, ransacking furiously. Then by common impulse they pick up their pipes, light them as before, and begin to discuss the situation earnestly. In their excitement their pipes go out frequently, but they rekindle them without stopping their talk.

"Six months ago I saw her first," sighs Paul at last—"six weary months. Now I am rewarded."

"If you can find the letter."

"I'll find it—never fear. But we must find yours first. I can't call without the suit."

"The letter is bound to turn up."

"It's odd you can't remember the address," says Paul.

"Oh, it was unspeakable! All figures and things."

"But the name?"

"Hold; I think I do remember the name."

"Quick—what?"

"Smith! We'll look it up in the directory."

Paul groans. "You are crazy. There are 120 pages of Smiths in the directory."

"Very well; we shall find the letter. Pass me that bit of paper; my pipe is out."

"Yes, we shall find them both. Just reach me the canister till I fill again."

"It's equally odd that you don't remember the name and address in your letter."

"I never looked at them. I saw that it was from her, and that I might call. It was enough."

It is now impossible to see six feet in the studio for tobacco smoke. There is a knock at the door, followed by a shrill whistle.

"The postman!" exclaims Max.

"Not so fast. That tailor's collector carries a postman's whistle now."

"True. But I know the postman's step."

"The tailor's man is a clever actor."

"I'll risk it." He pulls open the door. "I told you! Here are two letters." He thrusts them, unopened, into a Chinese lantern, and they both resume their seats and relight their pipes. Of course the letters are duns.

"The queer thing is that I had that letter not half an hour before you came in," observes Max.

"But I had my letter in my pocket when I did come in. I know it, because I—I kissed it on the stairs."

"It's probably in your pocket yet."

"It is not. I took it out, and instantly it became lost in the confusion of this detestable studio. I should live alone. A literary man must have order and system. I have a fine bump of order. Artists are shiftless creatures, and invariably slovenly housekeepers."

"You needn't talk! The place was in apple order before you came here and buried everything in rejected manuscripts."

"Hah! They serve at least to hide certain unsaleable pictures."

"Who lost a five-dollar bill in his shoe, and wore it there two weeks?"

"I might as well have worn it there longer. You borrowed it immediately I found it."

They glare at each other. Then Max says: "My dear fellow, we won't quarrel. We must take a day and straighten up the place. I have wanted my banjo for a month."

"So you have. And I have not seen my copy of Keats since the day *Every Thursday* accepted my quatrain."

"Let's to the search again!"

They put down their pipes and begin a general upheaval of the studio. Manuscripts, letters, bills, pencil studies, frying-pans, slippers, plaster casts, amateur cameras, and other things fly through the air. Rugs are rolled up, and hangings pulled down. The suit of armor is overturned, and strikes the lay-figure in the stomach. An easel falls, and an unfinished picture flops on the floor.

"Here's your banjo under the fish-net!" calls Paul.

"Odd coincidence," returns Max; "I just found your Keats in the water-pitcher."

"And here's my list of rhymes on 'blossom.' By George, if I'd only had it yesterday!"

"And here's—" But there is a loud knock at the door, and they become as still as mice.

Away goes Paul to the roof, and after some time he returns. "Boy from Murdock's," he explains. "Suppose he had the pay for that short story of mine."

"Numskull! Why didn't you pound on the skylight and stop him?"

"I started to, but I saw the landlord coming up the stairs. There he is now," and there is a knock which is like to break in a door panel. After three more the visitor stumps away. The two friends observe him through the corner of the window ruefully surveying the front of the house from the opposite side of the street. They sit down and again ignite their pipes.

"I shall move out of this hole to-morrow," says Paul.

"It will save me the trouble."

"You will live here till the Department of Public Works has to dig you out."

"You will fall naturally to the Department of Charities and Correction."

"What!"

"What!"

They sit on the edge of their chairs and glare till the smoke becomes so thick that they cannot see each other. Then says Paul,

"Old boy, I have an idea."

"Out with it."

"We shall never find those letters without help."

"I believe you. But where can we turn?"

"To Maggie, of course."

"Why didn't we think of it before? Maggie!"

Paul unlocks the door and Maggie enters. They state the difficulty, describe the letters, and implore her to assist them. She starts in,



beginning with the table. They fall into a state of deep dejection.

"That letter was worth an even \$200 to me, and perhaps much more. I might sell the man other originals. He must be an excellent judge of art."

"But your letter was nothing compared with mine. A million, yes, five million dollars would not have bought it from me."

"I fear we shall never see them."

"I fear you are right."

"But the mystery of it!"

"Yes, yes; yes, yes!"

"But it need not keep us from smoking. Hand me that scrap of paper, Maggie."

"And me that other one, Maggie."

Maggie takes them up. "Whoy, they're bits of letters!" says Maggie. "Fresh ones, too!"

"What!" shout the two men, springing up and seizing them.

"My letter!" gasps Paul.

"And mine!" wails Max.

They turn the bits over and examine them carefully.

"Is the address left?" asks Paul.

"Part of it. The name 'Smith.' What is that writing remaining on yours?"

"I shall be glad to see you Wednesday evening."

They groan and collapse.

#### HOW WELL SHE KNEW HIM!

SHE was his third wife, a semi-centurian herself, and some thirty years his junior. She went one morning for an hour's shopping in a near-by town, and as she stepped upon the train, she said to his daughter, "If anything happens to me, Amanda, just put a fresh pink in your father's coat and set him off again!"

#### JUST WHAT HE WANTED.

ONE of the first men to reach San Francisco with a hoard of Klondike gold was an Irishman named Finnegan, who had been very poor before he struck it rich, and who, consequently, was unfamiliar with many ordinary usages of a life of luxury.

"Oi say, yez kin bring me two dozen eyestars," he said, airily, as he took a seat in one of the finest restaurants in 'Frisco.

The oysters were soon set before him, and Finnegan, looking about him for something to put on them, and hardly knowing what the something should be, spied a bottle of Tabasco, and proceeded to season the bivalves not wisely but too well.

Impaling an oyster upon his fork, he thrust it into his mouth, then leaped to his feet with a terrific roar of pain, and began dancing about and yelling like a madman.

"See here!" cried the proprietor, rushing to the table, "keep still, or I'll put you out!"

"P-p-put me out, is it? Oi wish yez would put me out!" yelled Finnegan. "Me insides is blazin' loike a match-factory!"

EARLE HOOKER EATON.

#### CONTAGIOUS.

IT was on a crowded suburban car out of Washington, one day last summer, that a middle-aged woman, carrying a fretful baby, was forced to squeeze herself into a small space left vacant beside a dapper youth of possibly twenty years. His countenance had all the expression of his immaculate white suit, except for a look of disgust which he assumed as the baby, in its restlessness, would touch him with foot or hand. Finally he turned

toward the woman, and inquired, in a tone quite audible to those near him,

"Ah, beg pawdon, madam, but has this child anything—ah—contagious?"

The nurse was a motherly-looking woman. Glancing compassionately at him through her gold-rimmed spectacles, she remarked, meditatively.

"Well, now, I don't know, young man; but—ah—it might be *to you*. She's *teething*!"

After this, for the few moments before he left the car, the young man's face was a study in expression.

M. M. W.

#### ELOQUENCE AT BAY.

IT was a preacher who had that "fatal fluency" for whom an acquaintance laid a trap. He had a way of promising to preach, and on beginning would say something like "I have been too busy to prepare a sermon, but if some one will kindly give me a text, I'll preach from it." One determined to cure him. He therefore asked him to preach. The invitation was accepted. The time came, and the visitor began his usual introduction: "Brethren, I have been so pushed for time to-day as to have been quite unable to prepare a sermon. But if some of you will give me a text, I'll preach from it. Perhaps my brother here," turning to the plotter near him, "will suggest a text." "Yes, brother," came the ready response; "your text is the last part of the ninth verse of the first chapter of Ezra, and its words are 'nine-and-twenty knives.'" There was a pause, an ominous pause, as the preacher found his text. He read it out, "Nine-and-twenty knives," and began at once. "Notice the number of these knives—just exactly nine-and-twenty; not thirty, not eight-and-twenty. There were no more and no less than nine-and-twenty knives." A pause—a long pause. Then, slowly and emphatically, "Nine-and-twenty knives." A longer pause. Then, meditatively, "Nine-and-twenty knives." Again he rested. "Nine-and-twenty knives." A dead stop. "Nine-and-twenty knives—and if there were nine hundred and twenty knives I could not say another word."





THAT GENTLER SEX.

MISS STACINGLE. "Why, my dear Mrs. Slendering, so glad to see you! If I were not afraid of being rude, I should say you have grown stouter."  
MRS. SLENDERING. "If I were not sure of being rude, I should say you are unchanged, dear."



## VERSES OF THE LINKS.

## THE LINGUIST.

He's given up Latin and Spanish;  
 He's given up Russian and Greek;  
 He's given up all the remarkable tongues  
 The Flemish and Aryans speak.

He's given up Dago and Jappy;  
 He's given up old Portuguese;  
 He's given up Irish and German, likewise  
 French, Turkish, and heathen Chinese.

He's stopped all his studies Egyptian,  
 Relinquished his Persian and Norse;  
 The primitive speech of barbarian tribes  
 For study he will not endorse.

Because all his time is devoted,  
 Despite how the scoffer may scoff  
 To learning the roots and the stems of the terms  
 We use in the language of golf.

And 'stead of pursuing his studies  
 In library alcoves, or in  
 Some quiet old nook philologic, far from  
 The rush and the roar and the din,

He's chosen a spot better fitted  
 For probing the depths of his fad,  
 And makes all his investigations alone  
 In a home for the hopelessly mad.

## THE MELANCHOLY JAQUES.

ALL the world's a links,  
 And all the men and women would-be golfers.  
 They have their teeings and their puttings;  
 And one man in his game plays many strokes,  
 His clubs being seven species. First, the driver,  
 Slicing and pulling in the player's hand.  
 Then the blooming brassie, with its scuffling  
 And shining brazen heel, cutting like a knife  
 The soft and yielding sod. Then the loftier,  
 Lofting like nothing, with a woful cursing  
 Made to a listless caddie. Then the mashie,  
 Full of strange ways and mashing like the dick-  
 ens,

Mad in its topping, axelike and swift in action,  
 Seeking the bubble condemnation  
 Even on the bunker's top. And then the cleek,  
 Its fair round haft with loosened leather wound,  
 With iron cold and at an angle slight,  
 Full of perversity and dubious distances.  
 And so he plays his game. The sixth club shifts  
 Into the short and slippery mid-iron.  
 With hands gripped hard and eyes on ball,  
 His nervous stroke doth fly a world too wide  
 For his unshrunk score; and his big manly voice,  
 Turning again toward listless caddie, pipes  
 His words unprintable. Last scene of all,  
 That ends this strange, eventful catalogue,  
 Is crooked putting and unholy holing,  
 Sans grace, sans form, sans direction, sans anything.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

## THE BUSINESSLIKE MR. MOSHER.

"Now this man Mosher, that you heard the boys speaking of as now being in California, and in the Legislature or the penitentiary—some says one, and some says the other," remarked Mr. Bush, in an explanatory tone—"why, you ought to 'a' knowed him. He was just the smartest business man that ever struck *this*

town. He wasn't what you'd call an eddicated man, nor he wasn't a rich man, nor he didn't have no particular trade or profession, nor even any special *business*, but he was just lightning on general business, all the same. He wasn't anything to *look* at, either—went around wearing old clothes, and had a kind of a cramped-up-appearing face, as if his features was crowded. From what I know of him now, I should say that they wa'n't probably his features a-tall, but the features he had enched some bigger man out of. If you'd seen him you'd 'a' said he didn't know enough to scratch a match on a grindstone, and likely next day he'd 'a' had your pocket-book and a deed to your house and lot. He was 'way up on business—plain, straight, legitimate business.

"Made his start here by selling a snow tunnel to a Boston man. That's the plain trooth—run a fifteen-hundred-foot tunnel under thirty feet of snow in Plug Hat Gulch, and sold it for \$4000 as a developed mine. When the snow melted in the spring that Boston man said—Well, to have *heard* him you'd never thought he was from Boston; you'd 'a' said he was from some place where they teachd hot, bloo, rip-snorting language in the public schools, and that he was a graduate of the high-school. Talk! Well, Pete Kimlin was the profanest man in *this* town, but after he heard that Boston man he just quit. He said he seen the whole thing laid ahead of him—that he only knowed a very little about the rujuments.

"But the way Mosher salted the stock on the Britisher was what I was going to tell you about. You've heard of this here watering the stock by them there Wall Street men? Well, Mosher *salted* the stock, just like you'd salt a gold-mine you was going to sell to a tenderfoot. The Britisher was named Edgewater, and he had a roll of money like a cotton bale. He was looking for investments, and we all had 'em for him. We woke that feller up in the night to show him investments. We showed him two investments at a time. I'll bet he thought he'd struck the home office of the Great Original World's Supply Investment Factory, and that it was running on double time. We give ourselves lumbago bowing and scraping to him, and calling him 'My Lord,' and 'Your Highness,' and such stuff, thinking he'd like it. But he was shy. Nibbled a little once or twice, but never took hold of the hook. We tried every kind of bait, but he wouldn't rise. All this time Mosher was gawking round town talking loud 'bout the American eagle, and saying as how the bird could scratch the British lion's eyes out with one foot tied behind his back, and that Englishmen ought to be rid out of the country on rails, and all such criminal language as that. There was talk of lynching Mosher, and it went mighty close to being done.

"Then one day what did Mosher do but walk





#### EXPERIENTIA DOCET.

SHE. "Your brother is very well-to-do, isn't he?"  
HE. "On the contrary, he is very hard to do."

up to the Englishman in front of the hotel and slaps him on the back—slams him right plumb between his royal shoulder-blades—and says he: 'Mr. Britisher'—just like that—'Mr. Britisher, why don't you buy a stock-ranch?' The man said he just as soon, and asked him what he had to offer. 'I've got a passel of fifteen or twenty thousand head—'ain't counted 'em lately,' says Mosher, cool as a hippopotamus; and there we sot speechless, knowing as we did that he hadn't a steer to his name. 'I've looked at some stock,' says the Britisher, 'but the prices seem to be too high.' 'I'll make *that* all right,' says Mosher, and then he names a figure per head about half what good stock was worth; and we continued to set speechless, or mostly so, making quiet bets that he couldn't deliver the goods; but he did, and I reckon he could 'a' been delivering of 'em yet, if he'd a-wanted to.

"Mosher still had the heft of the \$4000 he had touched the Boston man for, and he just rid out about ten miles, and bought a few hundred head of good stock, and made some arrangements. Then the next day he took the Britisher and his friend out and planted 'em on the edge of some underbrush a little ways from a small butte, and then says he, 'Now,

Mr. Britisher, I'll just have that there stock driv by here, and we'll inspect 'em and count 'em, and then you can just do's you please about taking 'em.' Then the men he'd made arrangements with begun to drive the cattle by in a long string between where they was and the butte; and Mosher and the Britisher and his friend sot there on their hosses and looked at 'em, and counted 'em, till some fifteen or sixteen thousand had trooped along, and Mosher said that was all; and they rode back, and the Britisher paid the money, mighty tickled at his bargain; after which Mosher went away, giving out that he was going to California for his health, his nerves being shattered, though there wasn't no particular sign of it. Leastways the Britisher didn't take that view of it when he found there was only four or five hundred head of the stock, the arranged men having been hustling 'em through the chaparral and round the butte on a dead run, so that each of the critters had gone by and got counted at least ten times. But, being only a furriner, his language wasn't nothing to compare with the Boston man's, though they said he could be heard over five hundred yards, and that, *considering*, wasn't so bad."





GREEN. "Talk about zero weather! Why, this brisk country air is just fine. These country people should exercise, instead of bundling up."



UNCLE EBEN. "Eh?"



"Hi-i-i, there!"



"Look out! rubbum! I'm a-cummin'!"



"Bu-r-r-r!"



"Lucky I put thet snow onto yer ears jest as I did, mister. They'd have ben friz solid next minnit. Have a swig er this to keep yer blood movin'."

A RESCUE.







See "Good for the Soul."

"'CHANGE IT? MY NAME?' SHE SAID."

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## AWAKENED RUSSIA.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

IF it be true that the course of empire is still to wend westward even with ourselves, and that a great seat of activity and wealth is to be created on our own shore of the Pacific, then the fact that Russia will be the greatest neighbor to that scene of activity will gain new interest and importance. But, apart from the possible realization of that dream of so many Californians, we still have Russia as a close neighbor to Alaska, and as the nearest great power across the Pacific. To-day her statesmen speak of us as their friends, and strange as it would appear, but for the still stranger good understanding between Russia and a far less stable republic than ours, we look away from our democratic institutions and boast that this transplanted Asiatic, autocratic, in large degree obstructive power, offers us the only friendship we can count upon among the nations of Europe. On account of this, and because of the new and extraordinary activity of Russia during the past twelve or eighteen months, I have been asked to write some account of this colossal friendly power. I have visited Russia for the purpose, and have travelled it from Finland to St. Petersburg, to Sebastopol, across the Black Sea to Georgia on the Asiatic side of the Caucasus, over those surpassingly beautiful mountains, and back by another route.

In this article I shall consider Russia as a newly awakened, militant power in Europe. In another article I will pay closer attention to the Russian people, the treatment of their colonies, and, in a word, the civilization the country has reached.

Since the post of London correspondent of an American newspaper familiarized me with the flood of so-called disclosures of statecraft which is poured upon the public all over Christendom,

and with the methods by which it is manufactured, I have developed such a poor opinion of it that if what I must write touches upon the secrets, which in truth are known to only a few sovereigns and diplomats, the touch shall be of the lightest, and the impulse shall have been gained from the best sources of my acquaintance.

It was early in 1896, when the discussion of Mr. Cleveland's Venezuelan message had lost the keen edge of its interest, that Russia took the first step in Europe of her many bold advances under the guidance of Prince Lobanoff. This step took the form of a private arrangement between Russia and Turkey, by which Russia gained the right to move her Black Sea war-fleet through the Bosphorus in case she needed to do so. Exactly what the arrangement was or is has not been made public, but from that day to this the Czar, rather than the Sultan, has controlled Turkey. The fullest attempt at a betrayal of the secret in the leading European newspapers made it appear that it practically amounted to an offensive and defensive alliance, but this was denied and not reiterated. That there was some new understanding of as much importance to Turkey as the liberation of her Black Sea fleet was to Russia, was made to seem indubitable by the sending of a special commissioner of the Sultan bearing a valuable present to the Czar. And later, when the troubles in Crete came about, the Russians gathered all the vessels of their Black Sea fleet at Sebastopol, and kept them under steam for weeks, scattering them afterwards, and then collecting them again—certainly not because of any difficulty with Turkey, Bulgaria, or Roumania, her neighbors on that sea.





THE MOST POPULAR PICTURE IN RUSSIA.



But before that war, came the Armenian massacres, and the appearance of Russia as an opponent of any action by concerted Europe towards the discipline of the Sultan or the relief of the Armenians. I did not fully understand Russia's motive in pursuing this apparently unchristian course until I visited Trans-Caucasia this winter, but then I found that Russia possesses a great number of Armenian subjects there, who dream of future independence at least as ardently as the Poles, who assist in fomenting the disturbances of their fellow-countrymen in Turkey, and who are far from being a despicable fraction of the Czar's subjects, as may be imagined when I say that they know the value of money and the power of industry better than any of their neighbors, be they Russians, Persians, Jews, or even Greeks. It was not conceivable that a power like Russia, so autocratic, so paternal, and so completely governed by half a dozen minds of one way of thinking, should permit the Armenian in Turkey to better his condition so as to have it envied by the Armenian in Russia.

The next great event in Europe gave Russia her next opportunity to practise her part as a thoroughly awakened, active, and powerful member of the European concert. This was the disturbance in Crete. At its beginning the Russian press affected to believe that England meant to make an espousal of the cause of Greece an excuse for crippling Turkey. This same press had at first warmly applauded the Greeks in deference to their religion, and because the Crown-Prince of Greece had saved the life of the Czar when he was attacked by an assassin in Japan. But they had not learned the policy of the Czar, who, with the German Emperor's hot prejudice against Greece to aid him, rendered the efforts of the concert so worse than futile that it now seems as if, instead of guarding the peace of Europe, they made possible the insane folly of the Greeks. Such and so active was the course of Russia during the events leading up to the war that she now appears to have been the controlling power at the time. Certainly she was the only one that gained its ends. The Sultan wrote to the Czar afterward, thanking him for "the energy with which he defended and succeeded in getting the powers to adopt the principle of the in-

tegrity of the Ottoman Empire." While I was in Turkey and Greece during the war several Turkish officials spoke freely of their understanding that Russia had urged Turkey to undertake the war—and, I may add, quite as freely expressed their distrust of Russia, and their belief that if Turkey ever fell to ruin, or its rule was removed from Europe, it would be the doing and the gain of Russia, whose counsels, they nevertheless admitted, were now obeyed as law at Constantinople.

Almost immediately on the conclusion of the Turkish campaign in Greece came news of the good understanding between Russia and France. It is even now doubtful whether this took the form of an actual alliance or even of an agreement in writing. If it serves no other purpose than to emphasize the present status of Russia in Europe, and her determination to be regarded as an active, deeply earnest partner in European undertakings, it has not failed in that respect, at least. About this alliance or good understanding, which gives the appearance and effect of a balancing of the weights in Europe's scales, there has been much discussion. It began in France with the popular argument that the republic would use the great empire as a means of regaining Alsace and Lorraine from Germany—a hope which the Russians took pains to destroy as soon as the good understanding was sealed by M. Faure's visit to St. Petersburg. Next, it was argued that since the Czar's best personal friend among the crowned heads is the German Emperor, it was clear that the *entente* with France could not have been considered unless William favored it. Then it became easy to advance to the theory that he originated the idea, and that his object was the one nearest to his heart—a burial of the difference with France. Out of these theories, and one more practical than these which I have not yet mentioned, we may fashion the reasonable belief that by this good understanding France regains her former position in Europe, Germany has a friend close to the ear of France, and that Russia gains from the French the one thing she had not been able to get anywhere else—capital with which to float her great railway enterprises, to develop her resources, and to put her army and navy on a war-footing.

If we now turn to Asia we shall find





GRAND-DUKE VLADIMIR.  
Commander-in-Chief of the Army.

excuse for the war, Japan finds that she has only won the empty honor of expelling Chinese influence from the court, but the Russian flag has waved high above the houses of Seoul ever since the war ended. Japan has by no means accepted the situation, it is true. She feels that she has lost more than material profit, because in losing that in the way she did she forfeited the right to be regarded as a first-class power. She meditates revenge upon Russia, but—it is easier to meditate than to realize some things. The truth is that the Japanese wasted their opportunity in Korea. They tried to rush reform and to Japanize the country in a moment. They aroused the hostility of all the foreigners there as well as the natives, resenting the well-established and great influence we Americans have there, chafing at the British control of the customs, and offending all with whom they came in contact. It was easy for the Russians to step into the place the Japanese had

Russia even more bold and active there during the same period, and we shall see that whereas much of her recent activity in Europe has been under cover of the burrow in which the molelike diplomats operate, she has stalked "out in the open" in Asia, where she is more at ease, and where her plans are older and have been better arranged-for in advance. She stepped into the arena of the Japan-China war at its close, and took from Japan the first prize for which she had fought—Korea; and perhaps the second—the Leao-tong Peninsula and its important harbor, Port Arthur. In Korea, whose condition was seized upon by the Japanese as their

created, because the Germans held aloof, the other foreigners acquiesced, and the Koreans extended a hearty welcome to the new masters. The King is wholly subservient to Russia, and the Russian minister has proved himself just the patient, tactful manipulator that the situation demanded, meddling with nothing that is not of supreme importance to Russian aspiration, conciliating all foreigners, and conducting his work with rare sagacity. We Americans have met with no Russian opposition to our successful efforts to get the concession for the railway from Seoul to Chemulpo, the French have the concession for the rail-



way to the Manchurian frontier, and the English manager of the customs remained undisturbed until this month, November, 1897. The hope of the Japanese seems to be in swelling the present disaffection towards the throne, and in securing for the present King a successor and ruler friendly to Japan.

The complete ascendancy of Russia over China forms one of the most singular and most pregnant chapters of recent history. It is so complete that when the great Belgian railway concession (which would give Russia a far more southerly terminus for her great railway than she now has) was offered to the Russians recently they refused it at a moderate price, and when the minister who did this was asked why he missed such a chance, he is said to have replied that he could get whatever concessions he needed for nothing. Before this occurred it was stated in very high circles that the published arrangement between Russia and China for the Chinese portion of the Siberian Railway "could only be a fragment of a wider agreement procuring for Russia the ultimate possession of Port Arthur"; and it is now the opinion of the best-informed European agents in China that Russia has gained the important provinces of Kirin and Leaotong; and not only those, but a practical protectorate over the frightened and humiliated old empire itself. This unquestionably takes the form of an alliance, in which Russia, in return for the acquisition of the principal naval port of China, promises to defend northern China against all comers, without asking anything of the same nature from that empire. This treaty, signed in 1896, and brought about by Count Cassini for Russia, is supposed to have been the result of the fear of the Chinese Emperor for the safety of his throne and the continuance of the present dynasty. Of course there is not and has not been the slightest menace to either, and if the Emperor and the real ruler of China, the Dowager Empress, have been made to believe in such dangers, it is not hard to see who must have aroused the alarm, and for what purpose the bugaboo was conjured up.

When, in May, 1897, it transpired that a Belgian syndicate had obtained for a loan of \$20,000,000 a concession for a railway from Peking to Han-kow, which might be construed to be a monopoly for rail-

road-building all over the empire, the ministers of Great Britain, Germany, and the United States entered protests, and the Emperor delayed his signature, as it was said, until the special envoy of Russia should arrive. A syndicate of foreigners



GENERAL OBRUTSCHEFF.  
Chief of the General Staff of the Army,

offered far more advantageous terms for the concession, but when Prince Oukhtomsky came and had audience with the Son of Heaven, the Belgian concession was signed—though in such a greatly modified form that it is no longer considered a great financial prize. Prince Oukhtomsky received what the *London Times* called unprecedented honors in China. At Shanghai the Emperor ordered a residence put at his disposal. At Tien-tsin the Viceroy entertained him. He rode to Peking in the first train that ever rolled into the capital, and held a levee that was attended by the Tsung-li-Yamen, or Board of Foreign Ministers. He had two audiences with the Emperor, though many great personages have failed to get one. At the second audience the Emperor rose and took from the Prince's hands the gifts he had brought for the



Empress Dowager—an act which is described as an astonishing piece of imperial condescension. The Prince brought an extraordinary lot of costly presents, and no important official was forgotten. One gift by the Czar to the Emperor was a bronze group representing the emancipation of the Leao-tong Peninsula from the Japanese—which may be thought to show that the Russians, like most other persons, only see what they are looking at. The Prince appeared to be eminently

with the building of the Siberian Railway through Manchuria. The capital of the bank is \$5,000,000, five-eighths of which was subscribed in France.

The Russians have published what they are pleased to make known of the terms of the Russo-Chinese agreement concerning this new division of the great railway on Chinese land. The shareholders are wholly Russian and Chinese, and the fiscal agent of the railway is the Russo-Chinese Bank. The *raison d'être* of the

bank is the construction of the railway. When the books were opened for subscriptions for stock in the new railway they were almost immediately closed, because more than the money needed was at once offered. The length of the railway is to be 1280 miles, 946 of which are to be in Manchuria. The route is chosen not because it shortens the Siberian Railway, for the branches to it from the finished sections make necessary the construction of 169 miles more than an entirely Siberian route would require. But the Manchuria route is cheaper to build, and is 400 miles further south, in a better climate and a richer country. China reserves the right to purchase the road at the end of thirty-six years, or to take it without cost at the end of eighty years. Goods shipped through Manchuria are to be free



GRAND-DUKE ALEXIS.  
The Official Head of the Navy.

successful in whatever was his undertaking, and now that he is gone the new Russo-Chinese Bank, in a palatial building where the other banks are denied more than the barest accommodations, stands as a bureau of the Russian finance department. Five millions of taels of the money China borrowed to pay her war debt is deposited in this bank as security for the fulfilment of the obligation Russia secured from her in connection

from Chinese taxes, and goods brought into China or out of it by the railway will pay a third less import and export duties than if brought in or out at Chinese seaports. In Manchuria the railway is to be policed by Russian constables.

The great Siberian Railway, the chief work the Russians have now in hand, is to be 4950 miles long, is said to be ordered finished in 1902 and in 1905, is to cost 150,000,000 roubles, or about \$75,000,000,



and will open to population and cultivation a grand empire of rich resources (chief among which is its agricultural productivity) and of general promise, such as warrants the assertion that Siberia is to-day in much the same position as the bulk of our Western country was fifty or seventy-five years ago.

This tremendous railway is now in operation, and more or less finished to Krasnoyarsk, on the Yenisei, more than 2000 miles eastward. And there is also finished a division from Vladivostok, on the Pacific, westward to Khabarovka, on the Usuri, 250 miles. The deflection for the Manchurian division begins in Transbaikalia (between middle and eastern Siberia), and reaches Vladivostok by a slightly southeasterly route, which is vastly more direct than the original route along the Amur, the best if not the only practical railway route across eastern Siberia.

As to the construction of the great railway, all authorities agree that it is to be a perfectly modern railway, equipped not only with sleeping and dining cars, but it is even to carry a church-car on its through trains. It is promised that its permanent way will be rock-ballasted and heavily railed, and that its stations and equipment generally will be of the best and latest patterns. This is not the case to-day. I am aware that in the valuable and important articles in *HARPER'S WEEKLY* describing a journey across Siberia the writer said the work on the road was "finished as if for all time," but he was speaking of the small bit of the Pacific end from Vladivostok to Khabarovka, and he did not afterward comment on the work upon the main part west of Krasnoyarsk, except to state the fact that the rails were being laid on the snow, and the trains were crossing the rivers on the ice.

I am equally well aware that Lieutenant-Colonel Waters, British military attaché at St. Petersburg, after a winter's journey across Siberia, said to a Reuter reporter that "the work done has been remarkably good, and in point of quality the line, when completed, will be equal to the Canadian Pacific." Against this opinion I have the word of another traveller, an ardent pro-Russian, that the construction is being pushed too rapidly, and is of so flimsy a character that in his journey his car ran off the track three



VICE-ADMIRAL TYRTOFF.  
The Practical Head of the Navy.

times. I have been told by an English sportsman and an English consul that where such a course is possible the ties are being merely laid down on the grass, and from Americans in St. Petersburg I learned that, in pursuance of its new plan of relying solely on Russian resources, the rails used are made at home, and are very light and very short. The washing away of miles of the road by freshets last spring seems to confirm my information. Nevertheless, having ridden some thousands of miles in Russia upon five great railways, and having found them generally up to the German standard, which is the highest in Europe, I conclude that though there is undue haste in completing the Siberian Railway, the sections first finished are already very substantial, and in the end this will be the character of the entire system. The Russians build railways well. They do nothing better, and nothing else as well except in the lines of military and naval progress.

We think of Siberia as an almost arctic land—a waste of snow and ice, or else as a vast undefined area useful only for swallowing up Russia's political prisoners, who vanish there as if dropped through



that vast well which some have supposed to mark the region of the North Pole. But the truth is that even within the arctic circle there is a very green and luxuriant summer, and that when we are considering the greater part of Siberia we are discussing a country on the same lines of latitude as Scotland and England, and extending far below those lines.

Lieutenant-Colonel Waters declares that the new line "will open up both agricultural and mineral resources which for practical purposes are almost inexhaustible. Siberia can produce about every kind of cereal, all sorts of live-stock, and possesses in abundant quantity the more important minerals—precious and other. Owing to the enormous distances and cost of transportation, the Russians have had no opportunity to place their Siberian produce on the great European markets. But for years past the authorities have been gradually, and therefore permanently, developing the country. The construction of a railway through Manchuria will open up a country exceedingly rich in gold, and very valuable from an agricultural point of view."

The territory in eastern Siberia avoided by the Manchurian route seems to be of very slight promise. It can never maintain a considerable population, since its soil is generally poor, and it suffers long and painfully severe winters. There are only limited areas of good soil, and these are along the branches of the Amur and in the valley of that great water highway. The chief industries there at present are mining and the gathering of precious stones. Both are done in a small way under government control. What the country will prove when earnestly worked, only the Russian officials are in a position to say.

In central Siberia gold and several less precious metals have been found in abundance in the far north along the Lena, where population has been up to this time repulsed by the severe winters. To the southward there is a great district, including the valleys of the Yenisei and its branches, which is already the seat of a small farming industry, and which will certainly soon heavily increase in population, because its lands are richly adapted for wheat-growing. This huge farm district reaches from Irkutsk to Krasnoyarsk, a district largely forest-covered now, but having such soil, especially in

the lowlands, that it is predicted the region will yet rival in agricultural wealth the rich black earth belt of southern Russia. Farther westward, from Tomsk to the neighborhood of the Urals, is a tract more than 1000 miles wide, which is already the most populous and most improved part of Siberia, though, in fact, it offers plenty of room for the swarm of Russians and others that is supposed to be going to settle the new empire—that, in fact, has already set that way in a tide which the government felt obliged to turn back last year.

Of the land in western Siberia which the government has mapped and set aside for distribution, more than 7,000,000 of acres were parcelled out to colonists up to the close of 1895. It comprised a very great part of the rich soil not encumbered by forests. During 1896 nearly a quarter of a million peasants crossed the Urals to these new fields, and twelve per cent. came back luckless and hungry. The government tried to keep back even those who had received permission to go, and seems now to have effectually curbed the impulse which was seizing too many of these always restless people. It is said that the greater part of the land remaining in the chartered districts needs capital to work it, or is too far from the railway and the principal routes that join it.

I have not spoken of the commercial value of the new railway apart from the traffic which it will develop for itself, but in the matter of imports into Russia from Siberia, and the countries south of it, the bulk of merchandise is to-day very great. Travellers who have crossed Siberia speak with amazement of the continual lines of sledges laden with goods that are met beyond the present end of the railway in Siberia. I say in sledges, because the winter is the best season for traffic in that rough country. It must be remembered that quite as much merchandise is sent back to Siberia and its neighboring lands from Russia. What wholly foreign traffic in goods and passengers will be developed by a route that will cross Europe and Asia in sixteen days with safety, comfort, and despatch, at lower rates than the Pacific can now be reached by steamship, no man is yet able to determine.

A country that assumes so much risks much. Russia's risk is that in extending boundaries which already include a sev-





# TYPES OF RUSSIAN SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

1. Soldier of the Garde-Preobrezhensky, Infantry.
2. An Infantry Soldier.
- 3 and 4. Man-of-War's Men.
5. An Infantry Officer.
6. Soldiers of the Chevalier Guard, the Regiment of the Dowager Empress.
7. Soldiers of a Caucasian Regiment in Cossack Dress.





A CUSTOM-HOUSE SQUAD.

enth part of the land of this globe and one-twenty-sixth of the earth's surface she will present more and more points to attract war. Hers is a warlike people, however, and no one does them injustice who says that, as a unit, the intelligent people—all who are above the masses—cherish the belief that sooner or later they are to absorb all Asia down to and including India. The very steps that stand for mere progress in civilization in other new countries are, in Russia, all taken with a view to war. The railways, in building which she has put forth the most energy of late, are all military instruments first, and agencies of land-development secondarily. By means of her Black Sea naval reserve and her railways to the Caucasus, across Caucasia and beyond the Caspian, she has put herself in readiness to hurl an army against India much more directly and quickly than England can mass re-enforcements there. And throughout Russia the idea is become a household word that when the Siberian Railway is finished it will be time to move upon India. I do not say that this is the aim or policy of the government; only that it is the popular idea. And just as this is true, so is it certain

that the ideas that master the minds of the mass are the fruit of the old, steady, relentless policy of the Czars, pursued with Asiatic calm and patience during generation after generation—retarded sometimes, sometimes halted, but never altered or diverted.

On a war-footing Russia can mobilize 2,500,000 officers and men—2,300,000 from European Russia, and 40, 30, 50, and 25 thousand men, respectively, from East Siberia, West Siberia, Turkestan, and Finland. Her peace-footing is 868,000 men. All men in Russia are subject to military duty from the date of their majority. About one-third of the total force of men reaching twenty-one each year (or 275,000) are taken into the active army. The others are enlisted in the first reserve and the second reserve, or Zapas. Five years is the term of service in the regular army, thirteen is that of the first reserve, and five in the Zapas, this system being very much varied for Asia and the Caucasus. There is a reorganized militia system divided into two parts—the first having the character of a reserve body, and composed of those who have served in the active army, and of all able-bodied men (except those educated and professional men who are ex-





HORSE GRENADIERS.

empt) who have missed service in the army. The second part takes in those who have families wholly dependent upon them, those who have served in the first division, and those who are free from active service as not being fully able-bodied. This second half of the militia can only be called out by the Czar.

It is seen, therefore, that, despite her size and population, Russia has not pushed her military plan to the extreme reached by Germany, where a war-footing of 3,000,000 of trained soldiers is thought to be obtainable. France, with still less population, is supposed to be able to mass as large an army as Russia. The published figures for the three countries are: peace-footing—France, 559,525; Germany, about 500,000; Russia, 868,000. War-footing—France, 2,500,000; Germany, 3,000,000; Russia, 2,455,000.

The Russian army is now armed with the Berdan rifle, but a new, thoroughly modern piece of the Mannlicher type is being distributed in such a manner that in two years the whole army will be equipped with it. It is of Russian make, is a magazine rifle carrying five cartridges, is of small bore (three-tenths of an inch), and very high powered. It

uses smokeless powder, and shoots a steel-cased bullet. It is said that when or before this new arm has been distributed, the government proposes to begin the re-arming of the entire artillery with the French rapid-fire gun—an improvement that will cost \$50,000,000.

The most active field of the Russians of late, next to the building of military railways in Asia, has been the development of her navy in response to the demand created by the general naval activity born of the fever for imitating England's colonizing spirit. I am fortunately able to give the newest as well as the most complete details of the progress of the Russian navy, from a source (not Russian, by-the-way) that is not usually accessible to the press. Russia is making very great progress in the sciences of ship-building and metallurgy, at least as applied to the manufacture of war materials. Her artillery is probably second only to that of France. Her smokeless powder equals any in the world. Her armor is excellent. She is increasing her armor plants and all her military and naval works, both private and governmental. In a word, she is rapidly leaving her former position of helplessness and depend-





IMPERIAL HUSSAR GUARD OF TSARSKOE.

ence on the other nations. Until lately the work on her ships was damaged by carelessness and corruption. To-day her war-ships do not show the finish which ours do, but the official corruption, which has been such as to make ours in Washington and New York appear trifling, is being resolutely opposed by the new

Czar, and in naval matters now probably extends no further than stealing and wastefulness. The tests applied to all new works unquestionably prevent the use of inferior material and the performance of bad workmanship. The excellent public and private ship-building, armor, and machine plants near St. Petersburg, led by the Putiloff works, have now been re-enforced by two new mechanical and ship-building concerns at Nicolaieff, on the Black Sea, where there has long been a large imperial ship-building yard. The new companies are—the South Russian Company, with French capital, and the François Delois Company (Belgian). The latter company has spent \$2,400,000 on its plant, and will spend \$1,500,000 more, though at this writing it is nearly ready for business, and is the most complete and modern establishment in the world, in the disinterested opinion of one who has seen all its rivals. Nicolaieff Harbor is to be dredged to a depth of thirty feet, and the channel will be similarly deepened. At Sebastopol the government has just bought a private ship-building works for about a million dollars.

Russia is adding to her Baltic fleet three ships of 10,950 tons displacement, which class with our *Indiana*. They are the *Petropaulovsk*, the *Sebastopol*, and the *Poltava*. None of them is yet in fighting order; in fact, it is not likely that the most forward one—the *Petropaulovsk*—will be in commission before this article is published. She is on her trial trip as it is being written. The *Sebastopol* is less advanced, and the *Poltava* is still more backward, not having yet got her side armor. These floating fortresses are to carry twin 12-inch guns in turrets fore and aft, and twin 6-inch guns in four side-turrets on each ship. They are not the equals of our *Iowa*.

Two other large ships that are building are apparently for Asiatic duty.

They will have a tonnage of 12,700 tons, or 1200 tons more than our *Iowa*. These sea-terrors are named the *Oslibia* and the *Peresviet*. Their good points and peculiarities are, first, that they are being sheathed with wood so as to be coppered; second, that they will have an extra large coal-capacity, and will be able to steam eighteen knots, or two knots faster than



our battle-ships; and third, that they are to have a 10-inch belt each of Harvey-ized steel, their upper works having 5-inch protection. Each will carry ten 10-inch guns, which smokeless powder renders as powerful as 12-inch guns used to be. They will not be launched until late in 1898, or finished in much less time than eighteen months to two years after that.

Russia has two 8000-ton battle-ships, called the *Alexander II.* and the *Sisoi-Veliky*. The *Alexander II.* was launched in 1887—a fact which renders superfluous the statement that she has no standing among the battle-ships of to-day. The *Sisoi-Veliky*, launched in 1894, is a very serious fighting-boat. She is almost quite modern, is well protected, and carries a heavy battery led by twin 12-inch guns in each of two turrets. The *Navarin*, 9500 tons, launched in 1890, and the *Nicholas I.*, 8500 tons, launched in 1887, are fairly good vessels that are intended to be kept in the Baltic. Another ship of this type, the *Peter-Veliky*, 9600 tons, built in 1872, would not stand up against a modern ship. Also intended to manœuvre solely in the Baltic are three coast-guard battle-ships of 3000 tons. They are bigger than gun-boats, are not turreted, are lightly armored, carry broadside batteries, and can only make two-day or three-day cruises. They were built in 1864. Russia has also four other coast-defence ships, of 3600 tons, built in 1868, that are not any longer serious ships. But, as an improvement on these, she has four other new ships of this type, built in 1894 and 1895, and evidently meant for use in the Baltic, since they cannot carry coal enough to go farther. These carry heavy batteries of 10-inch guns, are turreted, and modern in all respects, but must be considered as purely defensive weapons, except as against Sweden, or possibly Germany. Ranking with her

older coast-guard ships as so much bric-à-brac are sixteen monitors that are included in Russia's Baltic flotilla. They are 1500-ton vessels, built in 1864, and are completely out of date as to armor, guns, speed, coal-capacity, and everything else.

Turning to Russia's cruisers in the Baltic, we find that she has a fleet of eight protected cruisers of from 4000 to 7000 tons each, dating between 1867 and 1885, having thirteen to sixteen knots of speed, and all being vessels of considerable force, but by no means modern. She has two huge modern cruisers—the *Rurik* and the *Rossia*—in which everything is sacrificed



A SOLDIER OF THE PAULOVSKY REGIMENT.



or stinted in order to give them such great coal-capacity that they can steam without recoaling from Cronstadt, on the Baltic, to Vladivostok, the eastern terminus (on the Pacific coast) of the new Siberian Railway. The *Rurik* is an 11,000-ton ship; the *Rossia*, 12,000 tons. Both are like heavily armed Atlantic liners. They have no turrets and no armor around their guns, though they are fitted with curved decks, and are belted on the water-line. Each can make nineteen or twenty knots when under full headway. England replied to the introduction of this new pattern of cruiser by building the *Powerful* and the *Terrible*, 14,000-ton vessels, with a speed of twenty-two knots; and now the Russians are constructing (at the Baltic works in St. Petersburg) a new cruiser of 12,000 tons, heavily armed, and with considerable protection for her guns, but she is only to have a speed of nineteen or twenty knots, so that the English can chase and overtake and whip this newest boat. The new Russian cruiser should be launched early in 1899. Three other cruisers,



M. WITTE.  
Minister of Finance.

about like our *Olympia*, are so far advanced as to be ready to launch in the winter of 1898. They are of a thoroughly modern pattern, are of 6500 tons size, are to be twenty-knotters, and are named the *Diana*, *Pallada*, and *Aurora*. Russia has also nine cruisers averaging 1400 tons, all fifteen to twenty years old, not to speak of a complement of smaller war-vessels, also all out of date. She is building twelve new first-class torpedo-boats and four destroyers.

Russia's fleet on the Black Sea forms a serious navy by itself. There she has eight battle-ships built or building. Two, that are of 10,000 tons, are fine fighting-ships, but three of the same size are of an older type. One battle-ship of 8000 tons is quite up to date, and two of that size are old. She also has three coast-guard vessels, five cruisers, six gun-boats, thirty torpedo-boats, and a large auxiliary fleet of merchant vessels forming a naval reserve.

The *Catharine II.*, *Sinope*, and *Tschesma* are battle-ships of 10,200 tons displacement. They are eleven years old (1886), and are not dangerous. Each has a powerful armament (four 12-inch guns), but their



COUNT MOURAVIEFF.  
Minister of Foreign Affairs.



batteries are not well protected, and their armor is not up to date. The *Georgj-Pobedonocetz*, 10,300 tons, is a fairly good ship that was built in 1892. She carries four 12-inch guns and the usual supply of 6-inch guns. The *Tri-Sviatitelia* (Three Saints) is better. She is modern in all respects. She was built in 1894, and is a 12,000-ton ship with modern armament powerfully protected. She is toothed with four 12-inch, eight 6-inch, and four 5-inch guns, as well as a number of secondary rapid-fire guns. The Russians are right to be very proud of her. The battle-ships of 8000 tons are

The five cruisers of the fleet are of the second class, of 2000 tons displacement each. The gun-boats are six ten-year-old vessels of 1200 tons, and the torpedo-boats are mainly of old types. The naval reserve or auxiliary fleet of merchant ships consists of twenty-eight cruisers, lightly armed and unprotected. Six are new, having been built in 1895, and are of great size—10,500 tons. The other twenty-two are less modern, and range from 1200 to 7000 tons. They would be extremely useful as transports.

A fourth modern 10,000-ton battle-ship, like the *Petropaulovsk* for the Baltic



RAILWAY BRIDGE ACROSS THE VOLGA, NEAR SANIARA.

the *Rostislav*—to be finished in the summer of 1898, modern in all respects, carrying four 12-inch guns, a complement of secondary battery guns, and a store of 450 tons of naphtha refuse for fuel, without any coal—and the *Devanadsat-Apostolof* (Twelve Apostles) which was built in 1890, and is powerfully armed, though not to be classed as a really modern ship. The eighth battle-ship of the Black Sea fleet has no name yet, and is not begun, but work upon her will have been started before this article is published. She will be an improved *Tri-Sviatitelia*, with a much heavier battery—namely, four 12-inch guns in turrets, sixteen 6-inch guns, and a large number of rapid-fire guns. She will have the latest improvements of all kinds, and will be fitted to carry 600 tons of oil and 300 tons of coal.

The Black Sea coast-guard ships are three old-fashioned vessels of 3000 tons.

fleet, is building for the Black Sea navy. In pattern and offensive and defensive equipment she is a duplicate of the *Petropaulovsk*. She had been launched and put through her steam trials when I was in Russia in the autumn of 1897. Her peculiarity is that she burns petroleum. By this means she will be able to carry one and three-quarter times the weight of coal fuel, and the petroleum has a value as high as twice and a half that of coal. This so-called petroleum fuel is a refuse after the distillation of the crude oil, is non-explosive, has a dark color, and is of the consistency of thin molasses. It has been used by merchant vessels in the Caspian Sea for a long time, and is now growing into general use in the Black Sea. It is not yet as economically used as must be the case when the economic devices that are striven for have been attained.





*Tris-Sviatitsa*, 12,000 tons, launched 1894.

*Georgii Dzhidzhovets*, 10,300 tons, launched 1892.

CHARACTERISTIC RUSSIAN MEN-OF-WAR.



In spite of this activity in naval equipment Russia was not contemplating war at the beginning of 1897. The budgets for the year show that the distribution of the new rifle is not to be hurried, and that only one new battle-ship is to be laid down—the one for the Black Sea fleet. The extraordinary item in the plan of expenses is the appropriation for the Siberian Railway.

The principal resources of Russia, outside of her enormous output of agricultural products, are nearly all found in the Caucasus and Ural mountains—and these are not very considerable. Three products are exploited in the Caucasus—oil, copper, and manganese. Nearly all the other metals and many minerals are found there, but thus far all the “finds” have been of very inferior quality or else only in small pockets.

There is a great store of iron at Elizavetpol, but it is so heavily associated with titanium, and this is so expensive to cast off, that it is not believed it can be profitably worked. A French engineer who studied the Caucasus products in 1897 said that this ore is of so little value that mountains of it in the United States are considered worthless, and passed over by capital. In order to work it at all, coke is necessary, and there is no coking coal in the region. A Russian engineer, interested in developing the country, assures me that a coal that will produce coke has been found at a place thirty versts from Kotais, but this has yet to be demonstrated. Kotais, by-the-way, is the place to which the Argonauts came, and whence they brought back the Gorgon's head, with its flaming eyes, its hair of snakes, and its appearance of fearful ferocity, the whole being symbolical of the fever-producing climate and fierce wild beasts which still render the locality one to be avoided. The coal, which perhaps gave flame to the Gorgon's eyes, is in character something between lignite and anthracite—a high grade of lignite, I am told.

This region is in the connecting chain that joins the Great Caucasus and the Little Caucasus mountains. All through the Little Caucasus are metalliferous deposits and mines. The entire region is volcanic. Mount Ararat is there, and is itself a volcano, whose last eruption took place in the middle of this century. Half the Russian copper-supply is found in

the Little Caucasus. It is mined at Chorak, Delijan, Achtalar, Kedabeck, and in the Zanguezor district, near the Persian frontier. The French are working the mines at Achtalar. The Kedabeck, the largest mine in Russia, belongs to Herr Siemens of Berlin. The richest copper ore in Russia is that found in the Zanguezor district. It yields fifteen per cent. of copper. The other ores contain less in decreasing percentages down to five per cent. Taking one recent year as an example, the output of Caucasus copper was 2064 tons, and of copper in the Ural was 2789 tons. Both these quantities together represent one-third of the copper which Russia used in the same year in home manufactures. The government import duty on the two-thirds that has to be brought into the country is roubles 2.50, gold, per pood of 36.8 pounds, or nearly 4 roubles (\$2) per pood. The Caucasuses yield a few pounds of cobalt yearly, and have put out as high as 77,000 tons of manganese ore in a year. The Urals yield, besides copper, about one-third of the annual output of Russian gold, the other two-thirds being found in various parts of Siberia, where it is loosely said that all the rivers yield more or less pan dust. The silver output is very small, and the sources are equally scattered and mainly the same as those of the gold.

The making of salt employs 17,000 persons, who produce nearly a million five hundred thousand tons, mainly in southern Russia, but also in the Caucasus, the trans-Caspian district, Poland, North Russia, Siberia, and Astrakhan. Of pig-iron 1,000,000 tons and a little more are produced in the Ural districts and southern Russia, each district producing about half a million tons. Poland and Finland add less than 400,000 tons to the output. One-third as much steel—about 500,000 tons—is made in all Russia yearly.

Coal is mined in large quantities in these districts: the Don, Poland, Ural, Moscow, and in a small way in many scattered places. Both the Donets and the Polish outputs have been trebled in the past fifteen years, but that from the Ural district has only swollen twenty-five per cent. The best coal is from the Don, and reaches an output of nearly 4,000,000 of tons annually. Poland yields nearly as much of a lower grade, and the other mines in the Ural, Altai, and Caucasus mountains, in the Moscow district, and in



Sakhalin, yield very much less and very much poorer coals. The Moscow coal looked to me from the car windows very like the earthy lignite found under the bunch-grass in South Dakota. By imposing a duty on imported coal, varying from two dollars a ton to half a dollar a ton, according to whether they are Black Sea, western frontier, or Baltic imports, and by reducing the freight rates on Russian coal, the government is trying to force the consumption of the home product. What it advises it also practises; for I found that on the war-vessels on the Baltic stokers from the Black Sea are being employed to fire the furnaces and to drill the Baltic stokers in the use of the peculiar coal of southern Russia, which, though it is the best the country affords, yields its inferior qualities only to adept handling. This is purely a defensive course—the policy of a government which is first of all military and warlike. It is pursued with a view to render Russia independent in time of war. In scores of important matters—in every way that is practical—the government is compelling the people to develop Russian resources and rely upon them. This is in order to discount the effects of a stoppage of imports during a great war. The importation of foreign coal seems, however, to be a necessity in some lines of manufacture, for, despite the very heavy tax upon it, the quantity brought in has been slowly increasing of late. It only amounts to 2,000,000 tons of coal and coke; but the home extraction is only a little over four times as much.

Platinum, obtained from nearly one hundred mines in the district of Perm, has an output of about five tons a year.

And now we come to that extraordinary product which is one of the many things that force comparisons between Russia and the United States. I refer to the petroleum of the Baku Peninsula in the trans-Caucasus. It is there called naphtha. A knowledge of the existence of petroleum at Baku is so ancient that we find there the ruins of a temple to Zoroaster. The worship of fire—so easy to obtain that it was only necessary to prod the soil with a stick and set fire to the vapor that issued out of it—was continued until so recent a time as twenty years ago, when several Parsee priests were in Baku for the purpose of worshipping that which we of this iconoclastic

time buy in the corner groceries to fill our lamps.

Trade in petroleum began before the railway tapped the field, and when the oil had to be carried, as wine is still transported on the Asiatic side of these mountains, in skins; but it was not worth attention until the Russians built the railway from Baku, on the Caspian, to Tiflis, at the mouth of the mountain pass to Europe, and on to Batoum, on the Black Sea. That was in 1882 and 1883. This railway, second in earning capacity in Russia, is being made one of the best in the world. When I passed over it the other day I was astonished to see the solidity, the almost artistic finish, and the extraordinary quantity of granite masonry that was being laid to form culverts, bridges, buttresses, and river embankments along miles and miles of the way. The tunnels seemed already to have been made as fine as the best. Millions of dollars are being spent in these permanent improvements, an enormous income drawn from the freight charges on the oil, and the tax on that part of it which is burned in Russia. The tax on petroleum for home consumption is  $7\frac{1}{2}$  cents per pood of 36.8 pounds. There is no tax on the exported oil, except as the railway charges for transportation to the Black Sea, whence most of it must go to find its markets abroad, form a very heavy impost. There are 7300 persons employed in the extraction and refinement of the petroleum. No one has a monopoly of this article. The "fountains," as the wells are called, are owned by very many small and large companies and little and great individual proprietors. The largest proprietors are M. Nobel, a Swede, the head of the French Rothschild banking establishment, and then, in the order of importance, follow a number of Armenians and Tartars—that is to say, Persians and other Mohammedans. Though Baku is in the former kingdom of Georgia (the Iberia of the ancients), the natives have almost no share in this natural wealth of their land. What the Russians did not take from them the shrewd Armenians are absorbing. If any Georgians have an interest in the wells, they farm it out to the Armenians, as is their custom with whatever workable property is theirs. The Russian government practically compelled the well-owners to form a syndicate three years ago for the economic manipulation



of the foreign trade. This agreement is expiring as I write, and though the government has been earnestly endeavoring to bring about a new coalition, or an extension of the old one, it has not succeeded, though it may yet do so.

The price of the Russian oil is made by that of the oil handled by our huge American company. By selling at the American price the Russians make large profits by reason of the smaller cost of transportation to the countries in which they have built up a trade. The history of the trade last year shows that when American oil is cheap the Russian export business declines, and it ceases when our oil falls below a certain price. Up to September, in 1896, the American price was high, and the Russians exported heavily. During the rest of the year the American price declined, and Russian export fell greatly. The output of Baku oil, which is ninety-eight per cent. of the Russian supply, was, in 1896, about 48,000,000 poods exported and 350,000,000 poods of oil and refuse for fuel, or 770,000 tons exported and 5,687,000 tons used at home. Put in English, the total output was therefore 6,457,000 tons. The supply during 1895 was a little greater—6,868,000 tons. The principal profit in the trade is from the refuse (or *mazoot*, as they call it), which is used in Russia for fuel. There is one significant change in the status of the Russian oil-supply. The fountains or wells, which yielded plentifully at a depth of 600 feet a few years ago, were sunk 240 feet deeper in 1894, and to-day the deepest shafts have lengthened to 1300 feet.

The annual fair at Nijni-Novgorod, from being the most primitive and greatest in Europe, and from being in great part an exhibition of Orientalism in products, people, and manners, has become merely a great European exposition, designed to exploit the resources and products of Russia. So ardently has M. Witte, the Finance Minister, pursued his plan of building a modern exhibition on the ruins of the ancient fair, that the very town of Nijni-Novgorod has been despoiled of all that once made it the Mecca of those tourists who sought a glimpse of Asia where it is most accessible. It is now nothing more than a new European town. It shocked all foreign visitors this year and last with a cruel blow of disappointment.

The new exhibition-ground covers 208 acres, and contains more than fifty gov-

ernment buildings, and more than a hundred buildings put up by private exhibitors. The machinery hall, the principal building, covers three and a half acres, cost \$225,000, and is all of iron and glass. Altogether the government buildings cost \$1,750,000; but M. Witte has built a new road from the railway, a new bridge, three new hotels, an electric-light plant for the whole town, and thus has managed to expend in all about five millions of dollars. The old semi-Asiatic overgrown-country-fair was full of fun for the visitor, but of this one M. Witte said that it was to be in no sense a place of amusement. "We wish to bring our buyers into touch with our sellers, to promote commerce, and to extend our markets," said he. He has succeeded in making the fair intensely serious. Let us hope that his other more patriotic aims will be attained. As it is, no school could be more serious. Uniformed officials and lecturers are detailed to each building or department, and lead the eager crowds of Russians from show-case to machine and from gallery to vestibule, explaining and praising every class of exhibits.

Mr. Hastings Medhurst, her Majesty's consul at Moscow, who has served in Russia many years, and is a thoughtful student of that country, spent some time at the fair, and made a report upon it to his government. His report summarizes what the exposition illustrates—the progress of Russia. He says that though M. Witte has been criticised for selecting Nijni-Novgorod instead of Moscow for the fair, the minister's prime object of attracting Persians, Bokharans, and other Asiatics was attained as it could not have been in the old capital. Mr. Medhurst found that the country's progress in the fourteen years since the last great Moscow exhibition was very great. Many branches of manufactures and every source of natural wealth have been more or less successfully attacked. The advance made in the manufacture of textiles is marvelous, and the exhibits of silk and prints equal the best foreign productions. The machinery section was "full of good work," but the agricultural machinery was not of a high standard. The work in iron was wonderful, but it remains to be said that the foremen in the Russian iron-works are Englishmen and Germans; those in the silk-mills are Frenchmen, and the cotton-mills are managed by



Englishmen. The Russians recognize this, and are striving to prosecute these industries without the help of strangers.

The acreage in cotton in Turkestan has more than doubled in six years, so that to-day about 400,000 acres are sown. The industry is also successful in new fields in the trans-Caucasus district. Russia is thus able to grow twenty-five per cent. of the cotton she uses. The Turkestan cotton is from American seed, and is said to equal our cotton. American seed is also being sown in the trans-Caucasus plantations. There are now more than half a million spindles and 200,000 looms at work in Russia; 400,000 work-people are occupied, and the annual production of yarns amounts to more than 160,000 tons. The white goods, prints, and linens made by the leading Russian firms are of a very high grade. The silk-making trade is mainly capitalized by the French, and it is said that the managers and foremen of the mills are nearly all French. In a recent report of the trade it was said that there were more than 10,000 looms, and that twice as many operatives were employed in the silk-works. A larger number of looms are worked in the flax-mills. Woollen goods employ 100,000 operatives in Russia, but the products are not of as good a quality as the cotton, linen, and silk manufactures. The manufacture of woollen yarns has so increased, however, that the importation of yarns has fallen off more than seventy-five per cent. in a dozen years. Engines of all sorts, and machines in great variety and of high character, are now made in St. Petersburg, Moscow, Warsaw, and Finland; boilers were exhibited at Nijni-Novgorod by

seven makers; and there were interesting departments devoted to military and naval engineering and the fine arts.

But Mr. Medhurst declares that the development of the natural wealth of the country is even greater than the progress in manufactures. The enormous increase in the output of pig-iron (now 1,500,000 tons annually) is on a par with the output of coal, which has trebled in fifteen years. Petroleum is being extracted in ever-increasing quantities, and new wells have been opened on the European side of the Caucasus. Cotton-planting prospers. Turkestan is being planted with American grape-vines. American tobacco, which is already declared superior to the best Russian leaf, is being cultivated near Samarkand, and an attempt to grow tea is being made near Batoum, in the trans-Caucasus.

Of the tea experiment I learned at Tiflis that it has been thus far a failure, not because the marshy land near Batoum is not excellently adapted for tea-culture, but because the tea-plants require such great and constant attention. It is now determined to replace the present workmen on the plantations with families, and to utilize the work of the men, women, and children, as is done in China and wherever else tea is successfully cultivated.

The exception to the general progress is agriculture, as Mr. Medhurst says. The Russian farmers are impoverished, and their state grows worse every year.

This, then, is the story that M. Witte designed the new Nijni-Novgorod fair to tell. It is the story of the present condition and recent progress of Russia, and it is not a tale of which the minister or his countrymen need to be ashamed.

## NOT AS MINSTRELS DO.

BY FRANCIS STERNE PALMER.

MISTRESS, I'll not sing of you  
As of their loves the minstrels do;  
And say your blush is a rose's bloom,  
Your breath a wild flower's fresh perfume,  
Your arms as alabaster fair,  
And like sunshine your glorious hair.

But when I wish to tell how white  
White marble is, sunshine how bright,  
How roses bloom, I'll straight compare  
These to blush or arms or hair:—  
Fairest things shall get their due  
By being likened unto you.



# THE TRANS-ISTHMIAN CANAL PROBLEM.

BY COLONEL WILLIAM LUDLOW, U.S.A.

CHIMERAS are long-lived, and their pursuit will continue to be a fruitful source of discovery while man has ideals and the will to realize them. The dream of a direct westward passage for ships from Europe to Asia led Columbus, four centuries ago, to the shores of a new continent, and the problem still engages the interest and attention of the world.

The Spaniards and Portuguese swarmed in the wake of the pioneer, and the Isthmian coasts were industriously swept until, in 1536, the Gulf had been explored from Darien to Florida and the Pacific to the Gulf of California, and it became evident that nature had omitted to furnish a waterway. The question then resolved itself into finding a practicable site for a ship-canal. By 1551 enough was known to indicate three possible localities, viz., Tehuantepec, Nicaragua, and Panama; and the construction of a canal at Panama was formally authorized. But the Spanish power had begun to falter, and its waning energies were narrowed to guarding what it had and stifling new discoveries that rival powers might seize. Explorations were forbidden under penalty of death; and a long lethargy ensued.

The next adventurers were the buccaneers, mainly English, who fed on the Spanish traders in the seventeenth century, and conceived the idea of expediting their gains by direct attack upon the Spanish settlements where the booty was stored awaiting shipment. The Indians, hating their oppressors, piloted the Free-Bands to the Spanish quarters by routes known alone to them, and much valuable incidental information was thus gained.

The Spaniards were finally expelled after three centuries of barbarous misrule, having stamped an enduring distrust of strangers in the hearts of the natives, whose hostility has continued to be a serious obstacle to the exploration of the Isthmus.

With the present century a new era began in connection with the so-called republics formed in 1820-23 upon the debris of the Spanish rule.

In 1803 Humboldt had studied personally the physics of Central America, and retained until the end of his life an

enthusiastic interest in the question of ship-transit. It was his belief, based on erroneous information, that the lowest depression would be found near the junction with South America, but his numerous letters and publications stimulated explorers and promoters to renewed struggles.

The alternatives at this time were to find a pass of such moderate elevation as could be overcome by hydraulic engineering, or boldly to tunnel through the Cordillera where the conditions should seem least unfavorable. Reconnaissances were multiplied, schemes industriously advertised, concessions from local governments secured, and thereon stock companies formed for the exploiting of the several routes advocated by their promoters.

But a singular fatality seemed to attend all these projects, each proving a phantasm when probed, while large sums of money were expended and numerous lives wasted in the repeated endeavor to confirm or correct the conflicting and fallacious statements. Too many of these schemes were based on misinformation, and no serious endeavor was made to secure authentic data.

The Isthmus was practically a wilderness, and its exploration invested with extraordinary difficulties. The tepid, saturated, and malarial atmosphere, the extensive swamps, the dense tropic jungles, the immense expanse of forest, the steepness and complexity of the hill ranges, the excessive downpour of rain, the frequency and violence of floods, the venom of serpents and insects, and the opposition of the natives, made investigation both arduous and perilous, and elaborate and costly preparation necessary for the attainment of reliable results. Most of the examinations were quite superficial, and even the more important little more than fairly good reconnaissances.

The newly constituted republics lent encouragement to these numerous schemes, and granted concessions with a free hand, finding therein a valuable source of revenue, which the prevalence of internal disorder rendered scanty and precarious through the regular channels.

In 1838 Salamon of Paris organized the



Franco-Granadian Company, having procured a concession to build an open sea-level canal in the vicinity of Panama, substantially on the lines of De Lesseps's subsequent attempt. This scheme had for its basis the statement that a summit-level had been found only twelve metres above sea. Salamon's representations were so serious, and at the same time so difficult of acceptance, as an English engineer, Lloyd, had levelled across in 1827, that the French government, in 1843, sent an engineer, Garella, to investigate. The error in this case seems to have been the not unusual one of a displacement of the decimal point, as the least altitude of the divide was proved by Garella to be 120 metres instead of 12. His survey was the first endeavor to get authentic information for a canal project, and has constituted the basis of subsequent Panama schemes. Like others who preceded and followed him, he could not refrain from making elaborate plans and estimates for a combination lock canal and ship tunnel through the divide, although his surveys were mainly transit and level work, and did not include borings for geologic data, gaugings for volume of streams, floods and rainfall, and other necessary particulars.

In 1850 a Dr. Cullen of Dublin, a Fellow of the Royal Geographic Society, declared that he had crossed on foot several times between Caledonia Bay and the Gulf of San Miguel, and that the divide did not exceed 150 feet above sea.

This was a very taking project, as the two bays were regarded as favorable terminals, and Cullen's statement having been corroborated by the report and map of an English engineer, sent out from London to examine the route, an association was formed, containing important European names, with a capital of \$75,000,000. This bubble had an extraordinary vitality, and was not fully pricked even after Lieutenant Strain, of the United States Navy, had wrecked his volunteer party and nearly lost his own life in 1854 in demonstrating that at no point of the divide could there be a less elevation than 1000 feet. The association thereupon dissolved; but Cullen still had his concession, and later revived his project, which did not receive its quietus until the United States naval expedition in 1870 confirmed Strain's observation, and dissipated all idea of a waterway except by tunnel.

In matters of this nature there is no excuse for misinformation or guess-work. Explorations and preliminary surveys are, of course, indispensable, but for serious engineering projects competent engineers must be employed, and the field parties fully equipped to cover the entire range of conditions touching the work—geologic, hydraulic, meteorologic, and climatic, as well as matters affecting the supply and renewal of labor and materials, workshops, hospitals, transportation, landing and storage facilities, and other adjuncts of construction and maintenance—all of which must be known before the proposed engineering constructions can be properly conceived and specified, and the estimates of cost be even an approximation to the amounts required to execute them. In the case of the Isthmus it happens that the natural conditions are exceptionally unfavorable, and, in the absence of similar work conducted elsewhere under like circumstances, data for comparison are lacking, and a corresponding uncertainty as to methods and cost is involved, even assuming the most mature investigation by capable and disinterested experts.

The entire region is volcanic, and has been subjected to tremendous convulsions—eruptive, seismic, and cataclysmal. Evidences of subterranean activity still exist, but over a century has elapsed since the last great outburst occurred, and there is reason to believe that the destructive forces of this nature, other than an occasional earthquake of no excessive severity, need not cause serious apprehension for the safety of engineering works.

The geology is in general chaotic, consisting largely of volcanic and igneous products and their derivatives, with variations due to submergence and glacial action. The result is that the materials to be encountered in excavation are of various degrees of solidification and resistance to pressure and moisture, ranging from solid to friable, with immense deposits of clay, and all so diversified and incoherent as to be full of surprises. The precise conditions at any given locality must therefore be ascertained.

The climate, of course, is tropical, which means, in this case, not an excessive temperature at any time, but a uniformly high one at all times, the thermometric range, for example, in the lower altitudes being from 70° to 90° Fahrenheit, and averaging day and night throughout the



year between  $73^{\circ}$  and  $86^{\circ}$ . Near sea-level, therefore, it is perpetual summer; from 2000 to 6000 feet elevation, perpetual spring; above that, a moderate coolness; and at 10,000 feet or over there may be frost and a sprinkle of snow, which, however, does not lie. These conditions favor a wide range of natural products, which exist in great variety.

The rainfall follows the sun in its annual oscillations, north and south, causing two seasons, wet and dry, the latter being comparative only, and with marked local differences. The prevalent trade-winds, from east-northeast, are laden with moisture from the heated Caribbean, and deposit the greater part of it on the Atlantic slope. The precipitation is persistently and phenomenally heavy, varying, for example, from 10 or 12 feet in a year at Colon to 20 or 25 feet at Greytown, and diminishing to a third, more or less, of these amounts at Panama and Brito, the respective Pacific termini of the Panama and Nicaragua canal routes. Local rain-falls of a foot in a day, and three inches in a single hour, have been noted.

The Isthmian climate therefore presents a combination of atmospheric saturation with continuing high temperature that is as favorable to an immense and incessant activity of growth and decay in the vegetable kingdom as it is discouraging to human exertion. Prolonged labor, mental or physical, becomes exhausting, and the effective output is greatly reduced in comparison with what is common in cooler, drier, and more variable climates.

Minor organisms and bacteria swarm in the warm, moist atmosphere and soil, and fevers are common, varying from mild, yielding to treatment, to pernicious and swiftly fatal. Temperance in food and drink is essential.

These are all considerations that enter directly into questions of construction and cost, and must be taken into account in designing work, arranging for its execution, and computing the cost, on penalty of inviting disaster.

Needless to say that the United States evinced a continuing and lively interest in all the canal projects, and took means to keep informed as to the progress of the matter through diplomatic channels or special agencies. Investigations were ordered and valuable reports made from time to time. The gold discoveries in California in 1849 aroused a greater ur-

gency for Isthmian transit, resulting in the procuring by Vanderbilt of a ship-canal concession from Nicaragua, the establishment of a steamboat route *viâ* the San Juan River and Lake Nicaragua, and thence by wagon to the Pacific, and the making of a survey and project for a canal over the same route by Colonel Childs in 1852.

The American concession for the Panama Railroad was also obtained, and the road built between 1850 and 1855. This was the first important construction on the Isthmus, and furnished clear indications of the contingencies involved in Isthmian undertakings. Although carefully studied and intelligently conducted, with no specially difficult engineering features, the work cost per mile four times the average cost in the United States, and the working force was recruited and maintained with great difficulty, by reason of the heavy mortality. The natives are neither apt nor willing for such work, and unacclimated Chinese and West Indian negroes had to be imported.

But this same period was one of activity in projecting and surveying the numerous Pacific railroad routes in the United States, and, the civil war intervening, public attention was diverted from canal projects until 1870, when an extended series of observations by United States naval expeditions was authorized, with the object of examining all the Isthmian routes that offered any probability of advantage, and eliminating the persistent uncertainties and discrepancies that characterized them all. These expeditions, while not equipped for making complete engineering projects, accomplished valuable results by covering nearly the entire field, demonstrating the impracticability of most of the schemes, and narrowing the consideration of the subject to the two or three that possessed any verity or merit.

The half-dozen routes in Darien were shown to be invested with grave difficulties; for example, the most favorable, *viz.*, the Atrato-Napipi, involving 140 miles of river, 30 miles of canal, and a ship-tunnel through the Cordillera  $3\frac{1}{2}$  miles long. The Caledonian-San Miguel route, heretofore referred to, was hopeless; there was no supply of water for the summit-level, and a ship-tunnel would need to be 10 or 12 miles long. The route from San Blas Bay to Panama Bay, which had been



investigated, at his own expense, by Mr. Kelly of New York, and advocated by him, was the shortest of all, 30 miles, and seemed to be the only possibility for a sea-level passage through the Isthmus, but the ship-tunnel would be 7 or 8 miles in length. It must be admitted that so long as a waterway open to the sky could be reasonably projected, the ship-tunnel project would not be likely to find favor with either mariners or investors, particularly in a region of known volcanic history and formidable possibilities.

At Tehuantepec the canal would be 144 miles long, with an elevation of 680 feet to overcome, and much doubt as to the possibility of supplying the summit-level.

There remained the rival projects of Panama and Nicaragua, both of which have had their earnest and persistent advocates. The United States naval expeditions examined these also, and the commission appointed by President Grant to sum up all the evidence that could be gathered on the subject reported in 1876 that, on the whole, the Nicaragua route presented the most advantageous features, both as to practicability and cost, taking occasion to indicate, however, that the estimates prepared in connection with the several projects were not based upon sufficiently definite and accurate information to be reliable in such formidable work in such novel conditions.

The Panama project has claimed serious attention from the outset. With the exception of San Blas, it is the shortest; with the exception of Nicaragua, its summit-elevation is the least; and the natural harbors at each end are capacious, and can be made to accommodate the heaviest class of vessels.

By the construction of the Panama Railroad it gained the additional important advantages of rail transportation throughout its length, and of established lines of communication with foreign centres by sea from both ends.

The principal drawbacks are the heavy rainfall—10 to 12 feet at Colon—the heavy floods of the Chagres and the necessity of controlling them, and the evil repute of the vicinity for unhealthfulness. To these another formidable obstacle is added in the treacherous nature of the materials through which the cut has to be made, but this was not known until the excavations were actually begun in 1884.

The most moderate estimates that could

be made of the cost of the work discouraged undertaking it, until the brilliant success of the Suez Canal, under De Lesseps, concentrated French interest on the project, and stimulated the expectation of a still more important conquest and even greater pecuniary rewards.

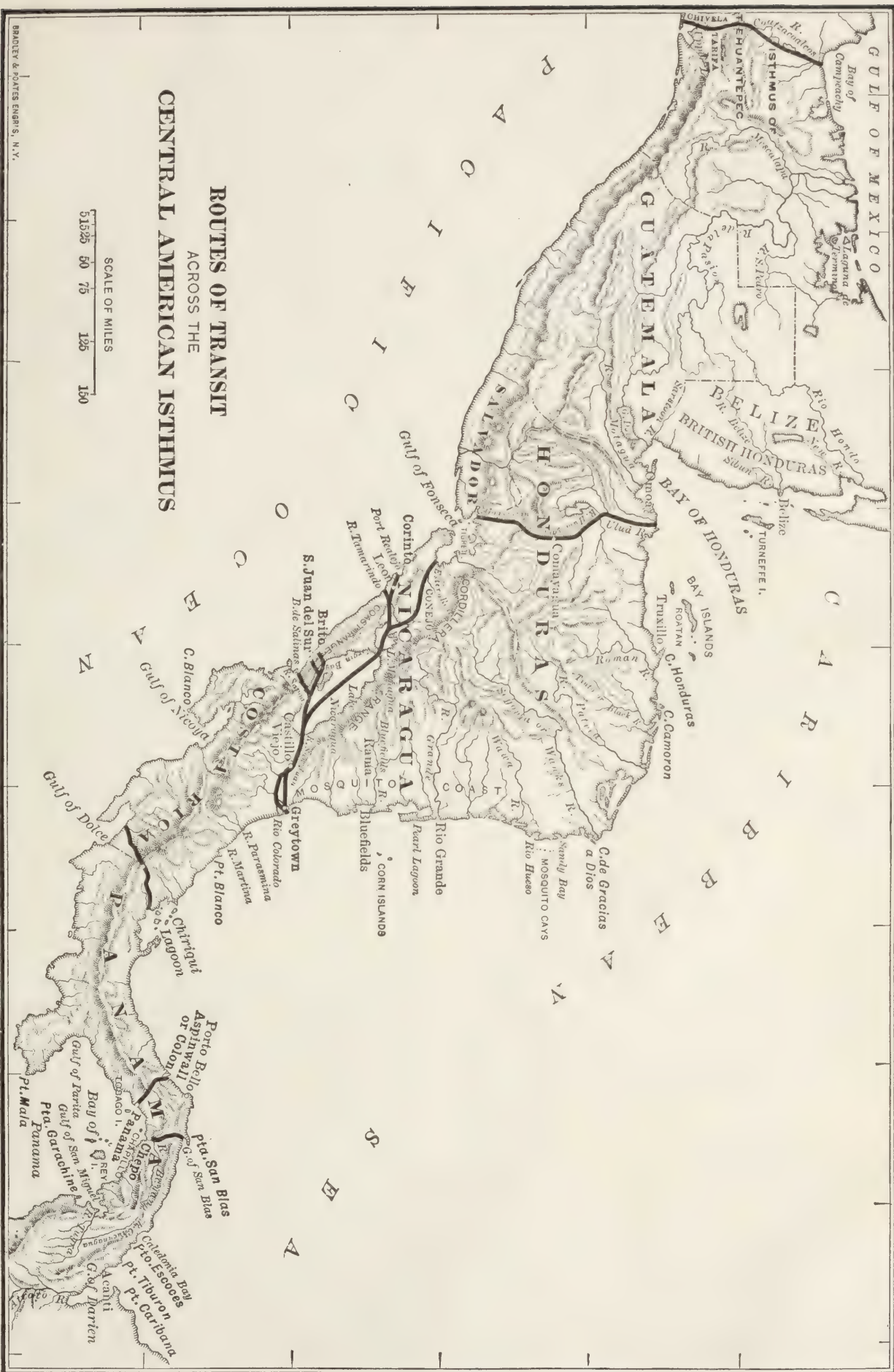
A concession was procured in 1877 for a French association by Lieutenant N. B. Wyse, of the French navy, and surveys were made covering four or five months of field-work, during which none of the several lines examined for comparison was actually carried through from sea to sea. On this slight basis, supplementing the prior examinations by Garella and others, elaborate plans and estimates were prepared, the principal one being for a tide-level canal from Colon to Panama *via* the valleys of the Chagres and Rio Grande. This project involved a ship-tunnel nearly five miles long, and was estimated at \$95,000,000.

In 1879 an international conference was held at Paris, to which were submitted for consideration the Nicaragua, Panama, San Blas, and Atrato-Napipi schemes. The project advanced by the Panama concessionnaires was triumphantly adopted, after De Lesseps had secured the abolition of the tunnel and the substitution of an open cut throughout at the sea-level, by the declaration that nothing else would meet the requirements of commerce. The cost of the project as thus augmented, and including harbor improvements and 10 per cent. for contingencies, was estimated in detail at \$170,000,000, or, adding expenses of financing and other incidentals, an aggregate of \$210,000,000.

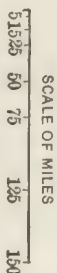
The United States Commission, in 1876, in view of the meagre engineering data available and the uncertainties attending hydraulic constructions on so large a scale, adopted 100 per cent. as the amount to be added to the detailed estimates to cover contingencies, and, in the light of subsequent events, it is shown that the French promoters would have been wise to adopt a similar course, and wiser still to have made a thorough research and study of their problem before inviting subscriptions and beginning work.

It is needless to follow in detail the history of this gigantic enterprise, that, at the time of its collapse in 1888, after five years of active prosecution, had absorbed a total expenditure of \$300,000,000, with the





**ROUTES OF TRANSIT  
ACROSS THE  
CENTRAL AMERICAN ISTHMUS**





work less than one-third done, the worst of it yet to do, and none of the serious problems, such as the control of the Chagres and the practicability of making the deep cut, even approximately solved.

The Isthmus was an orgy of reckless expenditure, and the millions poured in from Europe disappeared as if by magic, until at last the stream ran dry, and wholesale ruin ensued.

The *coup de grâce* was delivered by the Culebra Mountain, through which the huge cut, ultimately intended to be 330 feet in depth, was in progress. The heterogeneous mass, whose unstable and treacherous constitution had not been investigated before attacking it, included clays of various kinds, some of them extremely plastic, and when the excavation had reached a comparatively early stage the south slope slipped gently forward and paralyzed the undertaking by a silent demonstration of its futility.

The fundamental error made by De Lesseps and his associates was in basing the Panama plans and estimates upon the most favorable results obtained in the Suez constructions, without making adequate or any allowance for the radically different conditions. Suez was merely 100 miles of level digging through sand, in a region where the rainfall is but an inch or two in a year, the climate comparatively cool and healthful, a large supply of native labor, and the mechanical resources of Europe at no great distance; but, notwithstanding these advantages, the work, planned on an estimate of \$40,000,000, cost \$110,000,000, on a reduced cross-section, before it was opened.

The physical conditions on the Isthmus are the precise reverse of those in Egypt, and the cost of every item of work was enormously greater. A material increase was inevitable, even with the most careful and economic management. The scarcity and diminished effectiveness of labor, losses from disease and sickness, the interference and burden of the heavy rainfall, would at least have doubled cost, and to these drawbacks were added political disturbances and local acts of violence, with a home administration of unparalleled extravagance.

The old company left behind it assets that have been reasonably computed as amounting to \$60,000,000 or \$70,000,000, including the ownership of the Panama Railroad, and estimating the actual value

of the work done and the immense plant collected—much of it in readiness to use.

With this as a basis, and with a working capital of \$12,000,000 or \$15,000,000 restitution-money recovered from bankers, contractors, and others who had unlawfully obtained possession of it, a new company, with a total change of *personnel* and methods, has been for three years pursuing an extended system of engineering research into the particulars affecting construction and cost—boring, gauging, levelling, experimenting, and computing—with the purpose of effecting a thorough study, and making final plans and estimates, before again submitting the project to public consideration. At the same time a considerable amount of actual work has been done, as set forth in the annual printed reports, and a force of between 3000 and 4000 men been kept at work, mainly at the Culebra Pass, but with preparations for extending the work to other points. During 1897 a million and a quarter cubic yards of material were excavated, making a total for three years of over two and a half millions, and deepening the cut some 60 feet. At Panama a channel 26 or 28 feet deep has been dredged from the off-shore anchorage, 3 miles distant, to La Boca, the canal terminus; a basin, wharves, and storehouses have been constructed, and the railroad extended to the same terminal, to enable ships to discharge and take freight directly from the cars.

The canal design has been quite changed, and two projects are now under investigation. One involves a dam on the upper Chagres to store the floods, with a conduit of 10 miles thence to the summit-level of the canal, which is maintained by a dam at Bohio in the lower Chagres, about 15 miles from Colon, converting the middle Chagres into a large lake, the ascent to be made by five locks on each side, of  $29\frac{1}{2}$  feet each, making the summit-level about 147 feet above sea. A modification of this reduces the summit-level by a deeper cut through Culebra and uses four locks, and substitutes for the dam in the upper Chagres and the supply conduit, a dam at Gamboa, in the immediate vicinity of the canal.

The second project would still further reduce the summit-level to about 100 feet elevation, with a corresponding increase in the depth of excavation through the divide, and use three locks of 33 feet lift. If the investigations in progress show this



to be practicable, a single great dam at Bohio would convert the middle Chagres into a lake of such capacity as to take care of the floods without assistance.

Pending the completion of the studies in the field, an engineering commission has been formed, to whom the finished plans and estimates are to be submitted for consideration and report; and if this commission, which, it may be stated, includes a distinguished American engineer, General Abbot, of the United States army, shall confirm the results of the latest examinations, and find the proposed constructions practicable and adequate, and the estimates sufficient, the project is to be made public, and endeavor made to secure the financial aid to carry the enterprise to a conclusion. The reports state that this is to be done during the present year.

The Nicaragua project is one that has long commanded the interest of the United States, and held the first place in the consideration of our people as free from the financial and other complications of the Panama route, presenting features of much advantage for construction and maintenance, and having the stamp of a specially American enterprise, the execution of which, it is generally thought, will effect valuable commercial and national results.

The physics of the route are unique. Near the northern borders of Nicaragua the Cordillera separates into two branches, one closely following the Pacific coast line, the other diverging towards the Caribbean, both with diminished elevations, and enclosing between them the broad valley occupied by Lake Nicaragua and the smaller Lake Managua, the former covering some 2700 square miles, and the latter 500 or 600. The water-shed of the two includes about 12,000 square miles, the surplus drainage of which escapes from the southeast corner of the larger lake, forming a noble river, the San Juan, which has a course of 120 miles, with an average fall of about 10 inches to the mile, and discharges into the Caribbean through an extensive delta. During the rainy season the river has a powerful flow, and is navigable for light-draught steamers, but in the dry seasons it is obstructed by sand bars in the lower reaches, by several rapids of considerable extent, and by shallow channels in the upper reaches. There are several affluents, of which the chief is the San Carlos, draining the lofty ranges of Costa

Rica to the southward, and joining the San Juan about 65 miles below the lake.

The surface elevation of the lake above the sea varies with the seasons, with an indicated maximum range of 12 or 14 feet, and an average low stage of about 102 feet above mean sea-level. Its western shore is only 12 miles from the Pacific, and the height of the intervening divide, 154 feet above sea, is the lowest that has been discovered on the Isthmus. The region between the lake and the Pacific has been thoroughly surveyed, and there are no serious obstacles of any kind to the construction of a canal from the lake to Brito, which would complete the waterway between the two oceans, with a total length of 170 or 180 miles. The natural advantages of this route *viâ* the river and lake are conspicuous, and have claimed attention from the beginning. The main disadvantage is the absence of terminal harbors. Greytown, the Caribbean outlet, was formerly a fine harbor, with 30 feet depth of entrance and anchorage; but the advance of the delta, and the drift of the waves and littoral currents, have enveloped the entrance with a sand bar, and converted the harbor into a shallow lagoon, with not more than 4 or 5 feet of water on the bar.

At the Pacific end the conditions are also difficult; the natural harbors in that vicinity, owing to formidable intervening elevations, are not accessible from the lake by canal, which must therefore have its terminus at Brito, a mere indentation in the coast-line, with deep water a short distance seaward. At both ends, therefore, adequate harbors must be created; in the one case by massive breakwaters constructed in the open Pacific of such materials and dimensions as shall withstand the ocean surges, and in the other carved out of the delta by extensive dredging, and protected by piers of such extent as to prevent choking by sand-drift.

Another formidable difficulty is the rainfall, which at Greytown exceeds that known elsewhere on the Western Continent. Observations for the three years 1890, '91, and '92 gave a minimum of 214 inches, an average of 267, and a maximum of 297—nearly 25 feet of water. On the Pacific side these amounts for the years 1880 to 1894 are reduced to a minimum of 32 inches, mean 65, and maximum 105. In fact, the conditions on the western side of the lake are in several respects



far more favorable than on the eastern. The climate is drier, the country more level and open, communication much easier, and the population is mainly grouped there. The soil is of volcanic origin, and wonderfully fertile, with a wide range of natural food products. On the Atlantic side the country is practically a wilderness of steep clay hills and swamps, densely forested, and drenched with moisture, through which the river is in effect the only thoroughfare.

All the projects made have accepted the river and lake as the essential feature, and in 1826 De Witt Clinton secured a concession for a project, economically estimated at \$5,000,000, intended for vessels of 400 or 500 tons only. In 1831 a Dutch charter was procured, to which the King of Holland was the principal subscriber. In 1847 Louis Napoleon interested himself in furthering a project to cost \$20,000,000, following a route through both lakes, and thence to the harbor of Realejo on the Pacific farther north. In 1849 and '50 a charter was obtained by Commodore Vanderbilt for a ship-canal, and in 1852 he opened a transit, *en route* to California, by boat up the river to the lake, with transfers at the rapids, and thence by wagon to the little harbor of San Juan del Sur, southeast from Brito, and at the same time procured the first authentic survey and actual location for a canal route by employing Colonel O. W. Childs, an American canal and railroad engineer of distinction, to make them. Childs's work and reports are still the most reliable sources of information, and constitute the basis for all later investigations.

The proposed navigation of that day was restricted to 17 feet depth, and Childs's plans, which were carefully worked out from actual data, held the lake-level at 108 feet above tide, by dams in the San Juan and Rio Grande rivers—the latter discharging into the Pacific at Brito—making a summit-level 103½ miles long, locking down to the Pacific on the west side, and canalizing the San Juan by additional dams on the east side. At a point 90 miles from the lake the river was abandoned, and a canal went through the delta to Greytown; in all, there were to be 14 locks on each side. The estimated cost of his project was \$31,500,000, the unit prices being double those for similar work in the State of New York.

In 1873 the United States naval expedi-

tion under Commander Lull re-examined the Childs route for a canal of 26 feet depth, substantially on the same lines; and in 1890 the Maritime Canal Company, which had acquired a concession from Nicaragua, and secured a charter from the United States Congress, made public the particulars of its project, invited subscriptions, and began work on the formation of a harbor at Greytown. Operations continued until 1893, when they were terminated by lack of funds, and Congress was appealed to to make the enterprise a national one, and to carry it to completion by a guarantee of bonds and loan of public credit. When work was suspended the actual constructions that had been effected by the company were 12 miles of railroad through the swamp to the foot-hills, a thousand feet of jetty, three-quarters of a mile of canal, and considerable dredging in the harbor—all at the eastern end. In addition, there had been erected at Greytown several buildings, including hospital, storehouse, barracks, and offices, a workshop, etc.; and a portion of the line, in both the eastern and Pacific divisions, had been partially cleared of timber.

After discussion, Congress, in the act of March 2, 1895, authorized the appointment of a commission of three engineers for the purpose of reporting on the feasibility, permanence, and cost of completion of the company's project as detailed in the final report by the chief engineer in 1890; and in November, 1895, having spent two months in field-work on the Isthmus, and three in examining all the engineering data in the possession of the company, the commission submitted its report, which was published as Document No. 279, H. R., 54th Congress, 1st session.

The commission believed a ship-canal project entirely feasible, but found it necessary to withhold approval of several features of the company's plans, and in particular deemed it prudent to double the estimates of cost, viz., from \$67,000,000 to \$133,500,000, as representing the minimum sum that could safely be charged to the construction, administration, and contingent account—this estimate not including some possibly large sums as damages for submerged lands, and the like, for the computation of which no data were at hand, and for other charges incidental to the maintenance of the concession.



The company's project, based partly on the surveys in 1852 and 1873 by Childs and Lull, supplemented by additional surveys made under its own direction at intervals between 1887 and 1893, embodied constructions of a formidable and unprecedented character, the execution and maintenance of which, if deemed practicable, would involve heavy expenditures and be invested with serious hazards. The lake was to be raised to 110 feet elevation, and the summit-level extended in both directions with a length of 155 or 160 miles, the total distance from Greytown to Brito being about 175 miles. To effect this, two immense dams were projected, one across the San Juan River at Ochoa, 70 miles below the lake, and the other at La Flor, less than 4 miles from the Pacific, where the valley of the Rio Grande was contracted between hills.

The La Flor dam would convert the upper Rio Grande Valley into a basin  $4\frac{1}{2}$  miles long, to be connected with the Pacific by 3 locks and a short canal, and with the lake by  $9\frac{1}{2}$  miles of canal excavated through the low range of hills which constitute the west divide, with a maximum depth of cutting of 75 feet.

The dam was designed with a length of 2000 feet, and would have to sustain a head of water of 90 feet. The company proposed to build it of loose rock backed with clay, and later changed this to a concrete core, with stone and earth embankments on both sides; but as borings on the site showed that no solid foundation existed, it would be prudent to abandon the dam-and-basin scheme, and have recourse to a low-level canal, which would involve no difficulties in construction.

The Ochoa dam was to raise the San Juan River to the summit-level, and thereby effect a canalization of the entire distance of 70 miles to the lake, saving a large amount of excavation in the river-bed for the ship-channel, designed at 28 feet depth. The dam would be 1900 feet long, and have to sustain a head of 60 feet. It had to be built in the bed of the stream, and subject to the action of the floods. The company proposed to build it of loose stone, backed with smaller materials and clay, with the expectation that it would be tight enough to maintain the head of water, and at the same time endure the passage over its crest of such floods as the river might discharge. As the bed of the river is

sand to an unknown depth, and there were indications that the floods—which had never been measured—might reach as much as 150,000 cubic feet per second, it is doubtful if these expectations could be realized, as a structure for such purposes is without precedent or comparison.

Assuming the maintenance of the summit-level as proposed, the canal was to leave the river at the dam and direct itself for Greytown, 30 miles distant.

The summit-level was to be carried 12 miles through the San Francisco basins, an intricate region of clay hills and mud bottoms, by means of an extensive series of 67 clay dams, some of great magnitude, one of them  $1\frac{1}{4}$  miles long, with a height of 100 feet above its foundations. It is not easy to see how, under the tremendous rainfall prevalent in their vicinity, these huge masses of clay are to be either constructed or maintained. Passing the embankments, the canal winds through the east divide—a rock and clay mass over 3 miles across, with a maximum cut of 324 feet, in materials shown by the few borings made to be of all degrees of hardness, from trap to volcanic ash, in which the side slopes are designed as five vertical on one horizontal. Thence the canal descends the valley of the Deseado, with 3 locks separated by short canals and basins, and reaches tide-level  $9\frac{1}{2}$  miles from Greytown.

It is evident that with constructions so novel and formidable, and conditions so difficult, the utmost care must be given to the procuring and study of all obtainable facts, including complete hydraulic and geologic data, variations of lake and river levels, velocity and volume of streams, quantity of rainfall at different points, violence and frequency of floods, and all the other detailed and particular information the engineer requires for the completion of his project, the preparation of his plans and estimates, and the drafting of his specifications. In the case of Nicaragua, as of all the other Isthmian projects, the information of this nature is still scanty and incomplete, and the materials composing the bed of the San Juan River for the 30 miles over which large under-water excavations were necessary have not been investigated at all. The project as formulated by the company is manifestly in its preparatory stage only.

The fact is that the possibilities affecting the final location between the San



Juan River and the sea have been but superficially examined. The sandy bottom, marshy banks, and turbulent volume of the river through the low-lying delta furnish serious obstacles to the creation of a deep channel following its main course down the Colorado. On the other hand, the company's ambitious high-level project as above indicated presents equally obvious difficulties and special dangers. But it has not been shown that we are in fact restricted to these alternatives, and it is quite possible that a conservative middle course would be at once safer and less costly. For example, at Machuca Falls, 18 miles above Ochoa, a rocky reef crosses the river valley, and the construction of a high dam with locks would be quite practicable. A low dam and lock at Ochoa, and another at a site farther down, would carry the navigation to a point whence it could proceed at the low

level direct to Greytown, substantially as projected by Childs. For the solution of these and other similar problems, a thorough investigation and accurate data for comparison are needed before the question of final location can be settled.

In accordance with the recommendation made by the commission of 1895, Congress, in the act of June 4, 1897, has provided for a second commission to finish the investigation and make final plans and estimates.

This commission is now in the field fully equipped for its work, and there is reason to believe that within a year or two it will be possible to decide how the Nicaragua canal should be built and what it will cost, and which of the two great rival projects, Panama or Nicaragua, will be the first to get itself completed, and constitute the most notable achievement in the annals of engineering.

## HOW ORDER NO. 6 WENT THROUGH.

AS TOLD BY SUN-DOWN LEFLARE.

BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.

WE were full of venison and coffee as we gathered close around the camp fire, wiping the fitful smoke out of our eyes alternately as it came our way.

"It's blowing like the devil," said the sportsman, as he turned up his face to the pine-trees.

"Yees, sair. Maybeso dar be grass fire secon' ting we know," coincided Sun-Down Leflare.

Silver-Tip, the one who drove the wagon, stood with his back to us, gazing out across the mountain to an ominous red glare far to the south. "Ef that forest fire gets into Black Canyon, we'll be straddlin' out of yer all sorts of gaits before mornin'," he remarked.

"Cole night," observed Bear-Claw, which having exhausted his stock of English, he spoke further to Fire-Bear, but his conversation was opaque to us.

"Look at the stars!" continued the sportsman.

"Yes—pore critters—they have got to stay out all night; but I am going to turn in. It's dam cold," and Silver-Tip patted and mauled at his blankets.

"What was the coldest night you ever saw?" I asked.

He pulled off his boots, saying: "Seen heap of cold nights—dun'no' what was the coldest—reckon I put in one over on the Bull Mountains, winter of '80, that I ain't going to forget. If nex' day hadn't been a Chinook, reckon I'd be thar now."

"You have been nearly frozen, I suppose, Sun-Down?" I added.

"Yees, sair—I was cole once all right."

"Ah—the old coffee-cooler, he's been cold plenty of times. Any man what lives in a tepee has been cold, I reckon; they've been that way six months for a stretch," and having made this good-natured contribution, Silver-Tip pulled his blanket over his head.

Sun-Down's French nervousness rose. "Ah—dat mule-skinner, what she know 'bout cole?—she freeze on de green grass. I freeze seex day in de middle of de wintar over dar Buford. By gar, dat weare freeze too! Come dam near put my light out. Um-m-m!" and I knew that Sun-Down was my prey.

"How was that?"

"Over Fort Keough—I was scout for Ewers—she was chief scout for Miles," went on Leflare.

"Yas, I was scout too—over Keough—



same time," put in Ramon, the club-footed Mexican.

"Yees, Ramon was scout too. Say—Miles she beeg man Eas'—hey? I see her come troo agency—well, fall of '90. Ah, she ole man; don' look like she use be sebenty-seben. Good-lookin' den."

"Wall—what you spect?" sighed his congener Ramon, in a harsh interruption. "I was good-lookin' mon myselef—sebenty-seben."

"You weare buy more squaw dan you weare eber steal—you ole frog. Dat Miles she was mak heap of trouble up dees way. I was geet sebenty dollar a month. She not trouble my people, but she was no good for Cheyenne un Sioux. Dey was nevar have one good night sleep af'er she was buil' de log house on de Tongue Rivière. Ah, ha, we was have hell of a time dem day '—don' we, Wolf-Voice?" and that worthy threw up his head quickly, and said, "Umph!"

"Well—I was wid my ole woman set in de lodge one day. Eet was cole. Lieutent Ewers she send for me. I was know I was got for tak eet or lose de sebenty. Well, I tak eet. Eet was cole.

"I was tink since, it weare dam good ting I lose dat sebenty. I was geet two pony, un was go to log house, where de officier she write all time in de book. Lieutent was say I go to Buford. I was say eet dam cole weddar for Buford. Lieutent was say I dam coffee-cooler. Well—I was not. Sitts-on-the-Point and Dick, she white man, was order go Buford wid me. Lieutent was say, when she han' me beeg lettair wid de red button, 'You keep eet clean, Leflare, un you go troo.' I tole heem I was go troo, eef eet was freeze de steamboat.

"We was go out of de fort on our pony—wid de led horse. We was tak nothin' to eat, 'cause we was eat de buffalo. I was look lak de leetle buffalo—all skin. Skin hat—skin robe—skin leggin—you shoot me eef you see me. Eet was cole. We weare ride lak hell. When we was geet to Big Dry, Dick she say, 'Your pony no good; your pony not have de oat; you go back. He says he mak Buford to-morrow night. I say, 'Yees, we go back to-morrow.'

"We mak leetle sleep, un Sitts-on-the-Point he go back Keough, but I geets crazy, un say I brave man; I weel not go back; I weel go Buford, or give de dinner to de dam coyote. I weel go.

"My pony he was not able for run, un Dick she go over de heel—I was see her no more. I was watch out for de buffalo—all day was watch. I was hungry; dar was nothin' een me. All right, I was go top of de heel—I was not see a buffalo. All deese while I was head for de Mountain-Sheep Buttes, where I know Gros Ventre camp up by Buford. Eet was blow de snow, un I was walk heap for keep warm. I was tink, eef no buffalo, no Gros Ventre camp for Leflare, by gar. I was marry Gros Ventre woman once, un eef I was geet dar I be all right. De snow she blow, un I could see not a ting. When eet geet dark, I was not know where I was go, un was lay down een de willow bush. Oh, de cole—how de hell you spect I sleep?—not sleep one wink, 'cept one. Well, my pony was try break away, but I was watch 'im, 'cept dat one wink. De dam pony what was led horse, she was geet off een de one wink. I see her track een de mornin', but I was not able for run him wid de order pony. He was geet clean away. 'Bout dat I was sorry, for een de daytime I was go keel heem eef no buffalo.

"Een de mornin' de win' she blow; de snow she blow too. Eet was long time 'fore I untie my lariat, un couldn't geet on pony 'tall—all steef—all froze. I walk long—walk long;" and Sun-Down shrugged up his shoulders and eyebrows, while he shut down his eyes and mouth in a most forlorn way. He had the quick, nervous French delivery of his father, coupled with the harsh voice of his Indian mother. There was also much of the English language employed by this waif of the plains which, I know, you will forgive me if I do not introduce.

"I deedn't know where I was—I was los'—couldn't see one ting. Was keep under cut bank for dodge win'. De snow she bank up een plass, mak me geet out on de pararie, den de win' she mak me hump. Pony he was heavy leg for punch troo de snow. All time I was watch out for buffalo, but dar was no buffalo;" and Sun-Down's voice rose in sympathy with the frightful condition which haunted his memory.

"Begin tink my medicin' was go plumb back on me. Den I tink Ewers—wish she out here wid dam ole order. Eet mak me mad. Order—all time order—by gar, order soldier to change hees shirt—scout go two hundred miles. My belly



she draw up like tomtom, un my head go roun', roun', lak ting Ramon was mak de hair rope wid; my han' she shake lak de leaf de plum-tree. I was fall down under cut bank, wid pony rope tie roun' me. Pony he stay, or tak me wid heem. How long I lay—well, I dun'no', but I was cole un wak up. Eet was steel—de star she shine; de win' she stop blow. Long time I was geet up slow. I was move leetle—move leetle—den I was move queek—move leetle—move queek. All right—you eat ten deer reebbs while I was geet up un stan' on my feet. Pony he was white wid de snow un de fros'. Buffalo-robe she steef lak de wagon box. Long time I was move my finger—was try mak fire, un after while she blaze up. Ah, good fire—she steek in my head. Me un pony we geet thaw out one side, den oder side. I was look at pony—pony was look at me. By gar—I tink he was 'fraid I eat heem; but I was say no—I eat him by-un-by. I was melt de snow een my tin cup—was drink de hot water—eet mak me strong. Den come light I was ride to beeg butte, look all roun'—all over, but couldn't tell where I was. Den I was say, no buffalo I go Missouri Rivière.

"Long time, I was come to de buffalo. Dey was all roun'—oh, everywhere—well, hundred yard. When I was geet up close, I was aim de gun for shoot. I couldn't hole dat gun—she was wabble lak de pony tail een de fly-time. All right, I shoot un shoot at de dam buffalo, but I neber heet eem 'tall—all run off. My head she swim; my han' she shake; my belly she come up een my neck un go roun' lak she come untie. I almos' cry.

"Well—I dun'no'jus' what den. 'Pears lak my head she go plumb off. I was wave my gun; was say I not afraid of de Sioux. Dam de Sioux!—I was fight all de Sioux in de worl'. I was go over de snow fight dem, un I was yell terrible. Eet seem lak all de Sioux, all de Cheyenne, all de Assiniboine, all de bad Engun een de worl', she come out of de sky, all run dar pony un wave dar gun. I could hear dar pony gallop ovar my head. I was fight 'em all, but dey went 'way.

"A girl what I was use know she come drop—drop out of de sky. She had keetle of boil meat, but she was not come right up—was keep off jus' front of my pony. I was run after de girl, but she was float 'long front of me—I could not catch her. Den I don' know nothin'.

"Black George un Flyin' Medicin' was two scout come to Keough from Fort Peck. Dey saw me un follow me—dey was go to keel me, but dey see I was Le-flare, so dey rope my pony, tak me een brush, mak fire, un give me leetle meat. By come night I was feel good—was geet strong.

"We was 'fraid of de Assiniboine—'cause de order fellers had seen beeg sign. I sais let us go 'way mile or so un leave fire burn here.

"Black George he sais he no dam ole woman—he brav man—fight dem—no care dam for Assiniboine.

"I say to myself, all right—Assiniboine been foller you. I go.

"Flyin' Medicin' he want for go, but George he sais Assiniboine scare woman wid hees pony track—umph! un Flyin' Medicin' she sais she no ole woman. I say, by gar, I am woman; I have got sense. You wan' stay here you be dead. Den I tak my pony un I go 'way een de dark, but I look back dar un see Medicin', she lie on de robe, Black George she set smoke de pipe, un a gray dog he set on de order side, all een de firelight. I sais dam fools.

"Well, I got for tell what happen. When I was go 'bout mile I was lay down. 'Bout one hour I hear hell of shootin'. I geet up queek, climb pony, run lak hell. I was ole woman, un I was dam glad for be ole woman. Eet was dark; pony was very thin; all same I mak heap of trail 'fore mornin' bes' I could."

I asked Sun-Down what made the shooting.

"Oh—Black George camp—course I deedn't know, but I was tink strong eet be hees camp all right 'nough. Long time after I hear how 'twas. Well—dey lay dar by de fire—Medicin' on hees back—George she set up—dog he set up order side—Assiniboine come on dar trail. I was ole woman—eef not, maybeso I was set by de fire too—humph!

"George he geet no chance fight Assiniboine. Dey fire on hees camp, shoot Flyin' Medicin' five time—all troo chest, all troo leg, all troo neck—all shoot up. Black George she was shot t'ree time troo lef' arm; un, by gar, gray dog she keel too. Black George grab hees gun un was run jump down de cut bank. Assiniboine was rush de camp un run off de pony, but George she was manage wid





"UN I WAS YELL TERRIBLE."



her lef' han' to shoot over cut bank, un dey was not dare tak Medicin's hair. Black George he was brave man. He was talk beeg, but he was as beeg as hees talk. He was scout roun', un was see no Assiniboine; he was come to Flyin' Medicin', who was go gurgle, gurgle—oh, he was all shot—all blood"—and here Sun-Down made a noise which was awfully realistic and quite unprintable, showing clearly that he had seen men who were past all surgery.

"George she raise Medicin' up, was res' hees head on hees arm, un den Medicin' was give heem hell. He was say: 'Deedn't I tole you? By gar, you dam brave man; you dam beeg fool! You do as I tole you, we be 'live, by gar. Now our time has come.' When he could speak again—when he had speet out de blood—he sais, 'Go geet my war-bag—geet out my war-bonnet—my bead shirt—my bead moccasins—put 'em on me—my time has come'; un Black George she geet out all de fine war-clothes, un she dress Medicin' up—all up een de war-clothes. 'Put my medicin'-bag on my breas'—good-by, Black George—keek de fire—good-by;' un Medicin' die all right.

"Course Black George she put out a foot un mak trail for Keough. He was haf awful time; was seex day geet to buffalo-hunter camp, where she was crawl mos' of de way. De hunter was geeve heem de grub, un was pull heem to Keough een dar wagon. Reckon he was cole—all de blood run out hees arm—nothin' to eat—seex day—reckon dat ole mule-skinner she tink she was cole eef she Black George."

"What became of you meanwhile?"

"Me? Well—I was not stop until come bright day; den my pony was go deese way, was go dat way"—here Sun-Down spread out his finger-tips on the ground and imitated the staggering fore feet of a horse.

"I was res' my pony half day, un was try keel buffalo, but I was weak lak leetle baby. My belly was draw up—was go roun'—was turn upside down—was hurt me lak I had wile-cat inside my reebbs. De buffalo was roun' dar. One minute I see 'em all right, nex' minute dey go roun' lak dey was all drunk. No use—I could not keel buffalo. Eet was Gros Ventre camp or bus' Leflare wid me den. All time eet very cole; fros' go pop, pop under pony feet. Guess I look lak dead man—guess

I feel dam sight worse. Dat seex day she mak me very ole man.

"I was haf go slow—pony he near done—jus' walk 'long. I deedn't care dam for Assiniboine now. De gray wolf he was follow 'long behin'—two—t'ree—four wolf. I deedn't care dam for wolf. All Sioux, all Assiniboine, all wolf een de worl'—she go to hell now; I no care. I was want geet to Gros Ventre camp 'fore I die. I was walk 'long slow—was feed my pony; my feet, my han's was get cold, hard lak knife-blade. I was haf go to cut bank for fall on my pony's back—no crawl up no more. I was ride all night, slow, slow. Was sit down; wolf was come up look at me. I was tell wolf to go to hell.

"Nex' day same ting—go 'long slow. Pony he was dead; he no care for me. I can no more keek heem; I cannot use whip; I was dead.

"You ask me eef I was ever froze—hey, what you tink? Dat mule-skinner, Silver-Tip, he been dar—by gar, he nevair melt all nex' summer.

"Jus' dark I was come een big timber by creek. I was tink I die dar, for I could not mak de fire. I was stan' steel lak de steer een de coulee when de blizzair she blow. Den what you tink? I was hear Gros Ventre woman talk 'cross de rivièr. She was come geet de wattair. I was lead de pony on de hice. I was not know much, but I was wake up by fall een wattair troo crack een hice. My rein was 'roun' my shoulder; my gun she cross my two arm. I could not use my han'. When I was fall, gun she catch 'cross hice—pony was pull lak hell—was pull me out. I was wet, but I was wake up. Eef dat bridle she break, een de spring-time dey fine Leflare een wheat-fiel' down Dakotah.

"De woman was say, 'Go below—you find de ford.' Den he was run. After while I get 'cross ford—all hice. Was come dam near die standin' up. I was see leetle log house, un was go to door un pound wid my elbow. 'Let me een—let me een—I froze,' sais I, een Gros Ventre.

"Dey say, 'Who you are?'

"I sais, 'I am Leflare—I die een 'bout one minute—let me een.'

"'You talk Gros Ventre; maybeso you bad Engun. How we know you Leflare?' sais de woman.

"'Eef I not Leflare, shoot when you open de door,' un dey open de door. I tink dey was come near shoot me—I was





"SHE WAS KEEP OFF JUS' FRONT OF MY PONY."

Frederick Remington



look terrible—dey was 'fraid. I grab de fire, but dey was pull me 'way. Dey was sit on me un tak off my clothes un rub me wid de snow. Well, dey was good; I dun'no' what dey do, but I was eat, eat, leetle at a time, till I was fall 'sleep.

"I lay een dat log house t'ree day 'fore I geet out, un den I go Buford. Dey sais de order she was all right. Den dey want me go back Keough wid order. I sais, 'Dam glad go back,' for de weddar she was fine den. 'You geeve me pony.'



SUN-DOWN LEFLARE, WASHED AND DRESSED UP.

When I was wake up I was say, 'Tak dam ole order to Buford,' un I was tole de man what was tak eet I was keel heem eef he not tak eet.

" 'Why geeve you pony?' sais de officier.

" 'By gar, de las' order she keel my pony,' I sais."



## EAST SIDE CONSIDERATIONS.

BY E. S. MARTIN.



THE BOY WHO KNEW WHERE THERE WAS A TREE.

**A**N enlightened official of New York said, the other day, "The happiest people in town live on the East Side." He did not speak officially, and not without knowledge that a great many very wretched people also live there, but very likely what he said was the truth, though not, of course, the whole truth. The ordinary impression of people who don't live on the East Side and who don't go there is that it is a painful quarter of the city, where all the people are poor, and

live huddled up together, and nearly die every summer, and have a pretty bad time all the year round. The East Side is associated with misery; is looked upon as a consequence of the imperfect apparatus now in use for distributing money. To sink layer by layer down the strata of society and finally to bring up in an East Side tenement is the conventional, well-to-do New-Yorker's conception of an awful fate. Persons who might live in a good part of town, and



who, from pious motives or because they are tired of conventional society and manners, go over and take up with the East Side, and live in tenements there, are looked upon as people who have made an enormous sacrifice. No doubt it is true that the majority of East-Siders don't live on the East Side absolutely from choice, but because life there best suits their incomes and occupations. Most of the people who live east of Broadway and south of Houston Street are poor, and live where they do not so much from any special prejudice against the Fifth Avenue side of Central Park as to be near their work, or because in the

tenement-house streets they get more for their money. They are not all poor, by any means. Some East-Siders stick to the East Side because they are used to it and belong to it—yes, and because a good deal of it belongs to them, as is the case of that East Side woman whom report which seems veracious credits with owning (last year) no less than sixty-four double tenement-houses, the rents of which are said to run up to sixty thousand dollars a year. Their owner manages her own property, collects her rents, bosses her tenants, and personally postpones repairs on her property; and it suits her convenience

as well as her taste to be a resident landlady, and to live where she has her own under her eye, and can better appreciate the blessings of means.

There is misery on the East Side, of course, because there are a great many

more people there than should be, and because there are sickness and extreme poverty there, as well as evil passions and sin, and all the painful things one finds wherever human beings are gathered in considerable groups. But there is unquestionably unhappiness also on Fifth Avenue. Among all the wretched people in New York it would be hard to match the apparent wretchedness of some persons whom one sees driving in closed carriages in Central Park in winter. They look as if they never had had any fun, or known any emotion of real happiness. They look stunted and comatose. No doubt many of them are sick people; but

many of them, too, are overfed and overcoddled citizens who have missed the joy of living from too great solicitude to retain the comforts of life.

Whatever pangs a thorough knowledge of the East Side may involve, the superficial observer does not find it sad to look upon. It happened once in April to a visitor to New York to have to make a call at the University Settlement in Delancey Street. He started early in the evening from one of the respectable residence streets on Murray Hill, and being about to penetrate he knew not how desperate and lawless a quarter, he took along a stout stick as a



THE BEGINNING OF A MERCANTILE CAREER.

means of self-protection against marauders. When he got there he found a quarter where clean streets paved with asphalt were brilliantly lighted and swarmed with people. It was one of the first mild evenings of spring, and a large part of Delan-



cey Street was sitting out-of-doors. Mothers were sitting on door-steps gossiping with one another and watching children who ought doubtless to have been abed. There were life, action, and social activity everywhere. Saloons and billiard-rooms seemed crowded—indeed everything seemed crowded—and to all appearances an immense amount of entertainment was in process of distribution among a great number of people. When the visitor got back to his respectable Murray Hill street it was uncommonly like returning from the land of the living to the abode of the departed. Murray Hill was ditch-water after Delancey Street. Nobody in the side streets; nothing going on. Not so much light; not so good a pavement; nowhere near so much fun in sight.

He smiled when he put his heavy cane in the corner, and then he sighed at the realization that there are losses for all our gains, as well as gains for all our losses, and that people who have their choice, and families who have whole houses to themselves, and live in-doors even on pleasant evenings, do not enjoy all those advantages without paying for them to some extent in the loss of easy fellowship, and also of many pleasant social opportunities.

Mankind is not only the noblest study of man, but the most entertaining. People are more interesting than things or books, or even newspapers. The East Side is especially convenient for the observation of people because there are such shoals of them always in sight, and because their habits of life and manners are frank, and favorable to a certain degree of intimacy at sight. Where each family has a whole house to itself and lives inside of it, and the members never sally out except in full street dress—hats, gloves, and manners—it is hopeless to become intimately acquainted with them as you pass on the sidewalk. You may



AN ORIENTAL TYPE.

walk up and down Fifth Avenue for ten years and never see a Fifth Avenue mother nursing her latest born on the door-step, but in Mott or Mulberry or Cherry Street that is a common sight, and always interesting to the respectful observer. When the little Fifth Avenue children are let out, if they don't drive off in a carriage, at least they go with a nurse, and are clothed like field daisies, and under such restraint as good clothes and even the kindest of nurses involve. But the East Side children tumble about on the sidewalk and pavement hour after hour, under slight restraint and without any severe amount of oversight, hatless usually, barehanded and barefooted when the weather suffers it. It is the children that constitute the East Side's greatest



charm, and no doubt it is especially due to them that a veracious man who often walks northward or eastward from Mulberry Bend late in the afternoon is able

moderately dirty, as any normal child will be after playing in the street or anywhere out-of-doors. Dirt or no dirt, in good weather the children of the East Side

are very interesting to watch. Some of them look sick, and a sick child is a pathetic sight wherever seen; but except in midsummer the great majority of them seem to be in good health and well nourished and lively. They play together very much as children do everywhere, and if they are more amusing than a lot of Fifth Avenue children, it is doubtless because they are under less supervision and are more natural. The most natural behavior we are used to see obtains in a cage of monkeys. The East Side children are nearly as untrammelled as the monkeys, but they are a great deal kinder to one another. Little girls tending babies and carrying them from door-step to door-step are a common sight. The little mothers are famous, but it seems to be in the nature of little girls to love babies and be good to them. What is more



A LITTLE FATHER.

to testify that he invariably reaches Bleeker Street with modified and softened sentiments toward his fellows, and increased tolerance for creation and its perplexing incidents. It cannot be said that the East Side children are clean. Some of them are clean sometimes. It is stamped upon an observer's memory that on a Saturday early in April he passed a little girl in Hester Street who had one of the cleanest heads of sunshiny hair he ever saw. Some East Side children are cleaner than others, but as a rule they are pretty dirty. The streets are clean for streets, and the children are clean for children who play in the streets.

To be very clean indeed is a luxury of high price. People are apt to look upon it as a mere virtue, but that is a modern notion born of hot and cold running water and a bath-room on every floor. Saints in old times usually went very dirty from religious conviction. East-Siders don't do that, but they put up with a moderate amount of dirt because it is one of the unavoidable conditions of their existence. Their children are usually dirty, but only

remarkable, and yet not uncommon on the East Side, is kind and responsible little boys who look after still smaller children, and drag them around in ramshackle carts or amuse them and keep them out of harm's way. Of course one sees something of the other side of human nature too. There are crying children, and mothers whose patience is worn out, and bullying older boys, but the East Side would not soften the heart of the sympathetic passer-by, and make him happier for passing through it, if the evidences of human kindness were not more plenty than the signs of the other side of human nature. It is what you see in people's faces that affects your spirits, not what they wear on their backs, or even on their heads. Fine birds in fine feathers are a gladdening sight. Really fine people with proper souls, whose faces show really superior qualities, and whose clothes and cleanliness and gentility are becoming to them, adorn creation in their way, and are folks that observers looking on at life are thankful for. You do not see people of that sort on the East Side;



but, on the other hand, you are not shocked there by the contrast between the individual and his circumstances. There are no "chappies" there; there is nothing to be seen there quite so astonishing and amusing and queer and pathetic as such chappies as one may sometimes see sipping green mint and smoking cigarettes in the purlieus of the Waldorf Hotel. The East Side is thoroughly disciplined. Faces there show rarely dejection, except what comes from illness, but endurance, patience, the practical education that comes of daily labor. In front of an uptown club is a cab loaded with travelling-bags. Inside are two young fellows just starting for some railroad station. A servant stands bareheaded at the cab door. One of the young men inside is dissatisfied with something. His arrogant face, as he makes complaint, is the face of a youth who has never earned his salt; who has been overfed, overstimulated, overamused; who has always had all material luxuries within his reach, has accepted all as his due, is grateful for nothing, is appreciative of nothing, and whose conception of his obligations in life is pretty well fulfilled if he does what he considers his part in keeping club servants thoroughly well up to his notion of their duties. Faces of the type of his face are not prevalent on the East Side. Persons whose business in life is to be carried, and to kick at their carriers when they stumble, do not abound down there. There are coarse people there, but they wear cheap clothes and work hard. There is no such disconcerting contrast between their outside and what one reads in their faces as afflicts the observer in more opulent parts of the town. If their looks are often enough commonplace and sometimes disagreeable, their environment and their clothes modify instead of aggravating them. Beggars may be pic-

turesque, but beggars on horseback are grotesque.

It may be true that fleas have still smaller fleas to bite 'em, and even on the East Side there may be a tyranny of things and a constant effort to maintain a scale of living that is uncomfortably high. But certainly it is not noticeable. The scale of living on Mulberry and Mott and the other tenement-house streets seems simple and easy. One is not perplexed and oppressed as he walks through that quarter of the city with constant recurrence of the query, where do the people who live in all these houses get the money to maintain them? The imagination which is stumped by the problem of the maintenance of miles of dwellings at from ten to fifty thousand dollars a year apiece, easily copes with the problems of paying rent for a tenement-house apartment and buying bread and simple food



FEATHER-BED DAY.

for a working-man's family. It is easy to see how East-Siders manage. The eternal servant problem never troubles them. Their social duties seem not to be exacting. Lo! on the fire-escapes and balconies, on Mondays or any of the va-



rious wash-days that race or creed or custom prescribes, their garments flap in the wind, and, on some streets, lend human interest to continuous frontages as far as the eye reaches. Food is convenient at every turn. Mott Street market-men sell Chinese roast pig already roasted, and Heaven knows what curious Oriental dainties that look as though they had crossed the sea. Mulberry Street abounds in sidewalk venders of bread which seems to have no remarkable quality (except, maybe, its cheapness), and strange white Italian cheeses, made evidently in America for the Italian market, encased in skins and shaped like tenpins. The great Jewish quarter has its butcher shops with Hebrew signs, and, in the spring, its provision of unleavened bread for the Passover. Hebrew housekeeping has other peculiarities. The street-cleaning men will tell you that after Easter it rains straw from mattresses in that part of the town, and that beds by the thousand change their stuffing.

A remarkable neighborhood is that Jewish quarter lying south of Houston Street and between the elevated railroads and the East River. On week-days parts of it swarm with push-carts. On Saturdays there are none to be seen, but thousands of orderly people in their Sabbath-day clothes meet in the streets and in the synagogues. There are synagogues of all grades and sizes, from the little room over a shop to the erstwhile church which has lost its Christian congregation and been sold to new worshippers, who have adorned it with just enough Hebrew architecture to make its change of owners and uses apparent. Religion receives profound attention in the Jewish quarter, and its interests and consolations seem to be thoroughly appreciated. One sees remarkable faces in the synagogues—rabbis with robes and stove-pipe hats manipulating ancient scrolls, and rows of men with hats on finding apparent satisfaction in ceremonies that seem curiously antiquated and perfunctory. The Jews of that quarter are usually not of the hook-nosed type familiar and accepted, but the marks of their race appear rather in the formation of the jaw and mouth and in the general facial aspect. No doubt they are largely recruited from Russia and southeastern Europe. Occasionally one sees the old familiar type—venerable, most respectable in dress and aspect,

clean, neat, bearded, and curved as to the nose. This seems like an old friend or a character out of a story-book.

And then there are the Jewish women, with lines of profound patience in their faces, and invariably false fronts of brown hair smoothed above their foreheads. They go to the synagogues too, but sit by themselves, screened off out of sight from their husbands and masters. The brown wigs abound everywhere, and are doubtless a religious requirement which the air of America has not yet availed to modify.

Life on the lower East Side is even more transitory than most life in New York. Most of the population there is of comparatively recent acquisition. Habits of life are more often brought there than formed there. It is not like the East End of London, where the people who live there now were born and have always lived. Signs abound of customs born elsewhere. The May-day parties of the East Side children are reminiscent of village life. If you see a troop of children in May, far downtown, following some leader and marching off with a definite purpose, the chances are it is a May party. A lover of the East Side, who had followed one of the parties a block or two, audaciously accosted the leader, a bright-eyed Jewish youngster, who evidently knew perfectly what he was about.

"Where are you bound for, Johnny? You can't get up to Central Park, can you?"

"Park! No; but I guess I know where there's a tree."

He did. He led his young troop through street after street, and by devious turns and twists, to the tree, a poor stunted wreck of a tree, slanting out of the sidewalk with that list away from the house fronts which city trees are wont to have. It was not much of a tree, but it answered the purposes of a May party, and what it lacked was made up by childish imaginations.

There are evidences all through the East Side of thought taken and money spent for the welfare of the dwellers there. No part of the town needs clean streets and smooth pavements so much, and no part of the town shares more fully in those blessings. Wagon traffic does not abound excessively in the streets



THE SABBATH—A SYNAGOGUE THAT WAS ONCE A CHURCH.



where the population is most dense. Most of these streets have been asphalted; all of them will be in time; and children play over their whole width. When a horse passes through, the driver picks

er, big enough to hold 2500 visitors—a ministration to need by authority which it does the heart good to witness.

There are conscientious democrats who find comfort in maintaining, in the face



THE SACRED SCROLL IN THE SYNAGOGUE.

his way. The two new parks at Mulberry Bend and Corlears Hook are admirable breathing-places. In both of them the walks are lined with seats from end to end, so as to afford resting-places for the greatest possible number. Corlears Hook Park, at the bend in the East River and opposite the Brooklyn Navy-Yard, has a most interesting water-front and view. All the water traffic between the Bay and the Sound passes there. The Grand Street Ferry is close by, and all day long the river provides its entertainment for the park population. Newer still and near by is the Dock Commissioners' Recreation Pier at the foot of Third Street, with its great upper story, covered play-ground, reaching far out into the riv-

of indications to the contrary, that there are no classes in this country. The contention is praiseworthy, and persistence in it is praiseworthy too, for it helps, like Jefferson's declaration of the equality of men, to keep alive an idea that needs to be sustained. But even if there are not classes in the republic, disparity of estate and training have begotten varieties, and the tendency of each variety to herd with its own sort is always in sight. It is a tendency that is based on convenience; but it has its drawbacks. It narrows our experience and impoverishes our view of life. People who live and work in big cities fall into the way of following a little daily round, which takes men down town at a certain hour and by a certain

route, and back at another hour, and which confines most women to rounds of the shopping and residence streets, where they see the same sights and the same sort of people every day, month after month and year after year. It is so much easier to follow a rut than to make a track for one's self that of course most people follow ruts. But for those who appreciate the wholesomeness of variety and the value of new sensations and suggestions, the East Side is an amazingly rich field. Not only is the contemplation of the poor a relief after the contemplation of the rich, but to get our minds off

world we live in. It is only a matter of three miles or so from Madison Square to Hester Street, but who would dream, who had not seen it, that the same town held within so short a distance scenes and people so contrasted as the shops and shoppers of Twenty-third Street and the hucksters of Hester and Ludlow? Not to have seen those hucksters, and their carts, and their merchandise, and their extraordinary zest for bargaining, is to have missed a sight that once seen declines to be forgotten. If there is the like of it anywhere in Europe, there is a better chance that the uptown New-Yorkers will see it



THE ENVIRONMENT OF SCHOLARSHIP.

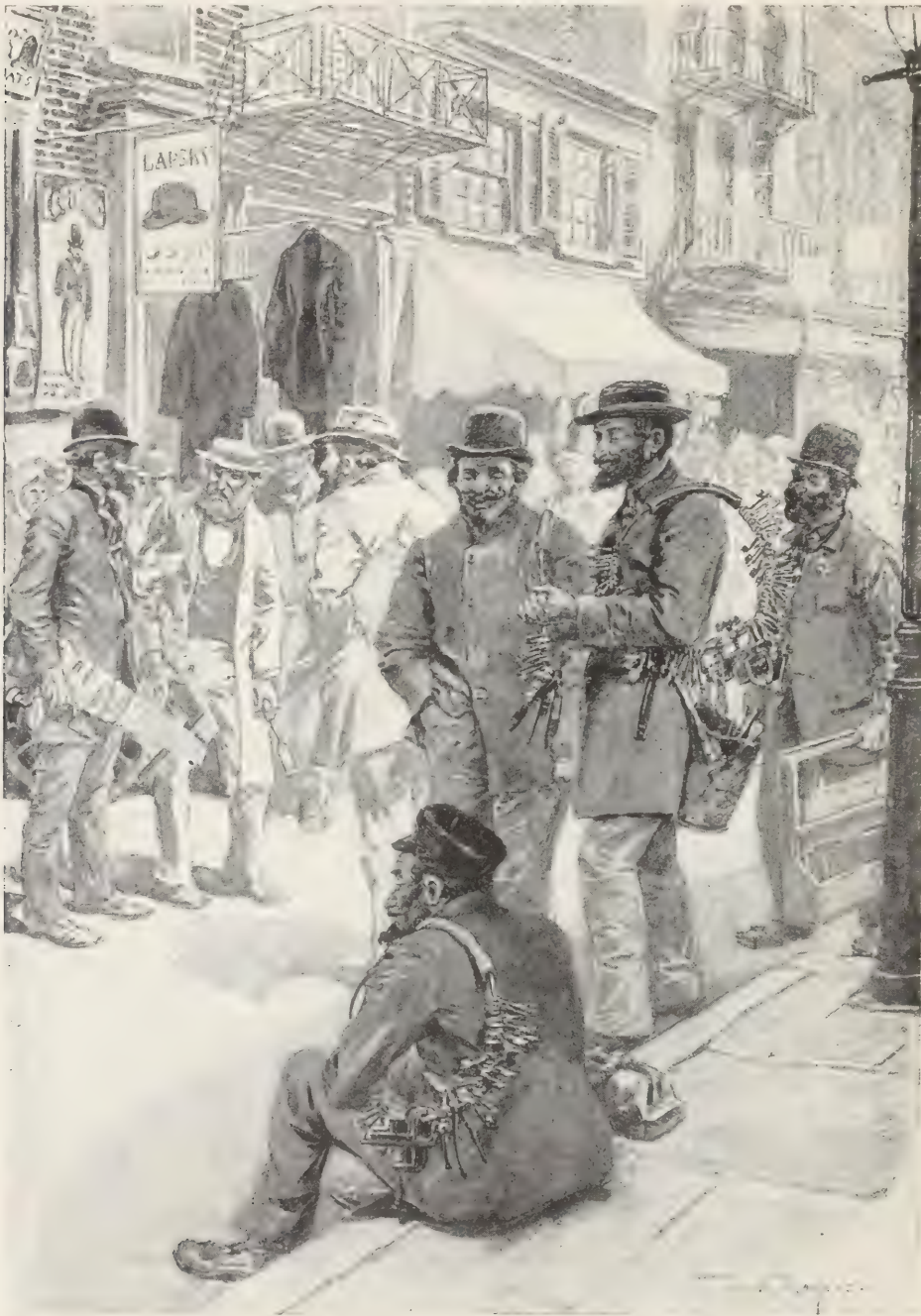
ourselves and our ways, and those of our immediate neighbors, gives us a wholesome jolt, and helps to adjust them to a realization of the characteristics of the

there than in their own town. The locksmiths and jobbing tinkers and plumbers, with their keys and their tools strung on a wire hoop that rests on one shoulder;



the itinerant skirt-peddlers, with their stock in trade strung along on a pole, parading along the street and searching the faces of women for the signs that bespeak the possibility of a sale—how queer they are, and how inspiring to the observer who sees them for the first time!

son can see them often enough to keep them in mind without taking thought about the social and municipal problems that they suggest. What needs to be done for the East Side? What can be done? What is being done? The observer ponders all these questions, and if

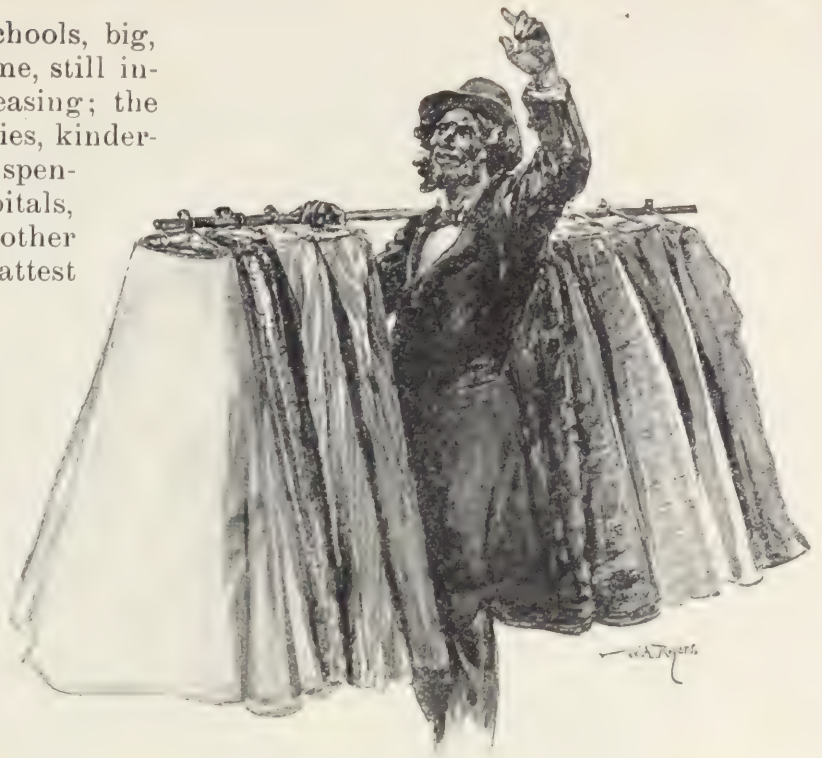


A TINKERS' EXCHANGE, HESTER STREET.

There is much more than mere entertainment to be got out of sights like these. Familiarity with them breeds neither contempt nor indifference, but rather increased interest. No thoughtful per-

he goes far enough into them they lead him into acquaintance with a net-work of enterprises in which public officers and private charity work together. Everywhere he goes the signs of this co-opera-

tion appear. The public schools, big, substantial, and often handsome, still insufficient but all the time increasing; the churches, parish-houses, libraries, kindergartens, vacation schools, dispensaries, college settlements, hospitals, fresh-air funds, and scores of other enterprises and establishments attest the persistence of the East Side in the public memory. Thousands of well-to-do New-Yorkers rarely give it a thought; but there are hundreds, not themselves members of its family, who brood over it and plan and act in its behalf. Not that it cannot help itself. The East Side, stretching from Franklin Square to the Harlem River, harbors the greater part of the manual workers of New York, and the bulk of its great population is thrifty, industrious, self-respectful, and self-sustaining. But because Manhattan Island is narrow it is crowded, and because Europe is constantly pouring needy emigrants into it who cannot speak our language, and are used to a very low scale of living, it needs an exceptional amount of help from outside. There are great areas of it, indeed, which are more justly to be



A SKIRT-VENDER.

regarded as training-schools for American citizens than as mere residence quarters for working-people. It is the crop that the East Side raises that makes it important—the great crop of American voters, from the reaping of which there is no evasion or escape.

## MORTAL IRONIES.

BY GRISWALD DICHTER.

(FROM THE RUSSIAN.)

MY soul of Death's sure coming hath no dread,  
Save lest he play some prank upon me dead—

Lest scalding tears be spill'd upon my clay,  
Or blossoms squander'd in my narrow bed;

Lest any but the hireling mourner pace  
Behind me to the final dwelling-place;

Or Fame, relenting at my hapless lot,  
In mocking marble my new merit trace;

Lest the dear dream for which I vainly yearn'd  
Incarnate be when I to air am turn'd,

And leaning o'er the urn wherein they lie,  
Smile at the ashes that such frenzy burn'd!





## RODEN'S CORNER.\*

BY HENRY SETON MERRIMAN.

### CHAPTER XVII.

#### PLAIN-SPEAKING.

"A tous maux, il y a deux remèdes—le temps et le silence."

"**THEY** call me Uncle Ben—compre-ny?" one man explained very slowly to another for the sixth time across a small iron table set out upon the pave-

ment. They were seated in front of the humble Café de l'Europe, which lies concealed in an alley running between the Keize Straat and the light-house of Scheveningen. It was quite dark, and a lonely reveller at the next table seemed to be asleep. The economical proprietor of the Café de l'Europe had conceived the idea of constructing a long-shaped lantern,

\* Begun in January number, 1898.

not unlike the arm of a railway signal, which should at once bear the insignia of his house and afford light to his out-door custom. But the idea, like many of the higher flights of the human imagination, had only left the public in the dark.

"Yes," continued the unchallenged speaker, in a voice which may be heard issuing from the door of any tavern in England on almost any evening of the week—the typical voice of the tavern-talker—"yes, they've always called me Uncle Ben. Seems as if they're sort o' fond of me. Me as has seen many hundreds of 'em come and go. But nothing like this. Lord save us!"

His hand fell heavily on the iron table, and he looked round him in semi-intoxicated stupefaction. He was in a confidential humor, and when a man is in this humor, drunk or sober, he is in a parlous state. It was certainly rather unfortunate that Uncle Ben should have in this expansive moment no more sympathetic companion than an ancient, intoxicated Frenchman who spoke no word of English.

"What I want to know, Frenchy," continued the Englishman, in a thick, aggrieved voice, "is how long you've been at this trade, and how much you know about it—you and the other Frenchy. But there's none of us speaks the other's lingo. It is a regular Tower of Babble we are!" And Uncle Ben added to his mental confusion a further alcoholic fog. "That's why I showed yer the way out of the works over the iron fence by the empty casks, and brought yer by the beach to this 'ere house of entertainment, and stood yer a bottle of brandy between two of us—which is handsome, not bein' my own money, seeing as how the other deputed me to do it—me knowing a bit of French—compreddy?" Benjamin, like most of his countrymen, considering that if one speaks English in a loud, clear voice, and adds "compreddy" rather severely, as indicating the intention of standing no nonsense, the previous remarks will translate themselves miraculously in the hearer's mind. "You compreddy—eh? Yes. Oui."

"Oui," replied the Frenchman, holding out his glass, and Uncle Ben's was that pride which goes with a gift of tongues. He struck a match to light his pipe—one of the wooden, sulphur-headed matches supplied by the café—and the

guest at the next table turned quietly in his chair. The match flared up and showed two faces, which he studied keenly. Both faces were alike unwashed and deeply furrowed. White, straggling beards and whiskers accentuated the redness of the eyelids, the dull yellow of the skin. They were hopeless and debased countenances, with that disquieting resemblance which is perceptible in the faces of men of dissimilar features and no kinship, who have for a number of years followed a common calling, or suffered a common pain.

These two men were both half blind; they had equally unsteady hands. The clothing of both alike, and even their breath, was scented by a not unpleasant odor of sealing-wax.

It was quite obvious that not only were they at present half intoxicated, but in their soberest moments they could hardly be of a high intelligence.

The reveller at the next table, who happened to be Tony Cornish, now drew his chair nearer. "Englishman?" he inquired.

"That's me," answered Uncle Ben, with commendable pride, "from the top of me head to me boots. Not that I've anything to say against foreigners."

"Nor I; but it's pleasant to meet a countryman in a foreign land." Cornish deliberately brought his chair forward. "Your bottle is empty," he added; "I'll order another. Friend's a Frenchman, eh?"

"That he is—and doesn't understand his own language either," answered Uncle Ben, in a voice indicating that that lack of comprehension rather intensified his friend's Frenchness than otherwise.

The proprietor of the Café de l'Europe now came out in answer to Cornish's rap on the iron table, and presently brought a small bottle of brandy.

"Yes," said Cornish, pouring out the spirit, which his companions drank in its undiluted state from small tumblers—"yes, I'm glad to meet an Englishman. I suppose you are in the works—the Malgamite?"

"I am; and what do you know about Malgamite, mister?"

"Well, not much, I am glad to say."

"There is precious few that knows anything," said the man, darkly, and his eye for a moment sobered into cunning.

"I have heard that it is a very danger-



ous trade, and if you want to get out of it, I'm connected with an association in London to provide situations for elderly men who are no longer up to their work," said Cornish, carelessly.

"Thank ye, mister; not for me. I'm making my five-pound note a week, I am, and each cove that dies off makes the survivors one richer, so to speak—survival of the fittest, they call it. So we don't talk much, and just pockets the pay."

"Ah, that is the arrangement, is it?" said Cornish, indifferently.

"Yes. We've got a clever financier, I can tell yer. We're a good-goin' concern, we are. Some of us are goin' pretty quick, too."

"Are there many deaths, then?"

"Ah! there you're asking a question," returned the man, who came of a social class which has no false shame in refusing a reply. Cornish looked at the man beneath the dim light of the unsuccessful lamp—a piteous specimen of humanity, depraved, besotted, without outward sign of a redeeming virtue, although a certain courage must have been there—this and such as this stood between him and Dorothy Roden. Uncle Ben had known starvation at one time, for starvation writes certain lines which even turtle soup may never wipe out—lines which any may read and none may forget. Tony Cornish had seen them before—on the face of an old dandy coming down the steps of a St. James Street club. The Malgamiter had likewise known drink long and intimately, and it is no exaggeration to say that he had stood cheek by jowl with death nearly all his life.

Such a man was plainly not to be drawn away from five pounds a week.

Cornish turned to the Frenchman, a little, cunning, bullet-headed Lyonnais, who would not speak of his craft at all, though he expressed every desire to be agreeable to monsieur.

"When one is *en fête*," he cried, "it is good to drink one's glass or two and think no more of work."

"I knew one or two of your men once," said Cornish, returning to the genial Uncle Ben. "William Martins, I remember, was a decent fellow and had seen a bit of the world. I will come to the works and look him up some day."

"You can look him up, mister, but you won't find him."

"Ah, has he gone home?"

"He's gone to his long home—that's where he's gone."

"And his brother, Tom Martins, both London men like myself?" inquired Cornish, without asking that question which Uncle Ben considered such exceedingly bad form.

"Tom's dead too."

"And there were two Americans, I recollect—I came across from Harwich in the same boat with them—Hewlish, they were called."

"Hewlishes has stepped round the corner too," admitted Uncle Ben. "Oh yes; there's been changes in the works, there's no doubt. And there's only one sort o' change in the Malgamite trade. Come on, Frenchy, time's up."

The men stood up and bade Cornish good-night, each after his own manner, and went away steadily enough. It was only their heads that were intoxicated, and perhaps the brandy of the Café de l'Europe had nothing to do with this.

Cornish followed them, and in the Keize Straat he called a cab, telling the man to drive to the house at the corner of Oranje Straat and Park Straat, occupied by Mrs. Vansittart. That lady, the servant said, in reply to his careful inquiry, was at home and alone, and, moreover, did not expect visitors. The man was not at all sure that madame would receive.

"I will try," said Cornish, writing two words in German on the corner of his visiting-card. "You see," he continued, noticing a well-trained glance, "that I am not dressed, so if other visitors arrive I would rather not be discovered in madame's salon—you understand?"

Mrs. Vansittart shook hands with Cornish in silence. Her quick eyes noted the change in him which the shrewd butler had noticed in the entrance-hall. The Cornish of a year earlier would have gone back to the hotel to dress.

"I was just going out to the Witte Society concert," said Mrs. Vansittart. "I thought the open air and the wood would be pleasant this evening. Shall we go or shall we remain?" She stood with her hand on the bell looking at him.

"Let us remain here," he answered.

She rang the bell and countermanded the carriage. Then she sat slowly down, moving as under a sort of oppression, as if she foresaw what the next few minutes

contained, and felt herself on the threshold of one of the surprises that Fate springs upon us at odd times, tearing aside the veils behind which human hearts have slept through many years. For indifference is not the death, but only the sleep of the heart.

"You have just arrived?"

"No; I have been here a week."

"At the Hague?"

"No," answered Cornish, with a grave smile; "at a little inn in Scheveningen, where no questions are asked."

Mrs. Vansittart nodded her head slowly. "Then, *mon ami*," she said, "the time has come for plain-speaking?"

"I suppose so."

"It is always the woman who wants to get to the plain-speaking," she said, with a smile, "and who speaks the plainest when one gets there. You men are afraid of so many words; you think them, but you dare not make use of them. And how are women to know that you are thinking them?" She spoke with a sort of tolerant bitterness, as if all these questions no longer interested her personally. She sat forward, with one hand on the arm of her chair. "Come," she said, with a little laugh that shook and trembled on the brink of a whole sea of unshed tears, "I will speak the first word. When my husband died, my heart broke—and it was Otto von Holzen who killed him." Her eyes flashed suddenly, and she threw herself back in the chair. Her hands were trembling.

Cornish made a queer gesture of the hand—a trick he had learnt somewhere on the Continent, more eloquent than a hundred words—which told of his sympathy and his comprehension of all that she had left unsaid. For truly she had told him her whole history in a dozen words.

"I have followed him and watched him ever since," she went on at length, in a quiet voice; "but a woman is so helpless. I suppose if any of us were watched and followed as he has been, our lives would appear a strange medley of a little good and much bad mixed with a mass of neutral idleness. But surely his life is worse than the rest—not that it matters. Whatever his life had been, if he had been a living saint, Tony, he would have had to pay—for what he has done to me."

She looked steadily into the keen face that was watching hers. She was not in

the least melodramatic; and what was more strange, perhaps, she was not ashamed. According to her lights she was a good woman, who went to church regularly, and did a little conventional good with her superfluous wealth. She obeyed the unwritten laws of society, and busied herself little in her neighbors' affairs. She was kind to her servants, and did not hate her neighbors more than is necessary in a crowded world. She led a blameless, unoccupied, and apparently purposeless life. And now she quietly told Tony Cornish that her life was not purposeless, but had for its aim the desire of an eye for an eye and a life for a life.

"You remember my husband," continued Mrs. Vansittart, after a pause. "He was always absorbed in his researches. He made a great discovery, and confided in Otto von Holzen, who thought that he could make a fortune out of it. But Von Holzen cheated and was caught. There was a great trial, and Von Holzen succeeded in incriminating my husband, who was innocent, instead of himself. The company, of course, failed, which meant ruin and dishonor. In a fit of despair my husband shot himself. And afterwards it transpired that by shooting himself at that time he saved my money. One cannot take proceedings against a dead man, it appears. So I was left a rich woman, after all, and my husband had frustrated Otto von Holzen. The world did not believe that my husband had done it on purpose; but I knew better. It is one of those beliefs that one keeps to one's self, and is indifferent whether the world believes or not. So there remain but two things for me to do—the one is to enjoy the money, and to let my husband see that I spend it as he would have wished me to spend it—upon myself; the other is to make Otto von Holzen pay—when the time comes. Who knows?—the *Malgamite* is perhaps the time; you are perhaps the man." She gave her disquieting little laugh again, and sat looking at him.

"I understand," he said at length. "Before, I was puzzled. There seemed no reason why you should take any interest in the scheme."

"My interest in the *Malgamite* scheme narrows down to an interest in one person," answered Mrs. Vansittart, "which is what really happens to all human interests, my friend."



## CHAPTER XVIII.

## A COMPLICATION.

"La plus grande punition infligée à l'homme, c'est faire souffrir ce qu'il aime, en voulant frapper ce qu'il hait."

CORNISH had, as he told Mrs. Vansittart, been living a week at Scheveningen in one of the quiet little inns in the fishing-town, where a couple of apples are displayed before lace curtains in the window of the restaurant as a modest promise of entertainment within. Knowing no Dutch, he was saved the necessity of satisfying the curiosity of a garrulous landlady, who, after many futile questions which he understood perfectly, came to the conclusion that Cornish was in hiding, and might at any moment fall into the hands of the police.

There are, it appears, few human actions that attract more curiosity for a short time than the act of colonization; but few changes are in the long-run so apathetically accepted as the presence of a colony of aliens. Cornish soon learnt that the Malgamite works were already accepted at Scheveningen as a fact of small local importance. One or two fish-sellers took their wares there instead of going direct to the Hague. A few of the Malgamite-workers were seen at times, when they could get leave, on the Digue, or outside the smaller cafés. Inoffensive, stricken men, these appeared to be, and the biglimbed, hardy fishermen looked on them with mingled contempt and pity. No one knew what the works were, and no one cared. Some thought that fireworks were manufactured within the high fence; others imagined it to be a gunpowder-factory. All were content with the knowledge that the establishment belonged to a big English company employing no outside labor.

Cornish spent his days unobtrusively, walking on the dunes or writing letters in his modest rooms. His evenings he usually passed at the Café de l'Europe, where an occasional truant Malgamite-worker would indulge in a mild carouse. From these grim revellers Cornish elicited a great deal of information. He was not actually, as his landlady suspected, in hiding, but desired to withhold as long as possible from Von Holzen and Roden the fact that he was in Holland. None of the Malgamite-workers recognized him; indeed, he saw none of those whom he had brought across to the Hague, and

he did not care to ask too many questions. At length, as we have seen, he arrived at the conclusion that Von Holzen's schemes had been too deeply laid to allow of attack by subtler means, and as a preliminary to further action had called on Mrs. Vansittart.

The following morning he happened to take his walk within sight of the Villa des Dunes, although far enough away to avoid risk of recognition, and saw Percy Roden leave the house shortly after nine to proceed towards the works. Then Tony Cornish lighted a cigarette and sat down to wait. He knew that Dorothy usually walked to the Hague before the heat of the day, to do her shopping there and household business. He had not long to wait. Dorothy quitted the little house half an hour after her brother. But she did not go towards the Hague, turning to the right instead, across the open dunes towards the sea. It was a cool morning after many hot days, and a fresh, invigorating breeze swept over the sand hills from the sea. It was to be presumed that Dorothy, having leisure, was going to the edge of the sea for a breath of the brisk air there.

Cornish rose and followed her. He was essentially a practical man—in the forefront of the leaders of a practical generation. The day, moreover, was conducive to practical thoughts, and not to dreams, for it was gray, and yet of a light air, which came bowling in from a gray sea, whose shores have assuredly been trodden by the most energetic of the races of the world. For all around the North Sea and on its bosom have risen races of men to conquer the universe again and again.

Cornish had come with the intention of seeing Dorothy and speaking with her. He had quite clearly in his mind what he intended to say to her. It is not claimed for Tony Cornish that he had a great mind. But his thoughts, like all else about him, were neat and compact, wherein he had the advantage of cleverer men who blundered along under the burden of vast ideas which they could not put into portable shape, and over which they constantly stumbled.

He followed Dorothy, who walked briskly over the sand hills, upright, trim, and strong. She carried a stick, which she planted firmly enough in the sand as she walked. As he approached he could



see her lifting her head to look for the sea; for the highest hills are actually on the shore here, and stand in the form of a great barrier between the waves and the low-lying plains. She swung along at the pace which Mrs. Vansittart had envied her, without exertion, with that ease which only comes from perfect proportions and strength.

Cornish was quite close to her before she heard his step and turned sharply. She recognized him at once, and he saw the color slowly rise to her face. She gave no cry of surprise, however—was in no foolish feminine flutter, but came towards him quietly.

"I did not know you were in Holland," she said.

He shook hands without answering. All that he had prepared in his mind had suddenly vanished, leaving, not a blank, but a hundred other things which he had not intended to say, and which now, at the sight of her face, seemed inevitable.

"Yes," he said, in a low voice, looking into her steady gray eyes. "I am in Holland—because I cannot stay away—because I cannot live without you. I have pretended to myself and to everybody else that I come to the Hague because of the Malgamite; but it is not that. It is because you are here. Wherever you are, I must be; wherever you go, I must follow you. The world is not big enough for you to get away from me. It is so big that I feel I must always be near you—for fear something should happen to you—to watch over you and take care of you. You know what my life has been. . . ."

She turned away with a little shrug of the shoulders and a shake of the head. For a woman may read a man's life in his face—in the twinkling of an eye—as in an open book.

"All the world knows that," he continued, with a sceptical laugh. "Is it not written—in the society papers? But it has always been aboveboard—and harmless enough. . . ."

Dorothy gave a queer smile as she looked out across the gray sea. He was, it appeared, telling her nothing that she did not know. For she was wise and shrewd—of that pure leaven of woman-kind which leaveneth all the rest. And she knew that a man must not be judged by his life—not even by outward appearance, upon which the world pins so much

faith—but by that occasional glimpse of the soul of him which may live on, pure through all impurity, or may be foul beneath the whitest covering.

"Of course," he continued, "I have wasted my time horribly: I have never done any good in the world. But—great is the extenuating circumstance! I never knew what life was until I saw it—in your eyes."

Still she stood with her back half turned towards him, looking out across the sea. The sun had mastered the clouds, and all the surface of the water glittered. A few boats on the horizon seemed to dream and sleep there. Beneath the dunes, the sand stretched away north and south in an unbroken plain. The wind whispered through the waving grass, and, far across the sands, the sea sang its eternal song. Dorothy and Cornish seemed to be alone in this world of sea and sand. So far as the eye could see, there were no signs of human life but the boats dreaming on the horizon.

"Are you quite sure?" said Dorothy, without turning her head.

"Of what?"

"Of what you say."

"Yes; I am quite sure."

"Because," she said, with a little laugh that suddenly opened the gates of Paradise and bade one more poor human being enter in—"because it is a serious matter—for me."

Then, because he was a practical man, and knew that happiness, like all else in this life, must be dealt with practically if aught is to be made of it, he told her why he had come. For happiness must not be rushed at and seized with wild eyes and grasping hands, but must be quickly taken when the chance offers, and delicately handled, so that it be not ruined by overhaste or too much confidence. It is a gift that is rarely offered, and it is only fair to say that the majority of men and women are quite unfit to have it. Even a little prosperity (which is usually mistaken for happiness) often proves too much for the mental equilibrium, and one trembles to think what the recipient would do with real happiness.

"I did not come here intending to tell you that," said Cornish, after a pause.

They were seated now on the dry and driven sand, among the inequalities of the tufted grass.

Dorothy glanced at him gravely, for



his voice had been grave. "I think I knew," she answered, with a sort of quiet exaltation. Happiness is the quietest of human conditions. Cornish turned to look at her, and after a moment she met his eyes—for an instant only.

"I came to tell you a very different story," he said, "and one which at the moment seems to present insuperable difficulties. I can only show you that I care for you by bringing trouble into your life—which is not even original."

He broke off with a little puzzled laugh. For he did not know how best to tell her that her brother was a scoundrel. He sat making idle holes in the sand with his stick.

"I am in a difficulty," he said at length. "So great a difficulty that there seems to be only one way out of it. You must forget what I have told you to-day, for I never meant to tell you until afterwards, if ever. Forget it for some months, until the Malgamite works have ceased to exist; and then, if I have the good fortune to be given an opportunity, I will"—he paused—"I will mention myself again," he concluded, steadily.

Dorothy's lips quivered, but she said nothing. It seemed that she was content to accept his judgment, without comment, as superior to her own. For the wisest woman is she who suspects that men are wiser.

"It is quite clear," said Cornish, "that the Malgamite scheme is a fraud. It is worse than that; it is a murderous fraud. For Von Holzen's new system of making Malgamite is not new at all, but an old system revived, which was set aside many years ago as too deadly. If it is not this identical system, it is a variation of it. They are producing the stuff for almost nothing at the cost of men's lives. In plain English, it is murder, and it must be stopped at any cost. You understand?"

"Yes."

"I must stop it whatever it may cost me, Dorothy."

"Yes," she answered again, in her quiet strength.

"I am going to the works to-night to have it out with Von Holzen and your brother. It is impossible to say how matters really stand—how much your brother knows. I mean—for Von Holzen is clever. He is a cold, calculating man who rules all who come near him. Your brother

has only to do with the money part of it. They are making a great fortune. I am told that financially it is splendidly managed. I am a duffer at such things, but I understand better now how it has all been done, and I see how clever it is. They produce the stuff for almost nothing, they sell it at a great price, and they have a monopoly. And the world thinks it is charity. It is not; it is murder."

He spoke quietly, tapping the ground with his stick, and emphasizing his words with a deeper thrust into the sand. The habit of touching life lightly had become second nature with him, and even now he did not seem quite serious. He was, at all events, free from that deadly earnestness which blinds the eye to all save one side of a question. The very soil that he tapped could have risen up to speak in favor of such as he; for William the Silent, it is said, loved a jest, and never seemed to be quite serious during the long years of the greatest struggle the modern world has seen.

"It seems probable," went on Cornish, "that your brother has been gradually drawn into it; that he did not know when he first joined Von Holzen what the thing really was—the system of manufacture, I mean. As for the financial side of it, I am afraid he must have known of that all along; but the older one gets the less desirous one is of judging one's neighbor. In financial matters so much seems to depend, in the formation of a judgment, whether one is a loser or a gainer by the transaction. There is a great fortune in Malgamite, and a fortune is a temptation to be avoided. Others besides your brother have been tempted. I should probably have succumbed myself if it had not been—for you."

She smiled again in a sort of derision, as if she could have told him more about himself than he could tell her. He saw the smile, and it brought a flash of light to his eyes. Deeper than fear of damnation, higher than the creeds, stronger than any motive in a man's life, is the absolute confidence placed in him by a woman.

"I went into the thing thoughtlessly," he continued, "because it was the fashion at the time to be concerned in some large charity. And I am not sorry. It was the luckiest move I ever made. And now the thing will have to be gone through with, and there will be trouble."

But he laughed as he spoke; for there was no trouble in their hearts, neither could anything appall them.

## CHAPTER XIX.

## DANGER.

"Beware equally of a sudden friend and a slow enemy."

RODEN and Von Holzen were busy in the little office of the Malgamite works. The sun had just set, and the soft pearly twilight was creeping over the sand hills. The day's toil was over, and the factories were all locked up for the night. In the stillness that seemed to settle over earth and sea at sunset the sound of the little waves could be heard—a distant, constant babbling from the west. The workers had gone to their huts. They were not a noisy body of men. It was their custom to creep quietly home when their work was done, and to sit in their doorways if the evening was warm, or with closed doors if the north wind was astir, and silently, steadily assuage their deadly thirst. Those who sought to harvest their days, who fondly imagined they were going to make a fight for it, drank milk according to advice handed down to them from their sickly forefathers. The others, more reckless, or wiser, perhaps, in their brief generation, took stronger drink to make glad their hearts and for their many infirmities. They had merely to ask, and that which they asked for was given to them without comment.

"Yes," said Uncle Ben to the newcomers, "you has a slap-up time—while it lasts."

For Uncle Ben was a strong man, and waxed garrulous in his cups. He had made Malgamite all his life, and nothing would kill him, not even drink. Von Holzen watched Uncle Ben, and did not like him. It was Uncle Ben who played the concertina at the door of his hut in the evening. He sprang from the class whose soul takes delight in the music of a concertina, and rises on bank holidays to that height of gayety which can only be expressed by an interchange of hats. He came from the slums of London, where they breed a race of men small, ill-formed, disease-stricken, hard to kill.

The north wind was blowing this evening, and the huts were all closed. The sound of Uncle Ben's concertina could be dimly heard in what purported to be

a popular air—a sort of nightmare of a tune, such as a barrel-organist must suffer after bad beer. Otherwise there was nothing stirring within the enclosure. There was, indeed, a queer hush over the whole place, such as Nature sometimes lays over certain spots like a quiet veil, as one might lay a cloth over the result of an accident, and say, "There is something wrong here; go away."

Cornish, having tried the main entrance gate, found it locked, and no bell with which to summon those within. He went round to the northern end of the enclosure, where the sand had drifted against the high corrugated-iron fencing, and where there were empty barrels on the inner side, as Uncle Ben had told him.

"After all, I am a managing director of this concern," said Cornish, with a grim laugh, as he clambered over the fence.

He walked down the row of huts very slowly. Some of them were empty. The door of one stood ajar, and a sudden smell of disinfectant made him stop and look in. There was something lying on a bed, covered by a grimy sheet.

"Um—m," muttered Cornish, and walked on.

There had been another visitor to the Malgamite works that day.

Then Cornish paused for a moment near Uncle Ben's hut and listened to "Tarara-boom-de-ay." He bit his lips, restraining a sudden desire to laugh without any mirth in his heart, and went towards Von Holzen's office, where a light already gleamed through the ill-closed curtains. For these men were working night and day now—making their fortunes. He caught, as he passed the window, a glimpse of Roden bending over a great ledger which lay open before him on the table, while Von Holzen, at another desk, was writing letters in his neat German hand.

Then Cornish went to the door, opened it, and passing in, closed it behind him. "Good-evening," he said, with just a slight exaggeration of his usual suave politeness.

"Halloa!" exclaimed Roden, with a startled look, instinctively closing his ledger. He looked hastily towards Von Holzen, who turned, pen in hand. Von Holzen bowed rather coldly.

"Good-evening," he answered, without looking at Roden. Indeed, he crossed the room and placed himself in front of his companion.



"Just come across?" inquired Roden, putting together his papers with his usual leisureliness.

"No; I have been here some time."

Cornish turned and met Von Holzen's eyes with a ready audacity. He was not afraid of this silent scientist, and had been trained in a social world where nerve and daring are highly cultivated. Von Holzen looked at him with a measuring eye, and remembered some warning words spoken by Roden months before. This was a cleverer man than they had thought him. This was the one mistake they had made in their careful scheme.

"I have been looking into things," said Cornish, in a final voice. He took off his hat and laid it aside. Von Holzen went slowly back to his desk, which was a high one. He stood there close by Roden, leaning his elbow on the letters that he had been writing. The two men were thus together, facing Cornish, who stood at the other side of the table. "I have been looking into things," he repeated, "and—the game is up."

Roden, whose face was quite colorless, shrugged his shoulders with a sneering smile. Von Holzen slowly moistened his lips, and Cornish, meeting his glance, felt his heart leap upward to his throat. His way had been the way of peace. He had never seen that look in a man's eyes before, but there was no mistaking it. There are two things that none can mistake: an earthquake—and murder shining in a man's eyes. But there was good blood in Cornish's veins, and good blood never fails. His muscles tightened, and he smiled in Von Holzen's face.

"When you were over in London, a fortnight ago," he said, "you saw my uncle—and squared him. But I am not Lord Ferriby, and I am not to be squared. As to the financial part of this business"—he paused and glanced at the ledgers—"that seems to be of secondary importance at the moment. Besides, I do not understand finance."

Roden's tired eyes flickered at the way in which the word was spoken.

"I propose to deal with the more vital questions," Cornish continued, looking straight at Von Holzen. "I want details of the new process—the prescription, in fact."

"Then you want much," answered Von Holzen, with his slight accent.

"Oh, I want more than that," was the

retort; "I want a list of your deaths—not necessarily for publication. If the public were to hear of it, they would pull the place down about your ears, and probably hang you on your own water-tower."

Von Holzen laughed. "Ah, my fine gentleman, if there is any hanging up to be done, you are in it too," he said. Then he broke into a good-humored laugh, and waived the question aside with his hand. "But why should we quarrel? It is mere foolishness. We are not schoolboys, but men of the world, who are reasonable, I hope. I cannot give you the prescription, because it is a trade secret. You would not understand it without expert assistance, and the expert would turn his knowledge to account. We chemists, you see, do not trust each other. No; but I can make Malgamite here before your eyes—to show you that it is harmless—what?" He spoke easily, with a certain fascination of manner, as a man to whom speech was easy enough—who was perhaps silent with a set purpose—because silence is safe. "But it is a long process," he added, holding up one finger, "I warn you. It will take me two hours. And you, who have perhaps not dined, and Roden, here, who is tired out—"

"Roden can go home—if he is tired," said Cornish.

"Well," answered Von Holzen, with outspread hands, "it is as you like. Will you have it now and here?"

"Yes—now and here."

Roden was slowly folding away his papers and closing his books. He glanced curiously at Von Holzen as if he were displaying a hitherto unknown side to his character. Von Holzen, too, was collecting the papers scattered on his desk, with a patient air and a half-suppressed sigh of weariness, as if he were entering upon a work of supererogation.

"As to the deaths," he said, "I can demonstrate that as we go along. You will see where the dangers lie, and how criminally neglectful these people are. It is a curious thing, that carelessness of life. I am told the Russian soldiers have it."

It seemed that in his way Herr von Holzen was a philosopher, having in his mind a store of queer human items. He certainly had the power of arousing curiosity and making his hearers wish him to continue speaking, which is rare. Most



"THERE WAS NO TROUBLE IN THEIR HEARTS."



men are uninteresting because they talk too much.

"Then I think I will go," said Roden, rising. He looked from one to the other and received no answer. "Good-night," he added, and walked to the door with dragging feet.

"Good-night," said Cornish. And he was left alone for the first time in his life with Von Holzen, who was clearing the table and making his preparation with a silent deftness of touch acquired by the handling of delicate instruments, the mixing of dangerous drugs.

"Then our good friend Lord Ferriby does not know that you are here?" he inquired, without much interest, as if acknowledging the necessity of conversation of some sort.

"No," answered Cornish.

"When I have shown you this experiment," pursued Von Holzen, setting the lamp on a side table, "we must have a little talk about his lordship. With all modesty, you and I have the clearest heads of all concerned in this invention." He looked at Cornish with his sudden, pleasant smile. "You will excuse me," he said, "if while I am doing this I do not talk much. It is a difficult thing to keep in one's head, and all the attention is required in order to avoid a mistake or a mishap."

He had already assumed an air of unconscious command which was probably habitual with him, as if there were no question between them as to who was the stronger man. Cornish sat, pleasantly silent and acquiescent, but he felt in no way dominated. It is one thing to assume authority, and another to possess it.

"I have a little laboratory in the factory where I usually work, but not at night. We do not allow lights in there. Excuse me, I will fetch my crucible and lamp."

And he went out, leaving Cornish alone. There was only one door to the room, leading straight out into the open. The office, it appeared, was built in the form of an annex to one of the store-houses, which stood detached from all other buildings.

In a few minutes Von Holzen returned, laden with bottles and jars. One large wicker-covered bottle with a screw top he set carefully on the ground.

"I had to find them in the dark," he explained, absent-mindedly, as if his

thoughts were all absorbed by the work in hand. "And one must be careful not to jar or break any of these. Please do not touch them in my absence."

As he spoke he again examined the stoppers to see that all was secure. "I come again," he said, making sure that the large basket-covered bottle was safe. Then he walked quickly out of the room and closed the door behind him.

Almost immediately Cornish was conscious of a queer taste in his mouth, though he could smell nothing. The lamp suddenly burnt blue and instantly went out. Cornish stood up, groping in the dark, his head swimming, a deadly numbness assailing his limbs. He had no pain, only a strange sensation of being drawn upwards. Then his head bumped against the door, and the remaining glimmer of consciousness shaped itself into the knowledge that this was death. He seemed to swing backwards and forwards between life and death—between sleep and consciousness. Then he felt a cooler air on his lips. He had fallen against the door, which did not fit to the threshold, and a draught of fresh air whistled through upon his face. "Carbonic acid gas," he muttered, with shaking lips. "Carbonic acid gas." He repeated the words over and over again, as a man in delirium repeats that which has fixed itself in his wandering brain. Then, with a great effort, he brought himself to understand the meaning of the words that one portion of his brain kept repeating to the other portion, which could not comprehend them. He tried to recollect all that he knew of carbonic acid gas, which was, in fact, not much. He vaguely remembered that it is not an active gas that mingles with the air and spreads, but rather it lurks in corners—an invisible form of death—and will so lurk for years unless disturbed by a current of air.

Cornish knew that in falling he had fallen out of the radius of the escaping gas, which probably filled the upper part of the room. If he raised himself, he would raise himself into the gas, and that would mean instant death. He had already inhaled enough—perhaps too much. He lay quite still, breathing the draught between the door and the threshold, and raising his left hand, felt for the handle of the door. He found it and turned it. The door was locked. He lay still, and

his brain began to wander, but with an effort he kept a hold upon his thoughts. He was a strong man who had never had a bad illness—a cool head and an intrepid heart. Stretching out his legs, he found

burning there, and gleamed through the cracks of the curtains.

Cornish went towards the cottage, then paused. "No," he muttered, holding his head with both hands. "It will keep."



"HE LAY FOR A MOMENT OR TWO TO REGAIN HIS BREATH."

some object close to him. It was Von Holzen's desk, which stood on four strong legs against the wall. Cornish, who was quick and observant, remembered now how the room was shaped and furnished. He gathered himself together, drew in his legs, and doubled himself, with his feet against the desk, his shoulder against the door. He was long and lithe, of a steely strength which he had never tried. He now slowly straightened himself, and tore the screws out of the solid wood of the door, which remained hanging by the upper hinge. His head and shoulders were now out in the open air.

He lay for a moment or two to regain his breath, and recover from the deadly nausea that follows gas-poisoning. Then he rose to his feet and stood swaying like a drunken man. Von Holzen's cottage was a few yards away. A light was

And he staggered away in the darkness towards the corner where the empty barrels stood against the fence.

#### CHAPTER XX.

#### FROM THE PAST.

"One and one with a shadowy third."

"You have the air, mon ami, of a Malgamiter," said Mrs. Vansittart, looking into Cornish's face. "Lurking here in your little inn in a back street! Why do you not go to one of the larger hotels in Scheveningen, since you have abandoned the Hague?"

"Because the larger hotels are not open yet," replied Cornish, bringing forward a chair.

"That is true, now that I think of it. But I did not ask the question wanting an answer. You, who have been in the



world, should know women better than to think that. I asked in idleness—a woman's trick. Yes, you have been or you are ill. There is a singular look in your face."

She sat looking at him. She had walked all the way from Park Straat in the shade of the trees—quite a pedestrian feat for one who confessed to belonging to a carriage generation. She had boldly entered the restaurant of the little hotel, and had told the waiter to take her to Mr. Cornish's apartment.

"It hardly matters what a very young waiter, at the beginning of his career, may think of us. But downstairs they are rather scandalized, I warn you," she said.

"Oh, I ceased explaining many years ago," replied Cornish, "even in English. More suspicion is aroused by explanation than by silence. For this wise world will not believe that one is telling the truth."

"When one is not," suggested Mrs. Vansittart.

"When one is not," admitted Cornish, in rather a tired voice, which, to so keen an ear as that of his hearer, was as good as asking her why she had come.

She laughed. "Yes," she said, "you are not inclined to sit and talk nonsense at this time in the morning. No more am I. I did not walk from Park Straat and take your defences by storm and subject myself to the insult of a raised eyebrow on the countenance of a foolish young waiter to talk nonsense even with you, who are cleverer with your non-committing platitudes than any man I know." She laughed rather harshly, as many do when they find themselves suddenly within hail, as it were, of that weakness which is called feeling. "No, I came here on—let us say—business. I hold a good card, and I am going to play it. I want you to hold your hand in the mean time: give me to-day, you understand. I have taken great care to strengthen my hand. This is no sudden impulse, but a set purpose to which I have led up for some weeks. It is not scrupulous; it is not even honest. It is, in a word, essentially feminine, and not an affair to which you as a man could lend a moment's approval. Therefore I tell you nothing. I merely ask you to leave me an open field to-day. Our end is the same, though our methods and our purpose differ as much as—well—as much as our minds. You

want to break this Malgamite corner. I want to break Otto von Holzen: you understand?"

Cornish had known her long enough to permit himself to nod and say nothing.

"If I succeed, *tant mieux*. If I fail, it is no concern of yours, and it will in no way affect you or your plans. Ah, you disapprove, I see. What a complicated world this would be if we could all wear masks! Your face used to be a safer one than it is now. Can it be that you are becoming serious—*un jeune homme sérieux*? Heaven save you from that!"

"No; I have a headache; that is all," laughed Cornish.

Mrs. Vansittart was slowly unbuttoning and rebuttoning her glove, deep in thought. For some women can think deeply and talk superficially at the same moment. "Do you know," she said, with a sudden change of voice and manner, "I have a lurking conviction that you know something to-day of which you were ignorant yesterday. All knowledge, I suppose, leaves its mark. Something about Otto von Holzen, I suspect. Ah, Tony, if you know something, tell it to me. If you hold a strong card, let me play it. You do not know how I have longed and waited—what a miserable little hand I hold against this strong man."

She was serious enough now. Her voice had a ring of hopelessness in it, as if she knew that limit against which a woman is fated to throw herself when she tries to injure a man who has no love for her. If the love be there, then is she strong indeed; but without it, what can she do? It is the little more that is so much, and the little less that is such worlds away.

Cornish did not deny the knowledge which she ascribed to him, but merely shook his head, and Mrs. Vansittart suddenly changed her manner again. She was quick and clever enough to know that whatever account stood open between Cornish and Von Holzen, the reckoning must be between them alone, without the help of any woman.

"Then you will remain in-doors," she said, rising, "and recover from your . . . strange headache—and not go near the Malgamite works, nor see Percy Roden or Otto von Holzen—and let me have my little try—that is all I ask?"

"Yes," answered Cornish, reluctantly; "but I think you would be wiser to leave Von Holzen to me."

"Ah!" said Mrs. Vansittart, with one of her quick glances. "You think that?"

She paused on the threshold, then shrugged her shoulders and passed out.

She hurried home, and there wrote a note to Percy Roden.

"DEAR MR. RODEN,—It seems a long time since I saw you last, though perhaps it only seems so to *me*. I shall be at home at five o'clock this evening, if you care to take pity on a lonely country-woman. If I should be out riding when you come, please await my return.

Yours very truly,

EDITH VANSITTART."

She closed the letter, with a little cruel smile, and despatched it by the hand of a servant. Quite early in the afternoon she put on her habit, but did not go straight down stairs, although her horse was at the door. She went to the library instead—a small, large-windowed room, looking on Oranje Straat. From a drawer in her writing-table she took a key and examined it closely before slipping it into her pocket. It was a new key with the file marks still upon it.

"A clumsy expedient," she said. "But the end is so desirable that the means must not be too scrupulously considered."

She rode down Kazerne Straat and through the wood by the Leyden road. By turning to the left she soon made her way to the east dunes, and thus describing a circle, rode slowly back towards Scheveningen. She knew her way, it appeared, to the Malgamite works. Leaving her horse in the care of the groom, she walked to the gate of the works, which was opened to her by the doorkeeper, after some hesitation. The man was a German, and therefore, perhaps, more amenable to Mrs. Vansittart's imperious arguments.

"I must see Herr von Holzen without delay," she said. "Show me his office."

The man pointed out the building. "But the Herr Professor is in the factory," he said. "It is mixing-day today. I will, however, fetch him."

Mrs. Vansittart walked slowly towards the office where Roden had told her that the safe stood, wherein the prescription and other papers were secured. She

knew it was mixing-day and that Von Holzen would be in the factory. She had sent Roden on a fool's errand to Park Straat to await her return there. Was she going to succeed? Would she be left alone for a few moments in that little office with the safe? She fingered the key in her pocket—a duplicate obtained at great risk, with infinite difficulty, by the simple stratagem of borrowing Roden's keys to open an old and disused desk one evening in Park Straat. She had conceived the plan herself, had carried it out herself, as all must who wish to succeed in a human design. She was quite aware that the plan was crude and almost childish, but the gain was great, and it is often the simplest means that succeed. The secret of the manufacture of Malgamite—written in black and white—might prove to be Von Holzen's death-warrant. Mrs. Vansittart had to fight in her own way or not fight at all. She could not understand the slower, surer methods of Mr. Wade and Cornish, who appeared to be waiting and wasting time.

The German doorkeeper accompanied her to the office, and opened the door after knocking and receiving no answer.

"Will the high-born take a seat?" he said. "I shall not be long."

"There is no need to hurry," said Mrs. Vansittart to herself.

And before the door was quite closed she was on her feet again. The office was bare and orderly. Even the waste-paper baskets were empty. The books were locked away and the desks were clear. But the small green safe stood in the corner. Mrs. Vansittart went towards it, key in hand. The key was the right one. It had only been selected by guess-work among a number on Roden's bunch. It slipped into the lock and turned smoothly; but the door would not move. She tugged and wrenched at the handle, then turned it accidentally, and the heavy door swung open. There were two drawers at the bottom of the safe which were not locked, and contained neatly folded papers. Her fingers were among these in a moment. The papers were folded and tied together. Many of the bundles were labelled. A long narrow envelope lay at the bottom of the drawer. She seized it quickly and turned it over. It bore no address nor any superscription. "Ah!" she said, breathlessly, and slipped her finger within the flap of the envelope.



Then she hesitated for a moment, and turned on her heel. Von Holzen was standing in the doorway looking at her.

They stared at each other for a moment in silence. Mrs. Vansittart's lips were drawn back, showing her even, white teeth. Von Holzen's quiet eyes were wide open, so that the white showed all around the dark iris. Then he sprang at her without a word. She was a lithe, strong woman, taller than he, or else she would have fallen. Instead, she stood her ground, and he, failing to get a grasp of her wrist, stumbled sideways against the table. In a moment she had run round it, and again they stared at each other, without a word, across the table where Percy Roden kept the books of the Malgamite scheme.

A slow smile came to Von Holzen's face, which was colorless always, and now a sort of gray. He turned on his heel, walked to the door, and locking it, slipped the key into his pocket. Then he returned to Mrs. Vansittart. Neither spoke. No explanation was at that moment necessary. He lifted the table bodily and set it aside against the wall. Then he went slowly towards her, holding out his hand for the unaddressed envelope, which she held behind her back. He stood for a moment holding out his hand, while his strong will went out to meet hers. Then he sprang at her again and seized her two wrists. The strength of his arms was enormous, for he was a deep-chested man, and had been a gymnast. The struggle was a short one, and Mrs. Vansittart dropped the envelope helplessly from her paralyzed fingers. He picked it up.

"You are the wife of Karl Vansittart," he said in German.

"I am his widow," she replied, and her breath caught, for she was still shaken by the physical and moral realization of her absolute helplessness in his hands, and she saw in a flash of thought the question in his mind as to whether he could afford to let her leave the room alive.

"Give me the key with which you opened the safe," he said, coldly.

She had replaced the key in her pocket, and now sought it with a shaking hand. She gave it to him without a word. Morally she would not acknowledge herself beaten, and the bitterness of that moment was the self-contempt with

which she realized a physical cowardice which she had hitherto deemed quite impossible. For the flesh is always surprised by its own weakness.

Von Holzen looked at the key critically, turning it over in order to examine the workmanship. It was clumsily enough made, and he doubtless guessed how she had obtained it. Then he glanced at her as she stood breathless with a colorless face and compressed lips.

"I hope I did not hurt you," he said, quietly, thereby putting in a dim and far-off claim to greatness. For it is hard not to triumph in absolute victory.

She shook her head with a twisted smile and looked down at her hands, which were still helpless. There were bands of bright red round the white wrists. Her gloves lay on the table. She went towards them and numbly took them up. He was impassive still, and his face, which had flushed a few moments earlier, slowly regained its usual calm pallor. It was this very calmness, perhaps, that suddenly incensed Mrs. Vansittart. Or it may have been that she had regained her courage.

"Yes," she cried, with a sort of break in her voice that made it strident. "Yes. I am Karl Vansittart's wife, and I—cared for him. Do you know what that means? But you can't. All that side of life is a closed book to such as you. It means that if you had been a hundred times in the right and he always in the wrong, I should still have believed in him and distrusted you—should still have cared for him and hated you. But he was not guilty. He was in the right and you were wrong—a thief and a murderer, no doubt. And to screen your paltry name you sacrificed Karl, and the happiness of two people who had just begun to be happy. It means that I shall not rest until I have made you pay for what you have done. I have never lost sight of you—and never shall—"

She paused and looked at his impassive face with a strange, dull curiosity as she spoke of the future, as if wondering whether she had a future, or had reached the end of her life, here, at this moment, in the little plank-walled office of the Malgamite works. But her courage rose steadily. It is only afar off that Death is terrible. When we actually stand in his presence we usually hold up our heads and face him quietly enough.



"HE SEIZED HER TWO WRISTS."

"You may have other enemies," she continued. "I know you have—men too; but none of them will last so long as I shall, none of them is to be feared as I am—"

She stopped again in a fury, for he was obviously waiting for her to pause for mere want of breath, as if her words could be of no weight.

"—if you fear anything on earth," she said, acknowledging his one merit despite herself.

"I fear you so little," he answered, going to the door and unlocking it, "that you may go."

Her whip lay on the floor. He picked it up and handed it to her, gravely, without a bow, without a shade of triumph or the smallest suspicion of sarcasm. There was perhaps the nucleus of a great man in Otto von Holzen, after all, for there was no smallness in his mind. He opened the door and stood aside for her to pass out.

"It is not because you do not fear me—that you let me go," said Mrs. Vansittart. "But—because you are afraid of Tony Cornish."

And she went out, wondering whether that shot had told or missed.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]





## Old Chester Tales.

By MARGARET DELAND.

### GOOD FOR THE SOUL.

#### I.

IT was about twelve or thirteen years before Dr. Lavendar was discovered to have outlived his usefulness that, one night, in the parsonage study, with only Mary and his brother, Joey Lavendar, as witnesses, he married Peter Day. Peter, with a pretty girl on his arm, drifted in out of the windy and rainy darkness, with a license from the Mayor's office in Upper Chester, and a demand that Dr. Lavendar perform the marriage service. Both the man and the woman were strangers to him, and the little old minister looked at them sharply for a minute or two—he had misgivings, somehow. But the girl was old enough, and looked perfectly satisfied and intelligent, and the man's face was simple and honest—besides, the license was all right. So he asked one or two grave and kindly questions: "You've thought this well over?

You know what a solemn thing marriage is, my friends? You are well assured that you are acting soberly, discreetly, and in the fear of God?"

"Yes, sir," said Peter Day; and the girl, a pretty, sick-looking creature, opened her big brown eyes with a glimmer of interest in them, and said, also, "Yes, sir." So Dr. Lavendar did his duty, and found a surprisingly large fee in his hand, and went back to smoke his pipe and write at least a page on his great work, *The History of Precious Stones*.

That was the last he saw of the unknown bride and groom for many a long year. Once he heard of a new threshing-machine that was being tried at the Day farm, in the next county, and was interesting two or three farmers in his own parish; but he did not connect the rich and successful farmer of Grafton, a village near Upper Chester, with the man



he had married that stormy June night. So, though his neighbors had found them interesting enough, Peter Day's affairs had never come to Dr. Lavendar's ears.

Peter had been commiserated for forty years. His farm was prosperous; it kept pace with all the new machinery, fertilizers were not despised, and there was no waste; the Day heifers had a name all through the State; and a thousand acres of haying-land meant a capital as reliable as government bonds. "I guess he's worth \$75,000 if he's worth a cent," his neighbors said; "but the old lady, she won't let on but what they're as poor as poverty." There was no doubt that Peter Day was prosperous; but, nevertheless, he was commiserated: —*he had a mother.*

"The farm is the best farm in Westmoreland County, but whether Peter can keep it up when the old lady goes, that's another question."

"He may not keep the farm up, but he can let himself down," Henry Davis, who was the blacksmith, declared; "and I'll be glad of it! Before Peter Day goes to heaven—I guess there's no doubt of Peter's going there in due time?—he ought to know something about the earth. He's acquainted with the Other Place, dear knows, with the old woman!—not that I'd say anything against her now she's on her death-bed." Henry put a hand on the bellows, and a roar of blue flame burst through the heap of black fuel on the forge. "Don't you let on to anybody, but I doubt if Peter'll ever be more 'an three years old. His mother's bossed him every breath he breathed since he was born, and he'll be just real miserable learning to walk alone at forty."

It must be admitted that here was cause for commiseration: All his forty years Mrs. Day had dominated her son's life; she had managed his farm, and he had fetched and carried and improved according to her very excellent judgment. She had formed his opinions—or, rather, she had given him her opinions; she had directed his actions, she had bought his clothes, she had doled out every dollar he spent, and taken scrupulous account of the spending; she had crushed, long ago, any vague thought of marriage he may have had; and she had assured him over and over that he was a fool. A hard, shrewish, hideously plain, marvelously capable old woman, with a temper

which in her later years drew very near the line of insanity. Then she died.

The August afternoon that the little train of silent people carried her out of her own door up to the family burying-ground in the pasture (the Days were of New England stock, and had the feeling of race permanence in their blood, which shows itself in this idea of a burying-ground on their own land)—that August afternoon was sunny and still, except for the sudden song of a locust in the stubble, stabbing the silence and melting into it again. Some sumacs were reddening on the opposite hill-side; and the blossoming buckwheat in the next field was full of the murmur of bees; its hot fragrance lifted and drifted on any wandering breath of wind. Peter Day walked behind the coffin in his best black clothes, with his hat in his hand; then came the friends and neighbors, two by two. A path had been mowed through the thin second crop of grass; but the women's skirts brushed the early golden-rod growing in the tangle of briars in the angles of the snake-fence. Up in the pasture, where the burial-lot, enclosed by a prim white paling, lay under a great oak, a bird, balancing on a leaning slate headstone, burst into a gurgling laugh of song. The oak dropped moving shadows back and forth on the group of men and women who stood watching silently that solemn merging of living into Life—of consciousness and knowledge and bitterness and spite, of human nature, into Nature. This ending of the mean and pitiful tumult which is so often all that individuality seems to be, this sinking of the unit into the universe, is like the subsidence of some little whirling gust of wind that for an instant catches up straws and dust and then drops into dead calm. There is a sense of peace about it that is not exactly human; it is organic, perhaps; it only comes where there is no grief. They felt it, these people who stood watching, silently, unbelieving in their hearts that they too would some time go back into sun and shade and rolling world. There was no grief, only curiosity and interest and the sense of peace. When it was over, they walked slowly back again, pausing for some low-voiced talk at the Day doorway, and then leaving Peter, and drawing a longer breath perhaps, and raising their voices to chatter together of the dead woman's



temper and meanness and the money she had left.

The little whirl of shrewish wind had fallen into calm; it was "all over," as the saying is—and so much greater is Life than living that it was as though it never had been. Except to Peter Day. The house had the stillness of that grave he had left up in the pasture. He heard some one move about out in the kitchen, and the clock ticking in the hall. But there was no strident old voice to bid him do this or that; no orders to obey, no fierce and insane fault-finding. The silence was deafening. He sat down in the parlor—the occasion seemed to demand the dignity of the parlor. The chairs had been put back in their places, but the open space in front of the fireplace struck him like a blow; and the lingering scent of the flowers made him feel sick.

He was a short, sturdy-looking man, with a soft black beard, and kind, quiet, near-sighted eyes, which his round spectacles magnified into lambent moons. There was no weakness in his face; but there was patience in every line; just now there was bewilderment.

"Dead?" He was trying, dumbly, to adjust himself to the fact; to understand it, or at least to believe it. He felt something swell in his throat, and very likely he thought it was grief. Habit does much for us in this way; a carping, uncomfortable companionship of forty years is yet a companionship. Life runs in rough grooves, but they are grooves; and when it leaves them there is a wrench and jolt, and perhaps even a crash—and very often it is all mistaken for grief. Peter, in his simple way, called it grief. As he sat there in his black clothes, looking at that open space where the coffin had stood, he was vaguely conscious that he wished he had his dog Jim beside him; but after forty years of being told that he "could not bring dogs and cattle into the house," and that "he was a fool to want to," he would have found the effort of freedom absolute pain. So he sat still until it grew dusk, trying to believe that she was dead, thinking about heaven—for he was a religious man—and saying to himself that she was "far better off." But never saying that he was "far better off," too.

Of course, as the weeks passed, he adjusted himself to the difference in his

condition; he grew accustomed to certain reliefs. Yet he did not realize that he was free. He was like a horse who slips his halter in a tread-mill, but goes on and on and on. He was not harassed by the goad of the strident voice, but he did the same work, in the same way, in the same harsh and unlovely surroundings;—and he did not bring Jim into the house for company! He spent his money on certain meagre essentials of food and fuel, and on necessary improvements of the farm; but he missed his mother's judgment and her shrewd foresight in such matters. He went to church, and slept heavily during the service; but he never went to the church sociables. His mother had despised them, and he was too old to acquire social habits. He made no effort to be intimate with his neighbors. Mrs. Day had quarrelled with them all, and would not have their names spoken in her presence if she could help it; so, if Peter had a capacity for friendship, these speechless years had made it dumb. Hence he was singularly isolated, untouched by the interest or the gossip or the knowledge of the life about him. He spent his days as he had always spent them, following the lines his mother had laid down for him. He went through the usual round of daily work. In the evenings he read his agricultural paper or an old book of sermons. There was no one to tell him to go to bed; and once he fell asleep, his arms stretched on the table in front of him, and wakened in the cold early light, stiff and bewildered, and heavy with fatigue. But there was one point on which Peter Day was perfectly clear: he might, through stupidity or dullness, go on in the tread-mill now that the halter was slipped, but—he was glad to miss the goad!

The final awakening to a knowledge that he was free came some ten months later. It was in June; a hot, sparkling day, when every hand on the farm had twice as much as he could do. Something had gone wrong about the mower; and Peter, with Jim at his heels, went into the village to get the blacksmith to weld a broken rod together. It was a loss of time, this hanging about the blacksmith's shop waiting for the work to be done, and the old habit of uneasiness, because of his mother's rage at any delay, made him tramp about, frowning and pressing his lips together, and



looking up the road as though fearing some messenger sent to bid him hasten.

The shop was dark, except for the red flicker when the smith thrust his pincers into the heap of ashes with one hand and started the bellows with the other. Then a shower of sparks flew up the great black cone of the chimney, and Peter could see his piece of broken iron whiten in the flames. He looked at his watch restlessly and walked to the door and back.

"Ain't you 'most done?"

"I ain't. And I won't be for a half-hour," Henry Davis said. "What's the matter with you, Peter, anyway? What's your hurry? It wouldn't kill anybody if you didn't get back till to-morrow. Your other machine's going. There ain't no dyin' need of this here one, anyhow."

"Well, I ain't one to waste time," Peter said. Jim yawned, and stretched himself on the bare black earth of the floor. He, at least, was in no hurry.

"Well, whose time are you wastin'?" the smith insisted, good-naturedly. "It's your own, ain't it? I guess you got a right to loaf. There's no one to say you nay," he ended.

"That's so," said Peter. But he still tramped back and forth, until the smith, turning the bar about on his anvil, cried:

"For the Lord's sake, Peter Day, get out! Go on up to Main Street and get a shave. Get out o' here, anyhow."

Peter laughed, and went, saying that he'd be back in ten minutes. "And mind you have that done!"

He loitered along, looking at his watch more than once, and coming to a standstill before the window of a grocery-store. He did not go in. All these years the curb of his mother's will had held him away from the shiftless and friendly gatherings about the stove or around the back counter, and he seemed to feel it yet. So he only looked into the dusty window. There were wooden rakes stacked up at one side, and boxes of cotton lace, and two jars of red and white sticks of candy, and fly-specked cups and saucers in thick white earthen-ware; there were some advertisements of poultry food pasted against the glass, and a print of a new mower. He took these in absently, looking at his watch, and wondering if the bar was nearly done. And then his eye caught a colored lithograph propped up against some tin-ware. A row of girls, smiling, coquettish, marching,

each with slippered foot well advanced, holding out a gay skirt with the thumb and forefinger of one hand, and flirting with the other a huge feather fan across arch and laughing eyes. The flutter of the pink and blue and white skirts, the slender ankles, the invitation and challenge and impertinence of the upward kick, seemed to Peter Day perfectly beautiful. He gazed at the picture, absorbed and entranced. The owner of the shop, standing in his doorway, watched him, grinning.

"You better go see 'em, Mr. Day. They're to be here to-night. The parson's mad, I tell you."

Peter came to himself with a start, and read the announcement of the production in the town-hall, on such a date and at such an hour, of *Sweet Rosy*. The notice below the picture set forth:

The Four Montague Sisters will Perform their Charming, Refined, and Side-splitting Farce, with all Accessories of Magnificent Scenery, Exquisite Music, and Elaborate Costumes. The Ballet is pronounced to be the most Beautiful, in Loveliness of Form and Perfection of Grace, ever seen in America.

YOUTH. GRACE. BEAUTY.

ADMISSION, 35 CENTS.

"We've never had one of these here shows up here," said the storekeeper; "but of course I've seen 'em. I always go when I'm in the city, because my example can't injure nobody there. Here it's different. This one isn't as bad as some, I understand. Why don't you go and see 'em, Mr. Day?"

Why didn't he? Peter Day went back to the blacksmith's shop for his rod, and walked home "studying." Why shouldn't he go to see the show? He did not ask himself whether there was anything wrong in such shows—he never had asked himself such questions. There was nothing abstract about Peter. He had simply ducked and winced under his mother's tongue, and accepted her decisions of what was right or wrong, avoiding, by a sort of instinct, the things that roused the furious temper which lay always ready to flash and roar and shake the house down at any most trivial excuse. In ten months he had gotten more or less used to peace, even if he had not taken advantage of it. But why shouldn't he take advantage of it?

He looked through his round spectacles



at Jim jogging along in the dust in front of him, with a sort of absent intentness. "I'm going to see them," he said to himself. "Why not?"

So he went. He went that very night.

## II.

The town-hall in Grafton stood in the square; winter rains had washed and washed against its narrow, faded old bricks until the plaster between them had crumbled and the angles had worn down. The white paint on the facings and on the great beam that made the base of the pediment had flaked and blistered; a crack ran from a second-story window down towards the front door, which sagged a little in its battered white frame. Inside, the wooden steps were so worn that the knots stood out on them:—innumerable town meetings, fairs, lectures, and all such entertainments as this of the Montague Sisters, made much travel over the wide, shallow staircase. The walls were bare, the plaster stained and cracked, even broken in two or three places, and studded with nails for all the different decorations of pine or flags or crape or flowers which had gone up and come down in more than fifty years. There were lanterns in brackets along the walls, and a dusty chandelier in the middle of the ceiling held eight lamps, that cast flickering shadows down on the bare floor and the rows of wooden settees, which, when Mr. Day arrived, were quite empty—such was his anxiety to get a good seat. The audience came stamping and scuffling in, with a good deal of laughter, and much loud, good-natured raillery, and some cat-cries. Very likely the parson had reason for "being mad." *Sweet Rosy*; or, *The Other Man*, was the play, and there was a suggestiveness in the names of the acts which would have forewarned anybody but Peter.

He had no experience in indecencies. He was tingling with excitement; the sudden and unusual concentration of thought and feeling was not without pain—it was, mentally, like the awaking of a hand or a foot which has been asleep.

The curtain rolled up, caught—and displayed a pair of slender ankles, and opposite them two Wellington boots, fiercely spurred—rolled on, and showed a man decorated with stars and sashes and sword, which informed the audience that he was a soldier; and a girl,

in fluffy pink skirts, high-heeled pink slippers, low pink satin skin-tight bodice, pink lips, pink cheeks, pink hat and feathers. Her neck and bosom were as white as swan's down, and glittered with "diamonds," that did not seem any more sparkling than her arch brown eyes, which laughed over her pink fan—laughed and winked, and looked right down at Peter Day in the front seat. He grew white, and his mouth fell open; he looked at his programme, the flimsy sheet rustling in his big trembling hands until his neighbors looked at him with impatience.

"Bessie Montague." That was her name—Bessie! The soldier, it appeared, was Bessie's brother, who was instructing her about the "Other Man," Mr. Wilson, who was shortly to appear—hampered, indeed, by Mrs. Wilson; but if Bessie and her sisters, Minnie, Nellie, Mamie, would play their cards properly, the mere incident of the wife would make no difference. They would go to a picnic with the Other Man, and then, and *then*, and *THEN!*—came a rollicking chorus, with Minnie and Mamie and Nellie dancing round and round, Bessie the gayest of them all, and the Other Man and the Incident coming on to be hoodwinked, in sober and decent clothes and sanctimonious air. The audience roared at each innuendo; and Peter, smiling and palpitating like a girl, took it all to mean that the four girls wanted the fun of a picnic, and were going to get the old dodger with the hay seed in his hair to give it to them. At least, when he thought about the play at all, that was his construction of it; but he hardly thought of it—the dancing enthralled him. It seemed to him that Mamie and Minnie said things that weren't just modest sometimes, but a girl doesn't understand half the time what words mean; very likely they didn't know why the masculine part of the audience roared so. Nellie had almost nothing to say, and Bessie was the première danseuse, and only joined in the choruses. To Peter, from the first moment, she was the most fascinating figure on the stage. Her dancing and coquetting and pirouetting, her glances and gurgling laughter and gestures, went to his head. He saw nothing else; the tawdry scenery, the soiled cotton velvet and flimsy crumpled satin, the reek of vulgarity, never touched his innocent mind. He looked at her open-mouthed,



breathless. The play was about half over, when it seemed to him that this angel, or fairy, or whatever she was, flagged and began to look tired. Once he saw the soldier frown, and make a gesture to show that she had done something wrong, and he saw a frightened wince under the smiles and paint on the girl's face. Peter Day ground his teeth. How dared the brute look that way at his sister? That was no way for a brother to look! From that point he only saw Bessie; he saw her growing whiter, though he noticed that the color in her cheek was as bright as ever—which seemed to him a very unhealthy sign.

"It's that way in consumption," he thought. He felt impelled to leap up on the stage and tell her brother he ought to take better care of her; and then her dancing fascinated him so that he forgot her pallor for a while—then noticed it with sharp compunction.

The last whirl and pigeon-wing, the last kick and flurry of gauze skirts, the last leer—then, standing on one leg, each sister kissed her hand, bit her lip, looked down into the audience and winked, and—it was over!

Peter Day sat like a man in a dream. Somebody cuffed him on the shoulder and said, "Did they put you to sleep?" and there was a guffaw of laughter.

He shook his head silently and got up; he looked about in a dazed way for a minute, and then went stumbling out into the cool night.

As for "Bessie," she sat down on an overturned soap-box behind the scenes and panted.

"You've got a mash, Liz!" one of the girls called out, beginning to wash off the paint.

"Oh, I'm so tired!" she said, faintly. "Oh, this is a dog's life!"

"Guess he's waiting at the side door," Mamie suggested; "he looks good for a supper, anyway. Make him stand up to us all, Liz, will you?"

"Shut up," the girl said. "I'm nearly dead."

"You'll hear that from Dickinson, I bet," one of the "sisters" informed her; and then, with rough kindness, brought her a dash of whiskey in a dirty tumbler. "There, brace up! I don't believe he'll say anything. My God, I thought you were going to drop there once! Did you see Johnny Mack glare at you when you

crossed behind? If he'll keep his mouth shut and not complain, I guess you won't hear from it. I wish you didn't have to move on to-morrow, though."

### III.

However, they did move on; that is what it means to be "on the road" and have one-night stands. The "Montague Sisters" moved on, and Peter Day moved with them.

The first step into liberty had been taken when he went to the play; then some door seemed to shut behind him; the automatic life stopped short; he felt, for the first time since he was twenty, when his mother had nipped in the bud certain tendencies towards love-making, the consciousness that he had a life of his own. And he began to live it. He announced that he was going away for a week or two.

"What! *now*?" ejaculated one of the hands. "Why, we're that busy—"

"I'm going," his employer said, and set his lips in a dogged way that he had learned under his mother's scoldings; it meant that he had no explanation to give, and no retort; but it meant, too, in this instance, will. So he packed a valise made of Brussels carpet—crimson roses on a cream-colored ground—and said good-by to Jim, and started.

The Montague Sisters went to Mercer, and on to two or three smaller places, and then back again on the circuit towards Old Chester. It took nearly three weeks, and Peter Day never missed a performance. The company grew hysterical with laughter over him; the "sisters" played to him, and winked at him, and kicked their high-heeled slippered feet in his direction, and threw kisses to him over their white shoulders that were so dangerously above their bodices; but it was more than a week before he made the acquaintance of the manager and was introduced to them.

"It's a dead mash for Liz," the manager announced. "Say, Liz, can't you get him to give you a theatre? Come, now, don't forget the company when you strike it rich." Liz laughed, and groaned, and dropped down on the broken springs of the horse-hair couch in the parlor of the little hotel.

"Somebody'd better give me a grave," she said. "Say, Dickinson, I'm played out." She began to cry, and the man-



ager told her, good-naturedly, not to be a fool.

"I'll send you up something that'll make you feel better," he said. But the cocktail and the kindness only made her cry the more.

"I don't know what's going to become of me," she told the "sisters." "I can't keep this up; there's no use talking!"

Mamie sat down on the table, swinging her legs back and forth, and looking concerned. "Well, now, can't you go home awhile?" she said.

Bessie looked up impatiently. "I haven't any home. I haven't had for six years. I came into this to support mother, and when she—died, I didn't have any home. As for relations, I've got some relations somewhere, but they're too good for the likes of me! No, no!" She got up, the tears dried, and her dark eyes sparkled wickedly; the cocktail had brought a little color into her cheeks, and she was as pretty as when she stood before the foot-lights in vivid rouge and snow-white powder. She took two dancing steps. "No—no!—

"Here! here's to all the world!

What the hell does it care—

What the hell does it care

For me?"

"Except Hayseed," Mamie reminded her, with a thoughtful frown. "He cares, it appears. I say, Liz, I suppose you *could* lay off, and—"

The girl turned on her savagely. "Now look here; shut up! *He's good.*"

Mamie shrieked with laughter. "Oh, he doesn't bite, doesn't he?"

"He doesn't try to make me bite," the other said, sharply; then suddenly broke down again, and flung up her arms, and said she wished she was dead. "Talk about a home! If I could stop, if I could have a little house of my own, and maybe a garden—well, there! I'm a fool. You needn't tell me; I know it. But I tell you what, Mame, it's hell; that's what it is, this road business—putting yourself up to be insulted by every man that pays fifty cents to see you dance. I'm dead tired of it. Oh, my God, I wish I was dead!" But even as she said it she burst into a laugh, her brown eyes crinkling up with fun. "Mamie, what do you suppose? He asked me to-day what my sisters thought of my working so hard. 'Sisters?' I said,—I was so tired I was just dead stupid. 'Sisters?' I says. 'I

haven't any sisters.' He looked dumb-struck. Then I caught on."

"He is an innocent!" Mamie said.

"He's good," the other answered, with a sob.

She was as inconsequent and unmoral, this little, flashing, suffering, pretty creature, as the sparkle of sunshine on a rippling wave. And she was, just now, almost at the limit of her strength. The simple-hearted man who, through his big steel-rimmed spectacles, looked at her every night from the first row, and came to see her every morning, as silent and as faithful as a dog, saw in her all the beauty and grace and good-nature of which his harmless life had been starved. He thought to himself, over and over, how pleasant she was. He had had little enough pleasantness in his forty arid years, dear knows! so it was easy to recognize it when he saw it.

He was bewildered, and dazzled, and happy, and tumultuously in love. He felt as if he wanted to play with her; to romp, and run, and laugh, as though they were boy and girl. He was getting young, this sober, elderly man, and the warm-hearted, quick-witted little actress, with her peals of laughter, her funny winks, and grimaces, and good-natured raillery, was the cause of it. He never knew how hotly she defended him from the suspicions of the rest of the company: she was so quick to recognize his "goodness" that she turned white with anger when his motives were assailed. When he told her once, blushing, that he was glad she just only danced, because some of the things the other young ladies said weren't just according to his notions, she winced and set her white teeth. "I don't like those jokes," she said; "truly I don't, Mr. Day."

He laughed at that, in his soft, big voice, his eyes beaming at her through his spectacles.

"You! Well, you needn't tell me that, Miss Montague. You don't understand, even. Well, now, a girl seems to me just like one of those white butterflies that's always round milkweed. You know 'em? 'Brides,' the young ones call them. Their wings—you can't hardly breathe on 'em but what they're spoiled! Well, it's like touching their wings, to have girls sing trashy songs; and I'm right sorry the other ladies feel obliged to do it."

"Oh, if I ever had time to go to walk



in the country and see the 'brides'!" she said, her eyes suddenly wet. "I'm pretty tired of this kind of life."

He made an impulsive gesture, and opened his lips; but he dared not speak. As for her, she went up to the hotel parlor, and sat on the horse-hair sofa under the steel engraving of the "Landing of the Pilgrims," and told Mamie she wished she was dead.

Peter Day knew no better than to make his protest to Dickinson, who winked at the barkeeper to call his attention to the joke. "I'm thinking of getting up a Sunday-school play for 'em next season," he said.

Peter was no fool; he did not pursue the subject; but he had his own views. In his cramped, unlovely life, the single exponent of the everlasting feminine had been his mother. Yet he had his ideals: he believed in goodness and in purity in a way that even a man who had known them in their human limitations might not have done. In his grave and simple way, he knew the world was wicked. But he would not have those white-winged creatures whom he revered have even so much knowledge as that.

At the end of the third week the Montague Sisters came to Old Chester; they had two nights here, and it was on the second night that Bessie broke down absolutely, and fainted dead away. They were all very kind to her—the manager and the other "sisters." They were in and out of her room all that night, and Dickinson would have given her all the whiskey the tavern afforded if it would have done any good. But business is business; the troupe was advertised to appear in the next town, and they had to move on. So, with protestations, and most honest anxiety, and the real, practical kindness of leaving some money for her board with the tavern-keeper, they moved on. But Peter Day staid behind.

He saw her every day for a week; he went up to her room, and washed her little hot face and hands, and fed her with cracked ice, and told her about Jim; and his eyes, behind his magnifying spectacles, beamed like two kindly moons.

"I'm going to marry her," he told the tavern-keeper, "just as soon as she can get out."

It was a week before she could sit up; when she did, in a big wooden rocking-chair, with roses painted on the back, and

slippery linen covers tied on the arms, he came and sat beside her and put his hand on hers.

"Miss Montague," he said, his voice trembling, "I am going to ask a—a favor."

"My name isn't Montague," she told him, her eyes crinkling with a laugh; "that's only my stage name."

"Oh!" he said, blankly; "I thought it was. Still, it doesn't matter; because—because, Miss Montague—"

"Donald," she interrupted, smiling.

"Because, Miss Donald, I was going to ask you to—to change it."

"Change it? My name?" she said. "You don't mean—"

"I want you to marry me," he said, his hand suddenly closing hard on hers. She drew back with a cry; looked at him with wide eyes; then she put her hands over her face and began to cry, poor child, in a wailing, heart-broken way. To cry—and cry—and cry, while he just put his arms about her and drew her head down on his breast, and stroked her soft, dark, curling hair, soothing her and cuddling her, and saying: "There—there! I frightened you. Never mind; it's only me. It's only Peter. There, there, there!"

She tried to say: "No; oh *no!* he must not think of it. He—he didn't know her. Oh no—*no!* She was not good enough. No, she couldn't, she couldn't!"

But he gathered her up in his arms, and put his cheek down against her hair, and said, "There, there; it's all right, and I've got the license."

She was so weak that suddenly she fainted, and Peter was like a madman until young Willie King had been rushed in, and said it was all right, and she would be none the worse the next morning. Which, indeed, she was not. Something had braced her; perhaps it was the human kindness that went to her heart like wine.

"I'll be good to him; I'll make it up to him," she said, crying peacefully to herself. "Oh, I will be good to him; and I'm so tired—tired—*tired*. And I'll do everything for him. And I can rest; for all my life I can just rest."

So that was how it came about that, the evening of the first day she was able to go out, Peter took her, carried her almost, to Dr. Lavendar's study, where they were reminded that marriage was not to be entered into lightly or unadvisedly—but soberly, discreetly, and in the fear of God.



## IV.

Of course it is perfectly obvious how a "sober and discreet" marriage of this nature must end. The elderly, simple-minded, plain countryman, and the little actress whose past had never been laid under her neighbor's eyes—what could happen, says the wise world, but disaster and pain?

And yet neither befell.

He took her home, this gentle, passionate, pitying husband, and nursed her, and petted her, and played with her. All the checked and stunted youth in him blossomed out. He told her his thoughts—for on his slow way, it seems, he had thoughts. He let her see his simple adoration of the ideals which she embodied:—gentleness, and prettiness, and purity. He was jealous to shield her from every rough wind, from every cruel knowledge; all the love of all his bleak unlovely life was poured into her lap. And she was very "pleasant" with him. She felt towards Peter that warm-hearted admiration which begins in appreciation and ends in love. He was so good to her—that was the first thing the wife felt; and then, he was so good!

She laughed at him and sung to him, and even put on her pink dress and danced for him sometimes. And she brought Jim into the very parlor itself! At first, very likely, it was all part of the play of life to her. She could appreciate, if Peter could not, the stage setting, so to speak—the bare, ugly parlor, with its landscape-papered walls and faded photographs of dead relatives hanging in oval black frames very near the ceiling; the lustres on the high wooden mantel-piece; the big Bible on the crocheted mat of the centre table; the prim, uncomfortable sofa, and the rosewood chairs standing at exact angles in the windows; and Peter, with Jim's head on his knee, sitting, gaping at her—gaping at the incongruous, joyous, dancing figure, with the pink skirt twirling over pink gauze petticoats! At first the fun of the contrast was a keen enjoyment; but after a while—

However, that came later.

Meantime she *rested*. Sometimes on his knee, with her head on his shoulder, while he tried to read his agricultural paper, but had to stop because she teased him into laughter; sometimes on a little couch out under the trees, on the sunny

side of the house, where she could see Peter working in the garden. She found not only rest but intense interest in this garden, which, to be sure, was rather commonplace. There were clumps of perennials in the borders, upon which each year the grass encroached more and more; and there were shrubs, and some seedlings sown as the wind listed, and there were a dozen ragged old rose-bushes. But Bessie Day threw herself into taking care of all the friendly old-fashioned fragrance, heart and soul, and body too, which made her tired and strong and happy all together. She used to lie awake those summer nights and plan the garden she was going to have next year; and she pored over seeds-men's catalogues with a passionate happiness that made her bright face brighter and brought a look of keen and joyous interest into her eyes.

That was the first year; the second, the ballet dress was put away, for there was a baby. And by-and-by there were two babies—a young Peter and a young Donald; and then a little girl that the father said must be named Pleasant. It was then that Bessie got dissatisfied with her own name, and insisted that she be called Elizabeth. So the old name, like the old pink satin dress and fan and high-heeled slippers, was put away in the past. Sometimes Peter talked about them, but Elizabeth would scold him and say she was tired of them, and she wouldn't allow them to be mentioned. "I'll steal your spectacles, Peter, if you tease me," she would threaten, gayly; "I go to church, nowadays, and the minister says it isn't right to dance—though I don't know that I just agree with him," she would add, a little gravely.

"Anything you ever did was right;—right enough for a minister to do himself!" Peter would declare, stoutly.

"I wouldn't like to see the parson in pink petticoats," Elizabeth would retort, her eyes twinkling with fun.

She always went to church with Peter, and he kept awake to look at her pretty face in her Sunday bonnet; and later, when the children began to come, he had his hands full to keep the boys in order, and not let them read their library books during the sermon. Elizabeth, in her best lavender silk, which had little sprigs over it, and an embroidered white crêpe shawl, and a bonnet with soft white



strings, sat at the top of the pew, with Pleasant's sleepy head against her shoulder, looking so cheerful and pretty that it was no wonder Peter looked oftener at her than at the parson.

So the placid years came and went, and by-and-by Peter's wife was no longer slight; but she was as light on her feet as a girl, and her face was as bright and pretty as ever, and her laugh was like the sunny chuckle of a brook; her children and her garden and her husband filled her life, and she made theirs.

As for the neighbors, social life came slowly, because of Peter's long indifference to it; but it came, and people said they liked Mrs. Day because she was so different from other folks—"always real pleasant," her neighbors said.

So it was that nearly ten years passed before that shadow, of whose coming the world would have had no doubt, fell, little by little, into the dark bright eyes and across the smiling lips. Fell, and deepened and deepened.

"You're not well, wife?" Peter said, anxiously.

"Nonsense!" she said, smiling at him.

But when he left her, her face settled into heavy lines.

"If you don't look better to-morrow," Peter threatened, "I'll have the doctor."

"The doctor!" his wife cried, laughing. "Why, I am perfectly well."

And, indeed, the doctor could not discover that she was ill in any way. "Then why does she look so badly?" Peter urged, blinking at him with anxious eyes.

"Oh, she's a little overtired," the doctor assured him, easily. "I think she works too hard in that garden of hers. I think I'd put a stop to that, Mr. Day."

And having done his worst, this worthy meddler with the body departed, to prescribe physical exercise for a brain-worker at the point of exhaustion. But Peter was grateful for some positive instructions.

"The children and I will take care of the garden, and you can just look on. What you need is rest."

So, to please him, she tried to rest; but the shadow deepened in her eyes, and the fret of thought wore lines in her smooth forehead. She shook her head over Peter's offer to take care of the garden.

"What! trust my precious flowers to a mere man?" she cried, with the old gayety, and burlesque anger. "Indeed I won't!"

The garden Peter had made for her was

a great two-hundred-foot square, sunk between four green terraces; it was packed with all sorts of flowers, and overflowing with fragrance; all the beds were bordered with sweet-alyssum and mignonette, and within them the flowers stood, pressing their glowing faces together in masses of riotous color—the glittering satin yellow of California poppies, the heavenly blue of nemophila; crimson mallow, snow-white shining phlox; sweet-pease and carnations, gillyflowers and bachelor's-buttons, and everywhere the golden sparks of coreopsis; there were blots of burning scarlet, sheets of orange and lilac and dazzling white. Elizabeth used to sit down by some border to weed, smiling at her flowers, putting her fingers under some shy sweet face, to raise it, and look down into it, rejoicing in the texture and color and perfume, and then, suddenly, her pleasant eyes would cloud and her energy flag, and she would sit there, absent and heavy, the pain wearing deep into her forehead.

By the time another year had come her whole face had changed; her eyes so rarely crinkled up with fun that one had a chance to see how big and sad and terror-stricken they had grown, and her mouth took certain pitiful lines, and seemed always about to open into sad and wailing words. Another year—they had been married twelve years now—had certainly brought this husband and wife nearer to that dreadful verge of disaster, which the sober looker-on must surely have prophesied on that night when the man and woman stood up to be married in Doctor Lavendar's study.

It was in June that Elizabeth Day said to her husband, gayly, that she had a plan. "Now don't scold, Peter, but listen. I suppose you will say I'm crazy; but I have a notion I want to go off and take a drive, all by myself, for a whole day."

"I'll drive you," he said, "anywhere you want."

"No," she said, coming and sitting down on his knee; "no; let me go by myself. I'll tell you: I think I'm a little nervous, and I've a notion to take a drive by myself. I think maybe I'll feel better for it."

"Well," he said, wistfully, "if you want to; but I'd like to go with you."

But she would not listen to that; and she was so cheerful at the very prospect



of her drive—"just real senseless glad!" her husband called it, anxiously—that he began to think that perhaps she was right, and it would do her good.

"Like giving a sick person what they've got a longing for," he told himself. "I know mother told me how she knew of a child that was getting over scarlet fever, and wanted a pickle, and teased and teased for it; and they gave it to her, and she got well. Very likely Elizabeth just has a kind of craving to ride round for a day. Well, she shall. Mercy! she shall have just anything in the Lord's world, if I can get it for her! I wish the buggy wasn't so shabby. I must be getting a new one for her."

Still, when the moment came for her to start, he was anxious again.

"Suppose you take one of the children along for company?" he said, as he helped her into the buggy. (Oh, how light she was! What a thrill and tremor he felt in her hand when his big fingers closed over it!) "Take Pleasant," he entreated. And she agreed, with a sigh.

"I don't mind, if you want me to, Peter."

So Pleasant, uttering shrieks of joy, ran for her hat, and began to climb up to join her mother, too excited to wait for her father's helping hand.

Elizabeth Day gathered up the reins and gave a little flickering look up at the front of the house—at the two boys sitting on the porch steps—at her husband standing beside the buggy, stretching over the wheels to tuck the duster around her feet. It was early—she had stipulated for an early start—the dew stretched like a cobweb over the grass, and in the border a cloud of scarlet poppies was beaded with drops like silver; the honeysuckle at the end of the porch was pouring its fragrance from curved and polished horns. She had planted that honeysuckle twelve years ago. How happy she had been then! Now, faithful wife, tender mother, modest, careful housewife—*good*, too, she thought to herself, humbly—she was not happy. Oh, most miserable, most miserable!

How strange it is that the tree whose fruit is suffering and pain, is the knowledge of good as well as of evil! Perhaps the single knowledge of either would not mean anything; or perhaps there cannot be knowledge of one without knowledge of the other. Here is a great mys-

tery: we poor little creatures cannot understand that He both makes peace and creates evil for His own purposes. This poor girl, in her pure and placid life here on the farm, had eaten of this tree, and the anguish of the knowledge of goodness had fallen on her. She groaned under her breath, looking at the dear house and at the dear love. . . .

Elizabeth shook the reins and nodded, smiling: "Good-by, boys, don't bother father; be good children. Good-by, Peter."

"When will you be back?" her husband said, his hand on the bridle—the horse backed and fretted, and his wife scolded good-naturedly.

"I'll never get off! Come! go on, Captain. Oh, well, then—to-night, maybe."

"To-night!" Peter echoed, blankly.

"Well, I should say so! Pleasant, take care of mother;" and he let her start, but stood looking down the road, watching the hood of the buggy jogging up and down, until the light dust almost hid it.

Elizabeth leaned back in her seat and drew a great breath of relief. Pleasant, smiling all over her little round face, looked up at her.

"Mother, may I hold the reins?" she said.

"Take the ends of them," Elizabeth said; "mother will keep her hands in front of yours, for fear Captain should take a notion to run."

Pleasant, beaming, and crinkling her eyes up as her mother had done before her, shook and jerked at the ends of the reins, saying, "Get up, there!" and clucked as she had heard her father do; then, squaring her elbows, she braced her feet against the dash-board. "If Captain was to run, mother, this is the way I'd stop him," she said, proudly.

"Yes, dear child," the mother answered, mechanically. She drove without any uncertainty or hesitation as to her route, and carefully sparing her horse, as one who has a long journey before her. It was growing warmer; the dew had burned off, and the misty look of early morning had brightened into clear soft blue without a cloud. There was a shallow run beside the road, which chattered and chuckled over its pebbly bed, or plunged down in little waterfalls a foot high, running over stones smooth with moss, or stopping in the shadows under leaning trees, and spreading into little pools,



clear and shining and brown as Pleasant's eyes.

"It would be nice to wade, wouldn't it, mother?" the child said; and the mother said again, mechanically,

"Yes, dear."

She did not see the run, which by-and-by widened into a creek as it and the road went on together; and when Captain began to climb a long, sunny slope, she only knew the difference because the sweating horse fell into an easy walk. Pleasant chattered without ceasing.

"It's nice to come with you, mother. Where are we going? Mother, I think I must have been unusually good, don't you, for God to let me have this ride, and hold Captain's reins? I wonder if Captain knows I've got the ends of the reins? He doesn't *try* to run, you see; I guess he knows he couldn't, with me to help you hold him. Oh, look at the bird sitting on the fence! Well, I'm glad I've been good lately,—or else, probably, I wouldn't have come with you. Donald was bad yesterday; he pulled the kitty's tail very hard; so I notice God didn't let him come. I never pull the kitty's tail," she ended, virtuously. It paid to be good, Pleasant thought; and said, "Get up, there, Captain!" and jerked the reins so hard that her mother came out of her thoughts with a start.

"Don't, Pleasant! Don't pull so, dear."

"Mother, when you were a little girl, did you ever go and drive with your mother, like me?"

"Yes, Pleasant."

"Was she nice—was she as nice as you?"

"A great deal nicer, Pleasant."

"My!" said Pleasant. "I suppose she let you drive altogether—not just with the ends of the reins?"

Elizabeth did not answer. Pleasant slipped off the seat and leaned over the dash-board to pat Captain; then tried sitting sidewise with her legs under her.

"This is the way the cat sits; I never understood before what she did with her back legs. The tail is easy; she just lays it over her front legs." Then she slid down again to sit on the floor of the buggy and hang her head over the wheel to see the tracks in the dust. Elizabeth came out of her dream at this, and bade the child get up on the seat.

"Where are we going?" Pleasant said, climbing up joyfully; but she had to

repeat her question before her mother heard it.

"To Old Chester, dear child."

"Oh, that's miles and miles away!" Pleasant said, excitedly; and turned, kneeling down on the seat, so that she could clasp her mother's neck with both little warm loving arms. "Oh, I *am* glad we're going so far away, it's so interesting to take a long journey. I was afraid you would be turning round pretty soon. Who are you going to see, mother?"

"I'm going to see a minister who lives there, Pleasant."

Pleasant looked serious, as befitted the mention of a minister.

"Why are you going to see a minister?"

"Pleasant, you must not ask so many questions! I never knew a little girl talk so much."

Pleasant looked troubled, and drew a long breath. "Well, mother, it's my thoughts. If I didn't have so many thoughts, I wouldn't talk. Do you have thoughts, mother?"

Elizabeth laughed. "Well, yes, Pleasant, I do."

"Well, you see!" cried Pleasant, triumphantly. "Tell me a few of your thoughts, please, mother."

"Oh, my dear child, do be quiet!" the mother entreated. "Oh, my *God*!" she said, under her breath. There was something in her face that did silence the child, for a time at least. Elizabeth drew up at a spring by the road-side, and brought out a lunch-basket and gave the little girl something to eat. She did not eat herself, but sat absently flecking at a weed with her whip, and watching Captain plunging his nose down into the trough. Pleasant climbed out to get a drink, putting her lips against the mossy wooden pipe, from which a single sparkling thread of water fell into the great hollowed log. They could hear some one whetting a scythe in a field higher up on the hill, above the woods. The sunshine sifted down through the thick foliage, and the yellow flower of the monkey-weed, just on the edge of the trough, caught it, and glittered like a jewel. Captain stamped a little among the wet stones and mud, and pulled at the reins; and Elizabeth said, "Well, go 'long, Captain."

The horse started in a steady jogging trot, keeping carefully on the shady side of the road. A fresh wind had sprung up,



and along the horizon a few white clouds had heaped themselves into shining domes, but the sky was exquisitely and serenely blue. The creek had widened into a little narrow river, deep and brown, and fringed with sycamores; men were haying in the meadows and in the orchards on the hill-sides, and the hot smell of newly cut grass was in the air.

Elizabeth Day drew up before a mile-post, and leaned out of the buggy, trying to read the nearly effaced figures. "It's only three miles more, Pleasant," she said, breathlessly.

"Shall we get some dinner in Old Chester?" Pleasant asked, with anxiety.

"Why, my dear child, you've just had some dinner. Still, there is more in the basket, if you want it. You can eat it while I get out and visit with the minister. You must be a good girl, Pleasant, and wait outside in the buggy. I'll hitch Captain."

"I'll hold the reins," Pleasant declared; "he won't try and run if you hitch him and I hold the reins. Captain is a good old horse—good Captain! good boy!" she continued, hanging over the dash-board to stroke his black tail. Captain switched it, with mild impatience, and Pleasant drew back, offended; then tried sliding off the seat: "But the dash-board gets in the way of my knees," she complained. Her mother did not notice her. The little warm body pressing against her, tumbling over her, the sudden embraces, the bubbling words, the overflowing activity and restlessness, were like the touch of foam against a rock.

"Mother," Pleasant began, "one of my thoughts was, whose little girl would I be if you hadn't married father? Would I live with him, or would I live with you? It's very interesting to have thoughts like that," said Pleasant.

"It's very foolish," Elizabeth said, sharply; and again the child was silenced, looking sidewise at her mother, not knowing whether she had been naughty or not.

It was nearly twelve when they reached Old Chester. Pleasant was quite cheerful again, and bubbling over with questions.

Mrs. Day was pale, and her whole body tingled and trembled. How familiar it was! The stone tavern with the wide porch; that had been her window, the one in the corner; she had sat there, in

the painted rocking-chair, when Peter told her he wanted to marry her. And that was the church; right beyond it was the minister's house. She remembered that they had walked across the green in front of the church to go to the rectory. It suddenly came over her, in a wave of terror, that he might be dead, that old man! She took out the whip, and struck Captain sharply; he leaped forward, and the jerk fairly knocked the breath out of Pleasant, who was in the middle of a question. Elizabeth felt, poor woman, that she could not bear one instant's more anxiety: if he were *dead*—oh, what should she do? He had been an old man, she remembered.

Captain went briskly down the street, and Elizabeth was so weak with misery and apprehension she could scarcely stop him at the parsonage gate.

## V.

"Will you be quiet, Pleasant, and not get out of the buggy?" Elizabeth said. She pulled the weight from under the seat and fastened the catch into Captain's bit. He put his soft nose against her wrist, and she stopped, trembling, to pat him.

Then she went up the path between the garden borders: she and Peter had walked along that path. Oh dear, she was beginning to cry! She could not speak to the minister if she was going to cry. She had to wait and wipe her eyes and let the tremor and swelling of her throat subside before she rang and asked if she might see Dr. Lavendar.

"He's goin' to have his dinner in about fifteen minutes," Mary said, sourly. She did not mean to have the rectory meals delayed by inconsiderate people arriving at twelve o'clock. "And she'll worry the life out of him, anyhow," Mary reflected: Mary had seen too many tragic faces come to that door not to recognize this one.

"Who's there?" demanded Dr. Lavendar from the study; and then came peering out into the hall, which was dusky, because the vines hung low over the lintel, letting the light filter in green and soft across the threshold. When he saw the strange face he came forward to welcome her. He had on a flowered dressing-gown, and his spectacles had been pushed back and rested on his white hair, which stood up very stiff and straight. "Come in," he said, abruptly; and Mary,



feeling herself worsted, retired, muttering, to the kitchen.

Mrs. Day followed the minister into the study, but when he closed the door behind her and pointed to a chair, and said, cheerfully, "And what can I do for you, ma'am?" she could hardly find her voice to answer him.

She was conscious of a sense of relief that the room did not look as it did the night that she and Peter had stood up to be married. The furniture had been moved about, and it was daylight instead of lamp-light, and through the open window she could see Pleasant hanging over the dash-board stroking Captain, who was nibbling at the grass by the path.

"I suppose you don't remember me, sir?" she said.

"I'm afraid I don't," he confessed, smiling. "An old man's memory isn't good for much, you know."

She tried to smile too, but her face felt stiff.

"You married us, sir; my name is Day. Peter Day is my husband."

Dr. Lavendar reflected. "Day? The name is familiar, but I don't recall— Let me see; when was it?"

"It's twelve years ago next month, sir," Elizabeth said, and added where she came from, and, with a little pride in her voice, that her husband was well known in Upper Chester. "Why, you must have heard of Peter Day!" she said.

But Dr. Lavendar did not commit himself. He hoped Mr. Day was well. And was that little girl in the buggy hers? Had she other children? And all the while he looked at her with his keen, twinkling brown eyes.

"I came to see you," Elizabeth began, in a wavering voice, "because—because I thought you would give me some advice."

"I find it's easier for me to give advice than for people to take it," he answered, good-humoredly; but now she did not even try to smile.

"I'm in great trouble, sir; I—I thought you were the only person who could help me. I've thought of coming to see you for the last year."

"Have you had any dinner?" demanded Dr. Lavendar, looking at her over his spectacles.

"No; I don't want any, sir. I only want—"

"You want food," he declared, nod-

ding his head; and called Mary, and bade her bring in dinner, and fetch the little girl. "Yes, you must have some food; the advice of one empty stomach to another isn't to be trusted. Come! you'll feel better for a cup of tea." Then he stopped and put his veined old hand on her arm. "You haven't the worst trouble in the world," he said; "be sure of that."

Afterwards she wondered what he meant. What trouble could be worse than hers? But he said no more about trouble. He made his two visitors sit down with him, and he listened to Pleasant's chatter, and talked about his beehives, and promised to show her his precious stones, and let her give his shaggy little dog Danny a crust of bread. Then he asked her whom she was named after.

"Why, after mother!" said Pleasant, astonished that he did not know. "Mother's front name is Elizabeth, but father said he named me Pleasant because mother's eyes were pleasant, and her voice was, and her face was, and her—"

"Pleasant, you must not talk so much," Elizabeth protested, much mortified. "My husband is such a kind man, sir, he says things like that," she explained.

But Pleasant, excited by the strangeness of the occasion, could not be restrained; she was bubbling over with information—Captain, and her two brothers, and mother's garden, and father's dog Jim, that had a grave in the orchard, and a really marble tombstone that said, "Jim—a good friend." "He died before I was born, so I don't remember him very well," she said; but father had given mother a new dog, named Fanny; and he had given her, Pleasant, a duck, for her own, which hatched chickens. "And their own mother can't make 'em swim!" Pleasant informed her hearer, excitedly. "Father said I mustn't try and teach 'em (though I would just as leave), because it would worry mother. Would it worry you, mother?"

"Pleasant, dear, I think you had better go out and sit in the buggy now—"

"For fear Captain will run away?" suggested Pleasant, eagerly.

"She talks a great deal, sir," Elizabeth apologized. "She's our only little girl, and I'm afraid we spoil her."

Perhaps Dr. Lavendar had gained what he wanted from the child; he made no protest at her dismissal, and she went frolicking out to climb up into the buggy



and sit in the sun, chattering to Captain, and weaving three long larch twigs together to make a wreath.

Mrs. Day and the minister went back into the study. Her heart was beginning to beat heavily. She sat down where she could look through the open window and see Pleasant, and the light fell full on her pretty, worn face. She was rolling up the corner of her pocket-handkerchief, and then spreading it out on her knee and smoothing it with shaking fingers. She did not once raise her eyes to his face.

"It's this way, sir: I wanted to ask you—I thought I'd come and ask you, because you married us, and you are a stranger to us (and you are a minister)—oh, I thought I'd ask you what—I must do!"

Dr. Lavendar was silent.

"There's something I've got on my mind. It's just killing me. It's something my husband don't know. If he wasn't just the best husband in the world, it wouldn't kill me the way it does. But there never was anybody as good as Peter—no, not even a minister is any better than him. We've been married twelve years, and I ought to know. Well, it ain't only that he's just the kindest man in the world—it's his being so good. He isn't like other men. He don't have the kind of thoughts they do. He don't understand some things—not any more than Pleasant does. Oh, Peter is so good—if he only wasn't so good!"

She was red and then white; she held her shaking lip between her teeth, and looked out at Pleasant.

"It seemed as if you could help me if I told you; and yet now it seems as if there wasn't any help anywhere."

"There is help, my friend."

She seemed to grasp at his words.

"Oh, sir, if you'll tell me what to do—Well, it's this: you see, you married Peter and me suddenly; he didn't really know anything about me; he fell in love with me, seeing me in a play. Well, before I met Peter—that's what I want to tell you—"

"Do not tell me."

"Don't tell you?" She looked at him in a bewildered way.

"Is there any reparation to make? Is there anything to be set right?"

"No," she said, with a sob; "oh *no*! nothing can make it right."

"Then it is not necessary for me to know, to advise you. Let us say, for the

sake of argument, that it's the worst thing that could be. Now, my dear Mrs. Day, the worst thing that could be differs for every one of us. It might be murder for one person; it might be a lie for another person; it might be the preaching of the gospel for somebody else. But say it's your worst. Do you doubt your husband's forgiveness?"

"I don't think he'd even call it forgiveness," she said, after a pause, twisting and untwisting the corner of her handkerchief with trembling fingers. "Peter just—loves me; that's all. But it would—oh, it would *hurt* Peter so!"

"You have a good husband, I am sure of that," he said, quietly. "And your question, as I understand it, is, shall you tell him some grievous fault, committed before you knew him? I can say at once"—Elizabeth looked ghastly—"that you ought to have told him before you married him."

"So I ought to tell him now?" she said, in a whisper.

"Do you want to tell him?"

"Oh, sometimes it seems as if I would die if I didn't," she said. "It would be such a relief. I think, if he knew it, I could forget it. I lie awake nights, thinking and thinking and thinking how I can tell him, till my mind's sore, it seems to me. I think to myself that I'll tell him as soon as he wakes up." She stopped, and swallowed once or twice, and pressed her lips together as though to force back tears. "And then, again, I feel as though I would die if I told him. Why, Peter thinks I am about perfect, I believe. It sounds foolish to say that, but it's true, sir. It would be like—like I don't know what—like stabbing him. I don't mean he'd be unkind to me, or anything like that. It isn't that that scares me. But it would be like putting a knife into him. But perhaps that's part of my punishment," she ended, wretchedly.

"Mother," Pleasant called from the garden path, "may I go and see the minister's bees?"

Dr. Lavendar went to the window and told her cheerfully that she might. "But you must not touch the hives, remember," he cautioned her.

And then he came and sat down again at his table. He took off his spectacles and put them into a little shabby case; then he passed his hand over his eyes once or twice.

"'Part of your punishment.' You would not wish to escape any part of it, of course? There is a great satisfaction in punishment."

A quick understanding came into her face. "I know what you mean. I've thought sometimes I'd like to be a Catholic and have penances; I could beat myself to death, and call it happiness!" she ended, passionately.

"Yes; you must not shirk your punishment," he said, slowly. "But there's one thing we must find out: does your husband deserve any punishment?"

"Peter!" she cried. "Why, he never did anything wrong in his life!"

"Then have you any right to make him share your punishment? You say that if he knew this old sin of yours, you could forget it; but would he forget it? You would pay a great price for forgetfulness, my dear friend, if you brought him into the shadow in which you walk. Have you ever thought you might be selfish in not being willing to bear this weight alone?"

"What?" she said, breathlessly—"not tell him?"

"Listen," he said, with a sudden stern dignity: he was the priest, instead of the kindly old man: "you have sinned long ago. I don't know how—I don't want to know. But it is passed, and there is no reparation to make. You have sinned, and suffered for your sin; you have asked your Heavenly Father to forgive you, and He has forgiven you. But still you suffer. Woman, be thankful that you can suffer; the worst trouble in the world is the trouble that does not know God, and so does not suffer. Without such knowledge there is no suffering. The sense of sin in the human soul is the apprehension of Almighty God. Your salvation has drawn nigh unto you! Now take your suffering; bear it, sanctify it, lift it up; let it bring you nearer to your Saviour. But do not, do not, put it on shoulders where it does not belong. Do not stab your husband's heart by weakly, selfishly—*selfishly*, mind you!—telling him of a past with which it is too late now for him to concern himself."

She drew a long breath. "But you don't know what it was. If you knew—"

"It does not matter what the sin was. All that matters is, what your love is."

"But I am afraid—oh, I am afraid that in my heart I don't want to tell him. Oh,

I may be deceiving myself if I call it a duty not to tell him!"

"No, you are not deceiving yourself. You don't want to tell him because it is your instinct to spare him. Perhaps, too, you have the instinct to spare yourself, in his eyes. But silence does not really spare you—don't you know that? It only spares him! Silence is agony to you sometimes. Well, then, bear the agony for his sake. Don't you love him enough for that? You talk about penance—my friend, such silence will be worse than any penance of the Romish Church!"

She clung to his hands, crying now unrestrainedly. "And I am not to keep thinking, 'Shall I tell Peter?' I'm not to keep thinking I'm deceiving him?"

"My child, you are not deceiving him. He thinks you are a good woman: *you are*. Look back over these years and see what wonderful things the Lord hath wrought in you. Go down on your knees and thank Him for it. Don't deny it; don't be afraid to own it to yourself,—that would be ingratitude to your Father in heaven. Instead, thank Him that you are *good*! And now listen: I charge you bear the burden of silence, because you love your husband, and he is good."

Elizabeth looked at him, rapt, absorbed. "I am not to be afraid that it is for my own wicked fear that I am not telling him? No, it isn't that, it isn't that! I know it isn't. For his sake—for his sake—"

"Yes, for his sake."

But he looked at her pityingly. Would this comfort of deliberately chosen pain be temporary? "Try," he said, "and think that you stand between him and pain; take all the misery yourself; be glad to take it. Don't let it reach him."

"If I think of it that way," she said, breathlessly, "I—I can *love* it!"

"Think of it that way always."

He made her sit down again, and went out to find Pleasant, leaving her with the peace of one solemnly elate at the recognition of the cross on which she must agonize for the happiness of some other soul.

"Suppose," said Dr. Lavendar, watching the buggy pulling up the hill, "suppose I hadn't found her a good woman, and a good wife, and a good mother—should I have told her to hold her tongue? Well, I'm thankful it wasn't that kind of a question! Lord, I'm glad Thou hast all us puzzled people in Thy wise keeping. Come, Danny, let's go and see the bees."



## REMEMBRANCE.

BY GUY WETMORE CARRYL.

ONE night you touched the harp beside the stair,  
The harp that, long unfingered and unstrung,  
Had silent dreamed of hours when it was young,  
And those who loved it blithe and frail and fair.  
Beneath your careless hand a faint, sweet air  
Leaped back to life, and told with tender tongue  
Of loves forgot, and soft, the strings among,  
The dying music lingered like a prayer.  
How long the harp had waited for your hand,  
So long my heart lay silent till you came;  
How strangely sweet the strain you made to rise  
From each! And yet you cannot understand  
That now can neither ever be the same—  
Ah, love, ah, love, how slow the music dies!

## THE BISHOP'S MEMORY.

BY MARGUERITE MERINGTON.

MOST of us have been brought up in the shadow of at least one abstraction, so that in after-life we can never quite look at daylight without blinking. It would be curious to know the effect upon human destinies if at some crucial moment the shadow could be wiped away and the swaddling-clothes of character cast off, so that the spirit might accomplish one clear act of independence, as if these bonds had never been. Probably the results would be evenly divided, and for every triumphant host of ecstasies there would be a harvest of remorse.

Philanthropic Boston ladies are by way of adding an unsolicited *douceur* to the tariff of the herdies they ride in, with an earnest appeal to the heart and conscience of the driver to do away forever with the check-rein. But the jehus are divided in opinion; while some pocket the bounty and promise with repentant tears to sin no more, others pocket the bounty and, with a smile of fine contempt, inform the gentle zealots that without a check-rein to keep his head up a horse is neither safe nor happy in the perilous ways in which his feet are set. So that those who are disposed to grumble at their check-reins will do well to remember that there are two aspects to every question where perfect freedom is involved.

The abstraction that bestrode the destiny of Miss Cordelia Waters was the memory of her father's uncle, a bishop of the An-

glican Church. The bishop's translation antedated his grandniece's birth; but she had been brought up in the shadow of his apron, shovel-hat, and gaiters; also, her mother's dying words rang in her ears whenever her meek spirit was inclined to bow too low before adversity.

"Cordelia—let nothing tempt you to forget—that your grandfather was—a clergyman—and that your granduncle was—"

Breath failed the invalid, but the weeping girl raised her head and a look of understanding passed between the two. The mother sank back with a sigh of relief, as one who resigns a trust in absolute security. She knew that the code in which she had slaved to rear her child would never be betrayed. This memorial declaration, together with a volume of the divine's sermons and his daguerreotype in a faded morocco case, was Cordelia's only legacy. Her father had died soon after his imprudent, happy marriage with a girl of humble station, leaving nothing but his heart behind him, and when the heart blossomed into the life of a child, the mother worked her fingers to the bone that the blood of the bishop might be brought up like a lady. To this end she toiled with a stern resolution that made no compromise with circumstances. Tasks that would have sullied the fairness of the child's hands the mother kept her from with a fierce maternal joy in



“‘BRIGHT!’ SHE REMARKED—‘BRIGHT AS A NEW DOLLAR.’”

the sacrifice of her own comeliness; associations that might have endangered the purity of speech or lowered the social standards of the growing girl were denied her, even though it lost her the companionship of youth. Yet were there times when the mother questioned her own wisdom, as Cordelia grew up an alien to her surroundings, nor yet with any prospect of a place in the world of breeding and gentle nurture, except as a dependent. Would it not have been better to rear the child to live the life about her, mingling on equal terms with other girls whose mothers toiled with their hands for bread, sharing their pleasures, and receiving attentions, with the hope of marriage, from young men in their own

condition, with no aspirations towards that other world whose key is never wealth, but whose gates by poverty can rarely be unbarred? But what mother does not cherish secret ambitions for her child? As Mrs. Waters looked from her wash-tubs to Cordelia's meek head bowed over her books, “She is like her father,” she would think, rejoicing that the father's distinction rather than the mother's beauty had been the child's inheritance. “and though she is gentle and unambitious, some day blood will assert itself.” That she greatly exaggerated the distinction of the blood made her sacrifices for it none the less heroic. Cordelia, for her part, would have shared only too gladly the common burden of their common



lot, but resistance was not in her nature, and her sacrifice lay in the perpetual adjustment of her life to her mother's inexorable will. In this grim duet the years slipped away, the mother seeing the daughter's youth pass by un-lived, the daughter seeing the mother grow old before her time.

When Cordelia was alone in the world she became a nursery governess in the house of Mrs. Franklin Vowell.

The young Vowells had decided to learn the wheel, and their mother had decided that the governess should take lessons at the same time, in order to accompany her young charges on their rides, and look after their manners, grammar, and physical well-being.

After the first lesson, "Waters is as slow as slow," little Gladys told her mamma, who was entertaining company. "I'm not slow. There's nothing I can't learn."

"Don't be conceited, Gladys," said her mother. "I wonder why Miss Waters doesn't teach you not to be conceited?" Then, speaking across the child to a friend, "Bright!" she remarked—"bright as a new dollar."

"And, my! ain't she scared!" cried little Bobby, reverting to the governess. "She gets as white! And when she runs into a post, my! ain't it fun to hear her holler!"

"Don't be vulgar, Bobby," enjoined Bobby's mother. "Ask Mr. Reade if gentlemen say holler." To her friend she added: "The humor of that child! He sees the fun in everything."

Fairfax Reade, who had just entered, paused on his way to Grace Vowell's tea table to explain to Bobby that a gentleman never said holler when speaking of a lady, though if he felt holler he might ask a lady for a cup of tea.

"I like you," said Bobby, thumping Reade's knee caressingly with a sticky fist; "you're so funny. I wish you'd marry Grace. Why don't you marry Grace? They all want you to marry Grace. Mamma wants you to, and—"

"Bobby!" cried his infuriated mother, "how dare you?"

"You do; you know you do," Bobby went on, undaunted. "I heard you tell papa you couldn't imagine why he didn't pop."

"Bobby! Mamma, stop him!" Grace's shocked voice was heard.

"She did," asserted Bobby; "and you

yourself said if it wasn't for that nasty Allegra Masterson—"

But Bobby's interesting disclosures went no further, for his mother had seized him by the back of his belt and collar and borne him shrieking from the room.

Reade turned to Grace, trying to hide her scarlet cheeks behind the urn.

"That was a shabby trick to play on me," he said, with imperturbable good-nature. "Treating me always so coldly I hardly dare to look at you, and then putting little Bobby up to making me appear a coward before my rivals!"

Grace stole a grateful look at the speaker from under her dark lashes; but Reade had plunged into a comic story, which gave the group of young people who had been trying with difficulty to restrain their smiles an excuse for shouts of laughter.

Mrs. Vowell came back, puffing with the exertion of reducing Bobby's humor.

"I can't think where the child gets his ideas from," she remarked. "I guess he reads, and uses up his brains imagining things. It's Miss Waters's fault. She ought to know enough to keep back a high-strung child like that."

"What is the matter?" asked Mr. Vowell, coming in with his evening paper from the unstudious room he called his study. "Why is my household disturbed? Why has my little son been punished?" For the high-strung child was yelping like a fox-terrier in the nursery.

Mrs. Vowell hesitated. She did not care to rehearse Bobby's offence, since a fresh relay of callers had come in, but Gladys came to her mother's rescue.

"It was about the bicycle school," she said. "Bobby was rude, and told what a coward Miss Waters is. Miss Waters is a dreadful coward, but it was rude of Bobby to tell. I'm not rude, and I'm not a coward. I'm as brave as brave—"

"That will do, Gladys," said her mother. "Go tell Miss Waters that Bobby will be sick if she lets him cry that way. Tell her to give him a lump of sugar, or anything he fancies. One would think she would know enough to do it of her own accord." Then, to the lady near her, "Tact!" she said. "Did you ever see anything like that child's tact? She knew perfectly well that wasn't why I punished Bobby!"

To which the lady, a little old-fashioned gentlewoman, replied: "My dear, if you





"WHY IS MY HOUSEHOLD DISTURBED?"

don't mind my saying so, I think it a pity for the little ones to be too tactful. It may lead them unconsciously into habits of untruth."

Mr. Vowell, who had sat frowning at the digression, now broke in: "Why is Miss Waters a coward? Or why do we force her, being a coward, to ride wheels, and do that which may cause her—ha—hum—trepidation?" For there was a kind heart beneath his frown and his stupidity.

"Now don't you worry, Franklin," said

his wife. "Her slowness isn't going to cost you a penny more. You may be sure I'm not paying by the lesson. I bargained that they should all be taught the whole business for just so much."

"But if Miss Waters—such a sweet girl she seems—if she is timid, you know—" began the dear little old lady.

"My own idea, precisely," interrupted Mr. Vowell. "Not if timid, but being timid, why—"

"She ought to be glad and thankful



for the chance to get over her timidity. "I'm paying for it, I know that," responded Mrs. Vowell.

Those wheel-riding lessons were indeed an ordeal to poor Cordelia, and that she finally justified Mrs. Vowell's investment and learned to ride she ascribed not so much to natural means as to a miraculous gift for teaching on the part of one Sam Haynes, detailed to instruct her.

Sam was a cowboy, who had drifted into an interlude of wheel-teaching while on a visit to the East. After a few weeks of it he relegated all novices to classes—from the flighty type, who giggled, and expected him to giggle too, at every wobble of the machine, to the independent type, who generally wore spectacles, and, theorizing themselves into proficiency, rode with a set, don't-speak-to-the-man-at-the-wheel look upon the face. At first Cordelia was to him simply an extreme case of the nervous type; but finding that her terror grew, and gathering from the children's prattle that she had small option in the matter, Sam made it a point of chivalry to assist the girl to victory. He thought it all out as, meditatively chewing a wooden toothpick, he stood, hands in pockets, leaning against a door-jamb, waiting for the Vowell party; and he made up his mind that the patient needed to be "took out of herself" with pleasing interchange of thought, just as if, when driving with a lady, the horse should run away, one might seek to divert her attention from her peril by asking her conundrums. Accordingly, to Cordelia's great surprise, instead of his usual laconic directions, such as, "Toward the danger. Toward the danger. Keep on ped'lin'. Keep on ped'lin'," as he walked beside her wheel, he opened a conversation with her on equal terms, asking her questions about herself—to which she replied in little frozen monosyllables—and discoursing to her, whether she would or would not, in a mellow, nasal drawl, of his own diversified career.

In spite of herself, Cordelia found herself interested, enchained, and thrilled, as, transported across a continent, she stood beneath the broad arch of the sky in a new world that heretofore had been to her but an arid spot on the page of a geography. The board walls of the riding-school melted away like scenes in a dissolving view, and she looked across the rolling plains to the rising moon, and

saw the cattle come down to drink at the gulches in the evening, heard the reed-like sound of the wind among the grass, breathed the resinous fragrance of the pine-trees on the hills. Then, mounted on a mettlesome bronco, she galloped beside the cowboy from adventure to adventure, and though every step was at the hazard of her life, Cordelia knew no fear. Fear in such company! Sam's estimate of himself was decently modest and matter-of-fact, but in the gentle eyes beside him he was mirrored as a hero—a cow-punching Hernani, an ungrammatical edition of the Cid. And if the Cid's grammar at times dismayed his hearer by its lawlessness, the wealth and picturesqueness of his idiom filled her with a novel sense of freedom, as if she was slowly acquiring the language of a country where souls are not born in slavery.

She fell into the way, too, of making comments on Sam's narratives, measuring the objective mentality of a cow-puncher with her cloistered cast of thought. Once, in words made graphic by remembrance, he told how he had ridden across a burning plain, horse and rider faint and drooping in almost the last mad stage of thirst, when, lo! he came upon water—but only enough for one scant draught for either man or beast—when Cordelia interrupted him with shining eyes. "You gave it to your horse, I know!" she cried; and Sam drawled out that of course he gave it to the horse, since he depended on getting all he could out of the creature to reach his journey's end alive. And once, at the picture of an Indian brave throwing up his arms and falling in death-agony as an unexpected bullet went cleanly whizzing through his brain, Sam saw her look down with a sudden shuddering horror at the strong fingers resting on her handle-bar, and gently reminded her what would have been the fate of the women of the settlement but for that timely bullet; and Cordelia shuddered again, for the women's sake, and could have bent forward and kissed the hand that saved them.

Once she asked the cowboy how long it had taken him to master the wheel, and his answer represented to her the highest limit of triumphant possibilities. "I didn't learn," Sam replied, with his easy laugh; "I just got on and rode." The men who have made the world—historians, warriors, discoverers—the intellectual processes by which they have arrived at



fame can be conceived; but to mount that unstable treachery of mechanism and simply ride! No human achievement ever was rewarded with a purer homage.

So these dreaded lessons came to be an Arabian Nights' Entertainment for Cordelia. Nor is it to be supposed that Mr. Haynes could remain callous to the charm of a listener so responsive, who, moreover, was dainty as a miniature and a lady to boot. It was with a distinctly uncomfortable sensation he discovered that his experiment had succeeded, and that Miss Waters could ride alone.

The time was at hand when the Vowells were to take their summer flight from town. Late one evening Mrs. Vowell had asked the governess to carry an important message for her to a friend, and it was night before Cordelia found herself in the cars returning home. Notwithstanding the absolute safety of her route, she was painfully timid at travelling alone by night, and it was with a warm sense of pleasure that, looking up, she encountered the gaze of a pair of clear, honest eyes that stood to her for courage. But Mr. Haynes appeared to less advantage than when in wheeling costume, recounting deeds of heroism, for he was wearing a tie of abandoned gayety, judged by the taste of the effete East; also, the young person with conspicuous blond hair who presided in the office of the riding-school, and whom he was obviously escorting home from some festivity, was resting at a sentimental angle on his shoulder. The tie Cordelia might have condoned, together with the wearer's picturesque and lawless grammar, but not the blond young person's attitude. Sam, in the act of raising his hat, was transpierced with a cold, unseeing eye, nor did he meet with any recognition when Cordelia passed him to leave the car. The color mounted to his face, and he bit at his long mustache with an angry jerk of the shoulder. The movement roused the blond young person. "Was you tired of me?" she asked, tenderly; but receiving only an impatient grunt for answer, again composed herself to sleep.

"Then I am to purchase wheels for the children and for Miss Waters?" said Mr. Vowell, receiving instructions from his wife.

"Yes; I'll take the cost of Miss Waters's in instalments from her salary. That

will make it easier for her," answered Miss Waters's considerate employer.

"But, my dear—are we authorized to dispose of the young woman's—ha—hum—stipend that way?" and Mr. Vowell frowned heavily.

"She ought to be glad and thankful for the opportunity," his wife assured him. "Think of all the time I've given her to learn—time that comes out of my pocket, too!"

"Bobby and I know why Miss Waters takes such a time to learn; but I wouldn't tell tales, because it's mean," said little Gladys.

"It's Sam Haynes," blurted out Bobby, who was not troubled by his sister's subtleties. "Sam is fine. When Sam marries Miss Waters he can come and live here, and teach me to ride upside down for a living, and be a champion with a gold star in my cap."

"Don't be vulgar, Bobby," cried his mother. "Your papa is rich enough to buy you all the gold stars you want. But what on earth do the children mean? Miss Waters can't really be thinking of getting married?" she appealed to her husband, anxiously.

"And why not?" asked Mr. Vowell. "Marriage is the natural destiny of man, and, I may say, of woman also. Certainly of woman also. Why shouldn't Miss Waters marry if it is for her—ha—hum—happiness?" And there was a perfect thunder-cloud upon his brow.

"If you think I am going to break in a new governess just as the summer's coming you are very much mistaken," replied his wife; "and if there's any such silly nonsense up, it has to be put a stop to. Though probably it's nothing but the children's fancy."

"Oh no, mamma, it isn't," cried Gladys. "Bobby wrote 'Sam' on his slate the other day, though I told him not to, and Miss Waters turned as red as red. And the girl in the riding-school office says Miss Waters is a sly piece, for all she looks so quiet. I heard her tell another girl. And Sam always looks at Miss Waters just like this—" and the little girl screwed up her face into what was meant for an imitation of the respectful admiration with which Mr. Haynes was wont to gaze upon the governess.

Mrs. Vowell looked across Gladys to one of the callers, in receiving whom lay her chief occupation. "Mimic," she ob-



served—"a perfect mimic. Not a soul comes to this house that the child doesn't take off and make ridiculous!" and she was surprised that the lady, who was a nervous person, seemed in a hurry to depart.

The children's disclosure led Mrs. Vowell to be present at the riding-lesson on the morrow. It also happened to be the morrow of Cordelia's introduction to Mr. Haynes in an unheroic aspect, and during the night it had shocked her to find herself disturbed beyond all reason that in unofficial moments the young man consorted with underbred young persons and wore estranging ties. So that when Sam prepared to accompany her as usual, she insisted with cold firmness that she preferred to ride without protection. Mrs. Vowell, and Grace who was with her, would have had their pains for nothing, but that Cordelia, tense with nervousness under her employer's calculating scrutiny, and hurt at having, as she knew, hurt Sam, rode carelessly, ran into a pillar, and fell. As she lay inertly, she was dimly conscious of the children pressing up to her, joyous with excitement; of Grace helplessly wondering what was the right thing to do; but, above all, of Mrs. Vowell's strident voice adjuring her to exert her will and rise. "I'm all will myself," the lady was declaring. "I don't understand this giving up. There are times when I've been kept alive by sheer will-power."

"My arm!" Cordelia's white lips strove to frame the words, for she lay with her arm bent under her.

"Is it broken? Let me see," and Mrs. Vowell drew out the girl's arm by the fingers and swung it from side to side. "Of course it isn't injured in the least, or how could I move it about like this?"

But with a sharp cry of pain Cordelia had fallen back in a helpless swoon.

The cry brought Sam from the inner room to which he had sulkily retreated on finding his assistance spurned, and with gigantic strides he reached Cordelia's side.

"Thar she lay, pretty as a pink, only white, and that thar blanketed old woman gassin' away about her blanketed forty-horse will-power like—!" he afterwards indignantly described the occurrence to a friend. At the time Sam said nothing, but brushing aside the blanketed old woman like a fly, he lifted up his 'pink, only white,' and bore her to the air. Down

the street Mrs. Vowell's champing bays were waiting with a fine clatter of hoofs. Sam whistled to the haughty livery upon the box. "Hi, young man! kerridge this way," he said.

"Oh, but really," protested Mrs. Vowell, taken off her guard before an authority stronger than her own, "I'm afraid there isn't room. Besides, the walk home in the fresh air will brace her up, you know."

But Sam had made the governess comfortable in a corner of the coupé. "Now, marm," he said, noticing Mrs. Vowell for the first time, "the doctor," and without demur Mrs. Vowell gave him the address of the family physician.

When it was ascertained that her wrist had only received a strain, which would be cured, together with the nervous shock of the fall, by a few days' rest, Cordelia wrote a formal note to Mr. Haynes, thanking him for his timely aid, and assuring him of the trifling nature of her injury. Sam's answer was a basket of the choicest fruits and flowers—an offering far less showy and far costlier than it was his habit to bestow on the ladies of his attentions. That it reached Cordelia unobserved of Mrs. Vowell was owing to the good-will of one of the servants, who thought the governess "put upon"; but Grace, happening to enter Cordelia's room, gave the flowers by the bedside a suspicious look. "Who sent you those?" she asked, with an added sharpness in her high, thin voice.

"If you are anxious to know, you may look at the card inside that envelope," replied Cordelia from her pillow.

"Oh, I beg your pardon; not at all," Grace hastily apologized, her unwonted politeness being really an expression of relief that the direction on the envelope, as she caught sight of it, was in an unfamiliar hand. And the matter passed by without further challenge.

It was arranged that the day before the family left town, Cordelia, now entirely recovered, should take the children to the riding-school to inspect the wheels chosen for them.

"Also, my dear," said Mr. Vowell, looking up from his morning paper, "the young man who taught them, and was so kind at the time of Miss Waters's accident, why not give him a small gratuity?"

"Well, I'll send him a quarter if you say so, Franklin," the careful lady said;



"though I don't see that it's necessary. He couldn't have done any differently."

"A quarter! Nonsense, Libby. Give him this!" and Mr. Vowell handed her a dollar bill. "Is not the laborer worthy of his—ha—hum—tip?" he asked, with a terrible frown.

Mrs. Vowell winked at her eldest daughter and put the bill into her purse, where many of her husband's benefactions found their way. "Remind me to give Miss Waters a quarter for the young man, Grace," she said, in a lowered tone. "Your father is sure to ask about it, and so long as I've given something, I can truthfully say it is all right."

Cordelia had heard the conversation with a blush, which she took to be a blush for human nature, and an idea that had been floating vaguely through her mind became a definite resolve. A few minutes later she slipped quietly out of the house. Half an hour after, Fairfax Reade met her returning, with red eyes, the volume of the bishop's sermons in her hand.

"Good-morning, Miss Waters. What! taking the bishop for an airing?" he asked, with his usual blithe buoyancy. "But aren't you afraid the old gentleman will catch some of the modern heresies?"

Reade of course knew of Cordelia's connection with episcopacy, for if there was one thing Mrs. Vowell enjoyed more than getting things cheap, it was to exalt the value of her bargains to her friends. To these her middle-class Canadian governess had been promoted to be a scion of the English aristocracy on the slender tenure of an Anglican bishop being styled My Lord. Then, too, Reade was no stranger in the nursery, and, without a grain of sentiment, had a warm kindness for the lonely girl, as he had for any half-starved kitten that crossed his path, and the grateful Cordelia had let him gaze upon her relics.

"I wanted to sell it," she replied, "but—" The words died in a sob.

"To sell the bishop!" Reade suppressed a whistle of amazement. "Well, couldn't you nerve yourself to the sacrifice—or couldn't you get your price?"

"I wanted a dollar," Cordelia quavered out, "but the man only laughed—and said—said—he'd give me—give me"—her voice dropped to a shocked whisper—"fifteen cents!"

"The brute!" said Reade, with ready sympathy. "But never mind, Miss Wa-

ters. I have a friend—a collector—would buy *anything*—I mean, of course, this would be a rare opportunity for him."

"Oh!" cried Cordelia; "but do you really think he'd like it?"

"Like it!" answered Reade, taking possession of the book. "You'll see. Now, Miss Cordelia—of course he'll try to beat me down—what is the lowest price I'm to take for it?"

"If you don't think a dollar is too much," Cordelia faltered—"I do so want a dollar."

"A dollar!" Reade exclaimed. "I don't intend to let myself be cheated out of hand. Then, too, he ought to pay for its having belonged to a member of the family."

"Oh, but, Mr. Reade, I ought to tell you," Cordelia interrupted: "it isn't an autograph copy, or a gift copy, or in one sense a real heirloom. He was my grand-uncle. You remember I showed you his portrait?"

"To be sure!" Reade remembered. "Fine old boy. Apron, gaiters, shovel hat."

"But this," Cordelia went on, "my mother picked up, after my father's death, at a second-hand book-shop in Toronto. She thought I ought to grow up with it. But the man there did not appreciate its value either. He let it go for a dollar! Which was fortunate for me, as otherwise I should not have had the comfort of it all these years," she added, with the simplicity that was her greatest charm, like the perfume of a flower.

"I understand," said Reade. "Well, under the circumstances I will not be too hard upon my friend. And if at any time you want it, I know he'll be glad for you to borrow it—indefinitely!"

"I thought you said he was a collector," replied Cordelia, with unconscious irony.

"He is," admitted Reade, "but those fellows get half their fun in collecting, and the rest in—in cataloguing. And when this is catalogued, you are to look upon it as your own."

"Oh no," Cordelia sighed; "you are very, very kind to think of it, Mr. Reade, but what I am doing is irrevocable!"

Reade lunched with the Vowells that day, and after lunch ran up to the nursery to give some bonbons to the children, and suddenly remembered that he had left the bonbons downstairs, after all. As



the children ran clamorously in search of their prey, he dropped something into Miss Waters's hand. "If it's not enough, I can get more out of him, I know," he turned back to say.

"Oh, Mr. Reade, I don't know how to thank you," and Cordelia looked up at him from the shining coin through a mist of tears. "Did your friend really want it?" she asked, wistfully.

Reade fixed her with an unwavering blue eye. "He jumped at it," he said.

Before leaving the house that afternoon Cordelia sought Mr. Vowell in his study, and asked him to change a five-dollar gold piece for its paper equivalent. Mr. Vowell did so without comment, but his wife, happening to come in, with difficulty restrained her curiosity.

"Now I wonder why she did that?" she questioned, as soon as Cordelia had departed. "If she's spending or saving, why won't gold do just as well as bills?"

"My dear," her husband remonstrated, "is it our—ha—hum—affair?"

"All very well," replied his wife, "but I like to take an interest in my dependents." In which the lady erred. Inquisitive about those in her employ she was to the last degree, but interested never.

However, the fate of Cordelia's wealth Mrs. Vowell never knew, nor did she ever know that on the way to the riding-school Cordelia dropped into a box for a hospital fund the testimonial quarter intrusted her for Mr. Haynes.

While the children were engrossed with their new wheels, Cordelia took leave of Sam. It was their first meeting since her accident.

"I'll be seeing you again?" asked Sam, thinking how pretty she looked with the color coming and going in her cheeks.

"I fear—I think not," she replied. "You will have gone West again by the time we return to town—and in any case I need no further instruction," she added, with formality.

"There's other ways of meetin' besides givin' an' takin' lessons," observed Sam, looking straight before him, with a very red face, and chewing the superfluous stalk of a white pink, which, with festive intent, he was wearing in his button-hole.

"Yes?" said Cordelia, nervously, trying to find her pocket. This moment had arrived not wholly unexpected. There had been a look in Sam's eyes that day he placed her in the carriage, and

she trembled to think what in her pain and gratitude her own eyes might have answered.

"The dead surest way of meetin' again is never to part at all," said Sam.

"I—I must be going. Good-afternoon, and thank you. Will you—won't you accept this for all your trouble?" and, to the young man's astonishment, she held out to him a crisp five-dollar bill. The gold piece had seemed to her too much like a keepsake, but there is no sentiment about a bill.

Sam looked puzzled; then his face brightened humorously. "She send me that?" he asked, with a backward jerk of the head, intended to indicate the absent Mrs. Vowell.

"No, no," cried Cordelia. "But you have been so kind to me personally—I have been so slow—I have given you so much trouble. *Please* take it," she pleaded, with a catch in her throat.

Sam looked down with a troubled face. "I don't want you should do this," he said, in a lowered voice.

Cordelia gathered up all her courage. "I wish it," she said, and in her tone was a reminiscent touch of a bishop's apron, shovel hat, and gaiters.

"All right, marm, and thank you," answered Sam, pocketing the bill; and the young person in the office had a box of her favorite candy from it that very night. But as he raised his hat and turned to go, Cordelia stopped him with outstretched hand.

"Good-by—oh, good-by," she cried, safe now from herself as a nun behind her vows and bars. And as she looked into his kind, honest eyes she again faltered "Good-by."

Sam grasped her hand. "Good-by," he said, and cast about for one of the many things he knew he meant to say—but it ended with good-by.

That night, when she went to rest, Cordelia looked at the bishop's daguerreotype. The old face set in lines of benign authority gave no sign whether her conduct was approved by the episcopacy on high, but in the faded morocco case was a lock of her mother's gray-streaked hair. Cordelia kissed it reverently.

"She would have wished it so, I know," she thought.

The lonely feeling at her heart she tried to attribute wholly to the absence of the bishop's sermons from her dressing-table.

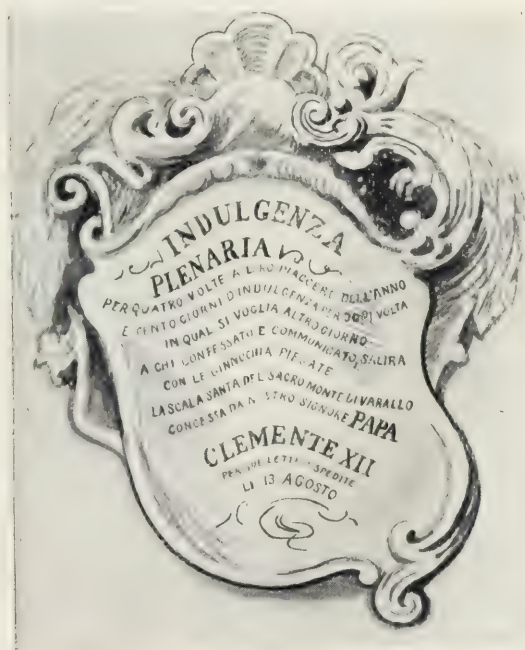




## VARALLO AND THE VAL SESIA.

BY EDWIN LORD WEEKS.

### I.



THIS is the inscription blazoned on the wall at the foot of the stairway which is on the Sacro Monte of Varallo, in the Val Sesia. For those, and they are many, who shall climb this stairway on their bended knees four times during the year, after having been duly confessed, there are a hundred days of plenary indul-

gence for each ascent. This was so decreed by Pope Clement XII. But not all the pilgrims who visit this shrine are so reverently inclined; few, if any, make the ascent entirely on their knees, and their custom is to kneel in rows on each broad step, and to rise as they step upward, and then to descend sideways or backwards while they murmur the requisite number of prayers.

There are many more who come to Varallo as to a summer resort, a place of villeggiatura, and they enjoy their holiday after the pleasant and simple fashion of the Piemontese. Even as far back as the seventeenth century, if we may place faith in the chronicles of the day, the worldly people of Milan, and other capitals still further away, who came ostensibly to do penance, were wont to mingle much dissipation and gayety with their pious duties, and to make their pilgrimage an occasion for the display of pomp and luxury, and for airing their richest apparel. Varallo seems at that time to have offered the attractions of a faith-cure, combined with the lures of a fashionable watering-place.

In the seventeenth century as many as ten thousand people sometimes came in a single day, according to Canon Torotti,



whose book was published in 1686.\* Even then the valley was as famous for its wines and its trout as it is to-day.

Bernardino Caimo, who founded the Sacro Monte about the time Columbus discovered the New World, seems to have been a Franciscan, and at one time Patriarch of the Holy Land. After his return from the East he conceived the idea of building reproductions of the most important sanctuaries of that country in some appropriate spot, which should closely resemble the original site, for the spiritual advantage of all Christians who were unable to make the long and perilous journey to Palestine. After much fruitless wandering about he finally discovered at Varallo the place which he had seen in a vision while in the Holy Land. Overjoyed at his success, he fell into an ecstasy, and offered up prayers of thanksgiving, as became a devout friar of his order. Either Jerusalem must have changed remarkably since that day, or Varallo; or else the faith of Caimo must have been strong enough to enable him to see with his spiritual vision that which he so earnestly desired. For certainly no greater contrast could be imagined than the grim nakedness of the worn-out landscape about Jerusalem and this verdant valley. Filled with enthusiasm and zeal, Caimo succeeded in obtaining a grant of land, together with the necessary funds, and immediately set about his great task. Many miraculous events are said to have occurred about this time having a direct bearing on his enterprise, but the most extraordinary, without doubt, was the discovery by the workmen of a stone exactly resembling that which covered the actual tomb of Christ—in every respect a fac-simile. The stone may be seen to this day fixed in the wall of one of the arcades on the Sacro Monte. It may be possible, after all, that the hill on which the chapels are grouped may have had some remote likeness, in the fifteenth century, to the neighborhood of Calvary. By referring to an early engraving of the place one may see that there were but few trees at that time, and it may have had something of that gaunt and time-worn appearance characteristic of Palestine. It is Mr. Butler's belief that the

real object in founding this "spiritual stronghold," so remote from any of the great religious centres, was, in his own words, "an attempt to stem the torrent of reformed doctrines already surging over many an Alpine pass, and threatening a moral invasion as fatal to the spiritual power of Rome as earlier physical invasions of northmen had been to her material power." What seems to support the author's theory is the fact that there are quite a number of similar religious fortresses similarly placed to dominate other valleys, although of less artistic value, as at Orta, Locarno, Varese, and minor places. From whichever direction one approaches Varallo, whether by that charming route over the "Colma" from the Lake of Orta, by railway from Novara, or from Alagna in the opposite direction, the Sacro Monte is the salient feature of the landscape, the one great landmark of the valley.

The compact little group of chapels, churches, and cupolas, perched on the summit of the steep mountain spur, and shining out whitely against the lofty ridges behind, vividly green when the sun shines, of deepest violet under cloud-shadows, overhangs the town beneath, and is always in view from every street. Even should one lose sight of the Sacro Monte for a moment, he is not allowed to forget that it is still there, for the sound of its bells is almost unceasing—at short intervals they smite the still air above with a sudden merry jingle, like a nursery rhyme set to music, while the deep-toned bell of the church of Santa Maria delle Grazie close at hand tolls solemnly from time to time.

Just a little back from the main street of the town, facing an open square, which is crowded on Tuesday mornings with market women in the Val Sesian costume—white and sombre blue or black—stands the ancient "Inn of the Three Kings," with an open arcade under jutting eaves. On its right-hand corner is a marble tablet with the inscription, "Via al santuario." A narrow lane leads to an empty grass-grown space, with the marble statue of Gaudenzio Ferrari close by the old church containing the famous frescoes of the great master, and here the ascent begins. It is steep and winding, paved with small cobble-stones, set, as it were, in a green carpet, overarched with chestnut boughs, overhung by steep cliffs, half

\* The writer is indebted for many historical facts and for many valuable indications to that very interesting work, *Ex Voto*, by Samuel Butler, who seems to have thoroughly studied his subject.





THE SACRED STAIRWAY.



hidden by dense undergrowth and purple heather, ferns and wild flowers. A steeper and shorter, more roughly paved road cuts off an angle or two, and leads directly to the true cross, annually renewed, and always more or less whittled away at the bottom, in spite of the proverbial toughness of the wood. Stone seats invitingly placed tempt the pilgrim to linger on the way up, and enjoy the seductive glimpses of wooded mountain-sides sloping down to the torrent flowing through rocky gorges, and the roofs and towers of the little city. At the summit there is a hospitable *albergo*, with tables set under the arcade or scattered about in shady nooks. There are one or two little shrines on the way up, but

the series of numbered chapels, in which are placed the famous tableaux representing chiefly the life of Christ, begins in front of the inn, where stand the bronze statues of Gaudenzio and Bernardino Caimo—one on either hand. The aim of the founder was to present in a series of tableaux the story of the sacred drama, and to combine the utmost resources of sculpture and painting in these colored figures of terra-cotta, and sometimes of wood, so that they should mingle happily with, or seem to melt into, the frescoed backgrounds on the walls. In many places the device was employed of building out "bosses of rilievo" on the painted figures of the wall, in order to lessen the abruptness of the transition to the flat

decorated surface; here the arm of a frescoed figure stands out from the wall, or the shield of a mounted soldier, or the head-gear of a horse.

If we would understand or realize to its fullest extent the powerful impression of almost startling actuality produced on the average mind by these groups, even up to this day, we must forget for a moment the paltriness of many of the details and accessories, the commonplace devices often employed, which are scarcely obvious to the faithful. We should try also to cast aside the hypercritical tendencies of the age, as well as the arbitrary canons of good taste, and look through the carved gratings with the eye of the average observer, if not with the unquestioning faith of the awe-stricken peasants and devout pilgrims who have gazed at these marvels for three hundred years and more. Having then somewhat shifted our point of view, and adjusted, so to speak, our mental focus, we cannot but admit that the



THE INN OF THE THREE KINGS.





THE SACRO MONTE.

founder has succeeded admirably in realizing his object, which was not so much art for art's sake as art for another end.

The edifices containing these groups are scattered about at different elevations, and seemingly without any obvious plan or arrangement, and are of various designs and dimensions, usually with open loggias or porticos; colonnaded galleries perched on the very brink of a precipice, and commanding magnificent vistas up or down the valley, sometimes connect one building with another; some are circular, others square, and they are generally without much pretension to architectural effect, but all combine well with the landscape, and recall the quaint mediæval backgrounds in the pictures of early Italian masters. Narrow garden walks, paved with small round pebbles and bordered with boxwood hedges, wind irregularly under blossoming trees from one station to another. Faint whiffs of

incense mingle with the pervading scent of the box and the delightful odors of the old garden, where everything is left

to grow pretty much as it will. In these late August days one hardly thinks about the temperature when doing nothing; but the air of the valley is dense and steamy, and one usually reaches the top of the Sacred Mount, however slowly he may walk, in that saturated condition which follows prolonged exertion in the tropics.

Pilgrims habitually take the chapels in order, beginning with No. 1—Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden—a very presentable couple; but the newly painted background, representing the fall of man in a series of large panels, is of little artistic merit, and only cost, I am told, about one thousand lire. As there are upwards of forty chapels, one can hardly do more here than refer briefly to a few of the more interesting works. In Mr. Butler's book there is a full and complete description of each. These groups might be briefly characterized as being the principal scenes of the Passion Play presented in the shape of the modern diorama, and are perhaps the earliest known examples of that class. In order to appre-



ciate fully the merit of these sculptured figures in terra-cotta, and the genius of the masters who wrought them in such perishable materials, we should not look for the same qualities which amuse us in the groups at the Musée-Grévin, the highest level of achievement in that direction, of merely imitative art.

Our first impressions of them are likely to be rather disappointing, if our interest has just been awakened or stimulated by the excellent collotype photographs in Mr. Butler's book, or those made by Signor Joseph Pizzetta, of Varallo. The photographer has naturally chosen in every case some figure or group of exceptional merit, so that the inferior secondary figures fade into the shadow and discreetly take their places among the frescoed figures of the backgrounds. By having one's attention thus concentrated on some masterpiece of Tabachetti, Gaudenzio Ferrari, or d'Enrico, one is sure to be deeply impressed by its lifelike realism and daring vigor of action. The principal figures, well lighted, detach themselves boldly from the background; we note the admirable modelling of hand or arm, the character and expression of each face, while the bits of real drapery here and there add much to the astonishing realism of the whole. In looking at such reproductions our judgment has not been hampered or biassed by the coarse clayey texture of the flesh, the dilapidated horse-hair wigs, and the loads of brutally crude paint and gilding which successive generations of "restorers" have deposited on flesh or drapery, obscuring, and in many cases totally obliterating, the delicacy of modelling. Even at its best this kind of restoration never soars above the level, as regards texture and coloring, of those painted figures of saints and apostles which stock the shops dedicated to the sale of *objets de piété* in the Latin quarter of Paris; one turns from the photographs to the actual groups with a keen sense at first of disappointment. The lighting of the groups is usually dim and monotonous, except when a ray of sunlight steals through the grating, and then it is quite likely to fall on some exceptionally bad figure—some Roman soldier with gaudy gilded armor, not unlike the figure-head of a ship—or to bring out some unfortunate detail, such as a tuft of artificial herbage, or a nondescript terra-cotta animal, like a huge toy. And, moreover, the art

education of the present day discloses the glaring deficiencies, the harshness and bad taste of the color, and the archaic or conventional animals, and other lamentable accessories.

It sometimes happens that the effect of any one scene is as sustained, as well as impressive, as that of Tabachetti's great work, *The Journey to Calvary*, in Chapel No. 36. Here the composition is concentrated, the attention is drawn at once to the principal actors, and the subordinate groups are all sufficiently interesting, and at the same time keep their proper places in the general scheme. In the immediate foreground is the figure of Christ sinking under the weight of the cross, goaded on with blows and kicks by his tormentors. Saint Veronica, holding the handkerchief, kneels in front, and just behind her is the fiendish face of the "man with the goitre"—one of the executioners. This man with the goitre occurs in other compositions. Even the giant mounted figures of the Roman soldiers are unusually good, and the action of the horses is, for the most part, natural and vigorous, so that one does not feel their anatomical deficiencies, which are not more conspicuous here than in the painted works of other great masters of that day, when everything not directly connected with the human interest of the subject was regarded as subordinate, and treated with scant attention. All the forty figures of the procession are impelled by the same rhythmic movement towards Calvary at the left. However one may feel the limitations of such a work, wherein colored statues are seen against a painted background, where many of the accessories are real, such as the wooden crosses, the ropes and chains and spikes, or portions of drapery, he cannot but realize that, even with all the resources and inherited methods of to-day, it would be difficult to achieve a more satisfactory result. Absolute correctness in a few minor details would not materially improve the harmony of the whole conception, and might only draw the eye to that which was meant to be of subordinate interest. Mr. Butler says of this work "that it is not too much to call it the most extraordinary work that has ever been achieved in sculpture."

In the chapels of minor value, such as that of the Descent from the Cross, are to be found some of the very best figures.

In this one is the "Vecchiotto," figured as the frontispiece in Mr. Butler's book. It represents a short, thick-set man of middle age, with a reddish beard, clad in a sleeveless blouse, presumably of leather, from the stiffness of the folds, and

quez in the Madrid Gallery. A good photograph of it is like a photograph of actual flesh and blood; and for this reason it challenges comparison with a Velasquez rather than with the work of any sculptor. It has, in fact, rather the qual-



CHRIST AND SAINT VERONICA.

belted in at the waist. The sleeves of the under-garment come through the armholes. He is gazing upwards at the cross with that intense, somewhat strained expression natural with that position of the head, and his left hand holds up the brim of his stiff felt hat. Just such men may be seen by the dozen to-day in these mountain valleys, where there is a strain of Teutonic blood. His throat, with the sharply defined sinews and veins, is a wonderful piece of modelling; so is the hand which grasps the brim of his hat. The sleeve alone is stamped with the impress of a master-hand. I know of no work of modern sculptors—for it is essentially modern in spirit—which surpasses it in living vitality, in absolute realism, and it may be fittingly classed with one or two of the finest portraits of Velas-

quez in the Madrid Gallery. Although in looking at it and realizing its completeness one almost forgets to think of the means or the medium employed.

In the chapel devoted to the Massacre of the Innocents there are several remarkable groups, although there is little or no unity of effect, as these groups are scattered about in haphazard fashion, with no central dominating point of interest. One of the best and most striking of them represents a young mother writhing under the feet of a swarthy half-naked brute, who holds aloft her child, hanging head downwards; the man's right hand grasps a battle-axe, which the mother, struggling on the ground, has seized with both hands, and with desperate energy she is striving to wrest it from him. It may be understood from this description, inadequate as



it is, that the action is both violent and transitory—two qualities recognized as being most difficult to express in plastic art—and yet the artist (if I remember rightly this work is ascribed to Rossetti) who had the boldness to grapple with such a subject has left little to be desired.

One is apt to overlook the frescoes, owing partly to their being for the most part badly lighted, and to their general state of neglect and decay from dampness. For nearly all the chapels are open to the air, and only partially protected from damp by glass and carved-wood screens with "peep-holes" at intervals. People are also likely to overlook the artistic designs and workmanship of these screens, many of which are well worth studying. One may study Gaudenzio to better advantage in the church at the foot of the Sacro Monte, where the entire wall of the screen fronting the entrance is covered by his mural paintings, which are arranged in a series of panels, separated only by dividing-lines, comprising many different motives, treating chiefly of the Crucifixion.

Whatever position Gaudenzio Ferrari may occupy hereafter relatively to other

masters of his epoch, when a new series of critics and art historians shall have come forward to call attention to his somewhat neglected claims, there can be no question as to his astonishing versatility as sculptor, painter, and decorative artist. Some of his Madonnas bring to mind the famous one in the altar-piece, by Bellini, in the church of the Frari at Venice.

As Gaudenzio is believed by many to have been either a pupil or an imitator of Raphael, Mr. Butler says, "Gaudenzio never studied under Raphael; he may have painted for him, and perhaps he did so—no one knows whether he did or did not; but in every branch of his art he was incomparably Raphael's superior, and must have known it perfectly well."

There is also a quotation in Mr. Butler's book from King, an earlier writer, who says, "The greatest of all Gaudenzio's achievements is the large Chapel of the Crucifixion (on the Sacro Monte), a work of the most extraordinary character and masterly execution." Some local benefactor, whose name escapes me, has just finished, at great expense, the marble



A GROUP FROM THE HEROD CHAPEL.





A GROUP FROM "THE MASSACRE OF THE INNOCENTS"

steps of the church, and its front, enriched with gilding. The interior is an example of excessive Renaissance and rococo adornment; but I must confess to have rather enjoyed the dome, looking up from below. Companies of sculptured and painted angels and saints are seated on substantial clouds around its base, and rose-tinted cupids are flying upwards, where they mingle rather happily with their frescoed brethren on the curving walls.

Quite aside from the interest, historic or æsthetic, of the Sacro Monte, there is the living interest of its visitors and pilgrims, and that which always clings to a spot which has not survived its original uses, and where one may see to-day pre-

cisely what one might have seen in the sixteenth century, barring the slight differences of costume. On Sundays, and most of all on fête-days, one may always meet companies of villagers, chiefly women, who sometimes drag their good men with them, looking through the peep-holes; and often one of their number, of more scholarly habit than the others, or the rustic priest, reads from a little book the description of each diorama in turn; and then all proceed to the sacred stairway, and kneeling in rows, mount the steps—which are sometimes so crowded that there is scarce kneeling-space left. The smart costumes of the ruddy sunbrowned peasant girls of Fobello give a touch of jauntiness to the whole scene. The ascent of the



"Scala Santa" is not without occasional perils, for the writer assisted at the chase and destruction of an active and belligerent scorpion on its very steps by two ladies armed with parasols.

## II.

There is but little of Varallo aside from the Sacro Monte, and one may walk through it in a very few minutes; but that little is made interesting by the Italian charm of its yellow weather-stained walls, over which droop masses of tangled luxuriance, the overflow of the gardens behind; and above the walls there is always the steep side of a mountain in sight, green under the deep blue sky, or violet under the shadow of dazzling white clouds, with here and there a slender straight campanile like a Moorish mosque tower; and where the streets are narrowest, with broad eaves which almost shut out the sky, the tall houses are hung with balconies, often of florid fantastic designs in forged iron, worthy of a museum, which are laden with flower-pots and entwined with blossoming plants and swaying creepers. In rainy weather blue and yellow and green patches come out vividly on the stuccoed walls, among highly colored fragmentary advertisements of local fêtes, and dashing young ladies in giddy bicycle costumes; for the modern high-art poster has found its way to Val Sesia, and often decorates a wall in the immediate vicinity of some grave fifteenth-century Madonna. And there are the frescoed houses of Renaissance architecture, with the real and the imitation windows side by side: at the painted window there is often a smiling painted lady, as elsewhere in Italy.

Across the bridge, guarded by a modern warrior in white marble, over the stream which comes down from the rocky Val Mastallone, there is a villa painted to represent a Venetian palace, with a real garden in front, and a frescoed one seen in perspective through a doorway. Here, when a man is ambitious for something better than a plastered house-front, he paints himself a Pitti Palace of hewn stone, or a façade of Venetian Gothic, which is often so well done that the camera would fail to discriminate between the real and the unreal portions of the edifice; and when, as on market-days, groups of country women from Fobello or elsewhere, in smart vivandière costume, with braided

and tasselled trousers of military cut, are standing in front of these scene-painters' houses, one naturally expects, and not always in vain, to hear the orchestra strike up, for at any hour before midnight there is always music somewhere, if it is only the local hurdy-gurdy. Behind one of these houses, which must have been a *trattoria*, a little way beyond the town, there was always the sound of music in the afternoon, and by looking over the garden wall one might see a score of young people dancing under the heavy-laden vines, which hung from the trees of the orchard. As in most small towns and villages in this part of Italy, the few streets, which all have the air of belonging to some large city of the importance of Verona or Padua, change suddenly at the outskirts into country roads, with gardens on either side and the mountain solitudes beyond. But one cannot go far along these roads, now invaded by the bicycle or the occasional "horseless carriage," without passing some old church or shrine brilliantly frescoed on the outer walls and under the porticos with mediæval saints and apostles; and everywhere in Val Sesia these mural paintings are of superior excellence, and often in a good state of preservation; much is owing, no doubt, to the exertions of Signor Arriente and his struggles against the vandalism of syndics and other local magnates.

The number and size of the inns of Varallo are partly answerable for its having the appearance of being much larger than it is—a harmless bit of deception, since they mostly have the reputation of being good. These institutions are of every grade and size, from the "Stabilimento Hyderopatico," which stands in its own grounds well outside the town, and poses haughtily as the Grand Hotel, and from the principal albergos, to the osterias and trattorias, the delicate gradations between them not being always obvious to the casual stranger. The extent and importance of these caravansaries, seemingly out of all proportion to the size of the town, for almost every other house offers hospitality in one shape or another, are easily accounted for by the Sacro Monte, and the trains of pilgrims which it attracts. To-day, although greatly shorn of its former glories, and with no evening entertainments worthy of a country fair, the little town is always filled with strangers during the summer





THE ENTOMBMENT.

months, and the hotels are often crowded, chiefly with the Milanese, who bring their children and nurses and dogs, which are not excluded here from the *table d'hôte*.

### III.

These inns of Varallo, and of all the neighborhood, in fact, are almost as much of a feature as the Sacred Mount itself. The "Posta," seen from the other side of the little river, rises straight from the stony channel, huge and sulphur-tinted, with iron galleries extending along its vast, many-windowed front, buried in places under masses of vines and verdure, through which rows of square port-holes have been cut, commanding views up and down the valley. The "Italia" was once a convent or a monastery, and when these institutions were suppressed, the building was sold for a trifling sum. The man who bought it was excommunicated; but it has prospered, nevertheless, for many years as a hotel, and has long been famous for its *cuisine*. It still bears traces of its former state; the

walls, even the partitions between the bedrooms, which were evidently designed for cells, are of solid masonry, and thick enough for a fortress. The cooking of this inn does not lack a local flavor of its own. Many and wonderful are the dishes prepared from fungi of various hues and dimensions; some of them, fried in batter and served with a rich wine sauce, can hardly be distinguished in color and flavor from the slices of liver with which the dish is garnished, while others are suggestive of vegetables more or less familiar, such as the fried plantains of Southern latitudes.

There is a tradition here concerning some rare and expensive variety of fungus—much loved by Italian epicures—which is said to be as self-assertive and pungently odorous as the choicest Rochefort—it might even stand comparison with the famous jack-fruit of the far East; at least so I was told by a travelled Englishman, who confessed that he was obliged to leave the table when it came on. But I was not fortunate enough to be able to



describe this *plat* from personal experience, as the usual tendency of the waiters is to reserve these strictly local dainties for fastidious Italians. But one does not require an overeducated palate in order to appreciate the never-failing fresh trout of the valley—of which one never tires—nor the risotto and macaroni and hares served up with polenta.

The long range of windows of this ancient refectory overlooks on one side the greenest imaginable landscape, from the roof of matted vines heavy with purple grapes, just beneath the windows, over the clipped evergreens and rank abandonment of flower-beds left to grow at will, over rusty tiled roofs of sheds and outbuildings, to the steep slopes across the narrow river-bed, densely clothed with chestnut woods. All is one unbroken mass of green, save for the slight veil of atmospheric purple, as the eye travels upward to the sky-line of the hills. But it is at the late dinner hour, the Italian *pranzo*, that this room takes on its most characteristic appearance. Here we are far removed from the oppressive and often funereal good form of the Anglo-Swiss table d'hôte. Family parties stroll in, and the small tables gradually fill up. In the intervals of the service people visit their neighbors from table to table; children wander about the room, helping themselves to the good things left within their reach by indulgent waiters, or romp with the dogs which usually accompany their mistresses to dinner. The acoustic properties of the room are excellent, for people are able to converse from one end to the other without shouting, but what with the voices of the children and the jingle of canine bells, they are often obliged to telegraph across the room with quick imperative gestures. A sort of comradery soon establishes itself between the guests and their favorite waiters, who join in the amiable chatter and furnish scraps of information about the few *forestieri*. A stalwart officer of gens d'armes, who always dined in full uniform, sat at the end of the room where he could keep his eye on all the convives, not to keep them in order, but to act as master of ceremonies and amuse the children. A Milanese beauty, with a face like one of Gaudenzio's Madonnas, who could not have been over twenty, occupied a neighboring table with her husband and friends. It must have been her wedding journey, and the

endless variety of her fresh summer toilets furnished the principal decorative element. After dinner her table became the centre of attraction—a little court where all the guests, as they passed, stopped to pay the homage which was her birthright. It must be said to the credit of the ladies that they were quite as generous as the men. Some one usually sat down at the piano and improvised, or played waltzes for the children and young folks inclined to dance. Next to the Milanese beauty sat a young lady of ten or eleven, who often entertained the whole company with recitations, songs, and mimicry of popular café-chantant singers, with the *aplomb* of a finished actress. Everywhere reigned the admirable grace and *sans gêne* of the Italian summer resort, and the rare English tourists forgot their natural self-distrust and sometimes lifted their voices above a whisper. In the dearth of other entertainments this dining-room furnished distraction enough for the short evenings.

#### IV.

The dissipations of this small capital were neither numerous nor expensive. Two rival hurdy-gurdies were our mainstay and comfort. The more prosperous of these two itinerant music-boxes was drawn by a stolid and well-fed donkey, whose neck and ears were protected from flies or sunstroke by a white linen havelock, and his modest store of forage was carried on a shelf under the piano. This instrument had obtained a first-class gold medal at the Exposition of Genoa, according to the gilded inscription blazoned on its front, and it played the "Carnival of Venice," with variations. The *padrone*, a robustious good-natured brigand, usually hired an old woman to turn the crank—or she may have paid for that privilege. These two establishments—the other being less worthy of remark, as it was propelled by man-power only—had the tact and good taste not to play the "Carnival of Venice" too near together or at the same time.

Our attention was first called to the existence of the circus while hanging over a balcony of the hotel by the gambols and pranks of an eccentric figure in the street below. He was clad in a rusty ill-fitting dress suit and black skull-cap. His face was painted, and a white glove under his name, "Agosto," was rudely





PEASANT WOMEN OF FOBELLO.



chalked upon his back. Who does not remember Auguste of the old Hippodrome, his long-tailed coat, his loose white cotton gloves, and his headlong rushes into the ring? The Paris audiences which he once delighted have long since forgotten him. The Hippodrome itself, transported to Earl's Court, London, where it was to enter upon a new lease of life as an Indian Bazar, was hopelessly wrecked by a hurricane; but the memory of Auguste still survives in this remote valley. The admission-fee to any part of the tent was only eight cents, reserved seats excepted, and this did not at first seem an exorbitant sum, but it was quite sufficient when one considers the hardship of sitting upon rough planks, hewn by unskilful hands from the trunks of trees, and the odors from the closely packed crowd.

One easily forgot these trifling discomforts in witnessing the genuine delight of the spectators, and the boundless enthusiasm with which they applauded the young lady who did the bareback act, and the other who walked the tight rope, and the sallies of Agosto. When each artist had a benefit, and it was the turn of one or another of them every performing night, the villagers and children, who were not, any of them, overblest with coin, contributed generously.

The illuminations consisted of six kerosene-lamps, two of them fastened to the central tent pole, and the performance had to be interrupted, often at its most thrilling point, while the lamps were being trimmed. No one showed the least impatience, and the reserved seats were regularly filled by the aristocracy from the hotel, including the reigning beauty, who never missed an evening. Even in the daytime the small boys of Varallo could not keep away from the camping-ground, for the domicile of the troupe was a sort of van, or house on wheels, backed up against the tent door; it served as dressing-room during the performance; and here the stars ate, slept, and did the family washing, and were quite as fascinating to the youthful mind as in their spangled finery. Considering their cramped quarters they really made a very presentable appearance. I must admit having deeply regretted losing the last night of the circus for the sake of attending the Teatro Civico.

This theatre, artistic in its design and faded decorations, was once the town-

hall, but is narrow for its present use. Its walls within are covered with rude frescoes, showing the mountain glories of Alagna and the Hotel Guglielmina. The reserved seats near the orchestra cost one lira—more than double the admission to the circus. The first piece was a melodrama, a hopeless and dreary muddle, of which the scene was laid in ancient Venice, followed by a farce qualified as "Brilliantissima Farsa." But the administration, having little confidence in the unaided powers of the players to keep the audience in their seats till the end, had added another and more potent attraction—a "serio-comic lottery." Each ticket of entrance, ranging in value from six to twenty cents, entitled the holder to a chance, and the drawing took place after the farce. On the list of prizes, as duly set forth on the bill, were a "Pollastro Vivo," a return ticket from Varallo to Rome, a bottle of Barbera, and an instantaneous photograph of the "Victor"—the hero of the hour, the invincible Count of Turin, who had just conquered the French champion on the field of honor, to the eternal glory of Italy. Only a haunting fear of drawing the first prize, the Living Rooster, kept the writer awake during the interminable melodrama and the drearier farce; but it fortunately fell to the lot of a young lady of the town to carry away the bird in triumph.

#### V.

Alagna, at the upper end of the Val Sesia, is the goal of the Italian summer tourist, Varallo being but the half-way station. A number of Grand Hotels are congregated here, built after the Italian fashion, directly on the street, and as if they formed part of some continuous boulevard; but there is no other street; and frowning heights on either side effectually shut out any glimpse of the higher mountains. By following the bridle-path upward, past the sheds of the gold-mining company, a point is reached where Monte Rosa and its neighbors swing gradually into view. The attractions of Alagna are touched upon briefly in an illustrated hand-book in English as she is writ, published by the family which owns the principal hotels in the valley.

Little fault can be found with either the hotels or their amiable managers, and some passages in their hand-book are as quaintly and delightfully worded as if

written by a Calcutta baboo. There is one scale of charges for adults, and another for "children not exceeding 1 metre in height and coabitants." The public is also informed that "the owner can occupy the above said rooms till the day of the visitors' arrival which ought to be known the day before."

The first thing to do is to go up to the Cold'Olen, the Italian Riffl, where the hotel is recommended as "the highest in Europe." This is not meant to call attention to its charges, which are sufficiently high, but to its elevation, some ten thousand feet above sea-level. The moment chosen for this pilgrimage was, unfortunately, near the end of August, when the fine weather began to break up. I had often noticed when on some of the higher peaks around Zermatt, that while the sky was cloudless in every direction, and the distant snows were toned by that beautiful golden haze suggestive of continued calm weather, the valleys below on the Italian side were closely packed and as if floored with solid clouds, reaching far out over the Lombard plains. The opportunity came this time of watching the upward march of these clouds driven through the Val Sesia by the prevailing southerly wind, until they were stopped by the great barrier of the Monte Rosa chain, rising ten thousand feet above the valleys. This phenomenon seems to be akin to that which annually takes place on the "breaking of the monsoon" in India, although on a more restricted scale. For a long time previous the local barometer of Varallo, the peeled twig of a certain tree nailed above the window of a jeweller's shop, had steadily drooped point downward. The citizens have unbounded faith in its infallibility, and when the aneroids and other costly instruments fail to keep up with the exasperating changes of mountain weather, this simple contrivance is always right, and points upward in fine weather, and droops when a change is at hand.

On the afternoon when I began the ascent of the mule track behind the Hotel Monte Rosa (of Alagna), the heavy mists which hung about the heights descended, and we passed from sunlight into shadow. If the tourist does not want to be



THE ORCHESTRA.

burdened by his own valise during this steep ascent of four hours, he has only to ask for a porter, and will usually find a young woman of the village ready to perform that service. They are seldom seen without a long funnel-shaped basket strapped point downwards to their shoulders, in which some of them could easily carry both valise and owner. If the traveller has not yet got rid of any conscientious scruples about "woman's sphere" which he may have brought from New England, he may as well lay them aside here, for these ladies are only too glad to earn four francs so easily, and he need not restrain his Alpine ardor out of consideration for his porters, as he will have enough to do to keep up with her. Little was visible as we drew near the Col except the glimmer of a snow-patch, and the outline of the porteress as she emerged from the fog.

The first indication of the hotel was the lettering on the end of the building when it loomed up above us all at once—a bleak-looking house on a still bleaker ridge, from which a snow-field sloped away below, blackened at one end to the





MORNING MISTS.

hue of charcoal by the dirt and débris thrown from the hotel. As for the vaunted view from the terrace, one might as well have been on the deck of an ocean steamer in a fog bank. But in the morning the mists cleared away for a brief season, and left the Monte Rosa group standing out hard and clear-cut and close at hand against the deep blue of the sky. It is even more imposing than from the Riffel, with which the situation of the hotel invites comparison. At a little distance from it one may look through a gap in the dividing-ridge down into the valley of Gressoney, which runs almost parallel to the Val Sesia. Strange threatening vaporous shapes reared themselves suddenly from the hidden abyss below, rapidly taking more solid form and substance, and as the wind caught their lofty summits, stretching half-way across the sky, only to dissolve again into flying shreds, through which could be seen ranges beyond ranges of cumuli, piled

up like snow mountains in a sunny sky. It was far more interesting to watch these shifting changes than even the magnificent panorama of Monte Rosa, revealed now and then just behind us, with all its glittering and solid reality, so material in comparison with the changing phantasmagoria on the other side, through which the sun alternately shone or waned. The spectacle had also another interest, for it was the brewing of the great storm which overtook us as we were driven down to Varallo the following day, and deluged the valley with a tropical downpour.

## VI.

Any one may enjoy to the utmost the charm of discovering Biella for himself, for no one that I know of has ever taken the trouble to describe it. Its charm lies not so much in any new element as in the combination, the unexpected arrangement of those simple things which people love in primitive Italy.

No doubt the complicated journey counts for much in the writer's impression of Biella as approached from Varallo. I got up at 4.30 A.M.—for here, as in Spain, trains must start at untimely hours—and after half an hour's rail down the valley to Borgo Sesia, climbed sleepily into a queer little post-wagon like a species of ambulance, but with two empty benches facing each other, which gradually filled up as we were trundled drowsily along mountain valleys, through village squares, where people were just getting up. My first companion was a genial brigand—for brigands usually wear just such slouch hats and long mustaches—who spoke a few words of French, and had just returned from a journey to Switzerland—the event of his life. One or two ladies got in, wearing nothing on their heads but their own dense frizzes, and carrying market baskets and other impedimenta, and a young lady in a town-made hat and gown. Our brigand addressed his conversation in the local tongue to the company in general, describing the glories of Switzerland, and of the hotel kept by his relatives at Saas-Fee, where silver forks and clean napkins were put on the table at every meal. And if the scene of his Odyssey had been the land of Prester John, the company could not have shown more sympathetic interest, after the manner of this kindly race. If one wishes to see them at their best he must travel in these democratic conveyances, or second or third class on the railways, and he will witness more little acts of courtesy and old-time politeness than he will ever see in a Pullman car. As we neared the end of the journey we began to descend abruptly and by long zigzags, and every one exclaimed, with delight and wonder, at the road curving far below us, through forests of gigantic chestnuts, yellow with burs; the bird's-eye view of Vallée-Mosso, and the purple glimpses through the tree-tops of the plains of Lombardy, like a distant summer sea. The little train waiting at the station carried us steadily downward for an hour and more, always through vineyards and gardens and long vine-clad, terraced ridges, capped with convents and castles and sentinel cypresses, sharply drawn against the tawny mountain slopes. Vines heavy with purple clusters stretched from tree to tree, and as we neared Biella even the ugliness of tall factory chimneys was half

concealed by creepers artfully trained to their very summits.

After its bustling streets and cafés, its old churches, mouldering baptistery, and ancient albergos with alluring titles, the most original feature of Biella is the little funicular railway, by which the citizen, on paying one cent, ascends to the higher part of the town, or rather a separate, more aristocratic, and grass-grown quarter, whence one may see, as on the Riviera, a far-reaching coast-line of mountains, capes, and even distant snow-capped islands, only the billowing chestnut forests below melt, not into the purple Mediterranean, but into its illusive counterpart, the vast plain of Lombardy. The little railway passes in mid-air over a terraced vineyard rich with flowers, past a crumbling cinquecento ruin, and along a wall where tomato-vines and fruit trees are trained within a foot of the rail. It happened on the return journey by moonlight that most of my fellow-travellers of the morning were in the diligence, but owing to the various delays we did not reach Borgo Sesia until the last train for Varallo was moving out of the station. The diligence was driven into a high, many-galleried court-yard, where a landscape was painted in illusive perspective on one wall, where the full moon, just sinking behind high cliffs, shone through a projecting balcony, and the week's washing fluttered and flapped on the railings. Over the outer arch was the sign—

*Trattoria del Bersaglieri con Allogio e Stallagio Cavalli e Vetture. A Nolo.*

Many a delightful old yarn of Boccaccio or Giovanni Fiorentino takes us into just such a hostelry, and I have no doubt that in their day the bill of fare consisted quite as exclusively of vitello and of chickens, which were publicly done to death in the court-yard in precisely the same way—and that the wine was just as good—for it is well known that one may usually find better wine in these trattorias than in more pretentious hotels which grow rich on the money of forestieri.

Owing to the lateness of the hour and the uncertainty of finding any better accommodations in the town, it seemed wiser to take one's chances here, particularly as the padrone, a beefy colossus in his shirt sleeves, had picked up a few words of French, and he conducted me up the stairway in the court, and, dodging under



the still damp washing, opened a door on one of the galleries. Nothing could have been finer than the bed, evidently his best, or more vividly colored than the new counterpane; and then his charge was only one lira. The range of low-vaulted rooms, opening on the court below, was brilliantly lighted when I entered in quest of supper. A casual inspection of the numerous and noisy company might have led the stranger to believe that he had fallen among thieves. Their dark, shaggy heads, under battered felt hats, were outlined against yellow, smoke-begrimed walls. Out of compliment to the padrone, most of them were in their shirt sleeves; all of them were eating and drinking the wine of Val Sesia, and all were talking. From the last room, where a dinner was in progress, came frequent bursts of song and roaring choruses. I had stumbled into a veritable *Teniers* of the nineteenth century.

So few tourists frequent the Val Sesia that the natives are still unspoiled, and a lira goes a long way. The rare Englishmen who venture over from Switzerland usually push on from the Lake of Orta over the "Colma" to Varallo; and the valley has not yet been invaded by the overflow from Zermatt, as Monte

Rosa is an effectual barrier to all but Alpinists, and from it, as from the hub of a wheel, radiate the Val Sesia, the Valley of Gressoney, and other Italian valleys, which are as the spokes. From the Riffel over the Sesia-Joch in eighteen hours to Alagna is perhaps the grandest route. Less trying, if more circuitous, is that from the Riffel over the Weissthor to Macugnaga, and over the Thurlo Pass to Alagna, and for the amateur of varied impressions, with a touch of the sensational, and only the semblance of danger, this is the finest of all.

The traveller should set out by starlight or moonlight, that he may enjoy the gradual coming of the rose-flush on the Matterhorn and the snows of the Monte Rosa chain, clamber up the rocks of the Weissthor, emerging from cold shadow into the full blaze of the morning sun, and then breakfast on that narrow ledge, whence he may look down as from cathedral eaves on Macugnaga, nearly seven thousand feet below, and then follow the unexpected twistings and turnings and glissades of the descent, and though his interest may flag during the monotonous ascent of the Thurlo, it will revive again when at last the green depths of Val Sesia lie below him.

## OLD SILE'S CLEM.

BY PASCHAL H. COGGINS.

"SAY, mister, can you tell me where to find James T. Halterman, *Esquire*?"

The question came from an ill-clad, freckle-faced small boy, who, mounted upon a forlorn old bay horse, had just stopped in front of the East Dunstan post-office. He was not handsome, and, indeed, beyond the fact that both his clothing and his freckles seemed to have been intended for a much larger person, there was nothing in his outward appearance to draw even a glance of curiosity.

From somewheres in the indefinite depths of his trousers pocket he had produced a soiled and crumpled letter, from whose address he read the name of Squire Halterman. There was something in his voice—perhaps the earnestness of tone coupled with the absence of modulation—that suggested severe nervous strain. Whatever it may have been, it at once

drew to him the attention of the little group of men and boys that had gathered about the post-office door, awaiting the distribution of the eleven-o'clock mail.

Uncle Billy Churchman, to whom his appeal was addressed, broke off in the midst of a public eulogy which he was just then pronouncing upon a new and improved reaper, and slipped clumsily to the ground. Uncle Billy had been very comfortably perched upon the top of an empty cider-barrel—a position possessing admirable oratorical advantages.

Scarcely, however, had the jolly old farmer steadied himself after his drop when three or four stalwart youths made a simultaneous rush for the vacant seat, whereupon, with an agility which was a revelation in itself, Uncle Billy resumed possession.

"How amazin' spry you boys be—except at ploughin'-time and harvestin'!"



he remarked, dryly, as the discomfited youngsters came to a violent focus about him. "Onfort'nat' carcumstances," he explained, when the momentary confusion had passed, still gazing with mock indignation at the late importunate candidates for his seat, "pervent me f'm stric'ly p'intin' out th' Squire's office, as was my intention. Howsumever, ef you'll cast your eye purty well down the road on th' right-han' side, you'll like enough see the sign o' the blacksmith shop—th' wooden hind leg o' a horse—stickin' out f'm an ol' elum-tree. You sight it, I reckon?"

The boy, with his eyes in the direction indicated, nodded assent.

"Waal, th' Squire's office is just three places fu'ther on, an' the sign o' *it* is both the Squire's feet a-stickin' out o' the front window."

The general laugh that greeted this bit of description seemed to attest its accuracy. The boy, thanking his informant, tightened his reins and pressed his bare feet close against the rib-marked sides of his old horse, but did not move.

There was something in the old man's rollicking good-nature that seemed so much like friendship that Clement Smedley felt himself overwhelmed by a sudden yearning. He turned again, hesitatingly, but with an expression of almost childish wistfulness upon his face. If at that moment anybody could have seen through his freckles and his old garments and his uncouth ways, he would have found within just a homeless, lonely boy, hungering for one touch or word of earnest human sympathy.

He was about to speak, when his ear once more caught the voice of the old farmer, this time apparently in reply to some one by his side.

"Might be a Ham'letonian."

There was a little burst of rough laughter. Instinctively the boy understood that they were making fun of his faithful old horse—dear old Nap—the only real friend he had in the world. There came a quick, sharp breath that drew his trembling lip tight between his teeth, and so stifled a great sob. The next moment he was making the best of his way towards the sign of the blacksmith.

"Poor old fellow!" he said, patting his horse's neck tenderly; "they don't know you. You've been kinder and faithfuler than th' whole lot of them put together. But, Nap, it's been pretty tough, hasn't it?

There's no use denying that. I do hope Squire Halterman will want us. It's a sort of last chance, you know."

A few minutes later, with his hat in his hand, a sudden turbulence about the heart, the boy entered Squire Halterman's office.

The Squire himself was seated by the open window, his chair tilted back, and his feet well out over the sill. His left hand hung over the arm of his chair, grasping a very short but very odorous brier-wood pipe. There was certainly nothing alarming in his appearance. Indeed, he was just then in a state of great hilarity over a gaudily illustrated humorous paper that lay open upon his lap. At Clem's entrance he dropped his feet to the floor, and without rising, stamped first one and then the other, partly to wake them up, and partly to overcome the "crawl" of his trousers legs.

"Well, Colonel, what 'll you have—ram, lamb, sheep, or mutton? It's all the same price."

Before his visitor could make reply to this cavalier greeting, the Squire began to scent an appeal of some sort to his pocket-book; and there were few cleverer men than himself in meeting such a danger.

Clem was once again drawing forth the crumpled letter.

"Colonel," resumed the Squire, with affected deliberation, "I desire to remark just at this point that if, as seems likely, you've come to offer me a loan of, say, a couple of hundred or so, I'm most tremendous glad to see you. Why, sir, I never was so badly strapped in my life—except the time when dad caught me putting a ripe egg in the minister's hat."

To all of which Clem, tired, hungry, and nervous, had no other reply than just to proffer the letter.

Squire Halterman's manner changed visibly as he received the much-handled missive and recognized the handwriting.

"Wilson Burrows, hey? Well, we've had some high old times together—Wils and me. Sit yo' down, while I see what the old pirate's got to say for himself."

Clem gladly availed himself of the invitation, but the letter was not long in the reading. As he finished it, the Squire looked inquiringly out of the window.

"Where is he—the horse?"

Clem's heart bounded with sudden hope. He *would* take an interest in Nap, then, just as Mr. Burrows had predicted.



"He's just out by the blacksmith shop, sir. Only a few steps."

The Squire had snatched his hat and passed through the door before Clem had ceased to speak. Arriving at the blacksmith shop, he glanced expectantly about, and then into the shop itself.

"This is Nap," explained Clem, in mild surprise, at the same time stroking the long muzzle that was thrust affectionately at him.

The Squire gave one astonished look at the horse and one at the boy, and then one more over his shoulder towards the open door of the shop. Fortunately no one was watching.

"Shades o' Pergassis!" he muttered; "Wils 's got one on me this time, sure."

Tipping the rim of his hat from behind down over his eyes, he strode hastily back to his office. Clem followed him, only dimly suspecting the cause of his confusion. To the boy, who had been his constant and sympathetic companion for so many years, there was nothing in the appearance of the gentle old horse to shock anybody.

"Look'ee here, boy," began the Squire, who, once inside his own office, became convulsed with mirth, "Burrows landed me that time, high and dry. I ain't denying it. I swallowed the bait, sinker, and cork all at once. But, all the same, I won't let Wils crow over me if I can help it. Here's a dollar note for you. Tell him that you couldn't find me, or that you lost his letter, or—or anything you happen to think of, just to let me down easy."

The boy stood pale and gasping before him, his hands clasping the back of a chair.

"Oh, Mr. Halterman, don't you want Nap? Ain't you going to keep him? Mr. Burrows was most sure you would. He said he never saw anybody who liked a good horse as much as you did, and Nap is a good horse. Wasn't Mr. Burrows in earnest? Oh, he wasn't just fooling, was he? You know, I don't want to sell Nap, only just to find some home for him where he won't have to work too hard, and where they won't abuse him. I'll work too, just for his keep and mine."

This sudden rush of feeling was so manifestly sincere that the Squire was in turn taken a little off his feet. This was all new in his experience—this fuss over an old horse—and he gazed at Clem in blank astonishment.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed at last, "you don't mean to tell me that this thing was put up on you as well as me?"

"I—I thought he meant it. Wasn't Mr. Burrows trying to help me at all? Was—was he only just making fun of—of Nap and me?"

Rough country boy though he was, Clem's voice ran dangerously near to the line of tears.

There was something exceedingly uncomfortable to the complacent Squire in the boy's simple admission that he had been deceived by one he trusted. He walked nervously to the window and looked out. Perhaps the old horse was rising in his estimation. Then he turned again towards Clem.

"Tell me about both of you. You ain't twins, are you?"

This witticism brought a little relief to the boy's overwrought feelings, as, indeed, the Squire had intended.

"Well, sir, you see, Nap used to belong to mother. There were four of us then—mother, my little sister Nellie, and Nap and me. We're all that's left now—just the two of us. I don't remember any time when Nap wasn't with us. He's carried Nellie and me on his back hundreds of times. Why, I remember once when Nellie—she was such a little thing, you know—crawled right down by Nap's heels, and she got to pulling the hair of his fetlock—and it must have hurt like everything, too. Well, sir, Nap he just turned his head and looked at her once, but he didn't move a hoof. Then he set up such a whinnying that mother came running out of the house to see what was the matter. I was in the hay-loft and saw it all.

"But we had lots of trouble," he went on, more gravely, "and after it all—the losing our home, and then the fever, and everything—it was just Nap and me, and we went to work for old Sile Farley. Sile had a fish-wagon, and Nap hauled it round in pretty rough weather and over some pretty steep roads. We were with him seven years—Nap and I were. 'Most everybody over our way calls me 'Old Sile's Clem.'

"And Sile he got to drinking, and of course that made it harder for Nap. Then, two weeks ago, Sile died, and now we've got to look out for ourselves, and we've been to a good many places in the last three days."



There was a brief pause, and then Clem added, very simply: "In all my life I never knew any other person so good as Nap. He never did a mean thing, and he always does his level best."

The Squire fidgeted uneasily during this recital. Again he walked to the window and looked out. Nap was not in sight, but he had no difficulty whatever in recalling his spare, gaunt figure as he stood by the old elm-tree, with one tired hoof raised from the hard ground, his eyes lustreless, and hardly a vestige of a curve in his long neck.

The picture was too much for him. He imagined the old horse standing in the stall or moping about the paddock beside his own well-groomed pair, and he seemed to hear the comments of his sporting friends. Anyway, the boy was old enough to drop all this nonsense. Worn-out horses were just like worn-out carts, only they had to be disposed of in different ways.

"Look here, Clem," he said, not at all unkindly, "I don't believe you've had a square deal. How old are you?"

"Near sixteen, and I'm used to work," and the boy brightened up again.

"Well, now, there's been two or three farmers in here at one time or another asking for help, sometimes for boys and sometimes for men."

"But about the horse?" said Clem, almost desperately. The fact was he had already been offered a place for himself alone.

"Well, about the horse—I am coming to him;" and the Squire paused, a trifle awkwardly. He was, however, a firm believer in plain, blunt speech. "That old horse of yours is all bunged up. You see, the fish business was too much for him. He's seen his best days—and most of his worst ones too, for that matter. I'll give you a line to a couple of friends of mine. They're both of them farmers, and both of them wanted help within the last month. Just leave the old plug where he is. I'll have him seen to, an' it sha'n't cost you a cent."

The Squire could hardly have anticipated the effect of his proposition. The boy's face flushed, and then became deathly pale, while his grip tightened upon the chair before him. The experiences of the last half-hour, with its alternate hopes and disappointments, had been 'most too much for him. He felt his knees yield-

ing under him, and for a moment his sight was blurred and uncertain. Then he realized a sudden desire, almost amounting to terror, to get himself and Nap away from the place. Yet he was too thoroughly unstrung by it all to show much anger, or, indeed, to make himself clearly understood.

"I don't think," he faltered—"you don't—don't just understand Nap and me. I guess there ain't many boys and horses just like us. We must be going now."

His voice had been sinking lower and lower. Still pale and trembling, he turned from the Squire, and with hasty but uncertain movements left the office. The man followed, and watched him from the door.

"Well, sir," he soliloquized, "that boy beats me too. A kid that's mistook that old horse for an angel, and that won't take a joke! Nor a dollar note," he added, by way of postscript, as he became conscious of the bill still clasped in his own fingers.

They were a forlorn pair—Clem and old Nap—as they wandered out along the village thoroughfare and pursued their dreary search. At each farm-house the boy could but reiterate the same brief story. Unfortunately such stories were not at all uncommon, nor, when awkwardly told by a roughly dressed, freckle-faced boy, was there much in them to arouse the dormant sympathies of a busy farmer. In one sense, moreover, it was Clem's misfortune that there was nothing in his words or manner that seemed to ask for charity. He was earnest and humble by nature, yet he had always been conscious of giving his own best services in return for such doubtful boons as life had brought him. He knew, too, very much better than he could tell it to others, that, after all, he and Nap were asking no great favor—if some one would but try them. So there must have been that in his face and speech, serious as they were, which made him merely "a boy looking for work," and nothing more.

Once or twice it had been hinted that there might be room for a likely boy, but there was none whatever for a hungry horse. Nap did look lean; even Clem was obliged to notice that.

The boy was too simple-hearted to become bitter, even under his repeated rebuffs, but nevertheless his hope was fast departing. He felt the awful sensation of utter loneliness as never before. So



the afternoon passed away, and the sun was slowly dropping to the west.

Their course had been a circuitous one, and now they were slowly climbing one of the steep hills at whose base nestled East Dunstan. Clem paused at a spot from which, through a natural window in the woods, he had a full outlook upon the little straggling group of houses that made up the village, now fast sinking beneath a deepening sea of evening shadows. For some vague reason, as he stood there, the sight summoned to his heart the whole weight of his misfortunes.

Suddenly, with an impulsive gesture, he threw himself forward, his arms tight clasped about his horse's neck. "I'm afraid they're right, Nap," he murmured; "I'm afraid they are. There don't seem to be any place in the whole world for you and me. Nobody thinks we're good enough. But we're good enough for each other, ain't we, old fellow?" and his cheek rested lovingly on Nap's mane.

Not once from the day of old Sile's death to that very moment had this boy, himself friendless and homeless, contemplated the possibility of abandoning his old companion. To his sturdy affectionate nature there could scarcely have been a more cowardly thing. Nor did he think of it even now as a voluntary act, but he could not help wondering, as he lay there sobbing softly and gently patting Nap's still glossy neck, how must it all end?

He must have remained thus for many minutes—for very many minutes, indeed, for the sun's rays had crossed the road and now struck the ferns and rocks beyond—when a strange sound reached his ears. It was the voice of some approaching traveller, bound over the hills homeward from the village.

Presently he made out the voice of a man vociferating, with what tune he could command, the words of an old war-song. Along with it, but only reaching Clem's ears at chance intervals, was the ringing voice of a little child—a girl—doing her happy best to make herself heard in the wilderness. Slowly the boy felt coming over him again the spell of a longing, which he could by no means have described. He sat up and listened. He could catch the words now:

"Our camp fires burned bright on the mountain  
That frowned on the valley below,  
As we stood by our guns in the morning,  
And eagerly watched for the foe."

The civil war had been over for many a year, and the singers seemed able to recall but a single verse of the old song; but, by the way of compensation, they were able to recall that verse a great many times. There was doubtless little music in the voices, but there was such a perfect abandon of jolly good comradeship that the boy sat spellbound under a marvellous sense of mingled joy and sorrow. They seemed to tell of something that had been sadly wanting in his own life.

The singing was over, but Clem could hear the talking, and the wagon must soon be in sight. Suddenly the conversation and the sound of wheels ceased together. For one brief moment there was a profound silence, and then the voice of the man broke forth: "Gadflies and cats! Polly, I reckon we're in fer a picnic."

Evidently there had been some sort of an accident, and Clem, his own sorrows banished for the time, turned hastily back. The man and girl were so intent upon the examination of a broken shaft that they did not at first notice his approach.

"You seem to be in trouble."

"Has som'at o' that appearance," replied the man, looking up.

"Why, hello!—*hel-lo!*" he continued, with surprising animation. "I used to know you—down at Duns'an—don't you remember?—about six or eight hours ago. Came 'tarnal near losing my seat on your account. Found the Squire, I reckon?"

Clem recognized the jolly old farmer who had directed him on his way to the Squire's office, only to him it all seemed months instead of hours ago.

Even in the midst of his own bad luck Uncle Billy had good-nature to spare for other people.

In the mean time, however, the attention of all three was concentrated upon the broken shaft.

"It was sort o' gone already," explained the farmer, examining the fracture; "but I doctored it up so's I thought it would stick awhile yet. I couldn't well spare the wagon fer repairin' jest at this time. Guess the load was a mite too much fer the grade. What with the biggest part of a reaper, and a whole raft of groceries, an' this fat girl on top o' it all, I reckon the wagon was sort o' tired out to begin with."

The girl, who was a little slip of a thing possibly twelve years old, protested vigorously against this insinuation.



One thing, at any rate, was certain—the shaft was clearly beyond present repair. Uncle Billy promptly cleared away the wreck and attempted to proceed, but the result was not encouraging. The load *was* heavy, and the exertions of the horse, pulling as he must by the single shaft, soon brought the wagon to a halt almost directly across the roadway.

Uncle Billy looked puzzled.

"Suppose we try Nap on the other side of the shaft?" Clem made the suggestion with hesitation, inwardly shrinking from the comments it might call forth.

"Done fer a ducat!" tragically exclaimed Uncle Billy, poking Polly in the ribs with his chubby thumb, and making that young lady bounce with astonishment. It was the work of a moment to hitch Nap beside the farmer's sleeker animal, and once more they got under way. There must have been a sudden and invigorating revival of old memories in Nap's mind. He braced himself with a will, and, as Uncle Billy afterwards put it, "from start to finish he asked no favors of anybody—horse or man." Even Clem was a good deal surprised. The real fact was that since old Sile's death Nap had had a comparatively easy life of it, albeit there had been no surfeit of corn.

Clem was so proud of the result that he found himself on the point of saying some very extravagant things about Nap to Polly, so he wisely gave the conversation another direction. The pair had made each other's acquaintance without the formality of an introduction, and were now trudging along well in the rear of the procession.

"How long were you 'standing by your guns and eagerly watching for the foe'?" he asked, suddenly.

"Oh, goodness me! did you hear us warbling away down the road? Grandpa always calls it 'warbling.' Can't grandpa sing, though? He used to know two verses of that song, but he says he lost the other one trying to sing it all by himself one awful stormy night. He says the wind blew so hard he couldn't carry the air alone. Guess he just forgot it, though."

Then they both laughed immoderately, and Polly chattered on like a very healthy, happy little girl, as she was. Her companion was struck with the great number of times the jovial old grandpa popped up in her sprightly discourse. To Clem

it was all like the warmth of a winter's fire to one who had been a long time out in the driving storm. It was so good, indeed, that it seemed but a minute, although it was a full half-hour before it was all over and they had reached the lane that led from the main road to Uncle Billy's home.

It was dark now, and the lights shone cheerily out from the farm-house windows. When they came to the end of the lane, Clem turned towards the barn.

"Why, that ain't the way. That's the barn. Don't you know a barn from a living-house?"

Clem smiled faintly. "I must get Nap. We must be moving along now."

"Oh, *you silly!*" exclaimed Polly, impulsively, at the same time seizing him by the arm and violently turning him towards the house. At that moment also Uncle Billy's form appeared at the front door.

"Say, you two youngers out there! come right in out o' the dark."

"There! let's hurry; he's mad," exclaimed Polly, but with precious little evidence of fear in her own voice.

So Clem, still protesting that he and Nap must be going on, somehow found himself standing within the lighted room and shaking hands with Polly's mother, who, as he soon learned, was Uncle Billy's widowed daughter. Supper was already waiting, and it was but the work of an instant to lay another plate for Clem, whose continued protests were treated with no sort of respect.

At length, when Mrs. Milton had heard a full account of the break-down on the hill, Mr. Churchman turned to his guest:

"That horse o' yours out ther' is takin' his fodder. By-the-way, when did he last see a grain of corn?"

"Well, he hasn't had much for—for quite a while," Clem was compelled to admit.

"Then, you'd naterally ha' thought," continued Uncle Billy, almost solemnly, "he'd ha' forgot how to eat it—wouldn't you? But he hain't. He didn't need no showin' whatever."

That awful appetite again! Clem felt a vague desire to give Nap a hint not to make such an exhibition of his capacity in that one unfortunate direction. Uncle Billy must have noticed his embarrassment.

"He's doin' almost as well at his corn as he did on the hill road, but not a mite



better. Them high-blooded horses, even when they're gettin' on in years, will come up to the scratch every time. They're all pluck. You heerd me noticin' him this morning at the post-office?"

A sudden light broke upon Clem. Twenty times during the last half-hour he had found himself mentally framing one more appeal on behalf of Nap and himself, and each time his impulse had been checked by the memory of the sarcastic comment and boisterous laughter at the East Dunstan post-office. What a queer mistake!

Once again he went over the too familiar narrative. Now, however, he felt the warmth and stimulus of a friendly audience, and he took his own time in the telling. The mother and daughter were quick to feel the pathos of misfortune so bravely borne, and the deeper pathos of the friendless boy valiantly standing between his faithful old horse and the cruel customs of the world. The boy, for his part, seemed as little conscious of any merit in his action as was old Nap himself.

Uncle Billy had been silent during the whole of Clem's narrative; but when it was finished, Mrs. Milton and Polly cast such eager glances at him that he seemed compelled to speak.

"About th' horse," he said, slowly, "I ain't afeared but what *he's* good fer his keep every day in the year. In fact, him and me may be said to hav' argued that p'int

out as we came over th' hill together. The horse is all right. But about the boy—" and he rubbed his cheek reflectively. "I don' know much 'bout boys myself, and—"

"Oh, I can work; I don't seem very large, but I'm quite strong." The transparent anxiety of the boy's manner, and the manifest concern which was showing itself in the faces of Polly and her mother, egged the old fellow on.

He leaned back solemnly, with his hands clasped above his head, and his cheeks puffed out to keep his face straight. Again he shook his head dubiously. "I suppose you can work some, but yer appetite—that's what scares me. There was three big slices o' bread on that plate not five minutes ago. Where be they now?"

"Oh, grandpa!" burst out Polly.

"Don't, father," came in a tone of mild remonstrance from Mrs. Milton.

"Well, then," retorted Uncle Billy, not at all abashed, "why on 'arth don't one o' you cut some more bread? You don't expect a family of *four* to live the same as *three*, do you?" Then for one brief minute Uncle Billy became really and truly serious. "I guess we'll take the both o' you—you an' the horse—sort of on yer recommendations o' each other. And here's hopin' and believin' that none of us will ever regret this particular transaction!"

And from that day to this not one of them ever has.

## SOME BYWAYS OF THE BRAIN.

BY ANDREW WILSON, M.D.

### Second Paper.

**T**HERE is one conception of the brain which in a general way it is necessary should be appreciated by the ordinary reader, who is unacquainted with the more technical history of the organ of mind. This generalized idea of the brain is of perfectly simple kind. Its terms are of plain character, and its particulars are essentially in accord with the purely scientific data of the anatomist and physiologist.

This key to the understanding of brain structure and function consists in the appreciation of the fact that the brain is

not one organ, as the term *the* brain might at first sight imply, but a series of organs. It is a multiple structure, composed of many and varied parts, each discharging its own duty in the regulation of the life intellectual and the life physical that together make up the sum total of human vitality.

To guard against misconception, however, let me note that when I say the brain is composed of many different "organs" I do not mean to imply that the ultra-popular division of the surface of the head by the phrenologist into a

series of purely theoretical areas, in any sense illustrates the idea of the great nerve-mass I wish to impress on the attention of my readers. The familiar bust, with the surface of the skull mapped out into so-called "organs" of "benevolence," "destructiveness," "amativeness," "veneration," and the like, is utterly discredited in the eyes of science. Phrenology had its "little day," but that day, in so far as physiology is concerned, is past and over. As a system of mind-localization, it was all too terribly easy; as an actual science, it had no foundation in fact. It is relegated to-day to the care of "professors," who (for a consideration) will furnish one with a complete chart of his character and disposition, and will indicate, without hesitation or demur, the particular walk in life for which anybody may be specially adapted. Phrenology, in so far as any pretensions to its possessing a scientific basis is concerned, may be put on a level with palmistry and allied phases of the popular-entertainment bureau; and in the company of such occult "arts" it may well be left to amuse the crowd.

By the "organs" of the brain I mean to imply its scientific division into distinct parts, each exercising its own function in the general mental and physical life of the individual. Thus the *cerebrum* itself, to which reference was made in my previous article,\* may be regarded as the principal organ of the brain. The *cerebellum* is another organ or chief subdivision of the brain; while other parts, less familiar to the general reader, such as the *central ganglia*, the *Pons Varolii*, and the *optic lobes*, illustrate what is meant by the expression that the brain is a compound structure. One might go further and show, if need be, that the cerebrum itself is a markedly complex organ, not only in respect of its two lobes, or halves, but also because each lobe exhibits a division into "centres," or physiological sub-offices. Some of these centres—*motor centres*—control the movements of muscles; some—*sensory centres*—are devoted to the reception of the messages which are perpetually being sent to the brain from the sense-organs; and others play a part in evincing and providing the physical basis of consciousness itself.

In virtue of this compound nature, a certain amount of independent action of

the various organs of the brain is not only possible, but may actually be demonstrated to exist. If, as is perfectly clear, there is represented in the brain, as in other parts of the body, the principle of the physiological division of labor, this circumstance itself may prepare us for the discovery that the brain is as compound in its manner of working as in its anatomical structure. While all its parts are more or less bound together in a physiological harmony, such a constitution of things is perfectly consistent with the relative independence of the associated organs. This independence and its results form the basis of the facts I propose to discuss in the pages that follow.

Omitting any but the barest references to parts of the brain which lie outside the scope of the present article, we may find the most apt illustration of the brain's compound nature in a very familiar fact of life. When we go to sleep, the ordinary physical processes of our body are continued as in our waking state. The heart's contractions are duly regulated, the rise and fall of the chest are controlled, the work of the liver is supervised, and every other item in the big sum total of our physical existence is perfectly provided for in respect of its nervous government. Clearly, while one part of the brain at least, and that part wherein consciousness may be said to dwell—namely, the frontal lobes of the cerebrum, if the deductions of recent science are to be trusted—is lulled to sleep, there are other parts which know no rest or cessation from their labors. Furthermore, the very act of dreaming proves to us the independence of brain functions; for, while the conscious Ego is asleep, and its office switched off from the current of brain-work, the fantasies of the mind run riot through the action of some less sober and less responsible department of the cerebral bureau, which is wakeful and active enough to string together the events or thoughts of our waking hours to form the plots of our dream-dramas. Now this power of disconnecting the working of certain of its parts from that of others finds at once an analogy and a proof in the facts of the brain's anatomy. If we investigate the under surface of the brain, that surface which rests on the floor of the skull, we note, besides the cerebellum or lesser brain, which lies behind and below the cerebrum itself, the part called

\* See *Harper's Magazine* for April.



the *Pons Varolii*, which really connects the chief parts of the brain together. It exists as a broad band or bridge across the upper part (or *medulla*) of the spinal cord. From the front of the Pons there are given off two thick bundles of nerve fibres, called the *peduncles*, which pass forward to enter, one into the under part of each lobe or hemisphere of the cerebrum. They diverge as they enter the lobes of the cerebrum, and in their forward ascent these fibres pass through certain brain organs called the *central ganglia*, which appear as rounded masses on the upper and inner side of each peduncle.

Now it is specially to those central ganglia that I desire to direct attention; for, as we shall see, the part they play, both in the highways and byways of brain life, is of an all-important character. The nerve fibres, which are the telegraph wires of the nervous system, and which connect body and brain, enter the Pons, and then pass right on through the central ganglia. Note next that from the latter organs the fibres pass upwards into each hemisphere of the brain, and spread out in the hemispheres, where they can be traced into the convolutions of the brain's surface. Of the fibres which pass from body to brain the above remarks hold good, but there are other and equally important fibres which run the reverse way, and which carry the messages and commands of the brain to the body. These latter fibres follow much the same track, save, of course, that as regards the direction of their messages they serve as the outgoing wires of the system. Summing up the history of these brain organs, in so far as we have traced their connections, we may thus form the idea of a series of organs which, represented in chief by the central ganglia, are placed between the true brain or cerebrum above and the body below. This is a fair statement, not only of their anatomical position, but of their physiological status as well, and it is precisely this intermediate position of the central ganglia which marks them out as the literal go-betweens of the brain and the body.

The central ganglia, however, deserve a little closer attention. Of the two organs included under this designation, one, the *corpus striatum*, lies somewhat in front of the other. This latter is known as the *optic thalamus*. The *corpus striatum* derives its name from the

striped appearance it presents, its gray matter (consisting of nerve cells) being interlaced with the white matter forming the fibres. The optic thalamus is similarly composed of white and gray matter, and each half of the organ rests on its corresponding peduncle, whereby it is connected, as we have seen, to the brain above, and to the Pons Varolii and spinal cord below. The more minute investigation of the fibres which are connected with these central ganglia reveals certain facts of supreme interest in connection with their relations to the upper brain. The optic thalamus may be regarded as the chief station or junction on the nerve lines which run from body to brain. It is a "receiving-house" in the truest sense of the term. It literally sits at the receipt of custom in respect of its checking the ingoing traffic which is on its way to the higher brain or cerebrum, there to be dealt with, and to be transformed into those manifestations of energy which in their highest phases constitute consciousness and mind. The *corpus striatum*, on the other hand, discharges the reverse duty. It is a "clearing-house" for the upper brain, in that it checks the outgoings of the cerebrum. Through it appear to pass the messages and commands which, transformed into energy of material kind, are exhibited to us in the shape of muscular movements, and in the other manifold evidences of bodily work. In the one case—that of the receiving-house—we may conceive of the etherealizing of impressions coming from the body to the brain; and in the other—that of the clearing-house—the materializing of those messages which pass from brain to body.

The outcome of these considerations lays before us a very interesting view of the general operations of the brain. We gather the idea that its work is conducted on two planes. The higher plane is represented by the cerebrum, with its various centres serving, controlling, and regulating every phase of mental life, and likewise supervising more material actions concerned with the physical processes of our frames. The lower plane is figured forth in the shape of the central ganglia placed between brain and body, as we have seen. Therein the assorting processes of the brain are performed. The details coming from the body are prepared for transmission to the



upper brain, while also the brain's commands are translated, docketed, and despatched to the body, and are thus adapted to carry out in the organism the behests of the central authority. There is a just comparison in this respect to be instituted betwixt the brain and a great commercial house. Let us suppose that the buildings tenanted by the firm represent a block of three stories. In the first and lowest story are placed the employés of the firm—the groundlings who do the packing and perform the purely mechanical labor of the business. On the second floor are the offices of the firm. There the clerks discharge their duties, while the managers supervise the clerks in their turn, carry on the responsible routine of the concern, and prepare for the consideration of the heads of the firm the details which represent the essence of their commercial interests. On the third floor the offices of the partners are situated. The business that comes before them consists of arranged and ordered information prepared on the second floor. On this they pass judgment, determine actions, and issue their appointments, commands, and instructions to the staff below. It is according to some such generalized plan as this that the brain's operations are conducted. The activities on its ground-floor are represented by sundry centres which carry on the heart's action, rule digestion, supervise breathing, and control the more mechanical acts of life. The second floor of the brain represents the central ganglia, which, as we have seen, not only assort the ingoing traffic of the cerebral house, but deal with the outgoings of the establishment; while the third story corresponds with the cerebrum, and exercises the duties of pronouncing judgment on what is submitted to it from the body below, and of determining also the outgoing actions which are necessary to regulate the external interests of the body.

Certain acts of our bodily mechanism may be regarded as primarily automatic in character, for the reason that they have not been acquired, and that they form part and parcel of our organization from the beginning of things. The beginnings of such *primary automatic actions* we may trace backward to a point very low indeed in the scale of being. The characteristic phenomena of lower animal life are all more or less founded and carried out on the automatic principle. If we

call these phases "reflex" actions, we simply substitute a term indicating the mechanism of the acts in place of using the word which denotes the result of the machine's work. The control of the heart, for instance, is a purely reflex act, or, if we prefer the term, a "primary automatic" one. The organ of the circulation goes on its way rejoicing, controlled by phases of nerve action which lie entirely outside our apprehension. We can interfere with it, of course; for we may increase the strokes of the heart, or we may slow them—joy will effect the one result, and fear the other; but in its normal and natural work, the heart is an automatically regulated organ. So with breathing. Despite the fact that we can interfere more directly with the work of the lungs than with that of the heart, respiration is essentially automatic in character. Left to itself, the process goes on uninterruptedly, and with a regularity that certainly betokens its machinelike nature. Of the duties of the digestive apparatus, the same opinion may be expressed. Once swallowed, the journey of the food along the digestive tube has no concern for the healthy consciousness. It was an appreciation of this very important truth that led the French wit to declare that "happy is the man who knows not that he has a stomach." The knowledge that we do possess such an organ is a sure guarantee that its functions are perturbed in one way or another. Even the regulation of the blood-vessels is a thing of automatic kind. "The blush mantling the maiden cheek" is a visible and outward sign of an action which, taking origin from some wave of cerebral disturbance, results in the automatic dilatation of the finest blood-vessels of the skin, through a mechanism the working of which the fair subject is powerless to check or arrest.

Beyond these primary acts, however, are others which may be called *secondary* or *acquired automatic actions*, in that they represent the results, direct or indirect, of habit, use, and custom. As a result of the reaction between brain and body we have acquired the power of inducing certain states which in their natural development are not only useful, but time and trouble saving in the highest degree. Let us revert for a moment to the metaphor of the great commercial house. It is clear that every petty detail of the business of that huge establish-



ment cannot possibly be submitted to the heads of the concern. Their time is much too valuable to be occupied with the routine work of the business. They deal with the manipulation of the markets or stocks, and with the pressing exigencies which make or mar their large speculations and dealings. The duty of the second floor is really to regulate the routine of the business, and on the heads of departments devolves all the supervision of the ordinary every-day items which represent the work of the house. Applying this simile to the brain and its ways, we perceive the immense advantage to us of the middle grade of brain organs—the central ganglia, to wit. The cerebrum is busy with its thoughts, its conceptions, its memories, its comparisons, its judgments, and the thousand and one other items which come to the front of our conscious life and intelligence. It is in the position of the commercial heads of the firm. It decides the fate and fortunes of the house under its control. With the petty affairs of the frame it does not trouble itself under the ordinary circumstances of healthy life. These details it expects the central ganglia, as its accredited deputies, to supervise and control, and the cerebrum is thus left unfettered, so that it may attend to the weighty matters of the day and the hour on which it is called perpetually to pass its judgments. If one called the central ganglia the private secretaries of the cerebrum, the metaphor might prove equally applicable to their case. They act the part of amanuenses to the upper brain, and perform the purely routine duties to which their master has neither the time nor the inclination to attend.

A familiar instance of acquired automatic actions is afforded in the unconscious cerebration which enables us to walk through the crowded streets of the city on our way to business, while we are involved in a deep train of thought that absorbs all our consciousness for the time being. It is curious to note that in the course of such a walk we may recognize our acquaintances as they pass—a result, it may be, of the sudden operation of some half-consciousness or partial awakening of the real Ego to the claims of courtesy. But in the typical state to which I refer, the body's movements are perfectly controlled in the absence of any conscious attention being paid to their

regulation. Our automatic control provides that we do not collide with our neighbors or with the lamp-posts, while the upper brain, concerned in its intellectual operations, is left free and undisturbed in its train of thought and reasoning. Reading and writing, to select another familiar illustration, are acquired phases of mental life. "To write and read comes by nature," said Dogberry, with his accustomed perversion of things. We know that these are acquired habits. Slowly and laboriously, the child, by the exercise of his intellect, gains familiarity with these arts and aids to knowledge. Later on, he becomes acquainted with the sound of words and the shape of letters, and the labor which was at first intellectual and involved the exercise of his close attention, becomes of purely mechanical or automatic kind. Take a child learning to read and to write. Ask him to write the word "Constantinople." He will figure the letters out by slow degrees, stopping every now and then to bethink himself of the shape of the letters and of their proper succession in the word. A little later on in his studies, ask the child to write the word. He will dash it off without evincing any of the hesitation he showed at the preceding stage. We then say in our popular phraseology that he has "learned" to read and write; the physiologist will tell you that the habit of reading and writing has become fully acquired. In other words, the upper brain, which concerned itself very closely with the acquirement of the knowledge, has handed over the duty of reading and writing for all time coming to its private secretaries, and the child has become transformed in this light into what is practically a reading and writing machine. In our adult life we pronounce words without having to spell them out, and we write words without putting ourselves to the trouble of considering, as we had to do in infancy, how this letter or that should be formed. Our second-floor employés have undertaken their routine duties for us, and our first-floor brain magnates are relieved of the duties of perpetually attending to the writing and reading business of the firm.

Yet note how quickly we may become aware of the dependence of the upper brain on its useful private secretaries. I catch myself, for instance, now and then, when writing a word of ultra-



familiar kind, calling a halt to my pen and regarding the word with curiosity, doubtful of its exact spelling. The most common word may puzzle one completely; it looks so unfamiliar and strange. You ask yourself, for instance, helplessly, if "deceive" should not be "decieve." Then you write it so on the blotting-paper, to see how it looks under another way of spelling, and the comparison of the two ways sets you right. That which has happened here is obvious. The upper brain is not accustomed to spell; it has not been troubled with this routine work of spelling since the days of childhood. When it does take it into its head to try to spell, and when one's consciousness is suddenly bent on a word, it is bound often to seem unfamiliar, very much on the principle that a man who has not played golf for years feels rather awkward when he takes his club in hand for the first time. The private secretaries are for the nonce superseded by their master, who, by-the-way, cannot discharge their duties half so well or so aptly as themselves.

The degree of independence of action which the central ganglia exhibit must naturally depend on the general life, habits, profession, and other details of the individual. We may, however, reasonably enough hold that when we talk, as the schoolboy does, about getting anything "off by heart," we are merely expressing the work of the central ganglia in their duty of converting into automatic and mechanical acts those which at first were of conscious and intellectual character. An accomplished pianist can play a difficult composition with accuracy while he talks to a friend by his side. He does not drop a note, and his execution in respect even of the expression may be technically perfect. It is his cerebrum which is talking, while it is his private secretaries which are responsible for the musical performance. He is an intelligent being as regards the conversation; he is equally a pure automaton as to his playing.

This handing over to the central ganglia of the routine work of the brain has both its advantages and its disadvantages. The saving of actual brain labor and toil of thought is immense. In the absence of our useful private secretaries every detail of life could never be learned, but would necessitate practically a fresh acquirement when occasion demanded its appearance on the

mental scenarium. In plain language, without some such arrangement of things in the brain, life would be infinitely too short for the exercise of the mental activities necessary to supervise our simplest acts. The modern brain may be a much harassed organ, if all accounts are to be believed. Like Martha of old, it has to concern itself about many and varied things, and if everything we had to do involved cerebral processes, such as we may safely take for granted are involved in the ordinary work of "thinking things out," life would be not only rendered a burden too great to be borne, but would be far too short for the execution of a tithe of our ordinary intellectual work. It is here that the fair side of automatism appears to be represented. Having regard to our mental constitution, we may be quick to note the tremendous gain to us which the unthinking side of brain-work represents.

There is, however, a reverse side to the medal here, as elsewhere. If the automatic phase of brain action be allowed to swamp the intellectual side, we find ourselves at once in a byway of brain-work, whereof the social importance is excelled only by the scientific interest which undoubtedly attaches to such phenomena. Our private secretaries are good servants, but bad masters. If we allow them to come to the front and to rule our individuality, we at once reproduce the phase of the transference of the kitchen to the drawing-room, with all the crudities of conduct which mark such an anomalous reversion of the social order. There exists a regular scale, and a very nicely graduated scale it is, leading us from slight derangements, if so one may term them, of the natural relations of the upper brain and central ganglia, to other phases that represent serious and marked deviations from the normal mental life.

A person in a day-dream or reverie, for instance, may walk about and perform a variety of apparently sensible acts without in the least comprehending what he is doing. The morning walk to the office, already alluded to, represents this phase of our automatic life. Abstraction of this kind is a border-land between the normal and the abnormal in brain action. The forgetful man illustrates this state of matters. He is a dreamer and a visionary. You may speak to him when he is wrapt in reverie, but he does not hear;



his movements in this state are those of an automaton, pure and simple. One finds frequent approaches to this—a chronic condition in certain persons—in one's own life. Wrapt in a deep train of thought, I have passed from one room to another, with a dim consciousness of some errand of importance to be undertaken. The consciousness was but a flash in the pan. Guided by my central ganglia I arrive in the room, and suddenly wake up to find myself an aimless creature, not knowing why I bestirred myself at all. Also it has happened to me, as to other persons, that, wrapt in thought, I have placed a bunch of keys or a document in some secure place. Later on, when occasion demanded the keys or the paper, I have been unable to recall the particular receptacle wherein I deposited the article, and have only discovered it by an attempt to reason out the various movements I may have executed in my dreamy state.

Suppose now that we deepen this state of abstraction and reverie—we at once pass into the domain of “gentle sleep.” How sleep is exactly caused—whether it is due to fatigue of the cells of the cerebrum, or to changes in the blood-supply of the brain, or to an excess of carbonic-acid waste in the nerve-tissue—is a point immaterial to the present discussion. Sleep is a fact of existence, and, so considering it, we may see how slim is the territory which divides it from reverie. Now in sleep we have undoubtedly activity of brain, and, if I am not mistaken, our private secretaries, freed from the control of the upper brain—lulled as is the cerebrum to unconsciousness—enjoy a trial of brain management on their own account. There is “high life downstairs,” exemplified in the phenomena of dreaming—a topic lying outside the limits of this article, to the consideration of which, and also to that of sleep, I hope to return. More typical than dreaming, however, and representing a further digression into the byways of the brain, we find *somnambulism*, or *sleep-walking*, illustrating once again the action of the central ganglia. Here we may find a very curious and surprising imitation and reproduction of the waking life. That which occurs in dreaming, and still more typically in somnambulism, is the control of life from the second floor of the brain-house; or, if the matter be stated in another way, life and its conduct in sleep-

walking do not rise above the second plane of the organ of mind. The upper brain is practically cut off from participation in the events and control of the individual existence, and the body is under the sway of the central ganglia, with their oftentimes burlesque (as in dreaming), or maybe their nearer imitation of the waking life. The affairs of the business house, in other words, are not likely to be skilfully conducted in the absence of the principals, however expert in their own departments the occupants of the second floor may be.

Readers of that charming work of my late friend Wilkie Collins, *The Moonstone*, will remember the sleep-walking feats of Mr. Franklin Blake when under the influence of an opiate. What the novelist describes as a piece of fiction may be paralleled from the sober records of science. McNish, in his classic volume on *Sleep*, tells us of a shepherd lad who, wrapt in slumber, walked miles to the place where his flock was pastured, waded through a river, and returned home without waking. In another case, a lad in his sleep scaled a precipitous cliff, and brought home from it an eagle's nest, which was found under his bed in the morning. Abercrombie's case of the Scottish lawyer who, when worried over a perplexing case, was seen by his wife to rise from his bed in the night, is another illustration of the occasionally purposive character of somnambulism, when, directed by its private secretaries, the sleeping Ego is apparently roused from its couch and made to act the part of a pure automaton. This individual went to a writing-desk which stood in his bedroom, sat down before the desk, and wrote for some time. Then, replacing the paper within the desk, he returned to bed. In the morning he told his wife of a dream he had experienced, in which he imagined he had given a satisfactory opinion on the case which was troubling his mind. He expressed regret that he could not recall the train of thought represented in his dream. On his wife directing him to his writing-desk, he found therein the opinion in question clearly written out, and in every respect satisfactory.

One could parallel this case from the records of pathology, by that of the French Sergeant F—reported by Dr. Mesnet. This man was wounded at Bazeilles by a ball, which fractured his skull. Af-



ter his recovery periodical disturbances began to be represented in his existence, the abnormal periods lasting from fifteen to thirty hours, while the intervals between them—those of natural life—varied from fifteen to thirty days. In the abnormal phases F—— was essentially an automaton. He felt nothing, smelt nothing, and ate anything, however nauseous its taste. His sight was apparently affected, for he had to feel for objects against which he stumbled. This man, in his automatic condition, began to write a letter to his general, and while in the act of writing, Dr. Mesnet interposed a screen between F——'s eyes and his hands. He went on with his writing for a time, then the words became illegible, and he finally ceased. When the screen was withdrawn he resumed the composition of his letter. Having had placed before him ten sheets of paper, one on the top of the other, he began to write. Then the topmost sheet was suddenly withdrawn, but the letter was continued on the second sheet just as if the first sheet had remained. Five times was this trick repeated, the fifth sheet showing only the signature of F—— at the bottom. But when he had signed this fifth sheet he took it up in his hand and read on its blank surface the letter he had written. He also made corrections in the words he supposed he saw, and these corrections occupied the places of the words which required emendation in the missing sheets.

This case is very instructive, for it teaches us that, as a result of injury, we may find cases of automatism which parallel the natural variety of that condition we call somnambulism. In both cases we light upon essentially the same features—the absence of consciousness, and the development under the stimulus of the central ganglia of acts which, purposive enough in their way, are yet regulated entirely from the second plane of brain powers. That which we see in the sleep-walker and in Sergeant F—— is only the exaggerated condition of what all of us in our waking senses frequently illustrate, namely, the automatic side of life. The difference between the individual whose private secretaries are his useful servants, and the man who is a somnambulist or a pathological automaton, is, after all, one of degree only, and not one of kind.

A step or two farther into the byways of the brain bring us to another condition,

whereof somnambulism represents merely a preliminary grade. I allude to *mesmerism*, or, as it is also called, *hypnotism*, a mental state which more prominently than any other has of late days attracted public and professional attention alike. It is necessary clearly to separate the relatively few grains of wheat represented by the actual and scientific side of hypnotism, from the worthless chaff represented by the mass of pretension and quackery which has come to invest the whole subject. This caution is especially necessary in these latter days, when a renewal of the worst features of a superstitious age appears to have set in with regard to the supposed wonders connected with the mesmeric state. Under the names of "electro-biology" and "animal magnetism," hypnotism has been vaunted as a panacea for all the ills to which flesh is heir—a return, this, to the days of Mesmer himself. What we may be certain of is that there is no such thing as "animal magnetism." There is no form of energy within the range of the known, corresponding to the purely theoretical and mystical power, force, or emanation which is supposed to pour from the finger-tips of the medium. What quackery predicates with much sounding of the big drum need not be taken seriously by science, and it behooves us to walk very warily indeed in discussing hypnotism, in order to distinguish its real from its ideal side.

The history of hypnotism proves that the knowledge of its essential conditions is probably matter of antiquity. Probably the ancients were familiar with the induction of the mesmeric state. The Jesuit Father Kircher, writing about 1643, may serve as an example of a more modern teacher, in his *experimentum mirabile*, in which he successfully hypnotized a fowl. If we place the bird on a board, hold it firmly, and draw a chalk line straight from its beak, which touches the board, the fowl will remain in this position, immobile and at rest. It has been "hypnotized." We can repeat the experiment with rabbits, guinea-pigs, and even with frogs and alligators. We induce in these animals a condition of artificial sleep or artificial somnambulism, out of which they do not ordinarily pass unless forcibly aroused. In the case of man, the hypnotic condition can be induced in a variety of ways, on suitable subjects—who, by-the-



way, are generally imaginative and excitable or credulous persons. A flash of light will send some persons, and especially those who have been often hypnotized, into the mesmeric state. The sound of a gong will produce a like effect. You may induce it in some people by making them look fixedly at a button on your coat. In others, gazing at any fixed object will bring about the condition of mesmeric trance. Mesmer had a "magic crystal" which he employed in this way: needless to say it was as destitute of "occult" properties as is a piece of glass. Mere "suggestion" will bring about the hypnotic condition in facile subjects. The operator has only to suggest that they pass into the state, that they go to sleep, or that their pains and aches are cured, for the expectation to be realized.

In all this there is nothing esoteric or mysterious. It is only when a plain physiological process masquerades in the swaddling-clothes of superstition, and is made the basis of chicanery and fraud, that it assumes in the eyes of the ignorant a mystical character. Whatever may be the exact explanation of hypnotism we feel inclined to adopt, it is evident that, as a matter of science, this condition cannot be separated from the analogous states to which I have referred. Things cease to be wonderful when you can find parallels for them; and when we see in hypnotism merely a further expression of the brain byway which has led us through sleep and dreams to sleep-walking, we have allocated it to its true position in the series of mental phenomena whereof it forms part. Hypnotism, indeed, has been well styled "artificially induced somnambulism"; for the phenomena of the one state are analogous to those of the other, and the actions performed by the sleep-walker run parallel to those we can induce at will in the mesmeric subject. That which we do effect in hypnotism is essentially the inhibition of the upper brain. We switch off the cerebrum temporarily from its command of the body, and allow the central ganglia, under the influence of suggestion, to come to the front in the mental life of the individual. Any rational theory of mesmerism must take such facts into account. On this basis alone is hypnotism to be scientifically explained. Rejecting some such view of its causation, hypnotism cannot be explained at all; and in the latter

case it will pass inevitably into the domain of the quack, who, with his high-sounding jargon, mystifies the ignorant, and adds another and very considerable portion to the already lofty edifice of human folly and credulity.

The inhibition of the higher brain-centres, and the coming to the front of the lower centres, we have noted to be a characteristic of the mental states in the consideration of which we have been engaged. This result may be brought about, as I have shown, by various methods, and its effects will vary with the individual; but that which most frequently leads to the mesmeric state is doubtless the tiring out of an organ of sense. If we weary eye or ear, we tend to produce a condition that in many cases is practically of hypnotic character; and if we add the influence of suggestion—if we impress on a facile subject that such and such a result is bound to follow our procedure—we may succeed in readily establishing a condition in which, to all intents and purposes, the patient becomes a pure automaton, as pliable to our will as is the clay in the hands of the potter. If a person is made to gaze at any fixed object for any length of time, he experiences a dull and heavy feeling akin to the onset of ordinary sleep. It is the same with any monotonous sound. A dull, droning orator will act as a practical sleep-producer of effective kind—the placid sleep common in certain churches may be thus scientifically explained; and any regularly repeated and continuous sound will cause the shutting of the eyes and the folding of the hands to slumber in an effective enough fashion. We experience much the same result when travelling by rail. We are all talkative enough to our companions at the start of a long journey, but in time the monotonous thud of the wheels, aided possibly by the tiring of the eyes in gazing at the rapidly flitting landscape, predisposes powerfully to sleep and lulls us off into somnolence. Given a certain type of mind, especially of the imaginative variety, and we have no difficulty in affecting the upper brain and its consciousness and responsibility through the senses in a similar way. We inhibit its action on the lower centres, and then, with these latter at our command, the rest is easy. We can influence our subject as we will: he will drink vinegar under the idea that it is port-wine, or smack



his lips over castor oil, imagining that it is honey. We can play upon his vanity, and reproduce in turn every emotion to which he is liable. He may be made to laugh or to cry at will; he will even retain in his lower centres, at command, the suggestion that an hour or some days hence he must execute some piece of foolishness. Just as the stop-clock action of the brain is illustrated in its waking a man at the particular hour he has determined the night before as his rising-time, so a similar idea in hypnotism may be projected forward into the normal life of the subject. His brain, like that of the early riser, has been impressed with a dominant idea, and that idea, under the influence and action of his central ganglia, will bring him to the due execution of whatever task or duty has been set before him.

In all this, there is nothing of "magnetism," and certainly nothing that is occult, or that physiology is incompetent to explain. This is the real side of hypnotism. It is a brain byway and nothing more; a mere exaggeration of the automatic life that is ours by natural heritage. Its use in medicine is still a *questio vexata*. It is true, operations have been performed on persons who have been sent into a hypnotic sleep, but the action of hypnotism is at best uncertain, and that it will ever supersede or even supplement the use of anæsthetics is a supposition too absurd and preposterous to be for a moment entertained. It has been used, with doubtful success, to correct chronic alcoholism, and to "suggest" to the victim of that disorder a distaste for his tippie. Possibly it may be successful in inducing a permanent change of habits; but even this result has yet to be proved possible; and, at the best, hypnotism in the hands of science seems destined to remain a physiological curiosity—interesting, beyond doubt, because of its relations to the normal mental states and to actual perversions of our normal life.

The shady side of hypnotism is a very different matter, and no words can be strong enough to condemn the utterly gross frauds which have been perpetrated under the name of the "New Mesmerism," and the like. Here we meet with subjects who spend their lives as hypnotic media, and who trick and deceive their often-willing dupes into a belief in the mystical powers which hypnosis confers upon them. When one reads of such

feats as are denoted under the name of "exteriorization of sense," one may well rub one's eyes and wonder if the Middle Ages, with their alchemy and astrology, have quite passed away. The "magic crystal" of Dr. Dee sinks into insignificance beside the wonders of the advanced school of hypnotism, the devotees of which are chiefly resident in the French capital. The hypnotized subject is believed to be capable of transferring her nervous powers to water and to other non-living things. When these are touched or moved, the subject cries out that she is affected, because she is *en rapport* with the objects thus "sensitized." This is all pure fraud. Happily a very complete exposure of it has been afforded us, and hypnotism has been relegated, in the minds of all sensible and unprejudiced persons, to the place I have assigned to it, as merely an abnormal phase of brain action.

The legal and moral aspects of hypnotism are worth mention at the close of our inquiries. Assuming that the causation of hypnotism is that I have indicated, it becomes a grave and serious question whether the inducing of this state is a matter which, in the case of certain individuals, may not be fraught with consequences of a very serious nature. It is surely no light matter that any man or woman should resign his or her individuality into the hands of another person. The irresponsible and unlicensed exhibitions of hypnotism to which we have been accustomed should, I think, be prohibited by law. They are forbidden in France, Germany, and other Continental countries. They are productive of no good whatever; and when such exhibitions are not matter of sheer trickery, with professional subjects who are not hypnotized at all, as their chief features, they are simply useless, and often disgusting in character. I say this much apart from the elements of danger they present in the case of excitable persons, whose unstable mental calibre is susceptible of damage as the result of mesmeric experimentation. But, leaving these latter considerations aside, it is certain that hypnotism is a thing of importance only to the physiologist, and less distinctly to the physician. The growth of knowledge may happily be presumed to be capable of consigning it, in its popular phases at least, to the obscurity and oblivion reserved for the delusions and crudities of a superstitious past.



## THE THUNDER-THIEF.

BY GELETT BURGESS.

EVERY one knew that Kitty was a lion-hunter. She stalked her prey all over town, on the chase of celebrities, big and little, wherever she could find spoor. Whatever game was in season provided trophies for Kitty's parlors, at No. 5830A Jones Street, where she trapped her lions, fed them, and curried their favors. What she called her "studio" bore visible evidences of the variant vagaries of Kitty's ideals. It had begun by being "artistic," which, to Kitty, meant fish-nets wonderfully draped. She had progressed, under the careless tuition of indulgent artists, to the second stage, repudiating old brass in favor of wall spaces, pure color, and Barye lions, when Kitty suddenly became musical—Perroni was in town—and little singing plaster cupids perched on the corners of her upright piano, and the composers, framed seven-in-a-row, hung over her fireplace. But now Kitty would be literary, and read all the reviews, not having time to read the books themselves. She made a point, however, of buying the works of authors whom she was likely to meet, and always begged their autographs for the fly-leaves, which ocular evidences of their esteem lay around her studio, agape to the public disregard. In fact, Kitty Lexington was a grievous trial to her many acquaintances, whose affections she strained almost to the breaking. No one knew, as yet, that she had literary aspirations, so called. There were ways enough else for her to tire the patience of the women who professed to know her.

It was a wonder to her secretly envious friends how she ever succeeded in catching so many bright men in her trap. Girls said she was hussy enough to brazenly flatter a man to within an inch of his life. Men acknowledged, in confidential divan tête-à-têtes with intelligent but less successful rivals, that Kitty was a "little fool." The obvious retort was that men seemed to like "little fools," and this accusation could be parried only by the very cleverest young men.

She was a terrible diner-out, was Kitty; people had to have her, because she was so adroit, and could keep the shuttlecock of *badinage* jumping so well, in that frisky game of conversation that is supposed to make guests wish to come again.

To be sure, the ladies were wont to indulge in much sarcastic comment upon the metamorphosis of Kitty-with-men into Kitty-with-women. They were too used to seeing her change from a jimp and lively man-trap into a bored unenthusiast during the interim post-prandial, while the men, supposed to be discussing the women, were for the nonce oblivious of the adjacency of girl-dangers afoot lying in wait to make eye-springs as soon as the drawing-room doors yawned. At such times Kitty's mental obliteration of her gossiping companions was almost insulting. After her tiny tricks at the mirror, light legerdemain with hair-pins and powder, and guileless gestures at that not shallower Kitty-in-the-glass, she would usurp the most comfortable couch-corner, slide her slippers from her feet under the protection of her skirt, and suffer in silence till the gentlemen appeared.

It was easy enough to understand why women did not care too much for her, but why was it that the most desirable of the men was sure to make straight for her side after his cigar? Perhaps Kitty herself did not know; but she instinctively made room for him on the couch with perfect assurance as soon as the door opened. She had had affairs innumerable, and the man who had not served his apprenticeship at a flirtation with Kitty Lexington soon discovered that he had best go in and have it over, for it was, in a way, a social distinction. In short, Kitty was a minx—a very pretty minx, as minxes go, according to the men, though the women asserted that such brown eyes were capable of but a single expression.

When Robert Southwicke Tille appeared in town he had to run the usual gauntlet of invitations, and—as the place was not large—it was inevitable that he should meet Kitty very often. The progress of their acquaintance was watched with curiosity by those who were familiar with Kitty's methods, and her reputation was staked on the issue, for this was, even for her, a very good chance. Tille was in the direct line of succession to a large popularity; he was the man of the hour without doubt, though as to whether he was one to achieve a permanent name or not, opinions diverged. Those who saw how



easily he was captured by Kitty's wiles said no. It was not long before he could be found very frequently in her lair in the Jones Street parlors, and it got to be pretty well known after a while that when so found he was to be lost again as rapidly as possible. Kitty had a way of dismissing her guests with the flimsiest of excuses, and they recognized Tille as an amused and not unwilling accessory-after-the-fact. This did not lessen the number of stories of his rudeness and conceit, which he had found were the price he had to pay for his success. Tille was not at all too modest, and he had not only found that there were a great many persons in the world that could never interest him in any way, but that he himself was undoubtedly able to interest pretty nearly whomsoever he chose; and this combination of attributes, surely not an uncommon one in a man who creates things, cut many ways, making him friends as well as enemies. His friends excused as much of his brusqueness as did not wound their own *amour propre* with the fact that he had no sisters to train him. His enemies waited for the inevitable, when his conceit should deliver him into their hands.

The secret of Kitty's method with Tille must have lain in one characteristically masculine trait of his. It is no new game for women, by any means, that of keeping a man talking about himself, and so making him happy. She worked him with artful interrogatory prods when his sense of humor aroused him to the exhibition he was making of himself—with sly pretensions of ignorance, and with cunning proffers of sympathy. When he balked, she fed him a fricassee of literary gossip that his soul loved, and he would be off again, talking "shop" and his own work till it was time to go.

As soon as he was used to Kitty's manners, Tille found her studio a very comfortable place to lounge in and discuss his plots with her, and work them into shape for writing out. It was Kitty's belief that she helped him solve his little society problems by her suggestions, and in a way she did; for he was always sure of getting the conventionally feminine point of view from her; but it was oftener true that her conversation started him off on a train of thought quite different from what she had intended, and he would let it carry him to its logical destination

without troubling himself to listen to her. He found that the sound of her voice set his wits to work, and her prattle was like the chatter of a type-writer; he knew it was trying to express something, but it didn't much matter to him what. That he, like so many others, regarded her as a "little fool" did not rob him of a pleasure in her society; it was quite worth his while to study and understand her, for it was of such he wrote. Nor was Kitty herself loath to be studied; she posed elaborately, as some pretty girls display their profiles before painters. She did her best to emphasize herself as a "type," and she teased him boldly to put her in a story, for she was anxious to be "written up."

"Why don't you write a story yourself?" Tille asked her one day. "You might put me in."

"I?—the idea! I wouldn't know what to write," Kitty said, bridling.

"Oh, I'll give you an idea. Anything'll do. In the first place, you want a good title. You know very often that suggests the whole plot. Let's see.... It really ought to pique one's curiosity, without tipping the thing off too much. Here's a good one—'Who Kissed Me?' By Jove, that's bully, don't you know?"

"It's horrid! But it's certainly a very remarkable one," added Kitty, struggling over a possible justification of the name.

"You *mustn't* say 'very remarkable'; I've told you that many, many times," he went on. "But really that's a fine start; it's so suggestive. Don't you see, you could have it open at some sea-side summer hotel, filled with all kinds of guests. Your hero comes down for a week or so; he's all fagged from working in town, and he arrives late. Wait a minute—yes, he gets into the dining-room late, after every one's through dinner, and when he's finished, he lights a cigar and strolls down to the shore. No—let's see. Don't say anything, please. He has to find some little place where he can't be easily recognized, and can't see much himself either. He's going to be kissed—"

"Oh, he is, is he? Is that why he sneaks down there? Why doesn't he wait on the piazza?" Kitty had her best times when Tille was in this mood.

"Stop! It's all a mistake, of course, and he doesn't know who is kissing him, it's so dark. I can see the place now," Tille went on before Kitty could interrupt him again. "You see, there was an



orchard down across the road from the hotel, opposite the garden—one of those little, close, gray, gnarled, overgrown places just within sound of the sea. There ought to be a little path that winds down into it, and gets dimmer and dimmer as you go on, and, away in, a seat or something—”

“A hammock,” suggested Kitty, on the alert, and excited at the prospect.

“Yes, a hammock; and he lies down, and dozes off after a while—sound of the surf pounding on the shore, you know, and all that.”

“Yes, I know; but I’ll wager he wasn’t really asleep. I’ve heard of such cases before. But go on.”

“Yes he was, too, though, this time. He may have worked the same game afterward, but this was dead straight. He was probably thinking of some one—they usually do at such times.”

“But you mustn’t have him in love already; he’s got to marry the girl that kissed him, of course. You know it would be very improper otherwise.”

“You’re right; it wouldn’t do at all!” (Kitty was tremendously elated at this concession.) Tille went on: “It seems to be against the rules of fiction to mention a kiss that is kissed with malice aforethought. I don’t remember a single instance where the girl wasn’t in love with the man, or didn’t afterward legitimize the embrace by falling in love, unless. . . . Well, that’s a literary dogma.”

“It’s good taste, too,” from Kitty.

“Well, where were we?” said Tille. “Oh yes, he’s asleep—yes he is, surely!—when all of a sudden he hears footsteps pattering down the path—”

“How can he hear, if he’s asleep?” teased Kitty.

“Oh, bosh! He wakes up just then, and, the first thing he knows, a woman runs up to him and throws her arms around his neck and kisses him. How’s that for a situation?”

“Oh, that’s all right, as long as he was awake, after all! I *told* you he was! He doesn’t object, of course! It would be awfully funny to have him object!”

“Well, in stories they act very queerly sometimes; they’re usually very honorable. I think he’ll have to protest a little and tell the woman there’s some mistake, and break away from her, as a gentleman should, in a story. He might delay the game a little, though.”

“Yes, he *might*!” assented Kitty, with an accent.

“The woman is astounded by her mistake, and she runs away into the dark before he has a chance to see her face. Perhaps she might be crying all the time, and be saying, ‘Oh, forgive me, Jack, forgive me!’ to show that there was a real reason for her kissing somebody.”

“Don’t let’s have her a married woman,” Kitty implored.

“Oh, that doesn’t matter. It might be a lovers’ quarrel, or she might have thought it was her brother, or anything. But, you see, that’s only the beginning, and he spends the rest of his time in trying to find out who kissed him. Of course there are a great many guests at the hotel, but the possibilities narrow down to two or three. Say—that’s a great idea; I believe I’ll try it!”

Kitty didn’t mention the fact that he had given the story to her in the beginning, but let him go on. If it was to be her idea, she was bound to have the whole of it. So she only said, “Well, how does it turn out?”

“He might get an anonymous note next day, asking him not to try to find her out, and putting him on his honor not to tell any one of the affair, and still he would keep seeing significant things that would arouse his suspicions. Yes, there’ll have to be a wife, and a fiancée, and a girl with a brother in it.”

“Which was it?”

“You simpleton! Don’t you see that this is a rattling good puzzle-story, and that you work it up so carefully that no one ever can decide which one of the three it was? Of course the evidence must be very cleverly balanced between them, so that any jury of intelligent readers would disagree. That’s an old trick, but it’s always a bully thing to do, if you can do it well!”

It was an unfortunate thing for Tille that he had used the colloquial second person in all this dialogue, instead of telling the story as his own. When he said “your hero,” Kitty understood perfectly, but as she thought it over later she found in his wording a kind of justification for her using the plot. It was almost all worked out before Tille left, excited at the theme and determined to make a brilliant story of it. It had never entered his head that a “little fool” like Kitty could have literary aspirations,



or, if she did, that she would have either the brains or the energy to attempt the story. He had entirely forgotten that he had begun by offering her an idea, and he would not have given the matter another thought even if he had remembered the fact.

But Kitty did not forget. Here was her chance. She had been longing to write something worth submitting to a magazine for a long time. She had tried to invent a new form of plagiarism, more ingenious than successful, which consisted in uniting fragments of different stories in various ways. She had even gone so far as to take her scissors and cut favorite tales to pieces, and then attempt to combine them haphazard, like a dissected map. Her fingers were more clever than her brains, however; she cut and pasted, as she had often cut and basted, very neatly, but the result never impressed even her own silly little brain as being either satisfactory or suggestive.

Here, though, was a story all her own, for Mr. Tille had given it her. To be sure, he probably had no idea that she would ever use it, and she knew that undoubtedly he would write it himself. How surprised he would be, though, to find that she *could* write, after all; and how interesting it would be for him to see how differently they had developed the same idea, working separately! Of course they would use different names for their characters; hers would be utterly unlike his, anyway. She would lay her scene in the mountains, for instance, instead of his seashore, and in that way it would be an entirely different story; indeed, she would show a great deal of originality in treatment, having received from him only the main plan of it. "Who Kissed Me?" What fun it would be!

She began that very night, with a stump of a lead-pencil, affectionately nibbled at both ends, and a pad of linen paper, the top sheet of which was marked "No. 1." The first page went pretty hard. Kitty stared at that "No. 1" until she began to yawn. She found her interest was much more with the heroine than with the hero, and she wished she might tell the story from that side, but that led off into such new imaginings that she was soon hopelessly confused. She opened a book listlessly and read a few pages, and then, recalling her object, suddenly, attacked the tale again. She had no idea it was so hard

to write a story. She knew that if she only got it once started, it would be easy enough, for here she had the whole thing blocked out; and still, how to begin the first sentence she couldn't possibly imagine. She could not decide, either, whether to tell the story in the first person or the third, but she remembered vaguely that an author had once told her that the first person was always used by amateurs. She *thought* that was what he had said, but she was not quite sure even of that. Perhaps it was just the opposite. Then what should she call her hero? and should one use his first name only, or call him "Mr.," or what? A novelist had once confided to her the secret that a proper name, to be euphonious, should have its initial letters follow in alphabetical order, such as Adam Bede, Claude Duval, Faith Gartney, Jack Ketch, Lady Macbeth, Peter Quince, Richard Swiveller, and so on—he had made a whole alphabet of them. And so she chose Reginald Stallway. She knew that Reginald was a hackneyed philistine name now, but another writer had told her that, other things being equal, a hackneyed idea, if it was just a little out of date, was the cleverest of all fads, because there was always a reaction after the first protest, and if you were the first to revive an old used-up conventional thing, you were sure to be at the head of the procession of revolt when the pendulum swung back. He had illustrated this by assuring her that only a few of the very cleverest inner circle now confessed to a fondness for Dickens.

At last she accomplished the first paragraph. It did look silly, written in pencil, for she had never seen a manuscript story before. It was so absurdly like a letter that she felt sure there was something the matter. If she only had a typewriter! She was a little uncertain as to "O" and "Oh," and still more about "its." She wrote it both ways, "its" and "it's," several times, and couldn't decide which was right. Having begun to scrawl, she covered the rest of the page dreamily with little squares and circles, and sausage-shaped designs, and pictures of gentlemen with fuzzy mustaches and canes. This made her wonder if the story would be illustrated. The first scene couldn't be, surely, for it occurred in the dark, and she went over the other interesting episodes that Tille had suggested.



She couldn't decide which to choose for a picture, however, for the opening situation was by far the most exciting of all.

Finally, seeing that she had spoiled one page, she decided to undress before copying it, and finish her writing in a wrapper, so that she would be ready for bed as soon as the story was done. After she was through with the mirror, she sat down and tore up the first page, and numbered a fresh sheet. But, after all, it was too late then, she thought, and she decided that she was too sleepy to do good brain-work, so she gave it up and went to bed.

The next morning Kitty began again, resolutely, and scribbled several pages in nervous haste. At the first piece of conversation, however, she was shipwrecked on the difficulties with "said he" and "he replied." She thought that it would not be proper to use "said he" without an adverb or clause, or something to take off the edge, but she soon exhausted her vocabulary with the extravagant use of such modifiers as "slowly" and "with a smile." She was very fond of "he replied with a smile," and at last had to take down several books and look up new phrases. She took another sheet of paper and copied down a list of conversational expressions, and this revealed to her the fact that she could get the effect of variety by simply alternating "he said" and "said he"; which was a great relief to her, for the time had come in the story when the girls did not "smile" so frequently. Kitty had a good memory, and when she was once well under way her pencil raced over the paper, chasing the hints that Tille had given her. She had lunch sent up to her room, and indulged in the rare luxury of being "not at home to any one."

That night Mr. Tille called, and she came down to him, demure slyboots, secretly elated at her exploit. She did not mention her day's work, but he was full of the story, whose title he had decided to change to the less sensational one of "One of Three." "It's going to be a better story than I thought," he said. "You see, there's a very fine point at the end. You know, this girl that he finally marries never tells him whether she is the one that kissed him or not; for if she *did* kiss him she wouldn't care to confess having wanted to kiss and make up with some else, and if she *didn't* kiss him she wouldn't want him to know that one of

the others did; and so in neither case would she acknowledge the truth."

Kitty thought that this was a very good point, but it involved going over several pages of her manuscript, for she had quite decided to make the girl confess. This and the copying in ink took her several days more; but when at last it was all ready, she could not decide where to send the story. She had a secret preference for the *Gunpowder Magazine*, one of the cheaper half-tone monthlies; she thought it better even than any of the larger periodicals, having so many more "cute" pictures, though she knew, from all her advisers, that it was not at all the thing to say so. In this case, however, policy allied itself to preference, and she was only a "little fool," after all, not a big one; and she knew that there was small chance for acceptance by a very important magazine, such as the *Universal*, for instance, in which Robert Southwicke Tille usually appeared. But she found there was as little chance with the *Gunpowder*, after all, for back came "Who Kissed Me?" in three weeks.

At the next trial she was more successful, for a little undersized magazine called the *Twocenter* accepted the story. "The editors would be very much pleased to accept Miss Lexington's story entitled 'Who Kissed Me?' and although the state of their treasury did not at present warrant their paying for contributions, they felt that the *Twocenter* in a few weeks would be on its feet financially, and would be able to give good prices for MSS. The editors would be very glad to see more of Miss Lexington's work, which they considered charming, graceful, and original."

Kitty was delighted at this distinction, and waited eagerly for the story to come out. Yet, as time passed, she grew a little uneasy as to just the way in which Mr. Tille would take it. It had really never entered her head, at first, that he could consider it in any other light than that of a joke—a joke on him, perhaps, but surely nothing serious. Yet certain things he had said in subsequent conversations gave her hints as to his ideas of professional literary etiquette, and they made her a bit nervous. He had not told her that he had finished "One of Three," however, and she made peace with her little conscience by the fact that she was not positively *sure* that he had offered the story



to any publisher. This ignorance she defended valiantly, finessing and changing the subject whenever he approached it. In this way she did actually save herself from the direct evidence that he had duplicated the story, for Tille soon forgot the thing. Acceptances were not such novelties to him as to Kitty Lexington. She tried to break her fall, too, by being very amiable to him in many ways, so that he couldn't be severe with her, whatever happened. She even offered to write for him at his dictation, and they tried it once, but never again, for there are other things that a "little fool" can make a man want to do besides talk—things that interfere with solid literary work.

The pressure of Mr. Tille's work prevented him, after a while, from devoting quite so much of his time to Kitty as before, but it still happened that he occasionally got around to Jones Street, or would call for her to take a walk in the late afternoon. It was not only a relaxation to listen to her talk, but he often felt the necessity of getting a characteristically commonplace opinion of his work. The gossips of the place had been busy with their names for some time, much to Tille's annoyance, and when a paragraph appeared in the weekly society paper of the town announcing their engagement, he came to her furious at the outrage. He was a little shocked at her amusement: Kitty did not take it very seriously, for she had read such paragraphs before. It seemed to him that she was secretly a little proud of the publicity of the thing, and would like to have had it true; but here he did her an injustice, for her only thought was that it was another safeguard against his resentment when her indiscretion transpired. She had begun to hope that Tille would never see the *Twocenter*, and regretted that she had ever mentioned that paper to him.

Robert Southwicke Tille had, indeed, never heard of the *Twocenter* until an insinuating mention of it had been made by Kitty in the early days of their acquaintance. It was one of a brood of ugly ducklings that was then much in evidence upon the news-stands and in the more literary book-shops, one very much like all the other evanescents. The name had caught in his mind, however, and one day, while he was waiting for a train, Tille pulled over the periodicals, curious for an evidence of Kitty's literary taste.

He paid for the tiny atrocity with an apologetic sneer, and put it into his pocket to nibble at in privacy. When he drew it out and began to cut the leaves laboriously, he pursed his lips at the semi-amateurishness of its appearance, and was about to give it up as not worth while attempting to read, when a wonderful title and an astonishing name met his eyes—"Who Kissed Me? by Kathryn Maude Lexington." Even then the title of the story did not mean anything to him; his attention was fastened upon the name of the author—could it really be Kitty? The first paragraph startled his memory, and his eye ran back to the staccato title, "Who Kissed Me?" and then he remembered. The audacity of the robbery staggered him as he recalled their talk over the subject—all except his fatal presentation to her of the plot, which he had long forgotten. It was shameless; it was impossibly impudent! If she had picked his pocket he could have been no more astonished. And yet, and yet, when the whole of the humor of the situation crept into his brain, it routed out all other views of the plagiarism. It was heart-rendingly funny. He swore and giggled, alternately. He raged and snickered; and then, with a fine self-control, set himself to read the tale—Kitty's wonderful version of his own story, full of "oh's," and "he said's," and "said she's, with a smile." He read it through, and then hurried back to the first word and read it again. He read it a third time, analyzing it, inch by inch. Then he laid his head against the window of the car and cursed Kitty Lexington—softly, but with feeling. Robert Southwicke Tille had had a new sensation.

"I have been buncoed," he said to himself, confidentially. "I have been 'done' by that little fool, and I shall never hear the last of it. What *can* I do? That notice of our alleged engagement will give the papers the chance of their lives. 'One of Three' will come out next month, surely, and it is too late to wire a withdrawal. They'll accuse me of plagiarism, in spite of the fact that the *Universal* was made up two months ago. They'll be too glad of a good one on me. Bah! Of course I can't accuse a lady of literary kleptomania. How the devil can I settle it with her and get even? If she were really disreputable—if she were anything but just the 'little fool' that she is! I have no doubt that she thinks it's a good



joke on me, and will show it to me herself when I see her. How can I pull this thing off?" Then he read "Who Kissed Me?" again.

The little *Twocenter* had dragged along unnoticed for months, when something in the phrasing of this story's title, like the refrain of a popular tune, caught the popular fancy, and "Who Kissed Me?" was on every one's tongue. But when the *Universal* appeared with the tale of "One of Three," by Robert Southwicke Tille, the public smile burst into a guffaw, and what had been a small journalistic joke of the paragraphers became a literary scandal that was greeted with derisive joy by the critics. Everything that had ever been said of Tille was recut and trimmed to fit this exploit, and his envelopes of press notices from the clipping bureaus bulged with broad jests at his expense.

Kitty Lexington incontinently fled the town when the storm broke. The doorbell of No. 5830A Jones Street was long kept ringing by reporters anxious for her explanations, her opinions of Tille, and her photograph; and most of all anxious to know "really, now, 'Who Kissed Me?'" She was accused of having painted her friends' portraits into the story, and Reginald Stallway was supposed to be none other than Tille himself, which greatly added to the gayety of the town, and to the divan confidences now safe from Kitty's presence. But the poor little authoress had done no more than make her heroines puny imitations of Kitty herself; they used all her pet adjectives; they wore her frocks and her manners; and they knew all her parlor tricks. So she waited for Tille to make the first move, conjuring the crisis with infantile apologies for her conduct. She tried to make herself think that it was only a new kind of collaboration; if she had only been paid for the manuscript of the story, she might have sent Mr. Tille the money, and that would have made it all right, at least it would have stilled the teasing of her conscience. Surely the advertising would help him too, for he had always said that it made no difference what a paper said about an author nowadays, so long as they gave him "space."

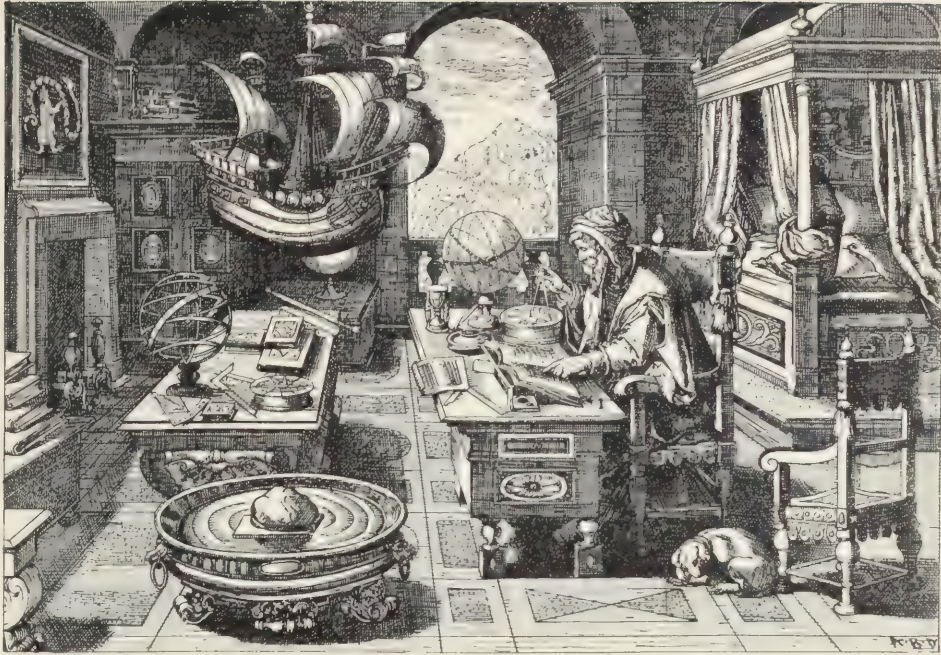
The *Twocenter*, inflamed by its notoriety after the appearance of "One of Three," rushed an extra edition on the market, printing "Who Kissed Me?" in red ink upon the front cover of the mag-

azine. The editors bombarded Kitty with orders for another story, promising her any price she would ask for another as good as her fatal first. For a while she thought that she might retrieve her reputation with Tille, and prove that she was not dependent upon him for aid, by writing up several true things that had happened; for many other men had made fools of themselves before her; but the fact that Tille did nothing, and had not written to her, made her too nervous to try it again. If he would only accuse her of having stolen his plot, then she could justify herself with all her excuses; but the boot was on the other foot; for though he was everywhere charged with having plagiarized from her, yet he had kept absolutely silent regarding the affair. Kitty suffered with apprehension.

Tille also had left town, that the gossips had made an undesirable place to winter in, and until he had settled upon just how to treat Kitty Lexington—or rather Kathryn Maude Lexington—he did not care to risk an interview. Luckily he had sufficient work in demand to explain his flight East, and he left a little wiser, perhaps, for having known her. He had taken to heart some of the stories that had been told at his expense, and he did not talk quite so much about himself and his work as formerly. Yet, before he had quite reformed, he indulged in a confession that proved itself its own exceptional justification, for it was a girl, as usual, that told him how to pay off Kitty's score. Surely it had been a girl's trick, and one should set a thief to catch a thief.

The girl had been one of the first to whom Tille had acknowledged that Kitty was a "little fool," and that confession and this subsequent one are her only connection with the story, except that two months after her advice to Robert Southwicke Tille she received a marked copy of the *Universal*. And Kitty Lexington—she received a marked copy of the *Universal* also, and what was marked ended her literary career. She did not, perhaps, recall the fact that she had implored Mr. Tille to "write her up," but he had kept his promise to do it. He had written her up—he had written himself up, mercilessly—he had written the story of "Who Kissed Me?" up—and he had called the compromising fiction "The Thunder-Thief." All of which would seem to prove that this is a true story!





*Lapis Polaris Magnes.*

## UNIVERSITY LIFE IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

BY PROFESSOR W. T. HEWETT.



A Scribe.

IT is not easy to understand the wonderful impulse to which the universities owe their origin. Almost simultaneously the three great schools of the Middle Ages appear before us—Bologna, Paris, and Oxford—varying in constitution and government, but endowed with similar rights and privileges. The

early learning was mainly in the hands of the Church, and the form which education assumed had a quaint ecclesiastical character. Mediæval studies and ceremonies have colored all subsequent university life. Each of the great universities was a type of the national as well as of the educational tendencies of the time. Bologna, the home of law, was republican in spirit; it was governed by its scholars, and felt the impulses of a free academic life most fully. Paris, an association of teachers, was pre-eminent for theological study,

the favorite child of the Church. Oxford, alike distinguished for philosophical and theological speculation, retained an individual character in the permanent endowment of its halls and colleges.

The cathedral and monastic schools intervened between the old imperial schools and the universities. For five hundred years the memory of classic learning was kept alive in the cloisters, in the midst of the surrounding darkness. These schools, from which in many cases the universities sprang, were designed primarily for the education of priests, and were under the general control of the bishop.

How meagre the instruction which preceded the universities was may be judged from what was included under each of these heads. Grammar consisted of learning the rudiments of the Latin language and reading a few Latin authors; rhetoric was the practical art of composition in Latin, with the explanation of the set terms and figures used by the ancient rhetoricians; logic taught the use of the various forms of the syllogism; astronomy was the teaching of the Ptolemaic system, the study of the mysterious and baleful effects of certain stars and comets, joined to which was a faint astrology, the reading of character, and



the predicting of destiny by celestial phenomena; arithmetic taught the marvellous properties and virtues of certain numbers, together with their wonderful effect and symbolism in combination. Raban, the learned archbishop, writing in the ninth century, gives what was in his view the use of each study. He held that rhetoric should be studied in order that we may understand the figurative expressions of Holy Writ; poetry, that we may understand the right rhythm of the Psalms; dialectics, in order to refute the false conclusions of heretics; arithmetic, that we may decipher the mystic numbers of Scripture; geometry, to enable us to arrive at correct conceptions of the sacred edifices; astronomy, in order to fix aright the holidays of the Church.

The earliest universities were a growth and not a creation; they were associations of teachers and scholars united for purposes of instruction and study. The centre of learning about which they gathered was often the cathedral school, or the colleges of notaries and lawyers that existed in Italy, and which produced the earliest teachers of law. As these schools grew in number and importance, they received an official recognition; laws were enacted for their administration, the Church became their patron, and the state took them formally under its protection.

The first imperial privileges conferred upon any university—which became the charter, the vested rights, of nearly all the schools of the Middle Ages—were contained in an edict of Frederick Barbarossa, issued at the brilliant diet of Roncaglia. This rescript declared all scholars, while travelling, to be under the immediate protection of the emperor; all interference with them was forbidden under heavy penalties; no claims could be made upon them in unfriendly states for the offences or debts of their countrymen; they were subject alone to the jurisdiction of the bishop, or the masters of the university. "Clerks" were everywhere released from the jurisdiction of the civil tribunals. Most of the German universities retain the privilege of a university court at the present time, and the chancellor's jurisdiction in England still includes a district outside of the city.

The students of one country or race formed a "nation." This division became in some cases the basis or unit of government of the whole university.

Political and national ties undoubtedly occasioned these organizations at first. Students from the same country were united in a "hall," or gathered about a teacher from their own land. This division into *nations* formed a convenient method of classification and government in those times of political turmoil, and was adopted in nearly all the early universities of Europe. Foreign princes and states often appointed ambassadors to protect the rights of their subjects who composed these associations. Oxford had two *nations*—the Northernmen and the Southernmen. The Irish and Welsh students now joined the North and now the South, according to the political direction which the academic rivalry assumed. Many a time the contests of these hostile parties were the precursor of civil war, according to the ancient rhyme:

From our Oxford frays,  
As old story says,  
After few weeks and days  
All England's in a blaze.

And,

When Oxford draws knife,  
England's soon at strife.

As the students increased in number, inns and halls were established for their accommodation, as many of the scholars were very poor. Single inns were founded by a master, or by pious and benevolent persons. The teacher dwelt in the same humble quarters with his pupils; he gave them instruction and watched over their morals. These halls increased rapidly in number. In the middle of the thirteenth century Oxford had more than three hundred *aulæ*, or halls, some of which contained one hundred students. Old documents speak of the "inns of the philosophers," "inns of the divines," "inns of canonists," and "inns of civilians," that is, students of the civil law. These institutions received in some cases a permanent endowment, the income of which was spent for the support of the master, fellows, and pupils. Kings and queens, bishops and nobles, gave splendid gifts to perpetuate their names, or in token of gratitude for some great mercy. Many of these colleges were founded for the benefit of certain orders, or for the education of students from particular districts or dioceses. Durham College was founded for the education of the student monks of Durham, St. Bernard's College, afterward St. John's,



for Cistercian monks; the greater number of the scholarships of Jesus College were confined to Wales. The original foundation of Pembroke College belonged to the monks of St. Frideswide. The exhibitions of some colleges were and are still for the benefit of particular schools. In each of the great universities we find colleges founded for the benefit of students of a single foreign nation. There were colleges for Flemish and Spanish students at Bologna, and for Danish students in Paris. The *nations* exercised a right of supervision over the colleges of their countrymen.

The license of students who lived outside the halls was so great that it was ordered that no "clerk" or scholar should remain a fortnight in the university town without placing himself under a master of the schools. This contributed to the growth of halls. Later the number of students who claimed the rights of clerks was so great that it was ordered that rolls of the pupils should be kept by each master. The students who lived outside the colleges were called *martinets* (sparrows), from their wild habits. For several centuries none of the universities had a home. Oxford occupied rented buildings, and possessed but a scanty income from fees, legacies, impositions, and donations. Deeds, books, and treasures were kept in the friendly church of St. Mary, or in the neighboring monastery of St. Frideswide. A teacher gathered his pupils wherever an unoccupied spot was presented. In courts, in the porches of churches, in dark rooms, the clerks assembled about their teacher. The aisles and recesses of St. Mary's were often occupied by masters with their pupils. It is evident that the universities had little to leave in the way of libraries and museums, for, wherever their privileges were violated, they were ready at a moment's notice to withdraw from the city and take up their abode elsewhere.

The poverty of many of these "half-priests" and "clerks"—the names by which the people called them—was very great; many of them received a purse equal in value to the cost of their support for a week. They were called *burschen* or *bursalen*, from *bursa*, a purse—pensioners; hence the word passed into general academic use for the name of a student. Later, halls were established by the teachers, where for a slight payment lodgings

and food might be obtained, and where the students submitted to some general regulations. These pensioners, or *burschen*, often led a strictly monkish life. They rose at a fixed early hour, and hastened at the ringing of the bell to their devotions. At meals a portion of the Holy Scriptures was read to them and explained by the master, who compared it with the catechism; or one of their number read some devotional book. They had neither fire nor lights in their rooms, on the walls of which hung an index of prohibited books. In the limited time allowed to social intercourse "light and idle talk" was forbidden. Games and musical instruments were not permitted. A scholar of St. John's College, Cambridge, writing in the beginning of the sixteenth century, gives an amusing account of the daily life of the student there: "The greater part of the scholars get out of bed between four and five o'clock in the morning; from five to six they attend the reading of public prayers and an exhortation from the Divine Word in their own chapels. They then devote themselves to study apart, or attend lectures in common, until ten, when they betake themselves to dinner, at which four scholars are content with a small portion of beef bought for one penny, a sup of pottage made of gravy of the meat, salt, and oaten flour. From the time of this moderate meal until five in the evening they either learn or teach, and then go to their supper, which is scarcely more plentiful than their dinner. Afterwards problems are discussed or other studies are pursued until ten o'clock, and then half an hour is spent in walking or running about; for they have no hearth nor stove in order to warm their feet before going to bed." Many of the poor students performed menial services in return for benefactions from the college, and it was formerly required at Queen's College that they should answer questions after dinner, upon their knees, put to them by the fellows. The scholars at Brasenose were required by its devout founder to repeat the Lord's Prayer five times each day in honor of the five wounds of the crucifixion, and of the angelic salutation in honor of the five joys of the Blessed Virgin. Failure to perform these duties was punished by fines and whipping. The dormitory system of our American colleges is derived from the English universities.

The relation which the universities sus-



tained with reference to the municipalities in which they were situated forms a large chapter in their early history. The university was a state within a state. Every person connected with it even remotely, down to the servants in the families of the professors and those who waited upon the students, were amenable only to the academic court. The student was the citizen of a nation of scholars, whose flag overshadowed him wherever in the kingdom he might be. Members of the student world were exempt from military service, and in many cases from all municipal tax; they might receive their books and furniture, wine and beer, free of duty. The students of Leiden availed themselves of this privilege to so great a degree, and imported in such immense quantities, by private arrangements with the publicans, that a law was necessary prescribing how much a student might legally receive without payment of excise. The wise legislators, animated with a generous sense of the privileges of a university, after due deliberation, fixed the proper drinking capacity of a student at eighty gallons of wine and twelve half-casks of beer, which he could receive free of all tax. As the prosperity of the towns depended largely upon the fame of their universities, it was the law in several Italian cities that any citizen who induced a student to withdraw and connect himself with another school should be punished with death and the confiscation of his property. A professor who went to another university was liable to the same penalty. If a foreign student was injured in his rights of property, and the offender could not make good the injury, the city held itself responsible.

The jaunty student scouted the officers of the civil law; he walked in sublime contempt of the whole race of philistines who sold him clothes and furnished him with board; he even rose loftily above his debts. Young lords with their retainers resorted to the university. The flames of national enmity and the jealousy of nobles kindled afresh in the contact of the student world. This turbulent, lawless age was mirrored in the fierce broils of the young scholars. In 1355 a quarrel arose at Oxford on St. Scholastica's day—February 10—between these lovers of learning and a landlord regarding the quality of his wine, and when "he answered surlily" they broke their flasks about

his head. Thus began one of the most remarkable contests in the history of the university. The bell of St. Martin's called the citizens to arms, and of St. Mary's the scholars. The latter seized the gates of the city to defend them against the country people, who rallied to the rescue of the citizens. But the rustics, two thousand in number, stormed a gate and entered the town. Wherever the shaven crown of a priest or the gown of a scholar was seen, thither surged the wild mob. Churches were plundered and crucifixes and ornaments torn down. Monks were seized with the chalice at the foot of the cross, and a general scene of plunder and license set in. The host was carried in procession, but did not avail to check the fury. The king arrived with troops; the papal legate, Nicholas of Tusculum, placed the town under an interdict, and all masters and scholars who should remain there. This was not removed for four years, when the town submitted absolutely to the mercy of the legate, offered masses for the slain students, and paid indemnity for the injuries that had been committed.

Academic life on the Continent had less of incessant turmoil than in England. In France the independence of the university was not acquired without a struggle. In one case two students, who had committed theft and murder in Paris, were brought to trial before the provost of the guild of merchants and tortured, and, after confessing their crimes, were hanged. The *nation* of Normandy roused the university at this invasion of its rights. A solemn embassy waited upon the king and threatened to remove the university from the city unless their injuries were redressed. The council of the king ordered that the provost, with the hangman, should take down the bodies of the students who had been executed, kiss them upon the mouth, and conduct them to the precincts of Notre Dame, where they were to be delivered over to the bishop and rector, and that they should, furthermore, pay the cost of the procession.

Discommunion was practised toward extortionate landlords, beer-sellers, and tradesmen. In extreme cases all the doctors and students marched forth to some village in the vicinity, where instruction was resumed; but all relations with the city were suspended until the rights of the university had been vindicated. Twice within the present century all the students



of Heidelberg have withdrawn for the sake of redressing certain fancied grievances. They encamped at a distance from the town, and regular embassies passed between them and the government, until their demands were complied with.

The town in the mean time, which drew its life from the students, was threatened with ruin, and both parties supplicated the return of the university. The popes even issued regulations specifying under what circumstances a university might suspend all academic exercises, and what constituted a valid infringement of its privileges. The University of Paris discontinued all lectures for two years, from 1229 to 1231. The students who thronged to these schools of learning were of all nations, united by the imperial and universal Latin language. Many of them were extremely young. An old statute of Paris said, "Let no one study in arts until he has passed his twelfth year." At Leiden there were even students of six and seven years of age. These were usually the sons of nobles, who sojourned in the town under the protection of the university while pursuing their studies under tutors. They were regularly enrolled, with their governors and servants, on the university books. The number of students at the various centres of learning was often immense. In 1209 Oxford had three thousand students; twenty years later occurred the great emigration of three thousand students from Paris, and in 1250 the whole number is given as thirty thousand. Bologna had at this time twelve thousand students. The Benedictines record that in Paris the number of students exceeded the number of citizens, and that the king, Philip Augustus, enlarged the city in order to accommodate them. Prag had twenty thousand students at the beginning of the fifteenth century.

Those whose names appear were not



A MONK COPYING MANUSCRIPT.

always pursuing their studies, but barbers, copyists, and waiters were matriculated. Bookbinders, stationers, parchment-preparers, apothecaries, surgeons, and laundresses were probably included, in England at least, within the student world. Even the old women, according to Huber, who were admitted to look after the linen of the clerks may have stood under the protection of the university and been entered on its books. The families of professors, innkeepers who lodged students, butchers who supplied their meat—in fact, all who dealt with students—became subject to the bishops, or, later, the university court.

The classic authors existed only in manuscript. Whole lives were spent in the patient, laborious task of copying. The reproduction of a single classical author complete often cost many years of intense and arduous work. The professors could not always own complete editions of the authors upon whom they lectured.

Edmund Rich, teacher, archbishop, and saint, long possessed only the Old Testament and a copy of the Decretals. Frechulf, Bishop of Lisieux, writing to Raban in the ninth century, complains that there is not a copy of the Bible at his episcopal seat. Nearly all the books in England—and these were few—were in





ARX PALLADIS.

the libraries of the numerous convents. These were often the product of the later superficial learning, and there were but few manuscripts of the classics. The precious volumes were kept chained, that no covetous lover of learning might bear away in a night the unique labor of perhaps a lifetime.

In a rule of 1254 for the government of the faculty of arts at Paris we find no mention of Cicero, Virgil, Horace, or the dramatic poets. Ovid seems to have been the favorite classical poet in the universities at this time, although the brilliant period of the Vergilian revival had already begun in Italy. The statement is undoubtedly true that "for all purposes of taste and erudition Greek literature was lost in Italy for seven hundred years." Many of the most important authors were scarcely known by name until the arrival of a precious collection of manuscripts from Greece in 1423. Up to this time the number of European scholars acquainted with Greek is extremely limited, and a knowledge of the elements of the language was a source of pride and the subject of es-

pecial mention. Colet, the Dean of St. Paul's, preacher and inspired professor, in whom the purest and most beautiful spirit of the Protestant Reformation was seen, did not know Greek; neither did Fisher, the eminent Bishop of Rochester and Chancellor of the University of Cambridge. The study of Hebrew was regarded for a time as unchristian, though the Council of Vienna in 1311 ordered the establishment of chairs of the principal Oriental languages.

The study of these languages is coeval with the Reformation. For a degree in theology, the Vulgate was studied, and the works of the fathers. The biblical course was subordinate; there were scholars who received the honor of Doctor of Theology who had never seen a Bible, as was the case with the celebrated Carlstadt. The one manual which embodied the whole science of theology was the famous book of Peter the Lombard, the learned monk and Bishop of Paris. This was the "Four Books of Sentences," and its author was called from it the "Master of Sentences." The original manuscript of this work was long cherished among the chief treasures of the chapter of Notre Dame. Questions are decided in it by the authority of the Scriptures and the fathers of the Church. It contains brief statements regarding God and the Trinity, the creation, Christianity, and moral and religious duties. This book was so popular that Roger Bacon complained that during his residence in Paris the bachelors of theology paid more attention to the *Book of Sentences* than to the Bible.

Italy was the country where the study of Roman law had first risen to importance, and where a score of universities had taken their origin from schools of law. The faculty of medicine was the last to receive in the universities the official recognition compelled by the contact of the West with the East in the Crusades, and the new knowledge of Græco-Arabic natural science thereby attained.

Lectures were delivered daily, except upon Sunday, and in Italy upon Thursday, which was a day of recreation, upon which all recitations were forbidden. No academic exercises took place upon holidays and high festivals of the Church, of which there were ninety in a year. There was a long vacation, beginning upon the vigil of St. Mary, September 7, and continuing until the middle of October.



There were vacations also at Christmas and Easter. Lectures began at daybreak in Bologna, as the cathedral bell rang for morning prayer, and ended at nine o'clock. Afternoon lectures were held at the houses of the doctors. Morning lectures were at first two hours long; afternoon lectures an hour and a half—later reduced to three-fourths of an hour. Disputations were held by all candidates for degrees, and by all doctors and bachelors who competed for a salaried position. All bachelors were required to participate in these debates; scholars also might propose objections, or join in the discussion.

Students were not always in residence for the rewards of learning alone. We find such notices as this at Prag: "Students are requested to keep quiet in lectures; not to groan, howl, nor hiss; not to cry out at strangers or new-comers; to carry no weapons, and write no lampoons." Elsewhere we find, "Students are forbidden to break into houses in order to steal meat during Lent."

The early association of the two degrees of doctor and master, their similar value and slight difference in meaning, are illustrated by the fact that some of the German universities continue to confer the two at the same time—a practice, I think, still prevailing at Leipzig; while Jena gives the degree of master only to teachers. The doctor's diploma was a patent of nobility. In the charter of the University of Vienna it is said that, wherever acquired, the title of doctor is in very truth ennobled, and that the nobility extended to his children (*vera et indubitata nobilitas, etiam ad posteror descendens*). To the Dukes of Austria was granted the right to create "counts, barons, nobles, and doctors." The doctor ranked above the gentry and lower nobility, before whom he had precedence at

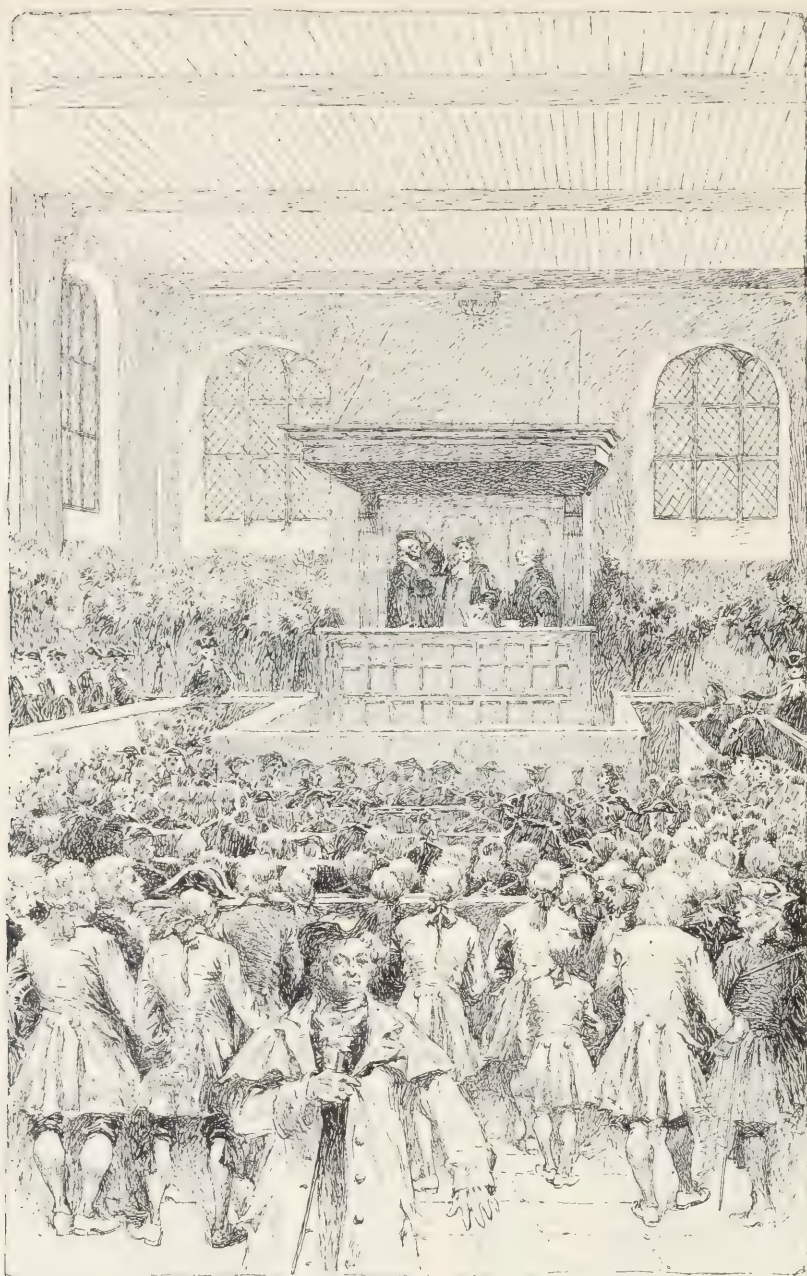
court and at all civil and ecclesiastical ceremonies. He could wear a suit of armor and ermine without special permission from the emperor. Doctors at Paris were held as noble, and were free from all taxes levied upon commoners; their children could become Knights of the Holy Ghost, and their descendants Knights of Malta. The doctor's diploma conveyed the right to teach publicly everywhere, to have the power of discipline over his pupils, and to take part in bestowing degrees. Several cases are on record where the doctorate has been conferred upon women. Isabella Losa was made Doctor of Laws at Cordova, and Beltizia Gozadina at Bologna. As late as 1827 Marburg conferred the doctorate in philosophy upon the gifted wife of the famous philologist Wytttenbach. The degree of master was coveted by the great. Prag made Richvinus, Duke of Lorraine, a Master of Arts. Even Kings of England were honored with this title.

Early in the history of universities—it is impossible to say how early—the famil-



AN AGRICULTURAL LECTURE.





TAKING THE CAP.

iar title of *bachelor* was introduced. Its meaning in rustic Latin was a farm servant, a youth, and later a page, a lesser feudal knight, the possession of whose fief required him to follow the banner of his superior lord. *Bachelaria* denoted the collective body of aspirants for knighthood. The academic use of the term may have been aided from its application in the Church to a canon of lowest rank in a cathedral. It first designated those who had passed their first examination in theology. In Germany the degree was only given in the faculty of philosophy. In Groningen it was given in all departments except in medicine. The bachelor was the young scholar whose

spurs were not yet won, but whose right to some distinct academic dignity was established.

The degree or certificate of "licentiate" permitted the one receiving it to give instruction in certain branches. He who had studied at Bologna five years might be licensed to expound a single title of the *Pandects*. Here the degree of licentiate preceded that of bachelor, and was the test of ability to become a bachelor. The licentiate's degree in the German universities was not uniform in its bestowal, and was generally conferred a few days before the doctorate, or in connection with it. It is still retained by a few theological faculties.

The bestowal of the doctor's degree took place with stately ceremonies. The candidate passed first an examination in private, held in the presence of the masters, who each swore that he had had no collusion with the student seeking promotion. When the examination had been finished, the verdict of each doctor was

asked, and if a majority pronounced "*Placet*," the trial was deemed satisfactory. When this examination had been successfully undergone, and the preparatory discussions held, at which bachelors might propose objections, the candidate wrote a series of theses, which, having been approved by his faculty, were publicly posted or printed. At the head of the theses appeared the day and hour of the promotion, the name of the venerable university under whose auspices it was to be held; also of the noble sovereign prince, its patron, or of the bishop of the diocese; also the name of the rector, promoter, or defender. The earliest promotions were held in the cathedral



church, or later in the great auditorium of the university. Often the doctorate was conferred upon several on the same occasion. The *doctorandi* to be publicly promoted, preceded by the beadles of the doctors, rode on horseback through the streets of the town, summoning the professors and high dignitaries to attend the exercises. Often the members of their *nation* accompanied them to the church. The *doctorandus* took his place upon a low cathedra, and stated in sonorous Latin the propositions which he was prepared to defend. He appealed so confidently to the great scholars of dignity for proof and corroboration that it almost seemed as though they would appear to testify in behalf of their disciple. The promoting doctor was called the Aristotle. He frequently objected to the statements which had been made, which let loose a fresh impetuous flood of ancient philosophers, theologians, or physicians. When the irresistible and irrefutable eloquence of the candidate had swept all before it, the promoter descended from his loftier station and led the young scholar to a higher cathedra. Here he gave him a Bible, the Corpus Juris, Hippocrates, or Aristotle, according to the department in which the candidate was promoted, to remind him that as that book possessed the treasures of knowledge, so should he possess the same. He then opened the book, to indicate that as knowledge was always advancing, so should the doctor devote himself to the increase and dissemination of learning. When these symbolic ceremonies had been finished, the doctor's hat was placed upon his head. If he graduated in theology, the color of the hat was black; if in law, red; if in medicine or philosophy, violet. The black indicated that the theologian must die to the world; the red, that the lawyer must be the support and aid of kings, whose ornament was purple; the violet, that the philosopher must direct his eyes to the skies, the source of knowledge and truth. The roundness of the hat signified perfection and experience. The hat symbolized virtue and freedom. As the hat protects the head against storms, so it indicates the divine protection against slander and detraction. A ring was then placed on the finger of the newly created doctor as a token of nobility. He then took the oath to support the statutes of the university. He now received a kiss as the pledge of

love, and the benediction in the name of the Father, Son, and the Holy Ghost. Trumpeters preceded the new doctor as the procession left the church. A grand banquet was then served, at which the rector, the doctors, and the friends of the candidate were present. The diploma was signed by all the doctors, and solemnly witnessed by notaries, who certified that the promotion had taken place with all due ceremony. At Jena, in the seventeenth century, the feast lasted two days, and the extravagance exhibited by wealthy students was so great that the Elector of Saxony forbade a doctor's "spread" to cost over two hundred and fifty dollars. Later only nobles and doctors who had received the dignity of a public promotion were allowed to give a banquet. When a doctor began delivering lectures he was called an "inceptor." If he was too young or womanish in appearance, he might wait two years for his beard to grow.

As the doctors were treated with distinguished honor, so professors, especially upon the Continent, where reverence for names and rank holds sway, were regarded with especial consideration. Sovereigns and cities honored those distinguished for their learning. The poverty of many of these illustrious men was extreme, and the sufferings which some underwent in the publication of their works is one of the saddest stories in the history of letters. After the establishment of professorships with fixed salaries each professor was invited to his position with a salary proportionate to his renown, or previous salary, or the cost of living. Professors of law at Bologna, who often filled positions of honor in civil stations, seem to have been generously rewarded; but this was the case with but few of all who taught in the universities. The sum which appears repeatedly as paid at Bologna for a course of lectures continuing a year is given as one hundred lire—about one hundred and eight dollars.

The student world of the olden time presents a unique spectacle to the observer of the nineteenth century. When instruction was about to begin, a curious sight was exhibited. Groups of students are pressing toward the university from every quarter. Their bright dresses flash along lonely forest ways. Now they form a part of a caravan of merchants making its slow way along the valleys, or they



join themselves timidly to the retinue of some knight for protection; or they float down the dull, sluggish German streams in the trafficking boats. They stop for a day in the great cities through which they pass in order to feast their eyes upon the sights of a new world; they appear for a time amid the crowds at the yearly fairs, where they tell fortunes, or predict eclipses, or sell charms and false relics, or unfold the mysteries of the black art, to earn an honest penny to help them on their way. To-night they sleep in a castle court, and enjoy the hospitality given to strangers; to-morrow a friendly monastery gives them shelter and the wayfarer's food. They chaff the honest country people, and make love to the maidens with their gay manner and songs. They seem like the reckless, careless troubadours with their jests and merrymaking. The wealthier students ride on horseback; the nobles are accompanied by a retinue of attendants, the names of all of whom will be entered on the university books. The poor students, who hope by a drink from the mysterious fountain of knowledge to improve their prospects in life, have no baggage. The others carry a pack containing a velvet or satin doublet, linen shirts, a diary, an album, a letter of introduction, and some book, usually a Greek Testament, Terence, Ovid, Plautus, or Petronius. Most wear a sword as a part of their dress, and for defence as well, for the hot blood of these students constantly leads to broils. The album was a universal companion. In it professors wrote their names, with classic quotations; or comrades wrote mottoes and verses, and signed their title and the *nation* to which they belonged. Occasionally they inserted sketches of the towns along their route, where they called upon the celebrities. Many of these albums are extant in the libraries of Europe. The custom of carrying them seems to have begun early, and to have reached its height in the seventeenth century.

When the new student reached the university, his name was registered upon the roll as a member of one of the *nations*. He was required in most universities to connect himself with some hall or college, and place himself under the care of some master. He sought that quarter of the city where his countrymen lodged, and where he found a home and friends in a foreign land. He was faithful in attend-

ing the services of the church which belonged or was assigned to his *nation*, where the festival of its patron saint was yearly celebrated with great pomp. He was present at the meetings of his *nation*, and was amenable to its statutes, and to the procurator or consiliarius who administered them. A seat was assigned to him at lectures in proportion to his rank. If he was a noble, he occupied one of the front benches, or possibly a reclining-chair. At all academic festivities he ranked next after the doctors and before the licentiates. He paid a higher price for tuition, and his degree cost far more than if he had been an ordinary student.

The new scholars were called in scholastic Latin "*neovisti*" (novices), "*vulpeculæ*" (foxes), "*vituli*" (calves), "*blind*," "*innocent*," and "*incomplete*," in distinction from the older students, who were the "*absoluti*" (absolute), "*galli domestici*" (cocks of the walk), "*dominastri*" (bosses), or, in German, "*Rapp-schnabel*" (gay birds), and *bacchantes*. These elder students watched solicitously over the initiation of the freshmen into academic life. The latter were forced to submit to the tricks and abuse of their seniors. Often they were subjected to the gravest indignity and to the most menial services. Soon after entering the university the freshmen underwent the ceremony of deposition or unboobyizing (*Enttölpung*). This was probably derived from some judicial proceeding, by which a person before the court was released from certain legal obligations. The ceremony was called the laying off of the horns ("*cornua deponere*"); the novice was called the *horned* ("*cornutus*"). Similar ceremonies attended the initiation of tradesmen into guilds. In Holland the freshman was called a "*greeny*," and the ceremony the "*un-greening*." It was designed to represent divesting the freshman of his rudeness and defilement, and dedicating him to an intelligent life. He was dressed in an ox-hide, with the horns gravely surmounting his head. He was sprinkled with earth to indicate his primal rudeness. In this condition he passed a mock examination, and was finally relieved of his hide and horns. Even the great Doctor Martin Luther once attended a deposition, and delivered a speech, when the son of a friend was subjected to this ceremony.

When once admitted to citizenship in



the academic world, the student became a privileged being. He snapped his fingers in the presence of the town police; he carried himself defiantly wherever he was, secure from arrest or trial save by the university court, where he was sure of a favorable verdict. He plunged recklessly into broils, and lorded it over shopmen and innkeepers. He carried his weapons everywhere; his national quarrels he fought over again with his hereditary enemies in the narrow streets, or in the courts of the university. The stiff old beadles who carried the mace of authority were too timid to interfere and arrest the contests between the angry students. In case of a difficulty between the town and the gown, all university men, doctors and heads of colleges, were found on the same side. At Oxford the chancellor had control of the town police, and could even call the garrison to his aid. His right of punishment was practically unlimited. Popes, legates, and archbishops repeatedly confirmed his powers, which he could carry as far as excommunication, even against the protest of his diocesan. Sheriffs were ordered by the king to arrest the excommunicated person and deliver him over to the chancellor. Punishment was generally limited to confining a student in his room and feeding him on bread and water. At Paris both bachelors and students were punished in the presence of the rector with stripes on the bare back.

The student world often held high carousal. At night they roamed the streets, danced and dined and quarrelled with the publicans who sold them liquor. The capacity of the Germans for study and drink won the admiration of the Italians of that day, and extorted from a famous scholar the utterance, "The Germans can endure great labors; would that they could likewise endure great thirst!" (*Germani multos possunt tolerare labores, O utinam possent tam tolerare sitim!*); and there was a proverb, "For the Germans to drink is to live" (*Germanis vivere est bibere*). The professors of that time did not always scorn participation in the revelries of the students, and a fatal bondage to the cup sometimes chained the finest intellects. A notice once appeared upon the door of the famous Heinsius, posted by wicked students, which said, "Daniel Heinsius will not lecture to-day

on account of yesterday's inebriation" (*Daniel Heinsius non legit hodie propter hesternam crapulam*).

The dress of the students was for a long time a simple black gown. The early cathedral schools clothed their pupils in a semi-priestly dress, and the garb of the monk became the common inheritance of the academic world. Contact with the East and the prosperous life of the Flemish and Italian cities, however, introduced velvet and silk and ermine, and rich students soon wore brilliant costumes.

At the universities, all vital public questions found warm champions and partisans. On occasions of national joy or sorrow the student world faithfully reflected the greater world without. In case of royal mourning, draped chapels and auditoria testified to the common sorrow. Processions were held, addresses delivered, and resolutions adopted by the entire university. A death within the academic circle was commemorated by a general participation on the part of all the students. Students bore a comrade to burial, and services were held in the church of his *nation*. When the exercises were over, the procession returned to the house, where cake and a flagon of wine were dispensed to all. If a professor died, a colleague delivered an address commemorative of his learning, and the whole university assumed the emblems of mourning. Often a medal was struck to mark the event. The passion for manufacturing classical verse prevailed for centuries, and there was no promotion, festival, or sorrow which did not evoke appropriate Greek or Latin stanzas. The university clothed itself in gay colors at the visit of a sovereign; the *nations* went forth with their banners to meet him, and songs of welcome were sung. Addresses were delivered, and frequently Latin plays were performed.

Petitions on behalf of the university received at once the royal attention. Thus these great schools existed beside the Church and the state, a third power in the realm, arbitrating upon important issues, and princes early became their patrons and defenders. Their representatives took part in all the great deliberations of councils affecting the Christian world, and their delegates often resided at the court of Rome to guard their interests.



## SPRINGTIDE.

BY JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

### I.

LET'S walk Joy's native way—  
Better, better so;  
Day and night, and night and day,  
Better to joy than know.

Sad measures none has May;  
Hark! above, below,  
Voices over and over say,  
Better to joy than know.

The quick winds wake and play,  
Through the clean leaves blow;  
Shut the books and come away,  
Better to joy than know.

Blithe sungold hides the gray,  
Glories gleam and grow;  
See, the shadow cannot stay;  
Knowledge, oh, let it go!

The young hearts, warm and wise,  
Call with laughter low:—  
Be as the happiest bird that flies,  
Be as the brooks that flow.

Come, fleet-foot Joy's own way,  
In it let us go;  
Day and night, and night and day,  
Better to joy than know.

### II.

Softly, all together,  
Come while yet you may;  
Through the warm sweet weather  
Come, come all, this way.  
Let none delay,  
Let none delay;  
Love is only for a day.

Come, come let us wander  
Whither joy will stray;  
In the shadow yonder  
Waits the spectre gray.  
None says him nay,  
None says him nay;  
Life is only for a day.

### III.

The wings are fleet, and the breath is sweet,  
Of the winds blown over the world so long;  
The June grass brightens with rain and heat,  
The boughs of the morning are glad with song.

The hills high over the valley lie;  
Glory on glory climbs as it can;  
Over the hills is the great brave sky,  
Over the sky is the hope of man.



## A BIRTHDAY POEM.

BY ROBERT STEWART.

IF you had called Archibald Douglas a poet, he would have been very much vexed with you; but for all that he was one, though his poetry was satirical and brilliant rather than strong or passionate. If he had been less a man of the world, he would have been a better poet. The half-cynical, half-humorous way in which he looked into himself, while saving him from ultra-sentimentalism, was fatal to the true poetic instinct. For the rest, he was a lawyer in good practice, and—what he regarded as a special cause for thankfulness—a bachelor.

He had been kept quite late at his office this afternoon, going over the points of a motion he was to argue in chambers next morning, and now leaned back in his desk-chair in that pleasant state of semi-consciousness which can only be produced by mental weariness and a good cigar.

He heard a step coming rather quickly along the hall, it stopped before his door, the brass knob turned, and a tall, good-looking young fellow, with a dark mustache and lazy blue eyes, came in.

"Ah! Jenkyns," he said, "come in! Your case hasn't been reached yet. I expect—"

"Oh, it's not that," said the other, standing a little diffidently, with his hat in his hand and his cane swinging to and fro before his legs. "I want to ask a favor of you."

"Anything in the world, my dear boy," returned the lawyer, standing judicially before the fireplace, with his hands behind him. "But do sit down."

"Well, I'll tell you," said Mr. Jenkyns, sinking nervously into a chair; "it's just this. You see, I'm very much gone; in love, you know, with—er—Miss Berrysford—Dorothy Berrysford."

"What! Dorothy Berrysford?" cried the other, incredulously. "Nonsense!"

"Oh, but it's not nonsense," said his client. "I assure you I never was more serious in my life. I want to marry her, by Jove!"

"Well, it's very nice of you, I'm sure," replied Archibald, evenly.

"Eh? Oh, I don't know. I haven't asked her yet, but I'm certain she will

say yes. Not from what she has said, of course, but from her general manner."

"Oh, her general manner," said Douglas.

"Quite so. But what I want to do is to send her some flowers on her birthday, and I—I thought, perhaps, if I asked you, you might do me some verse to send with them. Something clever and funny, and that might be taken both ways, you understand. You are so deucedly clever at that sort of thing, and I'm a regular duffer at rhyming. Couldn't make love and dove into a verse to save my soul, give you my word. You won't mind, will you? The whole thing will be quite anonymous, you know. I'll be eternally obliged to you."

"My dear Jenkyns," replied Douglas, in a tone nicely balanced between good-humor and contempt, "it's quite the other way. Your confidence in me fills me with a gratitude which I find it difficult to express. The poetic instinct is really glowing within me as I contemplate so much happiness."

Indeed he found intense amusement in the thought that he was going to stand behind the scenes, so to speak, and see this little matrimonial farce acted out before his eyes.

As he was rather tired that evening he determined not to go to the trouble of dressing, so dined very quietly at a café, and afterwards, because he felt too lazy to amuse himself, he went to the theatre. The orchestra was playing the last bars of the overture as he seated himself, and it was not until the curtain had been rung down on the first act that he had any time to look around. Then, only two seats in front of him, between her father and mother, her fair hair tucked jealously away beneath the most bewitching little pink bonnet, he saw—Dorothy Berrysford.

"It's very droll," he said to himself, "seeing her here. I wonder what she will say when he tells her, in the course of one of their conjugal spats, that I wrote verses to her for him? She will certainly be quite proud and pleased with him." Then, simply as an artist would study a model, not as a woman, but as a subject, as he assured himself, he sat and



stared leisurely at her whenever she presented her profile to him.

When he reached home he lit a cigar and sat down before his fire, with a bit of paper in his hand, to write his poem. And as he stared idly into the blazing logs that sweet girlish profile, with downcast eyes and laughing lips, rose up before him like a picture of love and beauty. "It's a pretty name to set a ballad to," he said aloud—"Dorothy—Dorothy Berrysford." A couplet came into his head, he wrote it down, and still another and another came, till, after writing rapidly for some minutes, with now and then a glance at her face, he stopped, and began to read what he had composed. "By Jove!" he said to himself, "I've been writing a love-song! Not such a bad love-song either. I'm inclined to think it's the best thing I ever did; but it will never do." It seemed so perfectly absurd that he, a man of thirty, a man of the world, a man whom his friends had dubbed the amiable cynic, and who rather gloried in the title, should have wasted the best part of half an hour agonizing over a love-ballad, and, worst of all, a love-ballad to Dorothy Berrysford—Dorothy, whom he had known these ten years, and had always regarded with a sort of complacent elderly criticism, tempered with real friendship.

He lit the gas and put away the poem in his desk. He was inclined to send it after the cigar at first, but concluded that it would be a more satisfactory mode of reproof to turn it into hard cold cash. He was a little ashamed of his burst of sentiment, and yet pleased at the boyish sensibility which had been the occasion of it.

Next day he revenged himself for his sentimentalism of the previous evening by composing a most sarcastic and witty birthday poem, with just the least bit of delicately veiled tenderness here and there, when he thought of her face and couldn't help it.

Jenkyns was quite enchanted with it.

"You'd better have it copied," observed Douglas. "She knows my handwriting."

"Oh, I'm not such a flat as all that," answered the happy lover, putting it in his pocket-book. "I'm going to have it type-written."

"Ah, you sly dog!" said the author, shaking his finger at him. "Au revoir."

As time passed, Archibald began to

take what he cynically called quite a fatherly interest in the affair. It was really wonderful how many of his odd moments were spent in thinking about Dorothy. Her brother, who had been his dearest friend for so many years, gone now, rose up in his memory fresh as yesterday, and his heart ached with the old grief once more. Memories of her childhood, little incidents and words and fond embraces, which he had supposed quite gone out of his head, sprang up thick and fast, and softened him. "She is very beautiful," he thought. "I don't think I ever noticed how beautiful until the other night. I must really go and see them. It is quite an age since I was there; and if the picture is marked sold, one can gaze at it while it's still in the shop. I'm not covetous." So the next day he found it convenient to turn down one of the side streets on his way up Fifth Avenue, and ring the fourth door-bell from the corner.

He went into the half-lit drawing-room and sat down. There was the rustle of a dress upon the stairs; some one came quickly in.

"Archie! You?" she cried, in a pleased, cordial voice.

He dropped his eyes; his face flushed; he was filled with an immense emotion, a sudden passionate longing that amazed and dismayed him.

"You never came by yourself?" she declared, laughing, as they seated themselves. "Who brought you?"

"You," he returned, concisely. "And a constitutional inclination to be where I'm not wanted."

"Well, I'm very glad you came," she replied, "because your presence allays certain doubts, which, I confess, I was beginning to entertain, as to whether you were a fact, or only some one I had read about in a book."

"Do lend it to me. It must be most fascinating," he said, modestly.

"What an apparent bid for a compliment!" she cried, leaning back in her chair and looking at him in friendly fashion, with her head a little on one side. "Do you think you deserve one, Archie?"

"If I were to measure my deserts by the amount of your forgiveness," he answered, "I should consider myself the most deserving person I know."

"Do you always return good for evil in such a charming way?" she asked. "I



don't remember. Perhaps I never tempted you before. I think the hero of my story began rather badly, and left undone those things which he ought to have done; but I am quite sure he repented on the last page, or the next to the last; I forget which."

"Quite a returned prodigal, eh? I hope they were particularly nice to him when he came back—in your book."

"Oh, exceedingly. They forgave him freely, and presented him with a large quantity of good advice. Which would you prefer?"

"I trust I have already experienced the former," he answered; "and while I don't depreciate the amount of your worldly wisdom, Dorothy, which I know must be large, as a result of certain early friendships, yet, to be candid, your commodity is rather a drug on the market. Do you suppose any fellow ever yet went to the deuce for the lack of good advice?"

"I don't know," said Miss Dorothy, seriously. "It has always seemed to me that if people were a little more considerate and kind in the first place, there wouldn't be so many opportunities for exercising forgiveness."

"Now that is a personal reflection!" he exclaimed.

"It wasn't," she protested, laughing; "but I am willing to atone. What shall I do?"

"You are goodness, mercy, and peace personified," he said. "This is what you shall do: You shall give me a rose."

She went over to a great bowl full of them that stood on a small table, and he watched her slender white fingers dipping daintily into the red blossoms.

"And when that is withered, I will give you another," she said.

"And I will come for it," he replied.

And she looked so bewitching as she stood close to him, pinning the rose in his button-hole, with her smile and her upturned eyes, that there is no knowing to what absurdity he might have yielded if some one had not been announced just then and given him an excuse to take leave.

To say that Douglas was surprised when he discovered what he had been about would but feebly express his state of mind. All his self-assertion, all his egotism, all his sarcasm, rose up in arms to trample down and cast out the tender little sentiment which had found a place in

his heart. That a man of his age and experience, who had guarded his emotions so carefully for so many years, should have fallen in love with a girl whom he had known all her life, and who was, moreover, as good as married to another man, filled him with shame and self-reproach. Still, he had no intention of giving up the fight. If there had been any chance of marrying Dorothy, no doubt the prospect would have been most pleasing, and no doubt she was an extremely pretty and charming young woman; but as, through some inscrutable mystery in the feminine mechanism, she had chosen to offer up all this alluring sweetness to Jenkyns, he did not intend to break his heart over what was inevitable, or sigh after a woman who had the bad taste to prefer a fool to a wit. But the little god had evidently got his chubby fingers round his neck, and the only way to get rid of him was to throttle the boy.

When he began to look into the matter critically, the cause of his downfall was very easy to see. He had gone to the theatre, sat studying Miss Berrysford's face as he had never studied any woman's before, came home and intentionally contemplated her, for poetical purposes, in the most sentimental light with reference to himself, had made her stand to him for all sweet womankind, and had ended, of course, in loving—not her, but a face. Yes, it was not the real Dorothy, the Dorothy whom he had seen unmoved for years, necessarily full of faults and imperfections, the Dorothy who chose Jenkyns as her cavalier, but the ideal woman of his imagination, whom he had been making her personate. The cause having been revealed, the remedy was easily found. He had been so astounded, the other day, by the discovery of his feelings towards her, that it had been the ideal Dorothy he had been visiting. Now, however, being prepared for this, he would place the maid of his poetic dreams and the future Mrs. Jenkyns face to face, see, and be cured.

"I'm certainly a fool," he thought, rising and stretching, "but there is consolation in the reflection that this particular instance of it won't go any farther."

He was so extremely busy for the next few days, besides feeling that he must not venture too quickly into the fire, that her birthday came and went before he found



time to carry out his plans. He laughed a little during the day as he thought of his poem and the unexpected results which had risen from it. "I hope he has proposed to her," he said to himself. "It will make the cure so much more certain, although there is no doubt about the cure."

On one of the last of those cold days which the dying year was letting slip through his grasp, he walked up the Berrysfords' steps, knocked the snow off his shoes, and rang the bell.

Miss Berrysford was in the drawing-room when he entered, cozily toasting her feet before the fender, and looking like an old picture in the soft gray light, with the fire casting a rosy sheen on her pale silk gown.

She came quickly to meet him, holding out her hand in the usual friendly way. Once more he held it in his; once more her eyes were beaming on him; once more she was smiling in his face.

"It was good of you to come to me to-day, above all days," she said, gratefully, making him sit opposite her. "I knew you would think of *him*."

He blushed, as he remembered that it was the anniversary of her brother's death: he had been so much engrossed with his own affairs that he had forgotten it. "I know," he said. "I am glad I came, if my coming makes the memory of it any easier for you to bear."

"Sometimes," she went on, sadly, looking into the fire, "when I remember how I loved him, and how I thought I should die too, when he left us, and how most of the time he is as much out of my thoughts as if he had never lived, I am ashamed of myself and my hard-heartedness."

"And if you do," he said, softly, bending towards her as if some one were listening to them—"if you do sometimes forget that he is no more here, is not that what he would have wished? You can't fancy that George was so selfish as to wish you to grieve for him always, Dorothy."

"Ah, but to forget," she murmured. "It is hard to be forgotten. It is the hardest part of dying."

"I think I see him now," he said, absently; "I can almost hear his voice."

"And you were his dearest friend. He was so fond of you, Archie," she said, smiling sadly. "How long ago it seems! So much has happened since then that I feel quite old."

"I wish I could agree with you," he returned, with his quizzical laugh; "but I can't say you impress me as being particularly elderly."

"Your compliments," she said, bending back her head, and smiling at him over her shoulder, "always give one the impression that you wouldn't have given them expression for the world if you could have helped yourself. I rather like the effect. It makes them sound more truthful and original."

"Being naturally of a truthful turn of mind, falsehood is an art which is rather difficult for me to acquire," he returned, with lazy slowness.

"Do you remember," she asked, presently, turning her eyes from the fire to his face, and breaking the pleasant little silence which had fallen upon them with her low laugh—"I don't know why it should occur to me, except that I have been living very much in the past to-day—but do you remember when I fell into the pond, in the country, and you fished me out?"

"I remember," he answered, laughing with her. "But it was no joke at the time. I recollect, too, what a fright you looked, standing on the lawn dripping water like a great fountain."

"And when mamma was going to scold me for being careless, you told her—I think it was rather a fib you told her, Archie. It was very wicked of you; but I remember I liked you for it."

It was very interesting, sitting in the rich twilight beside this charming woman, having her call him by his first name, and talking to him in such a delightfully familiar way.

"And do you remember," she went on, delightedly, as the sweet memories of her childhood hovered round her, "how you wrote verses to me on my birthday? They were the first verses that anybody ever wrote to me. I was very proud of them. I put them carefully away in my glove-box. I found them there only the other day. Do you know, the paper was quite yellow."

"I dare say," he returned. "Yellow is a very appropriate color for them, for those were my golden days."

Something in his tone, something in his manner, touched that chord of womanly sympathy, which was so quick to vibrate with compassion and tenderness.

"Archie," she said, softly, going over



to him and laying her hand, which looked so white and beautiful, he thought, upon his arm, with a familiarity which was warranted by their long friendship, "both our eyes have been a little dimmed by worldliness, I fear, since we walked with him in that dear past."

"Not yours! not yours!" he murmured. "Only mine."

As she stood there before him, her fair hand still resting on his arm, her kind eyes full of compassion for him, as if—good God!—as if she were his wife, what he might have said in the tumult of his passion and regret, Heaven knows. But the front door opened, there was a little bustle in the hall, a deprecatory cough from the butler, and—"Mr. Jenkyns, Miss Berrysford."

Douglas stepped back, and stood keenly watching her.

He was not angry; he was not reproachful; he was only sorry.

"Good-by," he said.

"Good-by," she whispered, holding out her hand, "Archie."

Could it be possible, he asked himself, that she— But no, no, it was too absurd, too ridiculous to be thought of. She had blushed as any woman would whose fiancé had come unexpectedly into her presence while she was talking with another man. It was only that she had seen his regret, and that her woman's heart had gone out to him in a moment of compassion, as it would to a suffering child, or to a beggar at the gate. He was perfectly candid with himself now. He admitted that he had missed his highest good, and it only remained for him to live his half-life out as well as he could, and starve his passion till it lay dead at his feet. To be near her, to listen to her soft voice, to feel that her dear eyes were resting upon his in friendship and affection, this is what this sometime cynic longed for, and what he told himself must never, never be. He had no longer any animosity towards Dorothy. If, through some painful deception, she had chosen to give so much where she could receive so little in return, who was he to censure her, whose vision had been so narrow?

But Archibald's was not the only head that tossed night after night upon a restless pillow. Grim care found his way even into Miss Berrysford's carefully guarded chamber; and he is an ogre whom the sweetest smiles cannot soften, nor the most

piteous entreaties turn away. With a woman's quickness of intuition she at once divined that Douglas's reappearance, after such an unnecessary absence, was the result of some circumstance connected with herself, and she pondered a good deal upon the nature of this circumstance. Her interest in Archibald, however, was much more one of curiosity than sympathy. He had slipped so gradually, since her brother's death, into the position of a mere acquaintance, that her friendship for him was more a memory than a fact. Still, when she was about fifteen she had been very much in love with him, and though she now laughed at the passion, she never could regard him quite as she regarded other men, and his personality had influenced her to such a degree that she had formed her ideas of masculine perfection in accordance with it. The abruptness of his departure on his first visit, and a certain expression on his face when she pinned the rose in his button-hole, added a definiteness to these speculations. And on her birthday, when she received a huge basket of roses with a bit of poetry, which she perceived to be written in his peculiar style, with just enough change to make the effort at concealment more apparent, she couldn't but notice that the roses were exactly the same as the one she gave him, or help asking herself if a man of his age would trouble himself to write poetry to her if he hadn't some end in view. Then the date of his second visit, on the anniversary of her brother's death, when he must have known that she would be in an unusually softened and sympathetic mood, was of itself a delicate intimation that he wished to re-establish the old intimacy. And although he had taken no advantage of it, when she made the way easy for him, by referring to the former poems he wrote to her, there had been something in his manner which told her that a certain question she had begun, half-shamefacedly, to ask herself, would be formulated. What her answer would be she knew quite well, but of course she did not admit it. She saw very clearly, also, as she sat talking with him this afternoon, that there were certain wants in his nature which she could satisfy, and the knowledge was very sweet to her. And as they had stood looking at each other, in a kind of eloquent silence, her heart went out to him in a burst of love so pure and holy that I think it



must have lighted up her face like an angel's, and he would have taken her into his arms. Only the portière parted, and Mr. Jenkyns was announced. Then that lying blush rose to her cheeks, as she remembered how silly gossip had connected her name and this young man's, and she knew that he remembered it too, and saw the blush, and was going away full of sorrow and anger at her deception, and she was powerless. She could not explain, she said to herself, as the weeks passed and he came no more, and her fear became a sickening truth. If he would show her the way, she would follow—she could do no more.

Archibald's renunciation of her was based, of course, on so much stronger grounds than she could have any idea of, that an explanation for him only meant a humiliation to which he saw no reason for subjecting himself.

But if we play the cards of destiny too badly, fortune will sometimes take the game into her own hands, and the young man discovered this, on going to a church which he rarely attended, one Sunday afternoon, and finding himself seated in the same pew with her. He sent the pew-opener to perdition at frequent intervals during the service, but after a time admitted that he must make the plunge sometime, and he might as well get used to meeting her in her altered condition. He would have to walk home with her, but he need not go in.

Their talk was rather constrained, as they walked along. Miss Dorothy had put on a fine blush to receive him, and not having chosen to lay it aside, he was so much moved by it, and so afraid that she would read him, that he only indulged the vaguest generalities; while she, now that the longed-for explanation was going to begin, felt very nervous.

"Of course you'll come in," she said, leading the way.

"I—" he began; but she looked so pretty—the door was open—he could get glimpses of those two chairs drawn cozily before the fire—the possibilities of one more long *tête-à-tête* flashed over him—he was no angel—and he yielded. "You are a siren," he said, with a laugh and a little sigh. "Old Cyclops himself would have jumped in after you."

"Do you mean that you wish me to sing to you?" she asked, laughing. "I will."

Now that he was in the rich, cheerful drawing-room, which he knew so well, his constraint seemed to have been shut out with the darkness. He only realized that he was with her once more, hearing the voice he had longed for, seeing the face he loved so well.

"Poor Cyclops is evidently to be sacrificed," he said, with a peculiar smile. "Please do."

She sat at the piano, playing softly for a moment, he standing quite close to her; and then she sang to him.

Was it the song, or was it the singer? What vision bright with happiness and peace descended on him, as he listened to that dear old song his mother used to sing? Did he see his home, blessed by her presence, joyous with the shouts of merry children, hallowed by a love which he understood too well? He closed his eyes, and the world slipped away from him.

"It was very odd, our meeting at church," she said at last.

"Of course I can't answer for you," he returned, finding himself on earth once more, with a sick pain at his heart, "but it was the most natural place in the world to find me on Sunday afternoon."

"I am very glad to hear it," she replied, seriously.

"Then you had sent me to the deuce, as well as the rest of the world, had you?" he asked, with a smile which was not pleasant to see on so kind a face. "I am very glad to be able to reinstate myself. I'm a reformed character, I assure you. I keep seven candles burning constantly upon my dressing-table, and read the burial-service night and morning."

"When people told me you were cynical, Archie, I always insisted that they were mistaken," she said, gently.

"Did you?" he cried, quickly. "Well, it's a comfort to know there is one friend to stand up for me, at least. But perhaps they were right; my life seems sometimes as stale and useless as that rose you gave me. I don't know why I should make explanations to you," he added, smiling; "I'm not particularly ingenuous, as a rule. But what is the use of having a friend if one can't say what one feels? You see I even tell you about keeping the rose."

"You might have had a fresh one, if you had come for it," she returned.



"Yes; but it would not have been the same," he answered.

"It is the best I can do," she replied, sweetly.

"I know, I know," he returned, quietly.

"I could easily have spared you another rose," she went on, courageously, with her face hot, "because some one sent me such a lovely basket of them on my birthday—and a poem, such a clever poem! But do you know," looking at him innocently, "it was very provoking of him—he forgot the card. The roses are all gone now, but one. Shall I show you the poem? Perhaps you can guess who sent it. I shall be so grateful."

She went quickly up stairs, and soon returned, smiling and flushed, with the paper in her hand.

"There it is," she said, holding it out to him. How her hand was trembling! Could she suspect? No; she was too happy. "Read it aloud," she said, settling herself back comfortably in her chair. "You used to read very well, I remember."

"I can't see here," he said, turning from her and fussing with the light. Should he tell her? It was a fearful temptation. He knew her better now; he knew that to love this man she must have idealized him, worshipped him, and that he had but to say a word, to speak the truth, and he could cast her fair idol shattered at her feet. But what of the anguish and humiliation he would cause her to suffer? What of the promise of silence he had given to her lover? Was not her happiness more to him than his own?

"Well," she said, "begin; I'm listening."

"Pardon me," he returned, "I was looking ahead." He took a grim satisfaction in reading the poem as well as he could, and making its meaning clear to her. He finished. The paper fluttered to the floor. "I think I can guess the answer," he said, slowly, with a gravity quite out of proportion to the situation. "It was—Jenkyns."

She started as he said it, and then, as the full meaning of his words dawned upon her, her face became very pale.

"I think you have forgotten yourself," she said, with a dignity which sat very sweetly on her, but in a pained, dis-

tressed voice, "and I shall expect you to explain. Do you think it is the part of a friend, do you think—I can't help saying it—it is the part of a gentleman, to sit here, in my own house, and take advantage of my confidence to insult me? If any one had repeated such idle gossip about you, I would have refuted it. But you, you who pretend to be my friend, believe it—don't deny it, you do believe it!—and come and cast it into my face. Oh, how could you do it?" she cried. "It was unkind, it was cruel."

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed, bewildered. "You don't mean that you are not engaged to him?"

"It is certainly nothing that concerns you," she replied, quickly, her bosom still heaving violently; "but as it concerns me, I will answer you. No; I am not!"

"Then I have to ask your pardon," he returned, with admirable self-control. "But, believe me, you cannot possibly understand how sorry I am for having pained and vexed you so, or how I have been deceived. You see, I can't answer your riddle," he went on, presently, very pale and earnest. "But may I tell you a story? and will you promise, no matter how it may affect you, not to interrupt until I have done?"

"Yes," she said, with her eyes veiled.

"There was a certain friend of mine," he began, slowly, "who made a most unfortunate discovery—a discovery so unnecessary and so fatal that it filled him with misery and regret unutterable. He was not cold or hard-hearted, I think, but he had lived so long alone that he had grown a little careless and selfish. And the discovery this friend of mine made was, that he had been loving a woman all his life without knowing it, until he found she was going to marry some one else. He was so much older than she, indeed, and had known her so many years, that he had never realized that she was a woman at all until a man told him—with no intention of lying, I believe, but from his own overweening conceit—that he was as good as engaged to her. And although he was startled and pained to hear that his girl friend was going to throw herself away upon a fool, he didn't discover even then what it meant to him. In fact, he knew his own heart so little that he consented to write a poem for this young man to send her, on her birthday,



with some roses. He sat behind her one evening at the theatre, marvelling at her beauty. Perhaps, if he hadn't called on her a few days afterwards, he never would have known his heart. But as she came into the room, as she stood there holding his hand—ah! he knew then. Of course you cannot comprehend what he suffered. How should you? You cannot comprehend how he saw those dreadful words, *too late, too late*, staring him in the face. But, at last, what do you think? Just as he had given up all hope of peace, he learned that he had been deceived, that it was false, that this degradation was not in store for her, that she was free! free as a bird! free as air! Do you suppose," he asked, leaning forward in his agitation and laying his hand upon the back of her chair, "that if he told her all this—told her that although he realized that

he could never hope to be anything but a dislike to her; that wherever he was, and as long as he lived, he should always think of her, and love her, and be grateful for having known her—do you suppose, I say, that in the goodness of her heart she could forgive him?"

"She would have nothing to forgive," she answered, tremulously, with her face hid from him. "It was not his fault that he misunderstood her. And if he really loved her, it would make very little difference when he began to—care for her."

"Dorothy!" he cried, passionately, "for God's sake, don't say too much! It is I that I mean—it is you whose love I want—can you forgive me?"

She could not answer him, but she raised those bright eyes, in which the tears were shining, and let them speak for her.

## EDITOR'S STUDY.

### I.

ÉMILE ZOLA, the industrious exploiter of the degeneracy of contemporary France, has now completed his edifice, built of such crumbling material, by covering it with a Trilogy of three domes—*Lourdes, Rome, Paris*—which may be supposed to catch the light, and in a way to reflect the opinion of the writer upon the world with which he is acquainted.

If we take the view that the wonderful Rougon-Macquart series of novels is not a mere study of heredity as a convenient string on which to hang sensational pictures of the vices of French life, but that the series is a necessary exhibition of what is vulgar and vicious in order that society may be frightened at its own image, then we can see in the Trilogy the earnest purpose of a sincere man, and regard it as a deduction from his previous observations. It is not, therefore, necessary to discuss the relation of Zola's *Naturalism* to his bank account. We may admit that life is to him as discouraging as he describes it, and we come naturally to his proposition, put into the soliloquy of his devoted

and sceptical young priest, Pierre, that "after centuries of stubborn efforts, Redemption through Christianity failed, and another means of salvation was needed by the world in presence of the exasperated thirst for justice which came from the duped and wretched nations."

Pierre, the young and poor priest, saddened by the spectacle of a Rougon-Macquart world, finding his faith in the standard orthodox system of regeneration slipping away from him, and yet fired with an optimistic "religion of humanity," makes the pilgrimage of Lourdes in the hope that the sight of its miracles will rekindle his faith. But not content with even a psychological explanation of what he saw there, he comes away more oppressed, with the exhibition of a vast commercial speculation founded upon credulity.

He does not, however, lose hope. The misery of life inspires him to new effort, and he composes a great work, pointing out the means of rescue. His belief is that the Head of the Church will turn the great engine he controls to the direct allevia-



tion of the woes of humanity—that is, by a restoration of Christianity to its original democratic purpose. His visit to Rome is a record of his failure, and of the destruction of all his illusions in regard to the Church. In this book the frustration of his efforts to reach the Pope, or to obtain any recognition of his mission, exhibits, no doubt with little exaggeration, the concentration and power of the establishment, and its imperviousness to individual enthusiasm. But it is disfigured by an unnecessary “naturalism” in the interwoven love-story, and by the author’s want of knowledge of Roman society. There can be no doubt, however, that M. Zola is dead in earnest in his belief that the Roman Catholic Church, by which he means Christianity, as an institution for the salvation of the world, is moribund. And that, whatever organized Christianity may promise for the future, it utterly fails to relieve human misery or do justice in this life. And yet he may, perhaps, regard himself as an optimist in his expectation that there will be “evolved” out of the present chaos and degeneracy a religion of humanity, the corner-stone of which shall be justice.

Pierre returns to Paris sick at heart, but determined to throw himself again into works of charity, that is, of direct relief of suffering; to drown his doubts in this work—in short, to test to the uttermost the efficacy of charity as a solvent of the inequalities and miseries of modern life.

*Paris*, it may be said briefly, is a record of his failure. The book is less a novel than a doctrinaire tract, and, notwithstanding the undoubted cleverness of the author and his brilliant power of description, is often tedious in its preachments. The plan of the book is to contrast the luxury and vice of one part of the city with the poverty and vice of the other parts, and the failure of charity, which is officially abundant, to bring these two classes into sympathy. Paris is, of course, the centre of modern life, thought, influence. If that is in decay, the universe is in ruins. The author spares no pains to convince us that this wonderful, fascinating city is rotten to the core, both in public and in private life. Nothing escapes his indictment—the politicians, the government officials, the press, the church, the administration of charities, the theatre, the whole commercial class.

The under world is seething with socialism, collectivism, nihilism, efforts of discontent to overthrow everything that exists; the upper world is still more fundamentally corrupt in its disregard of all moral law. And the church does not relieve the poor, and it does not save the rich.

The worst indictment of the social life of Paris, however, is apparently made unconsciously by the author. It is in the matter-of-course way in which irregular relations are taken for granted in all classes. Is this common setting aside of the moral standard due to the powerlessness of Christianity? In the reign of “justice” which man is to work out for himself, is the moral code to be insignificant, and are we to look for wholly new bases of conduct?

*Paris* is an entirely modern book. It is as full of the new tendencies and currents of French life as the daily newspaper which he describes: “*La Voix du Peuple* was a morning sheet which, under the pretence of defending outraged justice and morality, set a fresh scandal circulating every morning in the hope of thereby increasing its sales.” The author expresses himself upon the recent spiritualistic revival against the naturalism of the age. In place of salvation by science and by labor in the workshops, there is the return to drawing-room fads, occultism, and various spiritualistic relapses. The fear of being duped leads the young student into reaction against the entire effort, the whole work of the century. “Disgust with liberty, distrust of science, denial of the future, that is what they now profess.” “It is quite true that the reaction against Positivism is making itself felt among our literary fellow-students,” says a pupil of the *École Normale*, “and that they, like others, are haunted by the idea of that famous bankruptcy of Science. This is, perhaps, due to their masters, the neo-spiritualists and dogmatic rhetoricians into whose hands they have fallen. And it is still more due to fashion, the whim of the times which, as you have very well put it, regards scientific truth as bad taste, something graceless, and altogether too brutal for light and distinguished minds. Consequently a young fellow of any shrewdness who desires to please is perforce won over to the new spirit.” “The new spirit!” interrupted Pierre, unable to restrain him-



self. "Oh, that is no mere innocent passing fashion; it is a tactical device, and a terrible one, an offensive return of the powers of darkness against those of light, of servitude against free thought, truth, and justice." What the "new spirit" is in fact doing is "striving to win Paris over to the policy of Rome, to that spurious neo-catholicism which, with the object of destroying democracy and science, accepted such portions of them as it could adapt to its own views."

Zola's last book, therefore, is not merely his exposition of the inadequacy of Christianity to deal with the problems of modern life, but it is his reply to the whole recent movement in Paris, which has been called an effort for the Higher Life.

M. Zola's criticism gains a certain pungency by being put into the mouth of a priest. This is the privilege of the novelist. The priest is not, however, looking at the matter historically; he is not estimating the effect, the visible effect, of Christianity in changing the world in eighteen hundred years, but he sees that charity should in this time have redeemed all, and it has not done it. "What! after so many centuries of Christian charity not a sore had healed. Misery had grown and spread, irritated even to rage." The death of one man by starvation is an indictment of the entire Christian system as it is practised.

M. Zola lacks one of the indispensable qualities of a creator of the first rank. He lacks humor. The presence of this, even in a slight degree, would have saved him from some ludicrous positions. One of the sanest persons in this book, a scientist, whom the author makes us respect, has invented an explosive powder, with cannon to match, which is so deadly that it will consume all the enemies of France on the battle-fields of Europe, gain France the leadership, and in some unexplained manner regenerate the world. How naïvely attractive a Parisian is, after all!

## II.

There was exhibited in New York last winter a private collection of French pictures which attracted much attention. The pictures at auction, thanks largely to the great name of Fortuny, which was attached to several of them, brought larger prices than was expected by Impressionist critics, and larger probably than could be obtained at Paris, where the appreciation

of the painstaking school of Meissonier has much abated. It was a *genre* exhibition, nearly all the pictures either small studies of street effects, or copies of arranged studio models. If it was the acme of bourgeois art, it was also the acme of technical skill—of the mastery of all present knowledge, of how to produce effects in drawing and color.

The exhibition was thronged daily, and much admired. The subjects pleased the public, and the execution pleased the artists. It was, perhaps, the most perfect exponent we have seen lately of what the minds of artists dwell on, and of the cultivated taste of this generation. And if this is so, the taste is undoubtedly for delicacy and finish in small things. The picture which had the largest crowds in front of it, and which at the sale brought the largest price—forty-two thousand dollars—Fortuny's "Model," is, perhaps, the highest achievement of art in this direction, and the most satisfactory to the present taste. It is a small picture, the subject is trivial, but it becomes important by its faultless technique, its refinement of drawing, and its wonderful, daring, brilliant combination of color. This sparkling interior, with its posed connoisseurs, and the model placed for inspection on a marble table, is wholly artificial. It is wholly an exhibition of skill. In Fortuny's "Lions Court in the Alhambra," in the same collection, not wholly finished, the artist makes an appeal to the imagination, to the tender romance of the past, and sets the spectator dreaming on things that were. It is as marvellous in color as the "Model," it is as realistic in faithfulness to the scene, but it has a greatness that is not accounted for by its larger size of canvas. In the Metropolitan Museum of Art is a portrait of a Spanish lady by Fortuny, which in solidity, repose, dignity, recalls the work of the great masters. It suggests the idea that if this artist had been born in a day when great things were demanded, he would have responded to the call.

The exhibition had much in it that was purely artificial in composition and petty in conception, much that indicated poverty of ideas, but it had much beauty, great refinement, and as a show of color and luminous painting it has not been excelled in New York in a long time. There were many canvases that were unimportant, but very little that was crude



or unlearned. It was exceedingly interesting as an exhibition of technical perfection, and still more so as an illustration of the public taste in modern art. It doubtless gave pleasure, the critics praised it at length, and the spectators spoke of it with enthusiasm, and they backed their opinion with money, which is one of the best tests of affection and conviction.

Perhaps we have reached the summit of modern art, and shall have nothing better in our day. It is a period of refinement and decoration, in which the *how* is more important than the *what*. And yet there must have been some people who went away from the enjoyment of the Stewart collection with the consciousness that their higher natures had not been appealed to, that they had not experienced a thrill of genuine emotion, that their aspirations had not been raised, that they had seen nothing to move them profoundly in any way. Had they encountered any new idea, any deep revelation of character, any vision of supernal beauty, any except technical sincerity, any great movement of human passion?

It was a beautiful exhibition, and it was a popular exhibition. That is perhaps all we should ask. It may be that art as we see it in the Greek sculpture and in the Italian Renaissance is no longer needed in our civilization; that art, as Mr. W. J. Stillman rather mournfully suggests, is not necessary to civilization. It is a day of little masters, of the art that seeks effect but feels nothing, of small and exquisite things. It is not difficult to understand them; it adds to the agreeableness of life to decorate our houses with them. We have almost reached perfection as copyists of nature; it may be that the world will some day tire of conventional monotony, and of imitation, and of the dainty representation of our own small ideas, and welcome again genius that is not content to please, but is stirred with the passion to create.

### III.

It is evident that the most exciting interests in the Old World in the twentieth century are to be the partition of Africa among the commercial nations of Europe, and the destiny of China. Ten years ago China was regarded by other nations with some fear. It was thought that this vast empire of 400,000,000 of an alien civiliza-

tion was beginning to stir, to get under way to take an active part in the affairs of the world, and the movement of an overflow excited some apprehension. If it took the direction of the United States, we might be swamped. Its civilization was of the oldest; its stamina was unimpaired; and if the empire became conscious of its power, and abandoned its exclusiveness, it might well become a power to be reckoned with. Recently the war with Japan disclosed a before unknown lack of unity and coherence in this vast body. One province seemed indifferent about the fate of another. The great bulk was seen to be incapable of united, concentrated action. The empire appeared like a stranded whale, the prey of any adventurous nations that might move alongside of its carcass. A new idea at once arose that China could be partitioned, and its rich provinces become the prey of the strongest. This was probably not a new idea to Russia, which for more than fifty years has been pushing her boundaries in that direction, and sagacious listeners have any day expected to hear Russian cannon at the gates of Peking. England was firmly fixed at Hong-kong. The French were established in Cochin. But lately the transformation has been rapid. The Japanese occupy Formosa. The Russians have come to the Yellow Sea. The Germans have also arrived. It is like a scene in a play. Every strong power seems at hand and ready to begin in the division of the empire. England alone, acting in the interests of the world at large, stood to her position of free ports for the commerce of the world.

Official China is still lethargic, sly, and apparently intrenched in tradition against any perception of her danger. The conceit of the government—a conceit almost wholly due to its ignorance of what is going on in the world—seems impenetrable. At this critical moment a private enterprise has been projected which may have considerable significance. At any rate, it is interesting. Hitherto the Western civilization has affected the merchants and the lower classes at the open ports; the Christian missions have been directed mainly to the lower orders. Neither commerce nor missions have reached the higher classes. They remain, except for half a dozen names, wholly indifferent to and ignorant of modern life. The effort of which I speak proposes to begin with



high-class Chinese, in the belief that only thence can knowledge and enlightenment filter down to the mass of the people. It is proposed to found the International Institute of China at Peking. China has, as the world knows, a vast system of education, and universities of great and far-reaching influence. None of them is vitalized by a single modern idea. They adhere to the scholastic methods and objects of a thousand years ago. The mandarins and educated classes of China have never been reached either by our missions or by any of our educational ideas. There has been only the slightest intercourse between the missionaries of religion or education and the educated official class. More than this, access to the educated official class, in any terms of friendly and sympathetic intercourse, has not been had by foreigners. The International Institute as projected is the first decided step of progress in this direction. Its inception is a romantic story which can only be hinted at here.

The Rev. Gilbert Reid had been for ten years a Presbyterian missionary in China. It became evident to him that the enlightenment of China could only be accomplished through the higher classes. In 1894, during the months of the war with Japan, the time seemed opportune to make an effort to reach the official class in Peking. The story of this effort and its extraordinary success is the story of which I speak. I have no space to give it, but any reader who would like to understand the peculiar difficulty of the spread of Western ideas in China, and the significance of Mr. Reid's attempt, would do well to address him at Warsaw, New York. His success in breaking down the barriers of prejudice and tradition in China is one of the most hopeful indications of a new day for the empire.

The International Institute, wholly unsectarian, is for the purpose of introducing Western ideas, especially industrial, among the higher classes. As projected it will have buildings for a library, a museum, class-rooms, a reception-hall, and a large auditorium. A considerable portion of the money needed for this enterprise has been raised among the Chinese and the resident foreigners, corporations, and merchants, but sixty thousand dollars more is needed. The scheme has been indorsed by high-class Chinese, who have hitherto been hostile to any foreign ef-

forts at enlightenment, and by the diplomatic corps at Peking, and the business men to whom missions have not appealed. And, quite unprecedented in the history of China, the plan has been approved officially by the princes and ministers of the Imperial Board of Foreign Affairs, progressives and conservatives, both Manchos and Chinese. This is the first time that such an official sanction has been given to a foreign scheme under foreign auspices, aiming at progress, enlightenment, and reform.

The full significance of this great effort at national regeneration appears in a communication to Mr. Reid from Li Hung-Chang, in which the effort and its originator are commended in the most cordial personal terms. One passage in the letter gives the key to the situation: "The social, educational, and official systems of China have tended to give to the educated classes control of the destinies of the nation. Whether such a monopoly of power be good or bad need not now be considered; it exists, and the practical question is, how to turn it into beneficent and useful channels. You have set about solving this problem in a way that should commend itself to every friend of humanity. Unquestionably, if you can give to the blind leaders of our people light and learning enjoyed in the West, they, in turn, will lead our people out of their darkness. I think I may claim to have many friends in the United States, where you now go. The cordial reception I met with wherever I went there made a deep impression upon my heart, and has greatly endeared your people to me. If it would interest them, to know that I regard you highly, and will give you a helping hand in your future efforts to bring more light into the world and encourage higher aims and aspirations, you may use for that purpose this letter from your friend, Li Hung-Chang."

Mr. Reid's coadjutor in this institute is the venerable Dr. W. A. P. Martin, for forty-seven years a resident of China, for thirty-five years in the employment of the Chinese government, and for thirty years the President of the Imperial Tungwen College. The assistance of this trusted adviser of the Board of Foreign Affairs is of the best omen for the enterprise. It may be inferred from this statement that the efforts of Mr. Reid and Dr. Martin are not for the partition of China.



## EDITOR'S DRAWER

### A WILL AND A WAY.

BY MARGARET SUTTON BRISCOE.

IT was in that pleasant season of the year when there is a ladder at every apple-tree, and every man met on the road is driving with his left hand and eating a red apple from his right. At this season, as regularly as the year rolled round, old Carshena Hubblestone nearly died of cramps, caused by gorging himself with apples that fell almost into his mouth from the spreading boughs of fruit trees that fairly roofed his low-built house. This was, as it were, Carshena's one dissipation. The apples cost him nothing, and his medical attention after his bouts cost him nothing either, for he was the son of a physician, and though his father was long since dead, the village doctor would not render a bill.

"Crow don't eat crow," Dr. Michel answered, roughly, when Carshena weakly asked him what he owed. The chance of thus roistering so cheaply is not presented to every man, and reluctance to let such a bargain pass was perhaps what helped to lend periodicity to the old man's attacks. Dr. Michel always held that this was his chief incentive, and, be this as it might, it was very certain that apples and bargains were the only two things on earth for which Carshena was ever known to show a weakness, creditable or discreditable. Most small communities have their rich men and their mean men, but in the village of Leonard the two were one.

As the years passed on and Carshena's head whitened, it naturally grew to be a less and less easy task for Dr. Michel to bring his patient back to the place where he had been before apples ripened. If the situation had not tickled a spice of humor that lay under the physician's grim exterior he would have refused these autumnal attentions. As it was he confined himself to futile warnings and threats of non-attendance, but he always did obey the summons when it came. The townsfolk of Leonard would all have taken the same humorous view of this weakness of Carshena's but for the trouble which it gave his too-good sister Adelia—liked and pitied by every one. Adelia nursed her brother in each attack with a tenderness and anxiety that aggravated all the community. Nobody but his sister Adelia was ever anxious over Carshena. It was therefore like a bolt from a clear sky when, in this chronicled autumn, the following conversation took place at the Hubblestones' gate. Dr. Michel's buggy was wheeling out to the main road as Mr. Gowan, the town butcher, was about to drive through the gateway.

"Well, doctor," called the genial man of blood, a broad grin on his round face, "how's the patient?"

"He's gone, sir," said Dr. Michel, drawing rein. The butcher drew up his horse sharply, his ruddy face changing so suddenly that the doctor laughed outright.

"Gone!" echoed Mr. Gowan. "Not gone?"

"Yes, sir, as I warned him time and again he would go."

The butcher shook his head and pursed his lips, the news slowly penetrating his mind. "Well, I certainly would hate to die of eatin' apples," he said at last.

"I guess you'll find you hate to die of anything, when the time comes," said the more experienced physician. "Carshena," he added, "got nothing he didn't bring on himself, if that's any comfort to him."

"Don't speak hard of the dead, doctor," he urged. "We've all got to follow him some day. He wasn't a nice man in some ways, Carshena wasn't, but—"

"He was a nasty old man in most ways," snapped the doctor.

"Don't say such things now, doctor, don't," urged his companion. "'Ain't he paid in his full price, whatever his sins was? Poor soul! he can't be worse 'n dead."

"Oh yes, he can, and for one I believe he is," interrupted the doctor. His crisp white hair seemed to Mr. Gowan to curl tighter over his head as he frowned with some thought he was nursing. "You haven't seen the will I had to witness this morning!" he burst out. "Just you wait a little! Upon my soul! the more I think of it the madder I get! It's out of my bailiwick, but if I were a lawyer I'd walk right up now under those old apple-trees yonder, and before that man was cold on his bed I'd have his sister's promise to break his old will into a thousand splinters! Wait till you hear it. Good-morning."

When the will was read and its contents announced, the town of Leonard, including its butcher, took the doctor's view to a man.

"A brute," said Dr. Michel, hotly, "who has let his old sister work her hands to the bone for him, and then turned her off like some old worn-out horse, has, in my opinion, no right to a will at all. How about setting this will aside in his sister's interests, judge?"

A little convocation of the leading spirits of Leonard were met together in Dr. Michel's office to discuss the matter of Carshena's will, and what should be done with Adelia, cast on



the charity of the village. Judge Bowles, when appealed to, raised his mild blue eyes and looked around the company.

"Adelia," he said, "is the best sister I ever knew. Had the man no shame?"

"Shame!" said the town's barber, with a reminiscent chuckle; "why, he came into my parlors one day and asked me if I'd cut the back of his hair for twelve cents, and let him cut the front himself; and I did it, for the joke of the thing! He saved thirteen cents that way."

"Gentlemen, gentlemen!" demurred the judge; but amid the general laughter the tax-gatherer's voice rose:

"There isn't a tax he didn't fight. This town got nothing out of Carshena Hubblestone that he could help paying; and now he leaves us his relatives to support."

Judge Bowles rose to his feet.

"Gentlemen," he said, in mild but earnest rebuke, "the man is dead. We all know what his character was without these distressing particulars. It is entirely true that we owe him nothing, but a dead man is defenceless, and his will is his will, and law is law. Did you ever think what a solemn title a man's last will is? It means just what it says, gentlemen—his last will, his last wish and power of disposition writ down on paper, concerning his own property. It's a solemn thing to break that."

"A man's no business having such a will and a disposition to write down on paper," said the doctor. "What were the exact terms of the will, judge?"

"Very simple," said Judge Bowles, dryly. "The whole estate is to be sold, and the entire proceeds, every cent realized, except what is kept back for repairs and care, is to be applied to the purchase of a suitable lot and the raising of a great monument over the mortal remains of Carshena Hubblestone."

"While his sister starves!" added Dr. Michel.

"Gee!" exclaimed the kindly butcher. He had heard all this before, but thus repeated it seemed to strike him anew, as somehow it did all the rest of the company. They sat looking at each other in silence, with indrawings of the breath and compression of lips.

"There is this extenuating circumstance," said the doctor, with dangerous smoothness: "our lamented brother was aware that unless he erected a monument to himself he might never enjoy one. We—the judge, Mr. Gowan, and myself—are made sole executors under the will—without pay. In Carshena's life Adelia was his white slave. In his death, doubtless, he felt he could trust her to make no protest. I wish you could have seen her with him as I have, gentlemen. I shall call it a shame upon us if we let her eat the bitter bread of our charity. She's been put upon and trodden down, but she's still a proud woman in her way, and we've got to save her from a bitter old age. We've got to do it."

"It's the kind of thing that discourages one's belief in humanity," said the judge, in a lowered tone. "This affair might be only absurd if it weren't for the sister's share in it. As it is, it's a revelation of human selfishness that makes one heart-sick."

Dr. Michel's laugh rang out irreverently.

"It's perfectly absurd, sister or no sister," he said. "Nobody, not one of us, loved Carshena in life—though I think now we didn't hate him half enough—and here in death he's fixed it so the town's got to pay for his responsibilities while his money builds him a grand monument! I call that about as absurd as you'll get anywhere. I'll grant you it makes me downright sick at my stomach, judge, but it don't touch my heart. No, sir. Keep your organs separate, as I do, gentlemen. There's one thing certain"—he drew the eyes of his audience with uplifted finger—"if we can't outwit this will somehow, we'll be the laughing-stock of this whole county. I don't care a snap of my finger if Carshena has a monument as high as Haman's gallows, if only his sister is protected at the same time."

"Well, short of breaking the will, what would you suggest, doctor?" asked Judge Bowles, with a little stiffness. He had not liked the familiar discourse on his organs, but the doctor did not care. The judge was ruffled at last, which was exactly what he desired.

"Suggest?" he cried, laughing. "I don't know; but I know there never was a will written that couldn't be driven through with a coach and six if the right man sits on the box. You're the lawyer, judge."

The judge was a lawyer, as he then and there proceeded to prove. He rose to his feet and spoke in his old-fashioned style:

"Gentlemen, I think I speak for this company when I say that we strongly object to the breaking of this will as a bad precedent in the community. We wish it carried out to the very letter. Our fellow-townsmen knew his sister's needs better than we, and he chose to leave her needy. There are many, many things this town sorely wants, as he also knew, but he chose to use his money otherwise. What a monument to him it would have been had he built us the new school-house our town requires! The wet south lot down by the old mill is an eyesore to the village. Had he used that land and drained it and set up a school-house there, or indeed any public building, what a different meeting this would have been! He was our only man of wealth, and he leaves not so much as a town clock to thank him for. No; a monument to *himself* is what his will calls for, and a monument he shall have. If we failed him here, which of us would feel sure that our own wills would be carried out? In the confidence of these four walls we can say that the difficulties of the inscription and the style of monument seem insuperable. I know but one man to whom I would intrust this delicate commis-



sion. I feel confident that he would not render us too absurd by too conspicuous a monument or too florid an inscription. Need I name Dr. Michel?"

"Out of my bailiwick," cried the doctor—"way out of my bailiwick." But his voice was drowned in the confusion of the popular acclaim that was forming him into a committee of one. The kindly butcher made his way to the doctor's side under cover of the noise.

"Take it, doctor; now do take it," he whispered in his ear. "There ain't a man in the town that can shave this pig if you can't. I was sayin' just yesterday you're lost in this little place of ours. You've got more sense than's often called for here. Here's the chance for you to show 'em what you can do. Do take it."

The physician looked at the wheedling little butcher with a glance from his blue eye that was half kindly, half irritated. "Well, I'll take it," he cried; "I'll take it; and I thank you for your confidence, gentlemen."

It was a full month before the little company met again in the doctor's office, but during that period they knew Dr. Michel had not been idle in the matter intrusted to his care. He was seen in close conversation with the town's first masons, the best carpenters, the local architect, and these worthies, under close and eager examination, gave answers that dashed the unspoken hopes of those who questioned. Here were *bona fide* bids asked for on so much masonry, so much carpentering, and the architect had been ordered to send in designs of monuments, how high he deemed it unprofessional to state; but arguing inversely, they judged by the length of his countenance that the measurements were not short—he had particularly hated Carshena. It was, for all these reasons, a rather anxious-looking company that met in Dr. Michel's office at his summons, and the doctor's own face was not reassuring as he opened the meeting.

"Well, gentlemen," he said, slowly, "it's a thankless task you've given me, but such as it is, I hope you will find I have performed it to your satisfaction. Here are various plans for the monument to be erected to our late fellow-citizen, and here is a plan of the ground that it has seemed to me most suitable to purchase. It has been a task peculiarly uncongenial to me, because I, I suppose, know more than any of you here how this money is needed where it ought to have gone. I saw Adelia yesterday, and lonely and ghost-ridden as that old house would be to any of us, it's a home to her that's to be sold over her head to build this." He laid his hand on the papers he had thrown down on the table before him. The little company looked silently at each other, with faces as downcast as if they were to blame. It was Judge Bowles who spoke first.

"Gentlemen," he said, "we must not let ourselves feel too responsible in this matter. We are only following our plain duty. Show us the monument which you consider best, doctor."

The doctor was silently turning over the papers. "Family feeling is a queer thing," he said, meditatively. "I saw Adelia the other day, and I asked her if she wanted a neighbor to sleep in the house at night."

"There's nothing here for robbers to take, Dr. Michel," she said; "and if it's ghosts you think I'm afraid of, I only wish from my heart ghosts would come back to visit me. Everybody of my blood is dead."

"It's very pitiful," said Judge Bowles, slowly.

The doctor turned on him instantly. "Do you seem to feel now that you could countenance breaking the will, judge?"

"No," said the judge, shortly, as one who whistles to keep his courage up.

The doctor's fingers drummed on the table as he paused thoughtfully.

"Carshena," he said, "if you can believe me, measured out the kerosene oil he allowed for each week on Monday; and when it gave out they went to bed at dusk, if it gave out on Friday night. But one thing Adelia did manage to do. So long as a drop of oil was in the measure a light stood in a window that lit up the ugly turn in the county road round the corner of their house. I know her light saved me from a bad collision once; some of you also, perhaps. She's kept that little lamp so clean it always shone like a jewel up there. The window-pane it shone through had never a speck on it either. That's what I call public spirit. And it's public spirit, too, that makes her keep sweet-smelling flowers growing on the top of the old road wall. In summer I always drive past there slowly to enjoy them. When she comes on the charity of the town she may console herself by remembering these things. She did what she could (in spite of Carshena), and nobody can do more. Here are the plans for his monument, gentlemen. I would like to have your vote on them."

The little company, as if glad to move, drew about the table as the doctor opened out the plans in a row. The butcher, whose ruddy face looked dim in his disappointment, and whose despondent chin hung down on his white shirt bosom, picked up one of the designs gingerly and examined it.

"Are they all alike, doctor?" he asked.

Judge Bowles looked over Mr. Gowan's shoulder.

"Each design seems to be a hollow shaft of some kind, with a round opening at the top," he said, and looked inquiringly over his glasses at the doctor, who nodded assent.

"They are all hollow. You seem to get more for your money so. The round opening at the top of the shaft can be filled with anything we may choose later. I might suggest a crystal with the virtues of the deceased inscribed on it. Then, if we keep a light burning behind the glass at night, those virtues will shine before us by night and by day."

Judge Bowles lifted his eyes quickly. The



doctor's face was unpleasantly satiric, and his blue eyes looked out angrily from under his curling white hair. Judge Bowles sat down, leaning back heavily in his chair, his perplexed eyes still on Dr. Michel's frowning brow. Mr. Gowan, with a look as near anger as he could achieve, moved to a seat behind the stove. His idol was failing him utterly. He felt he himself could have done better than this. Dr. Michel's roving eyes glanced round the circle of dissatisfied and dismayed faces, and then for the first time he seemed to break from his indifference:

"This is all very well, gentlemen—very well indeed. The facts are, you gave me a commission, and bound me to fulfil it strictly and to the letter, and now you are dissatisfied because I have followed your wishes. What did you expect? If you had left the matter to me without restrictions, I should certainly have tried to break the will, as I told you. Briefly, here is my report. We shall have about twenty thousand dollars all told to invest in a monument over our lamented brother. Any one of these hollow masonry structures here will cost about ten thousand dollars. As to the purchase of a suitable lot, which the will directs, I think even Carshena would declare it a good bargain to pay nothing whatever for the land, and that I can arrange, I believe. I have good reason to suppose"—he began to speak very slowly—"that the town would, without price, allow us to erect this monument on that unsightly bit of wet land to the south, near the old mill, if we in turn will agree to drain the grounds, keep them in good order, plant flowers and shrubbery, and further promise to keep a light burning all night in an opening at the top of the monument. I spoke of a crystal set in that opening, with the virtues of the deceased inscribed upon it, but we can, if we choose, carve those same virtues in the more imperishable stone below, and print something else—a clock face perhaps—on the crystal above. That's a mere minor detail."

Judge Bowles, whose gaze had been growing more and more bewildered, now started in his chair and sat suddenly upright. He stared at the doctor uncertainly. The doctor cast a quick look at him, and went on rapidly:

"If you will allow me, I'll make my report quickly, and leave it with you. I have a great deal to do this morning in other directions. It has occurred to me that as the base of the monument is to be square and hollow, it would be easy to fit it into a comfortable living-room, with one, or perhaps two, small rooms built about it. I have not mentioned this to the architect, but I know it can be done. The will especially directs that repairs and care be allowed for." The doctor was talking rapidly now. "The monument will not cost more than ten thousand, the clock about two. Twelve thousand from twenty thousand leaves eight thousand. The yearly interest on eight thousand and the fact that

we could offer free residence in the monument should let us engage a reliable resident keeper, who would give the time and attention that such a monument and such a park would need."

The doctor paused, and again looked about him.

The whole circle of faces looked back at him curiously—some with a puzzled gaze, but several, including Judge Bowles, with a half-fascinated, half-dismayed air. Mr. Gowan alone preserved his look of utter hopelessness.

"Who'd take a job like that?" he said, gloomily. "I wouldn't, for one, live in a vault with Carshena, dead or alive."

"Oh, the grave could be outside, and the monument as a kind of monster head-stone," said the Doctor, pleasantly. "My idea was to have the grave well outside. Four or five hundred and a home isn't much to offer a man, gentlemen, but I happen to know a very respectable elderly woman who would, it seems to me, suit us exactly as well as a man. In fact I think it would considerably add to the picturesque features of our little town park to have a resident female keeper. I think I see her now, sitting in the summer sunshine at the door of this unique head-stone monument, or in winter independently luxuriating in its warm and hospitable shelter. I see her winding the clock, affectionately keeping the grave like a gorgeous flower-bed, caring for the shrubbery, burnishing the clock lamp till it shines like a jewel, as she well knows how to do, and best of all in her case, gentlemen, I happen to know from her own lips that she has no fear of ghosts. Why, gentlemen, what's the matter? I protest, gentlemen."

At that moment Mr. Gowan might be said to be the doctor's only audience. The rest of the company were engaged in whispering to each other, or speechlessly giving themselves over to suppressed and unholy glee. Judge Bowles was openly wiping his eyes and shaking in his chair. Dr. Michel looked around the circle with resentful surprise.

"You seem amused, gentlemen!" he said, with dignity; and then addressing himself to Mr. Gowan exclusively, as if that gentleman alone were worthy to be his listener, "Would you object to a woman as keeper, Mr. Gowan?"

"What's her name?" asked the butcher.

A roar of laughter, not to be longer suppressed, drowned his words. Mr. Gowan looked about the shaken circle, stared for a moment, then suddenly, as comprehension, like a breaking dawn, spread over his round face, he brought his hand down hard on his fat knee.

"Well, doctor," he roared, in admiration too deep for laughter, "if you ain't the dawgornest!"

The doctor's wiry hair seemed to rise and spread as wings, his eyes snapped and twinkled, his mouth puckered. "Will some one





"THEY ARE ALL HOLLOW."

embody this in the form of a motion?" he asked, gravely. The judge dried his eyes, and, with difficulty, rose to his feet.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I move that we build this monument with a base large enough for a suite of rooms inside; that we set this structure on the lot which our good doctor has chosen; that we ornament it with an illuminated clock at the top; and further, that—that this female keeper be appointed."

"Seconded, by Harry!" roared Mr. Gowan.

The doctor, with his hands on his hips, his body thrown far back, looked with the eye of a conqueror over the assembly. "Those in favor of the motion will please say Aye; those opposed, No. It seems to be carried; it is carried," he recited in one rapid breath.

"Amen!" endorsed Mr. Gowan, fervently.

And this warm approval of their butcher was in the end echoed as cordially by the most pious citizens of Leonard. After the first shock of their surprise was over, natural misgivings were lost in enjoyment of the grim humor of this very practical jest of their good doctor's, that visitors now actually stop over a train to see. Many a village has its park, and many a one its illuminated clock; it was

left for Leonard to have in its park a grave kept like a gorgeous flower-bed, and at the grave's head a towering monument that is at once a tombstone, an illuminated clock, and a residence.

Who the next keeper may be it is one of the amusements of Leonard to imagine. The present keeper is a happy old woman, whose fellow-citizens like nothing better than to see her winding the clock, caring for the flowers, burnishing the town lamp; in summer sitting in the sunshine at the door of the head-stone monument, in winter luxuriating in that warm and independent shelter.

"I feel as if Carshena knew just what was best for me, after all, doctor," she said to her physician, in his first call upon her in her new home; and that worthy, with a nod of his white head, assented in the readiest manner.

"Doubtless, madam, doubtless," he said, "Carshena had all this in his mind when he made me his executor. Didn't you, Carshena?" He winked his eye genially at the grave as he passed out, and with no shade of uncertainty or repentance in his mind, climbed into his buggy and went on his satisfied way.



## THE CONGRESSMAN AND THE LOBSTERS

MR. X. found himself a servant of the people after the last general election. He turned up at Washington as the representative of a Congressional district of his native State—a State far removed from the seaboard. The knowledge possessed by Congressman X. concerning things of the watery and mysterious deep was at this time limited. Blindfolded and sealed in the darkest subcellar that ever yawned, Congressman X. could have distinguished a red ear of corn from a white one, but with his best spectacles he could not have told a dolphin from a marline-spike.

It was during his first week at the capital. He reached his hotel late, and he was tired and hungry. He determined to have his dinner served in his room, and rang for a waiter. He turned to the sea food on the bill of fare, attracted no doubt by its comparative novelty. Oysters he knew, thanks to the activity of the Baltimore packers and the cheapness with which square-cornered tin cans are produced. Clams were also within his ken. Experience had shown him, as it has others, that a dozen of either of these is no such unreasonable number for consumption at one sitting. He would have a dozen oysters. "Waiter," he began. Unlucky moment! His wandering eye caught the word "lobster." Now with this fruit of the sea he had no personal acquaintance. But analogy, and an undefined general idea, pointed to it as being very like an oyster or a clam. "Waiter," he continued, "bring me a dozen lobsters." He tossed the menu-idly to one side.

"Sah?" returned the astonished waiter.

"I said you may bring me a dozen lobsters."

"Yes, sah. I—ah—sah—"

"Well, what's the matter? Don't you understand?"

"Oh, yes, sah; undestand, sah. But it's a— a large ordeh, sah."

"Large order, is it?" exclaimed Congressman X., with some warmth. "Well, don't you think I can pay for it? Got to give references before I can get my supper, eh?"

The terrified waiter fled, calling out as he did so, "Fetch yo' ordeh right up, sah!" while the Congressman sank back in his chair and mused of what the heavier courses of his dinner should consist.

In due time the door opens and enter the waiter, and with him three other beings like unto himself: each bears aloft a tray on which repose three lobsters, red as the morning.

Congressman X. was on the point of crying out in consternation when he caught a triumphant expression on the face of the original African. He instantly smothered his emotions, and looked on languidly as the four deposited their burdens on the table. Then he waved them away and straightened up.

Left alone with his conscience and twelve broiled lobsters, the statesman felt that the mighty hour of his existence had indeed arrived. He was encouraged to find, however,

on examination, that a fair proportion of the lobster consists of a horny substance not intended to be eaten. He was hungry, and he is what is known in his own State as a "good feeder." He ate three of the lobsters, and then—paused. But the memory of that look on the waiter's face spurred him to action. He emptied his dress-suit case into his trunk, and therein deposited the contents of five of the lobster shells. A boy came with a telegram, and departed with the meat of two lobsters done up in an evening paper. He bore another to the window and tossed it out. But one remained. He hesitated, then ate half of it, and rang for the waiter. The man entered, surveyed the mountain of empty shells, and his countenance fell.

"Anything else, sah?" he inquired, in an awed tone.

"Er, well—no, I think not. It's late. Just bring me a cup of coffee."

## THE ICONOCLAST AND THE ACORN.

REPOSING near some spreading trees,

A populistic bumpkin

Amused himself by offering these

Reflections on a pumpkin:

"I would not, if the choice were mine,  
Grow things like this upon a vine,  
For how imposing it would be  
If pumpkins grew upon a tree!"

Like other populists, you'll note,

Of views enthusiastic,

He'd learned by heart and said by rote

A creed iconoclastic,

And in his dim, uncertain sight  
Whatever wasn't must be right,  
From which it follows he had strong  
Convictions that what was, was wrong.

As thus he sat beneath an oak

An acorn fell abruptly,

And smote his nose: whereat he spoke

Of acorns most corruptly.

"Great Scott!" he cried, "the Dickens!" too,  
And other authors whom he knew,  
And, having duly mentioned those,  
He expeditiously arose.

Then, though with pain he nearly swooned,

He rubbed his organ nasal

With arnica, and soothed the wound

With extract of witch-hazel;

And surely we may well excuse  
The victim if he changed his views.

"If pumpkins fell from trees like that,"  
He murmured, "where would I be at?"

Of course it's wholly clear to you

That when these words he uttered

He proved conclusively he knew

Which side his bread was buttered;

And, if this point you have not missed,  
You'll learn to love this populist,  
The only one of all his kind  
With sense enough to change his mind!

THE MORAL: In the early spring  
A pumpkin-tree would be a thing  
Most gratifying to us all:  
But how about the early fall?

GUY WETMORE CARRYL.





Peter Newell '98

"THE ICONOCLAST AND THE ACORN."





Albert C. Henning

#### HIS SINCERE REGRETS.

MAID. "The collector wants to know if you can't help him out a little?"  
HARDUPPE. "Sorry I can't. I'm too rheumatic to kick."

#### A SUGGESTION.

THE suspension of the United Press summer before last called together in New York city a large number of newspaper men from various parts of the State. One group registered at a prominent hotel, and among them was a wealthy owner whose life had been too busy to permit proper training. At dinner he chose to eat his pease with a knife, much to the chagrin of his companions, one of whom, looking about over the well-appointed tables, said to him, in despair, "Say, Jim, look at all these chumps eating pease with a fork."

"That's so," said Jim. "Let's try it."

He did, and then exclaimed: "By Jove, that's good! Let's introduce it in Buffalo when we get back!"

#### A POOR INVESTMENT.

A FRIEND in Michigan informs us that the Frontenac Smelter has begun to pay dividends. This is gratifying news, but will be more intelligible when it is explained why the Frontenac Smelter ceased to pay dividends. It appears that the smelter in question is a small one, which gets its ore from a neighboring mine, buying it outright, reducing it, and sell-

ing the resultant metal. It has been the custom to deliver all the ore by cart drawn by a mule, a plain animal called Jerico. Four months ago a new driver was engaged, and shortly after the company began to lose money. Investigation followed. Every cart-load of ore was carefully weighed, the process of reduction was carried on as formerly, the metal was sold at as good prices, but still the company continued to run behind. The superintendent was at his wits' end. One day, happening to observe the weighing operations with more than usual care, he noticed that the driver allowed Jerico to halt with his hind feet on the scale platform. Further investigation showed that it was his regular custom, and a simple calculation revealed the fact that the smelter company had bought the rear end of Jerico 3750 times! The matter was ordered differently, and the smelter began again to show a profit. "Ordinarily," writes our correspondent, "the rear end of a mule is considered pretty light. It seems especially so to a man who has been kicked up over a barn by one of these intelligent animals, but in this case it was too heavy for the Frontenac Smelter Company."

HAYDEN CARRUTH.







